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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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VOLUME 175 — PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 3, 1903 — NUMBER 27

Tom Reed Among His Neighbors

THE LESS KNOWN BUT BETTER LOVED REED OF PRIVATE LIFE. HIS DEVOTION TO HIS CLUB AND HIS OLD CRONIES. HIS LOVE OF A LAUGH AND A JOKE

By HOLMAN F. DAY

OF SO dominant a spirit, his close friends can hardly yet say "was" when they speak of Reed.

Only the present tense can be vivid enough for his portrayal here.

Now, then, here comes Tom Reed!

The scene is Portland, Maine, corner of Deering and High Streets, nine o' the morning of a Congressional vacation. Reed is back at his home. Around the corner he sweeps, bound downtown from his residence. A looming sort of a man! His gait is a combination of pudgy roll and lurching stride, terminating in a jolting shrug of the body every time his heel meets the sidewalk. His shoulders swing. His head—that round knob of a head—is slightly bent forward and oscillates a little. His eyes, black and round as beads, stare straight ahead. This one and that of the chance passers touch hat or bow respectfully. But Reed gives no sign that he has noticed. He is thinking of something this morning and his thoughts are too valuable to be broken in upon by casual greetings of constituents, loyal though such adherents be. He scorns fence-building. Once or twice he grunts in answer to some especially sweeping obeisance or when the saluter is a political lieutenant. But most of the throng he doesn't see—that is to say, he sees, perhaps, but does not greet. 'Twould be a bold citizen indeed who would step in front of this fleshly tower and grope for a handshake.

"When the Falmouth town pump was retired at a good old age I was nominated to succeed it, but I have never qualified," Reed said once when pressed to allow a handshaking levee.

And now the first citizen of Portland steers his abdomen around the corner into the more populous thoroughfare of Congress Street. Every eye is lifted to the serene visage towering above. The visage betrays no sign that the constant scrutiny of the throng is even noted. Nearly every pedestrian turns to cast a look at the broad back swaying down the street. The first citizen doesn't claim more than his share of the sidewalk, but people appear to instinctively duck away from his path, and so he goes straight on through the busy stream of travel, silent, impassive, ponderous, a human frigate among shallops.

As a matter of fact, such was Tom Reed as a great majority of his Portland neighbors knew him. Every one in the city spoke of him as "Tom," but only a choice few spoke out that "Tom" to him. He was never the man to encourage general or promiscuous familiarity. He knew many hundreds of Portland's thousands, but the Yankee habit of "How-dy-ing" every one along the street entailed too much bother to suit the Reed régime. If any one wanted to "How-dy" him full privileges were extended, but Mr. Reed didn't "How-dy" back, and his serene demeanor as he passed showed that the greeting was no more than a fly buzz in his ear.

Such was Tom Reed to the mob in Portland.

But Tom Reed to his friends—the staunch little coterie that he affected? Well!

Behold away down the street that gray-haired business man bobbing along! You need only half an eye to see that he isn't a statesman and would scarcely be picked out as a running mate for statesmen. You could safely wager that a tariff discussion would bore him. And that mouth with the corners turned up so cheerily wouldn't discourse about parliamentary law even at the gun muzzle.

He is still chuckling over a new story that another old boy has just been telling. He spies Reed—the looming, solemn-visaged, meditative, self-absorbed Reed trudging down upon him.

"Hello, there's Tom! Hey, Tom! Tom will like this. Hi, there, Tom!"

Those nearest in the passing mob gaze around in astonishment at the call. There in a doorway where he has darted for refuge is posted the little man. His face is all alight with cheeriness and chuckles. His finger is crooked and vibrating in invitation. And who is he calling to his covert? Why, "Czar" Reed, Speaker of the National House of Representatives. And Reed? He sees at last on his way downtown a crony—one of the Old Guard of the Cumberland Club of Portland. His saturnine countenance begins to pucker at the eyes. The upper lip protrudes like a scoop. A smile takes rise in the corrugations under his chin and dodges wrinkles and crisscrosses up to the brow in radiating streams, then comes cascading down over the face in an effulgence of good humor. And out of the midst of the smile comes that drawling voice like the soft note of a cornet—or the lower tone of a clarinet—"Why, har-r-r-lo, Ben—har-r-r-wye, ye?"

And into the doorway goes the big man, and the little man nudgingly tells his story and the ripples of the Reed chuckles chase each other to the beach of appreciation, avant couriers of the great wave of mirth that comes roaring at the story's nub.

Then, minding not the stares and smiles of the passers, Reed tells a story himself, pudging a stubby finger into the little man's waistcoat and shouting an occasional peal of laughter out from under that humorously protruding upper lip.

And now, perhaps, you may be able to grasp the two sorts of estimation in which Reed was held at his old home in Portland. To most of the populace he seemed a cold, supercilious, pachydermatous sort of a man, with a grunt instead of a greeting, and more often masking himself behind entire obliviousness of any one's presence.

It was a Maine newspaper man who, after every persevering attempt to interview Reed for years had met rebuff, was asked by a stranger, "What do you consider Mr. Reed's chief personal characteristic?"

"Bristles!" snorted the newspaper man.

But at home in the Cumberland Club, in the quaint tiled room at the rear of the building, with a cigar cocked comfortably between his inimitably humorous lips, a very small sup of rare old brandy or some mild compound of gin and seltzer at his elbow, Reed was more thoroughly himself, jovial and generous, than anywhere else in the world. It is a fact that next to his own home he loved his corner in the Cumberland Club best.

"By Godfrey, boys!" he used to say, "this is where the old turtle can shed his shell."

Mr. Reed was naturally suspicious of the general run of mankind. His abiding fear was that he would be misquoted and misrepresented. He realized the vitality of "first stories." He was never ashamed of his blunt opinions nor afraid to declare them, but that they should appear in public garbled by some inefficient reporter or warped by the misquotation of an eavesdropper wrung his soul. When in company in Washington or other places he was pretty likely to keep mum on any topic that was important.

If any one led up to a question of this sort his little black eyes would twinkle or snap, and he would either dismiss the thing by a bland stare or else fire a shaft of wit that washed all away in a flood of laughter. The writer was sent by a Maine paper to interview Mr. Reed. It was the first time I had ever spoken to him. I stated my errand. He looked at me a long time and a quizzical smile commenced to play over his face. "Now, frankly," he drawled in the most cheerful way, "frankly"—visions of an interview at least a column long rose at this apparently auspicious opening; "frankly," he repeated, "I will *not* tell the Blanktown Journal what I think of this matter because the Blanktown Journal might—now I don't say that it would, but I say it *might*—go off and tell some one else, and that wouldn't be nice, you know." And he beamed as though he had disclosed the innermost secrets of his soul.

The habitués of the Cumberland Club, one hundred matter-of-fact business and professional old neighbors, did not pry into Reed's motives, plans or reasons. They met him simply as "Tom," called him Tom and treated him as merely another like themselves. And Reed came back at them in kind. He dropped all his habitual reserve and suspicion of betrayal when he handed his overcoat to the Cumberland Club's cloak-room boy. He discussed any matter that was brought up and did so with entire candor. His old chums of the club did not sit about him like devotees around an oracle—far from it! The great sport of the club was to "bait Tom." He was in for unmerciful chaffing whenever he entered into argument. Reed was always at his best when assailed by numbers and fighting single-handed, and the fun-loving members of the Cumberland Club knew it.

So he would sit squeezed between his chair arms in his corner of the tiled room, his broad hands spread upon his knees, taking all the chaff from the chattering circle and nipping back with the Reed vigor that made him feared by every antagonist. He spared no one when he saw the opportunity to score. If any one entered the skirmish that one needed to be willing to take Reed's returns and smile.

The Cumberland Club members will always place first in their memories of their old friend and neighbor the picture of him there in the sanctity of the friendly circle, where Reed could be himself after all his Washington repression and weary battles. Happiness and ease and deep content radiated from his broad smile and rippled in his laugh. He would lead along some argumentative friend step by step and those sitting about "could see it coming" with delighted anticipation. Then when the unsuspecting one was at last in full range, bang! went both of the Reed barrels and down would go the adversary with the Reed roar leading all the rest of the laughter.

Unless one has seen Mr. Reed and knows the piquant flavor of his drawl and the mellow quality of his tone, the unutterably droll cast of his countenance when he was mirthful and the quickness with which he replied, all stories of his repartee are necessarily lacking in spirit. Then, too, there were the occasions and the persons involved—one must be able to appreciate what they stood for.

One of Mr. Reed's earliest political supporters at last turned against him and became a demagogue of a violent type, full of cuffs, crotchets, new doctrines and diatribes. Reed was standing before his old law office on Exchange Street one day with a few friends. Down the street came stumping the

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gray-haired reformer, his hands behind his back and his head bowed in theatrical style. Every now and then he would throw up his chin in reflective fashion.

"Look there, fellows," drawled Reed. "There comes old Smith, and he thinks he is thinking."

Smith joined the group with some uneasiness apparent in his manner, for he had just written an article excoriating Reed as "a hog" because he had resigned from Congress and had not taken the trouble in his letter to thank his faithful constituents for their loyal support all through his career. No Portland paper would publish that article, by the way, and Smith had it printed on sheets and circulated it at his own expense. It fell very flat. If Tom Reed had written any gushing sort of a valedictory his constituents would have thought that their reticent god was losing his mind.

"Har-r-r-de-do-o-o, Smith!" cried Reed cheerfully, and he grasped the rather coy hand of the new arrival. "I have known Smith, here, for two thousand years, fellows," he continued, "and, by Godfrey! he's a fine piece of old pottery. But I have never dared to handle him very roughly on account of the crack in his cover."

One day Hon. William Widgery Thomas, of Portland, now minister to Sweden, had a spicy taste of Reed's jocose familiarity with old neighbors. Mr. Thomas rushed up to Reed on the street and cried, "Say, Tom, what do you think of that bear story I wrote for the last Atlantic Monthly?"

"I think it is a da-a-amned *lie!*" bellowed Reed, to the immense astonishment of a dozen citizens who were passing at the time.

Of the most pompous and self-conceited lawyer in Portland Reed said one day, jabbing his finger at the figure approaching up the sidewalk, "Have you ever noticed how narrow 'Squire So-and-so makes the street look?"

The Simplicity of His Personal Habits

Reed's old friends speak admiringly of the absolute simplicity of his tastes. He and his wife entertained only to the extent of welcoming a few friends for an evening. He hated the ordinary Portland banquet, frankly said so, and could only occasionally be coaxed to attend one. But he really liked to go with the members of the Cumberland Bar on their annual outing and dinner. Many of the lawyers used to sit with him before the big open fire in Manasseh Smith's law office in Portland in the old times and talk tariff. The old lawyers say that in those days Reed found the tariff such a puzzling problem that he couldn't get it through his head. By the way, though Reed made a good city solicitor and bright State attorney-general, he wasn't a good jury lawyer. He almost always talked to the ordinary jury with a sort of sarcastic contempt.

Mr. Reed loved outdoor rambles in the woods and enjoyed boating, but he never had any use for a horse.

His cottage at Pine Point, a few miles from Portland, was his haven of refuge when even the chums of the Cumberland Club failed to strike the right chord in his peculiar nature. Reed was a man who could have a magnificent time all by himself, and very often he indulged himself in this diversion. He didn't consider that he was really settled into the atmosphere of Pine Point until he had dug out and put on a certain old straw hat and a torn, checkered coat. Then, as he said, he felt "as though his radiant personality sort of jibed with Pine Point Nature in her joyous moods."

He used to like to go out and rummage the gullies and slopes of the near-by woods after mushrooms. Alone or with a cottage neighbor he would roam for miles inshore, resting under trees and sprawled on his back like a great boy. Sometimes he was all for talk. At other times he would not speak to his companion for hours. He would come out of a reverie with a peculiar little gasp and grunt as though he had said to his mind, "Now that is settled and we'll go on with something else."

The only canoe he was ever in was owned by Mr. Ira Crocker, his neighbor at Pine Point. The craft was comfortably broad of beam, and after Mr. Reed had inspected it with much doubt and suspicion he finally allowed himself to be assisted in and a start was made. At one point the stream that they sailed made a sharp turn and there was quick water. Mr. Reed sat in the bottom of the canoe, his hands nervously grasping the sides and his broad face wrinkled with a look of great apprehension.

"Hold tight, Tom! Don't rock the boat in this swift water," said Crocker.

"Ira," hissed the statesman without turning his head, so fearful was he of destroying equilibrium, "you have insulted me. You are insinuating that I am a da-a-amned fo-o-ol!"

Another amusement that Mr. Reed relished was cunner fishing. He stipulated always that some one else should row the boat and that he should be allowed to occupy the stern seat, so that "he might compose his lissome shape in more striking lines of symmetry and comfort."

On one occasion he and Mr. Crocker and the latter's son Harry were fishing from an anchored boat. The others were hauling in good ones, but Mr. Reed in the stern was catching only an occasional cunner about as long as his stubby finger. At last he drawled, "Harry, I wish you'd let out that anchor rope and drop me down somewhere out of the neighborhood of this nursery I am in just now."

When Reed First Rode a Wheel

It was Harry Crocker's bicycle, though, that brought the Czar down from his proud estate. One day the young man left his wheel beside the cottage. It was during the days of the bicycle craze, and Mr. Reed confided to Mr. Crocker as they sat there that he wanted to buy a bicycle, and would do so had he any idea that he ever could learn to ride.

"Why don't you try Harry's there?" advised his neighbor.

"It wouldn't hold up this superior example of the human form divine," objected the Speaker.

"Harry weighs one hundred and eighty-five and the wheel is strong. Get on!" persisted Crocker.

Mr. Reed took a careful look around the landscape to see if any observers were in sight. The field was clear—and so was the coast—not a boat in view along the beach. The hard sand sloped to the sea and at the top of the gentle declivity Mr. Reed mounted palpitatingly. Mr. Crocker held up the bicycle. When Reed had groped his feet to the pedals the neighbor pushed him along gently. Down the slope the bicycle sped easily. Crocker held on.

"Are you hanging on to that seat, Ira?" Reed asked solicitously.

"Sure!"

"Oh, this bicycling!" chortled the Speaker. "Why, it's easier than counting quorums. I have always admired myself, Ira, but now I bow before my talent. I can—say, Ira, you still have a good grip of that seat, haven't you?"

"You are all right!" But Mr. Crocker had let his hold go in order to give the rider a run for his money. Reed detected that the voice was a bit too far behind.

"By Godfrey mighty, you're lying, Crocker!" he yelled, and at the same time snapped his head around to see. At that instant he cramped the handle-bar and down he went, a mighty foot through each wheel, and shouting maledictions on the recreant Ira. The wreck? Well, the repairer gingerly took in hand the ancient Roman S represented by the twisted frame and wheels, and compassionately asked if the bicyclist also had been hit by the cannon-ball. He thought that some wheelman had run afoul of the practice guns at Fort Preble.

Mr. Reed played golf a few times in his life, but he didn't care much about the game. He preferred a sport like deep-sea fishing, and delighted in wearing oilskins on a trip and an old Scotch cap with the peak rakishly over one ear.

Then once on a time he took up the photography fad. He insisted on developing his own pictures, "and," relates one of his neighbors, "the results pictured things that were like nothing in the heavens above nor the earth beneath. Talk about double exposure and halation and twisted focus and double-jointed scenery and undertime and overtime—why, Tom Reed's pictures looked as though he had created and then photographed a new world. But Tom exhibited those pictures as proudly as though they were triumphs of art.

"One night my wife and I called on the Reeds. We overheard Mrs. Reed say to her daughter in the dining-room, 'Kittie, won't you hunt up some plates for the cake? Your father has photographs soaking in all the plates I can find here.'"

O' winters Mr. Reed occasionally joined little poker parties that met about his neighborhood at the smoking-rooms of his close friends. He was usually the life of the party, always losing and jesting about his ill luck. One evening a jackpot had been "fatted" several times, and Mr. Reed having nothing in his own hand worth "staying to" dropped his cards and proceeded to give very audible advice to his neighbor.

"Now, don't you daub in here, Tom," objected a player. "You're out of it."

Reed surveyed the speaker with whimsical distress. "You're like an undertaker," said he, "who would refuse to let one of the mourners look at the remains."

Whatever Reed was to the world, to his old comrades in Portland he was simple, unaffected, jovial "Tom."

"Oh, the Republican managers knew too much to allow Reed to be nominated for the Presidency," says a Portland detractor who was not in the circle of his intimates. "When it came to appointments he would have paralyzed the nation. Bill Smith of the Cumberland Club would have been Postmaster-General, Joe Jones of the Cumberland Club would have been sent as Ambassador to England, and Tom would have lined up the rest of 'em for anything they wanted."

One of Mr. Reed's unfailing sources of innocent enjoyment was to poke fun at the late Congressman Dingley. Reed knew that his mischief plagued the serious, matter-of-fact, practical chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. When he could evoke one of those well-remembered sniffs of disgust from the fretted Dingley, Reed retired, blissful.

One day the writer of this sketch, then employed by the Lewiston Journal, Congressman Dingley's newspaper, was in conversation in Mr. Reed's Portland law offices with the Speaker's former partner, Mr. Seiders. Mr. Reed sent for me to come into his private room, stating that he wished to inquire about his colleague. Reed was squared behind his broad desk like an ocean liner moored to a jetty. After satisfying himself concerning the Congressman's summer plans the Speaker leaned back and with that familiar outshoot of his upper lip asked:

How He Worried the Conscientious Dingley

"Do you and the rest of the devoted young men of the Lewiston Journal office realize that you are working for an aw-w-wfully goo-ud ma-a-an?"

"I think we understand it."

"But probably you don't fully realize how transcendentally goo-ud a man he is. Only such a graceless sinner as I am can realize it all. *You* can't comprehend all his goo-udness, you know. Why, when his constituents from Ja-a-ay Bridge and East Pe-e-eru and those other teeming municipalities of his district come to Washington they reverently follow him about the streets and down Pennsylvania Avenue, not daring to lift their eyes above the symmetrical curves of his classic and Apollo-like calves.

"When you go back to Lewiston will you tell Mr. Dingley for me that I still think he is an aw-w-wfully goo-ud ma-a-an? He always likes to hear that I think so."

"I will deliver the message."

"Tell him that I realize I am only a brand from the burning, a roystering, worthless blade, when compared with such goo-udness as his. Tell him that I know out of my great wisdom that when he dies he will go straight into the Highest Heaven of the Seven Grades. As for me, well, I shall probably be compelled to dicker a while at the gate of the lowest and then the Commission on Immigration may finally let me in. If I do get in I shall apply myself for several æons of eternity in trying to grow to be as goo-ud as Dingley is here on earth. It will be a hard job, but if ever I attain to that sublime height I shall be perfectly content. Now you go right home and tell my friend Dingley just what I have said. It always gratifies him to know that such a lost and wayward creature as I am appreciates his goo-udness."

I told Mr. Dingley.

He wheeled from his little desk in the Journal office and wrinkled his nose with that familiar expression that his associates remember. Then he snorted the ejaculation "Nhn!" He fell to reading his paper. At the end of an absolute quiet of ten minutes, and after I thought that he had entirely forgotten the mischievous message, he whirled again and with fine scorn snapped:

"Reed thinks he can plague me and make me uncomfortable by saying such wretched things as that, but"—the distinguished Congressman crumpled his newspaper and threw it on the floor in a pet—"but he *can't*."

How the unconscious humor of the situation would have tickled the mighty wag in Portland!

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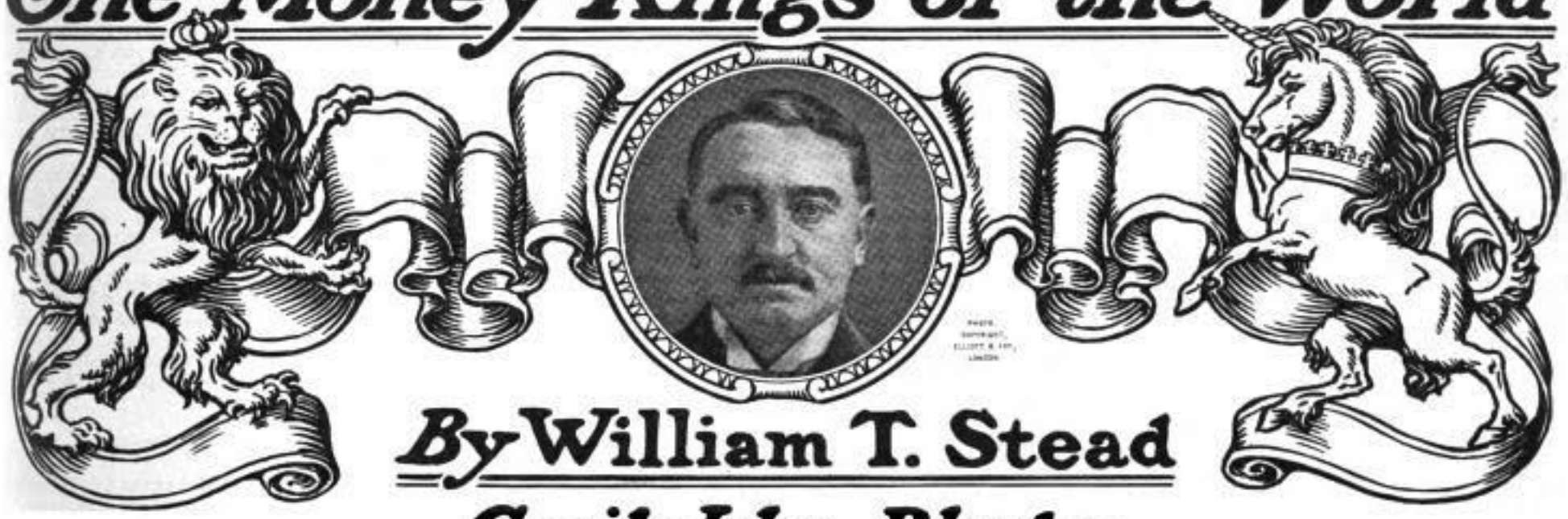
The Money Kings of the World



By William T. Stead

Cecil John Rhodes

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CECIL RHODES, of Africa, was for the last twelve years of his life an intimate personal friend and political confidant of the present writer. Had he died any time between the years 1892 and 1899 I should have come into possession of the whole of his fortune with absolute and unfettered discretion to spend it as I pleased in the furtherance of our ideas. In 1899 Mr. Rhodes altered his will, but as I had been for seven years heir presumptive to his millions, he had given me his confidence more fully than to any other man. The alteration in his will made no change in our friendship, which lasted unbroken, even by the strain of the war, until his death.

To my thinking, and no one had better opportunities of studying his character, Cecil Rhodes was the first millionaire to realize the political potentialities of his millions. He was not a Money King like other Money Kings, sovereign in the realm of finance, and dipping into politics only in order to influence finance. He was a statesman, a political idealist, an Empire-builder first. He became a financier only in order the more effectively to carry out his political aspirations. To him financial speculation was merely a means to an end. No one was more indifferent to dividends, excepting so far as they could be used to carry out his far-reaching designs. He used his millions as sovereigns use soldiers, raising them to achieve a political end, and spending them without ruth or regret to secure the defeat of his opponents.

It is this which differentiates Cecil Rhodes from all his fellows. Not only was he a millionaire with an imagination; his imagination was fired by distinctively political ideals. He made money in order to become politically powerful, and he used his political power to realize the loftiest aspirations of race patriotism. He is the first, and so far the supreme, type of the millionaire consciously sovereign by virtue of his millions in the world of politics.

Mr. Rhodes' New Use for Wealth

It must be admitted that although Mr. Rhodes achieved great things in his comparatively short life, the sum total of his achievement is not such as to encourage the development of political ambition among imaginative millionaires. A single false step taken under the promptings of an overweening confidence in his star brought down upon the Empire a disaster far exceeding in magnitude all the services which he had rendered it. It is true that for the ultimate working out of the retribution which followed the Jameson raid Mr. Rhodes was not personally responsible. But it is not less true that, had he never made the raid, or having made it, had honestly striven to win back the confidence of the Dutch, there would have been no war. Mr. Rhodes added Rhodesia to the Empire, and painted the African map British red up to the Zambesi and beyond. But against these entries to his credit there is a terrible set-off in the three years' war, by which, at a cost of 30,000 lives and £300,000,000, the heart of South Africa has been devastated and a lasting blood feud created between the two white races of that continent, on whose good relations the very existence of British South Africa depends. *Humanum est errare*, but when Money Kings and emperors make a slip the consequences are appalling.

It is perhaps not without cause that the world has been afforded so terrible an object-lesson as to the consequences of allowing the millionaire to control the political situation. It is useful not merely for those who are to be controlled, but specially useful to the millionaire himself. For there is every reason to believe that Mr. Rhodes was justified in his confident expectation that an increasing number of wealthy men, especially the younger generation who inherit the millions their fathers made, will use their riches for political ends. If so, it is well that, together with the inspiration of his ideals, they should have ever before them the warning of the catastrophe which the impatient and unscrupulous pursuit of those ideals brought down upon South Africa.

Editor's Note—This is the third of Mr. Stead's papers on the great modern financiers. The next will appear in an early number.

The Secret Society of Millionaires

Mr. Rhodes believed that there were many millionaires in the world who would rally round the society which he proposed to found for promoting the reunion of the English-speaking world, and who would eagerly welcome his scheme for devoting their millions to the realization of his vast political ideals. He counted upon being able to command "the accumulated wealth of those whose aspiration is a desire to do something, and a hideous annoyance created by the difficult question daily placed before their minds as to which of their incompetent relations they should leave their wealth to." He maintained that his project would furnish them with "the solution, greatly relieving their minds and turning their ill-gotten or inherited gains to some advantage." So confident was he as to the attractiveness of his ideal that at our very first meeting he said he anticipated the society would before many years were over be able to command a capital of four hundred million dollars. With this he said we ought to be able to do something. As a nucleus for the formation of this fund he had appropriated the whole of his own fortune, which he estimated would amount to thirty million dollars.

He died before he could put his anticipations to the test of experience. But so far as his own fortune was concerned, he devoted it as he promised to the promotion of the great political objects which had fired his imagination when a youth, and to which he was faithful unto death.

It is not generally known that the first idea of this great secret society of millionaires, which was made public to the world after Mr. Rhodes' death, originally reached him from an American source. Those who have read Marion Crawford's An American Politician will remember the important part which is played in it by an American secret society, which was in possession of unlimited funds, and to which many of the most influential leaders of American parties were affiliated. This idea of Marion Crawford's set Rhodes thinking, and from that original germ he appears to have developed his great idea of using the associated wealth for the purpose of directing the politics of the world. He had many lessons in his early manhood of the vast political consequences which sometimes depend upon a comparatively small sum of money. One of Lord Rosmond's stories, which Mr. Rhodes was never weary of telling, described how England lost the Transvaal in 1880 solely because of the economical scruples of a Treasury clerk. Shepstone, who was British resident in the Transvaal, knew the Boers and understood them, and was ready to carry on with them; but Shepstone was a man of liberal ideas, especially in matters of expenditure, and he intimated to the Colonial Office that he should have to give up his post unless his salary was raised by, I think, £150 a year. It was contrary to all rule and precedent that such an increase should be granted to a Colonial official with no longer period of service behind him than Shepstone had to show. The advance was refused. Shepstone resigned, and Sir Owen Lanyon was sent out in his place. Now Sir Owen Lanyon was a bluff soldier with a lordly contempt for Boers, and a high-handed, barrack-room method of dealing with them which in a very short time precipitated the revolt which led to the practical severance of the Transvaal from the British Empire. Of the cost of restoring the Transvaal to the British Empire we need not speak. As Mr. Rhodes used to say, England lost the richest gold-field in the world through the parsimony of a Treasury clerk. One hundred and fifty pounds a year extra would have saved the situation, but that £150 was not forthcoming.

Take another instance. The western border of the Transvaal, although roughly defined on maps, was not guarded by any force of mounted police. In vain the Colonial authorities petitioned Downing Street to provide the sum of £20,000 a year to enable them to police the frontier. The money was not forthcoming. The police were not on the spot, and as a result the adventurous Boers trekked over on to the unoccupied land, and founded Republics which were in due course to be incorporated with the Transvaal. To turn these people out and to free the great north road to the heart of Africa required the dispatch of Sir Charles Warren at the head of a military expedition which cost England no less than £750,000. A stitch in time saves nine; and if Mr. Rhodes had had his secret society in working order he would not have hesitated to have provided the funds which would have obviated the necessity for a costly expedition. Afterward when money came into his possession he used it to subsidize the British Treasury. The most striking instance of this was the action which he took in order to save Nyassaland. The Shire Highlands and the fertile region round Lake Nyassa would long ere this have been snapped up by Germany or some other Power but for the subsidy of £10,000 a year which Mr. Rhodes contributed to the Imperial Exchequer in order to induce them to take over the territory. The money was subsequently paid back, but the grant was made in the nick of time, and had it not been forthcoming one of the most fertile and prosperous districts in tropical Eastern Africa would have been lost to the British Empire.

A Plan to Underpin the Empire

Mr. Rhodes looked forward to carrying out the same method by subsidizing the Empire on a still larger scale. If in his opinion it was indispensable that a British man-of-war should be maintained at a given station, and the Admiralty pleaded that they could not afford the expense, Mr. Rhodes would have solved the difficulty by supplying the money. To use his own phrase, he would have underpinned the Empire. His great society would have been to the British Crown what the Society of Jesus was to the Pope. No parliamentary committee would have controlled its expenditure. It would have been all secret-service money, and could have been used whenever it was needed for the long and tedious formalities by which the best designs are often strangled by official red-tape.

But it is obvious what a wide field is thus opened up. At this moment every one of the departments which has to deal with the foreign and Colonial policy of the Empire is bewailing its inability to do necessary things because neither the Treasury nor the House of Commons will vote the necessary money. Take, for instance, the case of the War Office and its maps. War may break out at any moment in any part of the almost illimitable frontier of the British Empire. Whenever war does break out, it is always discovered that the Intelligence Department of the War Office has no adequate military maps available for the use of its commanders. Even to this day the War Office has no decent map of Cape Colony. To provide it with adequate maps of the different frontiers of the Empire would require a subsidy of £80,000 a year for at least

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six years. Mr. Rhodes would have done his utmost to rouse the British Government to the need of providing those maps at the expense of the general public; but if the Government were obdurate, the society would have come to the rescue. The work which Mr. Rhodes performed in opening up new territory, in building railways, and in developing colonization, all illustrates the way in which his society would have worked for the attainment of his ideals.

But to all this no exception will be taken, and there is probably no Government in the world that would not be only too glad to have behind it a body of wealthy enthusiasts who would spend their money for attaining ends which the central power recognizes as desirable, but which it cannot find money to pay for. There is another side, however, to Mr. Rhodes' idea of using money in the service of the Empire. In Marion Crawford's novel the triumvirate who dispose of the immense funds of the secret society make no scruple about bribing politicians when it is necessary to engineer bills through local or federal legislatures. There is no proof that Mr. Rhodes ever bought any vote by cash down.

The difference between the American and the British method of employing money in politics is that between those who buy raw materials and those who prefer to buy them when they are worked up as manufactured articles. The English use money in politics in order to defray the cost of registration and electioneering, relying upon the gratitude of those whom they have assisted not to go wrong when the seat in Parliament is taken. Whereas the American in Marion Crawford's story for so much boodle buys up the requisite number of votes, Mr. Rhodes confined himself to contributing to the electoral registration fund of the political party to which he was allied—a form of expenditure which, being open and aboveboard, was recognized as being perfectly legitimate.

Mr. Rhodes, however, was a man who had few scruples, and being supremely convinced of the righteousness of his end was often serenely indifferent to the particular method by which he attained it. His cynical method of talking often led to his being debited with many sins of which he was quite innocent. On the only two occasions on which he used his money to influence political decisions in Imperial politics, his action, although much debated, was in no sense of the nature of a bribe. The first case was his famous donation of £10,000 to Mr. Parnell. Mr. Rhodes, like all colonists, believed in Home Rule, but he recoiled with horror from Mr. Gladstone's conception of Home Rule, which would have converted Ireland into a taxed Republic, compelled to bear the financial burdens of empire without any voice whatever in the control of Imperial policy. When he was asked if he would support the campaign fund of the Irish Nationalists, he replied that he could only do so if he had satisfactory assurances from Mr. Parnell to the effect that after Home Rule Ireland was to have adequate representation in the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Parnell gave the requisite assurances and received £10,000, to the scandal of many of Mr. Rhodes' Imperialist friends who considered Home Rule as a deadly heresy.

His Influence on World Politics

Some years later he made another donation, this time of £5000, to an electioneering fund, in circumstances which, being misunderstood, led to a good deal of scandal. The transaction was perfectly innocent. The electoral organizer of the Liberal party, Mr. Schnadhorst, was a personal friend of Mr. Rhodes, and one day on a visit to his friend in South Africa he asked him how it was that, while he called himself a Liberal, he never subscribed to the campaign fund of the Liberal party. Mr. Rhodes replied that he should willingly do so if he were satisfied that the Liberals on returning to office would not evacuate Egypt. His mind was full of his great Cape to Cairo Railway, and it hurt him horribly to think that, after pushing northwest across two-thirds of the continent, he might find a hostile flag at Cairo. Mr. Schnadhorst assured him that he might put his mind at rest; that there was no fear of the Liberals evacuating Egypt, and on the strength of these assurances Mr. Rhodes subscribed £5000 to the party fund, coupling with it the proviso that if the Liberal leaders should evacuate Egypt the money had to be given to some charity. Mr. Schnadhorst took the money and spent it at once. Afterward Mr. Morley and Mr. Gladstone made allusions to the Egyptian questions in a way which angered Mr. Rhodes, and led him to fear that the Liberal party was, after all, going to evacuate Egypt. He wrote angrily to Mr. Schnadhorst, declaring that if this were the case his money must be handed over to a charity. As Mr. Schnadhorst had already spent the money, and as every one knew that the Liberals would not evacuate Egypt, no charity benefited by Mr. Rhodes' gift.

It was rather curious that the outcry against Mr. Rhodes for his subscription of £5000 was raised chiefly by those who every election draw ten times that amount from the wealthy supporters of vested interests who keep full the exchequer of the Conservative Electoral Association. Mr. Rhodes, however, was never able to carry out to the full his ideas. Although he was six times a millionaire at his death, during his life he seldom had a superfluous sixpence, and his banking account was often overdrawn to the extent of half a million dollars. No man ever acted more faithfully upon the doctrine of the stewardship of money. It was his unhesitating readiness to back his opinions with his own money that made him able to raise such great sums from the public. But nearly all his money was spent in Africa. Had he devoted the money which he wasted in engineering the Jameson raid to founding a great daily newspaper in London he would have done infinitely better service to the Empire. But Africa was near and London was far off, and although Mr. Rhodes through his friends invested a good deal of money in controlling the South African press, he died without realizing his avowed intention of founding an organ in London which would have been devoted to the advocacy of his ideas.

Mr. Rhodes was a portent of things to come. Imagine Mr. Carnegie spending his millions not on libraries, but upon the realization of political ideals! Imagine Mr. Rockefeller as intent upon, let us say, the annexation of Central America as he has been in building up the Standard Oil Trust! Yet who can say that such things are impossible? Building up empires, founding colonies, and making wars have in all ages had more fascination for the rulers of men than endowing universities and founding libraries. If thousands of ordinary men have been found content and even eager to sacrifice their lives for the realization of some political ideal, is it so inconceivable that some of the heirs of our billionaires may aspire to spend their millions in the promotion of political ideals? Mr. W. R. Hearst, for instance, when he comes into the full enjoyment of the Hearst millions, with his three or four newspapers might make himself the most potent citizen in the Republic. When millionaires take to painting the political circus red, it is possible that mankind will sigh for the return of the days when, as Mr. Rhodes used to say, millionaires were mere "safekeys in breeches," too much absorbed in looking after the safety of their investments to have time or strength to make use of their wealth for the common weal.

The Finding of a Lifework

The leading facts in Mr. Rhodes' somewhat meteoric career are too familiar for me to need to do more than merely refer to them here. He was born on July 5, 1853, the fourth son of a country clergyman, and was himself destined for the Church. Educated first at Bishop Stortford Grammar School, he was sent to Oxford, where his health broke down. Threatened with consumption he was ordered to South Africa, where he regained health and took up claims at the then newly-discovered diamond-field of Kimberley. He had small capital, but from the first his ventures were successful. He went into partnership with Mr. Rudd in an ice-making machine, and leaving Mr. Rudd to sell ice at the diamond-fields he returned to Oxford to resume his studies. Every summer he spent at the University, returning each autumn to the diggings. The ice-making machine had been sold after making a handsome profit, more claims were taken up, and the diamond-diggers began to see their way to a great fortune. It was in these early days that Mr. Rhodes, meditating on life and its possibilities in his tent on the veldt, came to the conclusion that there was nothing to which he cared to devote his life so much as to promote the extension and to strengthen the union of the English-speaking race. His mind was made up. His purpose was fixed. He had found his lifework, and from that time till he died he pursued the path he had marked out for himself with undeviating devotion.

Mr. Rhodes was a curious compound of cynical materialism and exalted idealism. The former was known and seen of all men; the latter was revealed only to the chosen few whom he believed would sympathize with his dreams. To realize his ideals he saw it was necessary to make money. He used to say, "You can do nothing with ideas without cash." He applied himself to making money with a zeal and with a success which led many people to believe that his one aim was to amass a fortune. His inner thought, as he unfolded it to me in a memorable conversation, was not visible or even comprehensible to those in the midst of whom he was then living. The governing conception of his life was arrived at by a curious process of reasoning to which Aristotle, Loyola and Darwin all contributed their quota. He began by asking whether there was a God? He was an agnostic. But the universal instinct of mankind, he felt, suggested that there was at least a fifty per cent. chance that there was a God. It was an even chance, he calculated. Then he went on, If there be a God and He cares anything about what I do, the most important thing in the world is for me to find out what He wants me to do and then go and do it. I have described elsewhere (The Last Will and Testament of Cecil John Rhodes) the various stages of his reasoning. I only need here quote his conclusion:

"If there be a God and He cares anything about what I do, I think it is clear that He would like me to do what He is doing Himself. And as He is manifestly fashioning the English-speaking race as the chosen instrument by which He will bring in a state of society based upon Justice, Liberty and Peace, He must obviously wish me to do what I can to give as much scope and power to that race as possible. Hence, if there be a God, I think that what He would like me to do is to paint as much of the map of Africa British red as possible, and to do what I can elsewhere to promote the unity and extend the influence of the English-speaking race."

With this in his mind Mr. Rhodes worked on at the diamond mines until he had acquired a considerable fortune. He did not, however, wait until he was a very rich man before he made a will in which the whole of his property, whatever it might be, was left to two trustees to be used by them for the purpose of extending British rule throughout the world, for the perfecting of a system of emigration from the United Kingdom to all lands where the means of livelihood are attainable by energy inborn and enterprise, the consolidation of the Empire, the restoration of Anglo-Saxon unity destroyed by the schism of the eighteenth century, the representation of the Colonies in Parliament, and "finally the foundation of so great a Power as hereafter to render wars impossible, and to promote the best interests of humanity."

Such was his dream when he was twenty-two, and the vision never left him. Even when the premature attempt to realize it had drenched South Africa with blood, he never ceased to believe that he had discovered the way to universal peace. Such dreams have been dreamed before. The Roman Emperors almost realized them. Dante, Henri Quatre and Napoleon, both the First and the Third, had anticipated him in believing that the road to peace lay through the creation of a Power whose fiat should make war impossible. But it was the first time in the world's history that this ideal fascinated the imagination of a millionaire and compelled him to dedicate all his wealth to its realization.

Where the Money Came From

Mr. Rhodes first made his reputation as the Great Amalgamator of all the competing companies in the diamond-fields into one great monopoly. He anticipated Mr. Pierpont Morgan by several years, and the De Beers Company has for many years past exercised absolute control over the production of diamonds, and has exercised it with a single eye to the profits of its shareholders. No one can pretend that the result of the operations of Mr. Rhodes in amalgamating all the diamond companies was to reduce the cost of diamonds to the general public. On the contrary, his avowed aim was to keep prices up. He succeeded. Before the amalgamation diamonds were falling steadily in price. Since the amalgamation the price has been kept steadily up. It must be admitted, however, that diamonds are probably the only commodity in the world whose price can be kept up not only without injury to the community, but to the positive benefit of the industry itself. If diamonds were as cheap as crystals no one would buy them. We make our profit, said Mr. Rhodes, out of the vanity of the human race. He had no scruple about taxing that vanity, knowing that the more it was taxed the better it was pleased.

The De Beers Consolidated Diamond Company is one of the most prosperous business enterprises in the world. Its capital is $22,500,000; it pays an annual dividend of from twenty-five to thirty per cent. Its formation secured Mr. Rhodes' fortune. He had now the means at his disposal for carrying out his political ideals.

He entered Cape politics. He was elected to the Cape Parliament. He recognized with a sure political instinct that the future of South Africa depended upon the establishment of cordial relations between the British and the Dutch. He became the bosom friend of Mr. Ian Hofmeyr, the leader of the Africander Bond. He joined the Bond himself, and set himself sedulously to wipe out all memories of ill-feeling between the Boer and the Briton.

In those days Mr. Rhodes had scant patience with the Imperial factor as represented by the Colonial Office at Downing Street. One of his first essays in international diplomacy was the conclusion of a friendly arrangement with Doctor Leyds for the pacific settlement of a frontier dispute—a settlement which was summarily set on one side by Sir Charles Warren, who came out with the authority of Downing Street to settle the question. Mr. Rhodes set his heart upon extending the British Empire northward to the Zambesi. Availing himself of the public interest excited in the so-called Land of Ophir by the propaganda of his political opponent, the Rev. John Mackenzie, he succeeded in inducing the British Government to grant him a charter for a new East India Company in South Africa with commission to extend the frontier of the Empire to the Zambesi. Rhodes was then Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, thanks to Mr. Hofmeyr and the Dutch who gave him his majority. He raised nearly twenty million dollars from the British public for the purposes of the chartered company—millions upon which to this day not one red cent has ever been paid as interest. It was believed that the new lands north of the Transvaal were teeming with gold. The Matabele and the Mashonas were occupying territory known to the ancients as the Land of Ophir, the seat of King Solomon's mines. The constantly increasing returns from the gold mines of the Rand influenced the imagination of the public. Mr. Rhodes equipped an expedition which, with astonishing good luck, succeeded in occupying Mashonaland without bloodshed. His star mounted toward the zenith. Lobengula, the savage chief of the Matabele, taking alarm at the arrival of the white men who had evidently come to stay, challenged a conflict in which his impis were shattered, his kraal captured, while he himself lost his life—a campaign which, if it had been directed from London, would have cost the taxpayer millions and have engaged the services of a regular army, was brought to a brilliant close at no cost to the public by the valor and skill of a handful of Colonial adventurers under the command of Doctor Jameson.

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The star of Mr. Rhodes culminated. Everything he touched seemed to prosper. In the Transvaal his investments in the gold-fields promised to be only one degree less profitable than his shares in De Beers. Without involving the Imperial Exchequer in any expenditure, he had added to the Empire a region of 750,000 square miles, containing the best colonizable land in Africa. The great man-slaying machine of Lobengula had been smashed, and the capital of a civilized State created on the site of his blood-stained kraal. At home he subscribed £10,000 to the Irish National funds to secure Mr. Parnell's support to the principle of Imperial Unity; he was made a Privy Councilor by the Liberal Ministry, and was lauded to the skies by the Conservatives.

And then — oh! the pity of it and the shame of it all — this glorious promise was destroyed. Overweening confidence born of uninterrupted success led him to believe in the representations of Doctor Jameson that President Kruger could be smashed as easily as King Lobengula. Mr. Rhodes had quarreled with President Kruger, but that was not the essence of the question. In the Transvaal the Rand gold mines had attracted a large non-Dutch population, which resented the conservative rule of the pastoral Boers. Mr. Rhodes feared the newcomers might upset the rule of President Kruger, and found an American Republic much more hostile to the British Empire than the old Boers had ever been. One-half of the Boers had voted against the reëlection of Paul Kruger to the presidency. Negotiations had been proceeding between these anti-Krugerite Boers and the disaffected Uitlanders of Johannesburg. To avert what he believed might be a combination fatal to the maintenance of British Empire in South Africa, Mr. Rhodes decided that it was necessary for him to take a hand in the game. If he could help the Uitlanders to overthrow Paul Kruger he would be able to count upon securing the allegiance of the new Government. It seemed to me sheer lunacy at the time, and I said so, much to Mr. Rhodes' disgust. He persevered in his resolution to force on a revolution in Johannesburg, of which he could take advantage by bringing the High Commissioner on to the scene supported by Doctor Jameson from the outside. The Colonial Office under Mr. Chamberlain was duly informed by trusted emissaries of the design, and after a little demur consented to hand over to Mr. Rhodes both the land needed for a jumping-off place and the armed men with whom Doctor Jameson made his famous raid.

The revolution hung fire at Johannesburg. Not even the stimulus of rifles consigned from the De Beers Company to the leaders of the Reform Committee, nor the subsidies of Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit, could nerve the Reformers to the fighting point. Mr. Chamberlain's infatuation in insisting that Doctor Jameson should make his entry under the British flag, and that the next ruler of the Transvaal should be appointed from the Colonial Office, converted what was at first intended to be a bona-fide insurrection to secure a better government for the Republic into a felonious design to annex the Republic to the Empire. The American Reformers jibed violently against the British flag, and Mr. Rhodes did his best to undo Mr. Chamberlain's mistake. But the mischief was done. The revolution hung fire. Doctor Jameson decided to force the hand of the Reformers. He crossed the frontier at the head of a force of 600 men. His action was instantly repudiated by Mr. Chamberlain. He had been pressing the conspirators to hurry up, but he did not realize that Doctor Jameson's move was largely due to his "hurry-up" messages, and he was determined to take no risks. The Boers under General Cronje had no difficulty in defeating and capturing Doctor Jameson and his men before they reached Johannesburg.

Mr. Rhodes realized that Doctor Jameson had not been able to repeat the exploits of Pizarro and Cortez in the Transvaal. "The china is broke," he told Mr. Hofmeyr. He resigned his premiership at the Cape, and hastened to London fully expecting to be sent to jail, and fully resolved that, if he were placed in the dock, he would not stand alone. Rhodesia deprived of its white armed police burst into insurrection. Mr. Rhodes was allowed to return to Buluwayo to combat the forces of disorder which threatened Charterland with destruction.

The rebellion was suppressed, but at a heavy loss of life and treasure. Matters were settling down when the crowning blunder of the whole long series of follies and crimes was perpetrated in London. In order to whitewash Mr. Chamberlain and exonerate the Colonial Office from complicity in the conspiracy against the Transvaal a solemn Parliamentary inquiry by a select committee was ordered into all the circumstances of the raid. As soon as it was evident that a searching investigation would lead to the discovery of the complicity of Mr. Chamberlain, the committee refused to listen to further evidence, hushed up the inquiry, and returned a verdict of acquittal, which excited the derision of the world.* It did worse. It convinced Paul Kruger that he could look for no justice or fair play from the British Government, or even from the British Parliament. That conviction cost the Empire three years' war, the lives of 30,000 British soldiers, and saddled the taxpayers with a little bill of close upon a thousand million dollars.

Mr. Rhodes foresaw this as little as any one. He was convinced that the Boers would never resist an imperious demand for that enfranchisement of the Uitlanders which he admitted would be equivalent to their (the Boers') political extinction. So through the various agencies at his command he and his allies organized a press and platform campaign against the South African Republic. The campaign was very skillfully conducted. Every English newspaper in South Africa but one became the subservient instrument of their design. Every English newspaper correspondent became the willing agent of the conspiracy. Able platform speakers were sent home to inflame public meetings against the Boers by a recital of the wrongs of the Uitlanders and the brutality and stupidity of the Boers. Skillful emissaries were dispatched to the other Colonies to hoodwink Canadians and Australians into believing that the wrongs of British citizens in the Transvaal called aloud for instant redress. At the same time money was used without stint to secure the return of an anti-Dutch majority in the Cape Parliament. There, however, Mr. Rhodes failed. When the elections closed it was found the Dutch were in the majority in the new House. It was this which apparently decided Lord Milner to precipitate the war. If the Dutch majority had time to realize the strength of their position they could have forbidden the war by refusing to allow Cape Colony, their territory, to be used as a base for attacking the Republics. So it came to pass that the pace was forced, and in due time Lord Milner had the satisfaction of goading the Boers into the war which he confidently calculated would result in the annexation of their territory.

Mr. Rhodes took no active share in the tragic dénouement of his one great blunder. He supported Lord Milner loyally, but openly declared that after the war he should be compelled to oppose the Loyalists who wanted to trample on the Dutch, for without the good will of the Dutch you cannot govern South Africa. He never lived to see the end of the war. It continued to rage for two months after he had been laid to rest.

After his death the publication of his will revealed for the first time to the world the true character of the man. The originality and the liberality of the last will and testament of Mr. Rhodes profoundly impressed the public mind. But it is probable he will best be remembered in history as the first millionaire who realized the political responsibilities of vast wealth, and as the pioneer Money King of the Modern World.

*Author's Note — Mr. Chamberlain's colleague in the Cabinet was indiscreet enough publicly to praise the committee because its members had acted as Englishmen always do in responsible positions, for they had refrained from pushing the inquiry to the point where it might have endangered British supremacy in Africa.

DRAWN BY J. J. GOULD

THE LOVER

By Theodore Roberts

"NEVER had inland garden seemed
So still, so drugged with dew;
Never had green trees sung so sweet
Beneath the empty blue,

"As when he came, so gay, so sad,
And won the heart of me
With those quick moods of his, like shades
Cloud-blown upon the sea.

"Such fairy islands he had seen
Between the blue and gray!
His low-voiced ballads dimmed my eyes
And lured my heart away.

"He spoke of gale and anchorage;
Of cities far and fair;
Of roses over crumbling walls
Beyond the clanging square.

"He spoke of comradeship; of men
Red-blooded and clear-eyed,
Who feared no risk of war, or chance,
Or continent, or tide.

"He spoke of brave adventures; dreams;
And of those nameless quests
Which lead men down to death, or home
With stars upon their breasts.

"He spoke of love! Ah, tenderly
He told his dreams of love —
Dreams the sea-winds had brought to him
When stars were white above.

* * * * * * * *

"Never has inland garden seemed
So still, so warm, so sweet,
Since he went through the little gate
And down the glaring street.

"What counted all his ringing vows —
So false, so fine, so brave?
I gave him all my heart! Dear God,
What bitterness he gave!"

Below the blue, beneath the weed,
Where strange fish dart about,
He sleeps, still dreaming of Her lips;
His brave soul clear of doubt.

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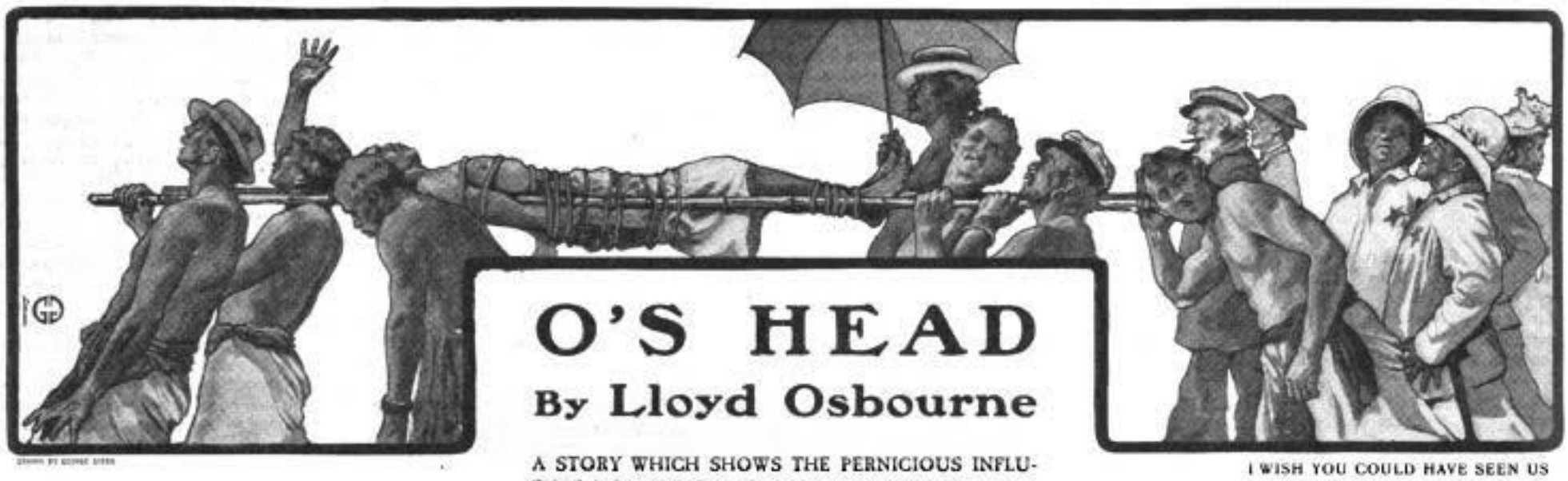

I WISH YOU COULD HAVE SEEN US

O'S HEAD

By Lloyd Osbourne

A STORY WHICH SHOWS THE PERNICIOUS INFLUENCE A SCOUNDREL, EVEN WHEN DEAD, CAN CONTINUE TO EXERCISE ON TWO DESERVING LOVERS

SILVER TONGUE loved Rosalie, and Rosalie loved Silver Tongue, and ever since they had first met at the Taufusi Club dance their friends had seen the inevitable finish of their acquaintance. They were invited everywhere together, and the affair had progressed from the first or furtive stage to the secondary or solemn Sunday drive about the *Eleele Sa*. The third, that of carpenters adding a story to the bakery and dressmakers hard at work in Miss Potter's little establishment, was looming up close in view.

Never was a match in Apia that gave a rosier promise of success. Silver Tongue, so called by the Samoans on account of his beautiful voice (but who in ordinary life answered to the homelier appellation of Oppenstedt), had been making a very good thing out of the Southern Cross Bakery, and was regarded throughout Apia as a man of responsibility and substance. He was a tall, spare German of about forty, who, like the most of us, had followed the sea before Fate had brought him to the islands, there in years gone by to marry a Samoan maid and settle down. The little Samoan had died, leaving behind her nothing but a memory in Silver Tongue's heart, a tangled grave in the foreign cemetery, and a host of relations who lived in tumbledown quarters in the rear of the bakery. In one way and another these hungry mouths must have been a considerable drain on Silver Tongue's resources; and though they feebly responded to his bounty—one by driving a natty cart and delivering hot morning rolls, and another by pilfering firewood for the furnace—the account (if one had been made) was far from even. But to any objection to this Quixotic generosity Silver Tongue had a reply ever ready on his lips. "I lofe dem like my fader," he would say in his deep, fluty voice, and the conversation was seldom carried further. When it was—by some one ill-advised enough to do so—Silver Tongue would flare up, and recall with flashing eyes and a face crimson with indignation the ten-year debt of gratitude he owed his dead wife's *aunga*.

Indeed, if Silver Tongue had a fault it was a certain moroseness and fierceness of temper, a readiness and even an apparent pleasure in taking offense, that made him somewhat of a solitary in our midst and threw him more than ever on the companionship of his own kanakas; so that at night, when one had occasion to seek him out, he was usually to be found on the mats of his native house, smoking his pipe or playing *sweefy* with his bulky father-in-law, Papalangi Mativa. I doubt if he had another intimate in Apia besides myself, and though I must confess we often disagreed and once or twice approached the verge of estrangement, I was too much his friend and too mindful of the old days on the Ransom to let such trifles come between us.

I was, besides, Rosalie's friend as well, for old Clyde, her father, had died in my arms at Nonootch and with his last breath had consigned her to my care. This obligation, rendered sacred by an association that extended back to the days of Steinberg and Bully Hayes, when in the Moroa and the Eugenie we had slept under the same mats and had played our part together in the stirring times of Stewart and the great Atuona Plantation—this obligation, I say, I met easily enough so long as Rosalie was a child and safe in the convent at Savalalo. But when she grew to womanhood and went to live with her relations in their shanty near the Firm, I began to experience some anxiety in regard to her. Her relations, to begin with, were not at all the kind of natives I liked. They had been too long the hangers-on of the Firm and had seen too much of a low class of whites to be the proper guardians of a very pretty half-caste of eighteen. They had an ugly name besides—but I won't be censorious—and it may have been all beach talk. But they were certainly a whining, begging lot, the girls bold and the men impudent and saucy, and I never saw Rosalie in their midst but it made me heart-sick for her future. I did the little I could, and let it be pretty well understood about the beach that the man who played fast and loose with her would have to reckon with old Captain Branscombe. And then I got the missionary ladies to take her up, and as I never stinted a bit of money for her dresses and what-not (as though Clyde's daughter wasn't worthy of the best in the land) she made good headway in what little gayeties took place in the town. Of course I went about to keep an eye on her—that is, when they asked me to their parties, which wasn't always; and I remember once making very short work of one fellow, a labor captain from the Westward, who seemed bent on mischief till I took him out in the starlight and showed him the business end of my gun. To tell the truth, I never had a peaceful moment till he up anchor and cleared, for he was a good deal the kind of man I was at thirty, and he hung on in spite of me, keeping half the family in his pay while I kept the other, and he even landed the last night with muffled oars, when instead of finding Rosalie on the beach to fly with him he ran into *me*, laying for him under an umbrella!

There were many who said I was in love with the girl myself, which, as like as not, was true; for she was one of those tall, queenly women, with a wonderful grace to anything she did, and magnificent dark eyes, and a way of smiling, brilliant, arch and tender, that made even an old stager of sixty remember he still wore a heart under his jumper. Yes, I had a pretty soft spot for Rosalie, though I had sense enough to know that God had never meant her for an old sea-horse like myself. And lacking me—whom the weight of three-score years had put out of the ring (not but what I'm a pretty game old devil yet)—I could see nobody in sight I preferred half so much as Silver Tongue.

So there was the situation till the war of 'ninety-three came along to jumble us all up and knock everything to spillikins. Oppenstedt in love with Rosalie; Rosalie in love with Oppenstedt; Bahn and old Taylor working on the second story of the Southern Cross Bakery; Miss Potter doing double tides at the trousseau, and I, the friend of both, with a six-hundred-dollar piano on the way from Bremen for their wedding present. A fair wind, port in sight, and (say you) everything drawing nicely alow and aloft. So it was till that wretched fight at Vaitele when the Vaimaunga came pouring in at dusk, bearing wounded, chorusing their songs and tossing in the air above them the heads of their dead enemies. It made me feel bad to see it all, for to me these people were children and it seemed horrible they should kill one another, and it made me sicker still to watch the wounded carried into the Mission and stretched out in a row on the blood-stained boards. Though not a drinking man, I braced up at Peter's bar and then went on to pass the time of day with Oppenstedt.

I found him as usual on the mats of the native house, glumly smoking a pipe and talking politics with Papalangi Mativa. His lean, dark, handsome face was overcast, his eyes uneasy, and had I not known him for a brave man I should have thought that he was frightened. He was certainly very curt and short in greeting me and I had a dim perception that my visit was unwelcome.

"This is a black business, Silver Tongue," I said; though to be exact I called him Leoalio—which means the same thing in native.

"Plack!" he exclaimed. "It's horrible! It's disgusting. They have been cutting off beople's heads!"

"Fourteen by one count," I said. "Twenty-two by another."

"Gabtain," said he with a look of extraordinary gravity, "dere's worse nor that!"

"Worse?" I said.

"I have it straight from Papalangi Mativa himself."

"Have what?" I asked.

"Excellency," said Papalangi Mativa, "perhaps it is not high-chief-known to thee that I and mine come from a noble Savai'i stock, and that the son of my mother's sister, a stripling named O, numbered himself amongst the enemy and was to-day killed and his head taken on the field of Vaitele."

"*Ane!*" I said, which in kanaka is being sympathetic.

"Dat is not all," said Silver Tongue. "Listen, Gaptain!"

"I'm listening," I said.

"The warrior that killed O was To'oto'o, the *matai*," continued Papalangi Mativa with the air of one announcing the end of the world.

"To'oto'o!" I said in all innocence.

"To'oto'o," cried Silver Tongue; "why, Rosalie's uncle, the *faipule*, in whose house this very minute the head of my murdered relation lies!"

"'Pon my soul," I exclaimed, "this is really unfortunate."

"Unfordunate!" cried Silver Tongue; "is it with such a word you describe two hearts broken, two lives plasted, the fairest prospect with suddenly crash the curdain led down!"

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said. "It's disagreeable, I admit, but I can't see what difference it can make to you and Rosalie."

"An Oppenstedt," said Silver Tongue, "could never indermarry with the family of a murderer, and least of all with a family that had the head of my dead wife's relation cut off and carried with gapers and cries of joy down the main street of Apia and past my place of peeziness!"

"Do you mean to say it's all off with you and Rosalie?" I demanded.

Silver Tongue nodded grimly. "All off," he said.

"And you're going to break my girl's heart," I cried with what I think under the circumstances was a very justifiable indignation, "because the son of the aunt of your father-in-law has had his head cut off by poor Rosalie's adopted uncle?"

"That's right," said Silver Tongue.

"Old friend," I said, "let me go before I say something I might regret." I got up without waiting for any answer and strode into the street, too consumed with anger to utter another word. I walked along the beach, stopping here and there to discuss the news of the battle with those of my friends I happened to meet, until at last I passed Savalalo and drew near To'oto'o's house at Songi. Rosalie was standing at the gate, and when she saw me she ran up, threw her arms round my neck and kissed me. I had never known her so excited or so gay, and even in the dark I could see that her beautiful eyes were shining.

"Captain," she said, giving me a hug, "nobody will ever say a word against To'oto'o again, or try to belittle him as they used to, just because he's poor and lives on Seu's land, for to-day he fought like a lion and covered himself with glory!"

"Took a head, or something?" I said.

"A hero!" she exclaimed. "They are composing a song in his honor; all Songi is ringing with his name; and he was complimented for his valor by the President and Chief Justice! You must come in and see it at once."

"See what?" I asked.

"The head!" she cried.

I haven't the heart to write how the news was broken to Rosalie, who steadfastly refused to believe the truth until she had heard it from Silver Tongue himself. I had hoped he might relent, with a night to think it over and a letter from myself in the morning pointing out his injustice and folly. Perhaps, now I remember it, that letter was a mistake. It was a trifle warm in spots and I dare say I let a natural warmth get the better of me. Be that as it may, Oppenstedt was deaf to reason and protested with undiminished vehemence that he refused to ally himself with the family of a murderer. Indeed, so ridiculous did he get on the subject that he sent to Sydney for a tombstone (I daren't write headstone, though it was one, about the size of a silk hat) and put it behind the bakery above the spot where O's head was buried in a gin case.

When a girl has gone a certain length she seems less able than a man to withstand a disappointment in love. Silver Tongue simply clenched his teeth, withdrew from the Concordia Club and the Wednesday night bowls at Conrad's and went on baking bread and rolls much as usual. Poor Rosalie drooped like a flower in the sun, and though she had pride enough to act a part and show a becoming spirit before the

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world, she had received a wound that I sometimes feared might prove mortal. I sent her to Tonga Taboo for a month and she came back no better, her eyes black-ringed and her cheeks hollow, and her smile (always to me the most beautiful smile in the world) with a curious, haunting pathos that I remember so well in the old slaving days amongst the Line women in their chains.

You must not think I tamely acquiesced in this state of affairs or allowed my old friend an undisturbed possession of the kanaka quarters behind the bakery. Late or early I gave him no peace, and plagued him, I dare say, to the very verge of distraction. But I might as well have tried to argue with his bread or soften his brick furnace for any impression I succeeded in making upon him. In his crazy obstinacy he would listen to nothing, and I would find myself, after one of these interviews, in a state of indescribable exasperation and determined never to go near him again.

One night, when I was up at Malifa calling on a dear good friend of mine, Sasa French, a charming and most accomplished young native lady, our talk happened to run for the thousandth time on this vexing matter of Rosalie and Silver Tongue. All of a sudden an idea came into Sasa's pretty head—one of those brilliant, clever, feminine ideas—that seemed to us, in that triumphant moment, to be the means of untangling all our difficulties. Though it was eight o'clock and there was the risk of gossip in my driving Sasa French alone about the Municipality at such an hour, I put her into my buggy, whipped up my horse and set a straight course for Seumanutafa, the high chief of Apia. He laughed a good deal, demurred somewhat and was finally persuaded to squeeze his Herculean dimensions into the trap and start off with us for To'oto'o's house at Songi. Here, after the usual ceremonious exchanges, the womenfolk and children melted away and left us alone with To'oto'o, whose ferretty eyes betrayed no small degree of curiosity and alarm. This man was one of the few Samoans I never liked. He was a gaunt, dangerous, crafty-looking customer of about fifty, and I never had had any use for him since he had stolen my tethering-rope one evening when I was calling on the King. Well, to get on with my story, we talked about the weather and the war and what an ass the Ta'ita'ifono was, and finally got round to the matter in hand.

Seumanutafa began mild, for he was a past master in the art of graduation, and thought to go slow at first. To'oto'o was informed that he had to make *ifonga* for the death of O and be carried on the morrow by the *taulelea* to Papalangi Mativa's house behind the bakery. This *ifonga*, as they call it, is a sort of public humiliation to expiate a fault, and nobody's very keen about doing it unless they have to—for it involves rubbing dirt in your hair and singing small and suffering a sort of social eclipse for a week or two afterward. To'oto'o's face grew several shades darker at the suggestion, and though I promised him twenty dollars out of hand for himself and two kegs of beef and three tins of biscuit by way of peace-offering to Papalangi Mativa, he hemmed and hawed and finally said no.

Then Sasa bore a hand and spoke beautifully of Rosalie and how this unfortunate business of O's head had divided her from Silver Tongue.

"If thou makest peace with his *aiga*," said Sasa, "lo, what is there left for the white man to say? His bond is that of marriage; theirs, that of blood; and if the last be satisfied what room is there for the former to complain?"

"But to be carried like a pig through the public street," said To'oto'o. "Preferable far would be death itself than that the son of chiefs should be thus degraded, and his name become a mock throughout the Tuamasanga!"

"O To'oto'o," said Seumanutafa, "we know thee for a brave man, and that thou tookst this head in open battle even as David did that of Goliath, and I swear thee thy honor shall remain undimmed for all the seeming appearance of humiliation. Besides, is it not written in the Bible that thou shouldst turn the other cheek to the smiter? Is it not said also that blessed is the peacemaker and that the meek shall inherit the earth?"

"Weighty is my grief and pain," said To'oto'o, "but what Your Highness asks of me is impossible!"

"O To'oto'o," said Seumanutafa, "this house is mine; this land is mine; the plantation *i ula* is mine also. You live under the shadow of my power and it is meet thou shouldst pay in service for the bounty you have so long enjoyed. First I spoke to thee as one brave man to another; then as a Christian to a fellow-Christian; now I command thee as thy chief and verily thou shalt obey!"

"And I will add to that twenty, making it twenty-five," I said.

"And Rosalie shall marry her Silver Tongue after all," said Sasa.

To'oto'o argued a little more for form's sake and blustered somewhat about the Chief Justice and how he would fight the matter out in the courts; but Seumanutafa's tone grew peremptory and the old fellow finally gave way all round. Then *'ava* was brought in, the arrangements made for the morrow, and we at length said *tofa* on the threshold, well pleased with our night's work.

I wish you could have seen us next day going through the town in a little procession headed by To'oto'o lashed to a pole and borne by a crowd of retainers. There was a flavor of the burial of Sir John Moore about the whole business—especially the hush and not a funeral note being heard—we marching with measured tread, the municipal police bringing up the rear, and Seumanutafa in the centre, nearly seven feet high and bearing a white umbrella above his stately head.

Silver Tongue was standing in the front of his shop having an altercation with the Chief Justice about a ham (for he did a little in groceries as well as baked) as we hove in sight and began to file down the lane to Papalangi Mativa's quarters behind the Southern Cross Bakery. I suppose Silver Tongue thought our man was hurt or something, for he came running after us with a bottle of square-face and a packet of first aid to the wounded, elbowing his way excitedly through the crowd to where we had deposited To'oto'o at the feet of Papalangi Mativa. He was the most astonished baker in the South Seas as he saw who lay there in the jumble of beef and biscuit, and for a moment was too stupefied to let out a word.

I don't mean to go into the speech-making part of the performance, for what between Seumanutafa and Papalangi Mativa, and the talking-man Sasa had lent me for the occasion, and a divinity student who happened along, and somebody who said he was Fale Upolu and spoke for the entire Group, and an aged *faipule* from the Union Islands who seemed to have some kind of a grievance about his father's head, and the Chief Justice who had to butt in with the capitation tax—we were kept there a matter of three hours or more until at last the principals officially made it up, To'oto'o was forgiven, and everything ended happily.

"Now, Silver Tongue," I said as the meeting dispersed, "we'll consider that head affair canceled, and if you'll come over to my house to-night I dare say you'll find Rosalie sitting on the front veranda!"

"And do you for a moment think," he said with a strange, writhen smile, "dat all dis talk and domfoolery will a gruel murder undo and the young man cut off in his brime restore? Weel those lips, so gold in death, stir, think you, in the box where we laid him? Will my dead wife's family be less bereaved because of two kegs of beef and three tins of biscuit, or Rosalie's family less disgraced because her uncle was triced through the streets like a big? No, Gaptain Branscombe, I'm only a poor paker, but I'd count myself a traider to my family were I to dake a murderess for my pride!"

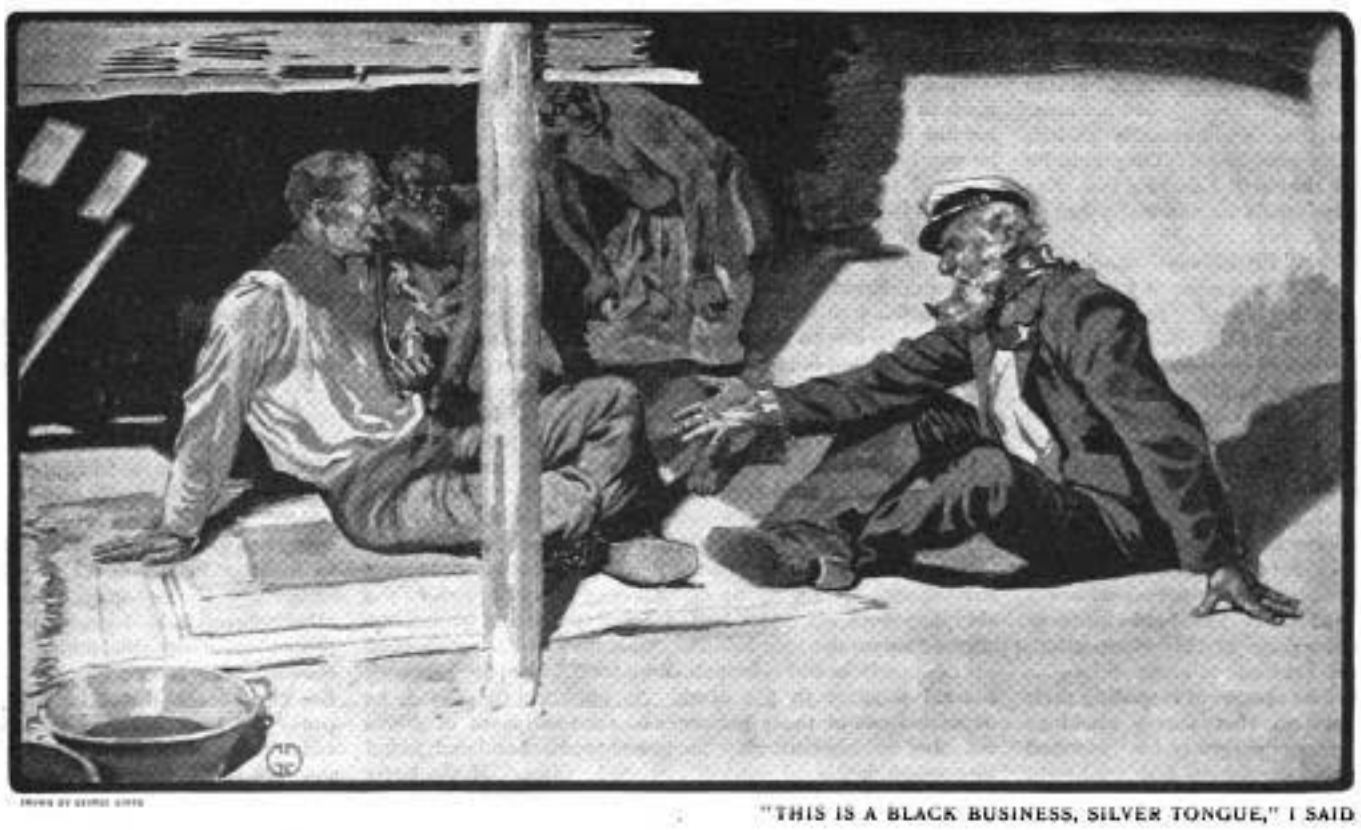
"Rosalie isn't a murderess," I said.

"I meant niece of a murderer," he returned.

I was too speechless with indignation to utter another word. In the course of sixty years on this planet I've seen many kinds of men, and I've learned to detect in some a certain look about the eyes—a curious light and a far-away dreaminess of expression—that seems always the sign or mark of an unflinching obstinacy. I remember that selfsame look on Brand's face as we lay all flattened on the water-tanks of the *Moroa*, and he blew the main deck off the ship together with three hundred human beings; and I guess the Christian martyrs had it, too, when lions tore them to pieces and bulls kited them on their horns in the Colosseum. Anyway, it was as plain as daylight that I had lost my time and money in bothering about Oppenstedt, and that I might as well give him up as the most incorrigible, stiff-necked, self-opinionated, blunderheaded ass and lunatic this side of Muggin.

I gave him a wide berth after this and took the other side of the street when I saw him coming; while he, for his part, would have cheerfully run a mile for the chance of avoiding me. I had cares of my own, too, about this time, what with the loss of the Daisy Walker and my libel suit with Grevsmuhl, and other things to think about than that of bringing twin souls together. So the days drifted on and months came and went, and it seemed all over for good between Rosalie and Silver Tongue. Then that labor captain turned up again, him I had had trouble with before, a black-eyed, fierce, handsome little fellow, who was hotter than ever after my girl. Rosalie was just in the humor to do something awful, for she was desperately unhappy with spells of wild gayety between, and a recklessness about herself that frightened me more than I can tell. She laughed in my face when I warned her about the labor captain and told me straight out she was only a half-caste and it didn't matter what became of her. And from the way she carried on and got herself talked about from one end of the beach to the other, it began to look as though she meant what she said. Altogether I felt pretty blue about her and savage enough against Silver Tongue to have——! Well, what on earth could I do? What could anybody do? Why had God ever made such a silly ass of a baker?

One day I got a note from Sasa French that took me up to Malifa at a tearing run. Scanlon, the half-caste policeman, was there, and when I had listened to his story I threw my hat in the air and shouted like a boy, and Sasa and I waltzed up and down the veranda to the petrifaction of two missionary ladies who happened to be passing in tow of some *gazaber* from the Home Society. Sasa and I plumped into a buggy, and with Scanlon on horseback pounding behind us we made all sail for Seumanutafa's. Bidding him follow we then raced off to Mulinu'u where, sure enough, we found a young man named Tautala in one of the houses, who brought out the music-box and very soon satisfied me as to the truth of what Scanlon had said. Then at a slower pace, so that Tautala might keep up with us, we walked to To'oto'o's house and taxed him with the whole business.



"THIS IS A BLACK BUSINESS, SILVER TONGUE," I SAID

At first he made some show of denying it, but what could he say with Scanlon and Tautala risen witness against him? He tried to refuse to come with us (which would have spoiled everything) until Scanlon took a hand in the fray and let his imagination run riot about the law, which, as he was the official representative of it and wore a pewter star on his breast, soon settled To'oto'o's half-hearted objections. If anything else were wanted it was the arrival at this juncture of Seumanutafa at the head of a dozen retainers who added the finishing stroke to the little resistance To'oto'o had left. Then we all started off for the Southern Cross Bakery, and as we walked slowly and naturally attracted a good deal of attention, and as we told every one we met where we were going to and why—we grew and grew until as I looked down the

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procession I couldn't see the end of it. The Chief Justice was sucked in. Likewise the President. Marquardt, the Chief of Police, joined us; Haggard, the Land Commissioner; some Mormon missionaries; two lay brothers from the school; a lot of passengers from the mail boat, with handkerchiefs stuck into their sweaty collars; Captain Hufnagel on horseback with a small army of Guadalcanaar laborers; half the synod of the Wesleyan Church in white *lavalavas* and hymn-books; a picnic party that had just returned (not wholly sober) from the Papase'ea; blue-jackets from the Sperber; blue-jackets from the Walleroo; three survivors of the British bark Windsor Castle, burned at sea; a German scientist in Jaeger costume with blue spectacles and a butterfly net; six whole boatloads of an *aumoenga* party from Manu'a; a lot of political prisoners on parole; two lepers and Charley Taylor!

It was well we had brought Marquardt with us, for he and his police caught the humor of the thing, and on reaching the bakery formed us up in a great hollow square with one side blank for Silver Tongue, who stood and gazed at us transfixed from the shade of his veranda. Then Seumanutafa, Sasa, Scanlon, Tautala, To'oto'o and I broke ranks and marched up to him.

"Old man," I said, "if you were to think a year you'd never guess what brought us here to-day!"

"It's O's head again," he said, grinding his teeth and casting a vitriolic glance at To'oto'o, "and if there was any law or order in this God-forsaken land"—he looked daggers at the Chief Justice as he said this—"that feller would have got short jift for murdering my fader-in-law's aunt's son!"

"He didn't murder him," I said.

Silver Tongue's jaw fell. He looked at us quite overcome. For a minute he couldn't say a word.

"Oh, but he deed," he said at last.

"It was Tautala that killed him," I said, indicating the young man we had brought from Mulinu'u, "and it turns out he sold your relation's head to To'oto'o for seven dollars and a music-box." At this, smiling from ear to ear, Tautala held up the music-box to public view and would have set it going had not something fortunately caught in the works.

"It's a lie!" gasped Silver Tongue. "It's a lie!"

"Scanlon himself was at the battle," I went on, "and he saw the whole thing and was a witness to Tautala getting the seven dollars, and he made To'oto'o pony up four dollars more as the price of his own secrecy."

"Four dollars," ejaculated Scanlon. "That's right, Captain Branscombe. Four dollars!"

"So, if you are angry with anybody," I said, "you ought to be angry with Tautala. All To'oto'o did was to buy a little cheap notoriety for eleven dollars and a music-box."

I never saw a man so stung in all my life as Oppenstedt. The eyes seemed to start from his head, and he glared at To'oto'o as though he could have strangled him. Tautala was quite forgotten in the intensity of his indignation toward Rosalie's uncle. You see he had been hating To'oto'o ferociously for six months and couldn't switch off at a moment's notice on an absolute stranger like Tautala. Besides, his hatred for To'oto'o had become a kind of monomania with him, and now here I was telling him what a fool he had made of himself and proving it with two witnesses and a music-box. No wonder that he was staggered.

"Now, old fellow," I said, "we'll call bygones bygones, and maybe you'll let us see a little more of you than we've been doing lately."

"You mean Rosalie, of gourse," he said, snapping the words like a mad dog.

"Yes, Rosalie," I said.

"Gaptain Branscombe," he said, his face convulsed with passion, "that gossumate liar and hybocrite has made such a thing impossible. Far rader would I lay me in the grave—far rader would I have wild horses on me trample—than that I should indermarry with a family and bossibly betaint my innocent kinder with the plood of so shogging and unprincibled a liar. A man so lost to shame, so beplunged in cowardice and deceit that he couldn't his own heads cut off, but must buy dem of others and faunt himself a hero while honest worth bassed unnoticed and bushed aside."

"It was honest worth that chopped off the head of your father-in-law's aunt's son!" I said.

"Gaptain," he returned, "there are oggasions when in condrast to a liar—to a golossal liar—to one who has made a peeziness of systematic deception—a murderer is a shentlemans!"

"Oh, you villain baker!" cried Sasa, joining in. "You make *tougafiti*. You never want marry the girl at all. All the time you say something different. Oh, you bad mans, you break girls' hearts—and serve you right somebody cut your head off!"

"Wish they would," I said, out of all patience with the fellow. "First he can't marry Rosalie because her uncle's a murderer. Now he can't marry her because her uncle's a liar. Disprove that, and he'd dig up some fresh objection!"

"I lofe her! I lofe her!" protested Silver Tongue.

"Come, come," I said, "you aren't marrying the girl's adopted uncle."

"A traidor to my family? No, Gaptain, dat is what I can never be," said Silver Tongue.

"Traitor—nothing!" I said.

"Oh, the silly baker," said Sasa.

"He speaks like a delirious person," said Seumanutafa.

"Now about that ham," said the Chief Justice, belligerently coming forward and speaking in rich Swedish accents, "when I send my servant for a ham, Mr. Oppenstedt, I want a good ham—not a great, coarse, fat, stinking lump of dog-meat——"

"Let's go," I said to Sasa; "Captain Morse is holding back the Alameda for a talk, and I know there's an iced bucket of something in the corner of his cabin."

"Wish the dear old captain would land and punch his head off," said Sasa vindictively.

"Whose head?" I asked.

"Silver Tongue's," she returned.

Sasa had always plagued me to get up a moonlight sailing party on the Nukanono, a little fifteen-ton schooner of mine that plied about the Group. From one reason and another the thing had never come off, though we had talked and

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BAD BREAKS IN BUSINESS

By M. Martin Kallman

LOOSE BUSINESS METHODS THAT CAUSE HEAVY LOSSES AND EAT UP THE PROFITS

ERRORS are by far the most expensive luxuries in which the business man to-day indulges. All men of large affairs will cheerfully admit this—and in the same breath will add: "But they are human and inevitable; consequently we must stand them with such grace as we can muster." There is a grain of truth in this assertion, but it is only a speck in the bulk of the bushel. Seventy-five per cent. of business mistakes—or, as they are generally called, business "breaks"—are easily avoidable. They can be effectively guarded against—as they *will* be when the office and accounting departments are made as automatic and as systematically perfect as the shop.

In business as in morals it is the "little foxes" which most persistently and effectively spoil the vines. By the mere failure properly to index a letter the boy who receives only three or four dollars a week often throws the entire routine of a big business house into confusion and entails an expenditure of time, on the part of high-salaried heads of departments, that would more than offset his own wages for an entire month. This is one of the most common and annoying of the little "breaks" that interrupt the smooth running of office affairs—and one that is less the fault of the boy or girl than of the system governing the routine of the office. Especially is this form of error likely to occur in the indexing of office copies of outgoing correspondence duplicated in the old-fashioned "flimsy" letter-press book. Any person who has attempted to index the contents of one of these books of tissue sheets will readily appreciate the force of this observation. And this variety of mistake will continue to occur so long as business men adhere to an obsolete system of recording their correspondence. Any office system that leaves openings for unintentional errors also gives opportunity for "crooked work" on the part of unprincipled employees who are bright enough to see the weakness of the office mechanism with which they are working. This is clearly illustrated by an incident which occurred in the shipping-room of one of the largest wholesale hardware establishments in this country.

Leaks in the Shipping Department

Practically the universal method employed in wholesale shipping-rooms is, briefly, this: All the goods going out to one patron in a single shipment are assembled in a big pile on a long table where they are, for the second time, "called and checked" by the clerk and his assistant before being actually packed in the shipping-case. In most houses the salesman, when not out on the road, is a privileged character in the shipping-room and often exercises a personal supervision over the shipment of his orders.

This common practice prevailed in the hardware establishment to which I refer. The sales of one of the traveling men for this institution suddenly became phenomenally large and he was in high favor with the management until a letter was received from a small country customer asking that he be allowed to exchange a half-dozen fine saws for other goods of which he was in greater need. Naturally, reference to this man's orders was had to determine how recently the saws had been purchased. This developed the fact that the customer in question had not bought any saws of the house within a year, and he was so informed, the suggestion being made that probably he had bought them of some other firm.

Then came the answer that there was no mistake about it; that the traveling salesman for the house had told him that, in appreciation of a large order, he would be presented with a dozen fine saws for which no bill would be rendered. He had received the saws according to the agreement, but wished to exchange half of them for other goods of their value.

Nothing was said to the salesman concerned in the transaction, but his movements were placed under close and secret surveillance. As a result he was one day followed to the shipping-room where he had a score or more of shipments stacked up on the long tables. After they had been checked for the last time the salesman came from the stock-room with several bundles in his arms. As opportunity offered, he deposited one of these packages on each shipment of goods outgoing upon his orders. These were opened and each found to contain goods of several dollars in value. If the letter asking for an exchange of the "prize saws" had not placed him under suspicion, the goods which had not been recorded on his orders or on the corresponding bills would have been tumbled into the packing-cases and his patrons would have been substantial gainers by the transaction. It need scarcely be added that the house at once introduced a system which made this kind of indirect stealing impossible. Of course, the men who received these "prize packages" supposed they were given with the full knowledge and consent of the house.

Again, it often occurs that where two shipments are stacked upon the same table a package accidentally falls from the higher heap upon the lower one after the last checking has been done. Consequently, one shipment is short while the other is the gainer. The customer whose invoice is short promptly reports his loss; but generally the man who has profited by the accident holds his peace and does not return the extra package, well knowing that his chance gain cannot be traced to him.

As the instance already cited will amply indicate, there can be no question that the inadequacy of ordinary "stock records" and of system in the shipping department of commercial houses is one of the most fertile sources of expensive "breaks" to-day existing in the business world. Examples disclosing many other special points of weakness in this department of mercantile houses might be multiplied. It is sufficient, however, to say that, generally speaking, this is probably the most loosely organized of all departments, though it is easily as capable of systemization as any other.

Confusion Caused by Back Orders

Next in rank as a fruitful field of errors comes the order department. Here the chief stumbling-block is the "back order." In filling an order it is found, for example, that two items are not in stock. Under the general practice these are to be sent in the next shipment to that customer, and the order, with the two unchecked items, is placed on the "filing clip" devoted to back orders. If the clerk happens to remember, when this man's next order is received, that he has two items from a former "sheet" that are still unfilled, the customer will not be disappointed. But thousands of times the back order is forgotten, the file on the clip is not consulted, and the patron is alienated by the failure to receive the two items from his previous order. The possibility of this occurrence is easily obviated by a system which is automatic, and sends a signal to the order or shipping clerk apprising him of back orders for each and every customer. That is a signal which at once tells the clerk to consult the back-order file. Careless posting and checking of the order register is responsible for thousands of "breaks" which cause severe loss of business, for there is no kind of a mistake to which the ordinary customer is more sensitive than the overlooking of an order. He will excuse an error in accounting, for that does not play havoc with his own trade and can be adjusted while he is serving the patrons with the

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goods about which the "break" has occurred; but when he fails to receive merchandise for which a patron is waiting, and which his competitor is able promptly to supply, he is in a mood to end his relationship with the wholesale house which occasions his difficulty.

It would seem almost impossible that an actual and accidental loss of currency, checks, drafts, or other form of remittance should occur in a well-regulated commercial house; but scores of such "breaks" occur, and sometimes entail great hardship upon innocent persons. One of the most curious and interesting episodes that I have ever known admirably illustrates this possibility.

Every credit man has a number of accounts which he subjects to the closest scrutiny. This makes it necessary that he shall have immediate knowledge of all remittances made by customers who are on the "anxious list." In the house to which I refer the remittances were first sent to the cashier, who posted them and then sent to the credit man to enable him to make his daily deductions and keep in touch with collections, after which they were returned to the cashier.

On this occasion the cashier sent a score of remittance letters, with checks attached, to the credit man, who glanced them through, and, an hour later, sent them back by his own messenger boy. Shortly afterward the credit man left his desk and was just passing out of the little "wicket" in the railing that partitioned his department from the remainder of the office when he was met by an old friend who was a large patron of the house. He paused for a long conversation with this caller and then walked back to his desk.

That night the credit man died very suddenly. And that night the cashier found that he was precisely $300 short in his cash. In vain he struggled with his books but could find no error. Others went over his books but with no better results. Finally he charged himself with the amount of the shortage, but even this did not wholly clear him of liability of being under the suspicion that he had executed a clever ruse to draw an advance of $300 on his salary. He was a sensitive man and the occurrence caused him not a little mental suffering.

About three months after the episode a new employee chanced to take from the coat closet the light office coat which the dead credit man had worn. Curiosity prompted him to feel in the pockets of the garment and he drew out a crumpled check from a country customer for $300. It was immediately taken, with the coat, to the cashier, whose delight was unconcealed.

Of course the explanation of the matter was then simple. The credit man had not, as the cashier supposed, returned this check with the others, but had held it for further investigation. Then he had started with it in his hand, intending personally to turn it in at the cashier's window. But on his way he was met by his friend, and in the course of their interesting conversation had unthinkingly thrust it into his pocket and forgotten it completely. That night he had died. Possibly some feeling of superstition had caused his associates to avoid the coat which he had so long worn at his desk. In any event, it had hung undisturbed in its accustomed place until the new employee had encountered and examined it, to the relief and delight of the cashier. Very likely the customer who sent the check may have wondered why his bank balance was not diminished by the amount of his remittance; but so long as its receipt had been acknowledged by the wholesale house he evidently did not feel called upon to make any inquiries.

The Office Pet a Costly One

Though it is clearly impossible automatically to guard against those "breaks" in business which are purely errors of individual judgment, there are various mistakes apparently of this nature that are amenable to certain sound rules of procedure which operate in a precautionary way as effectively as do the more mechanical devices of a thorough office system. In this class of errors one of the most common and costly is a refusal on the part of those in authority to investigate the work of relatives, special friends or "office pets" who are under their supervision.

Not long ago the head of a very large establishment, doing an immense shipping business, employed an expert to make a thorough examination of the affairs of the house. The investigation progressed smoothly until the department of express "pre-pays" was reached. This was in charge of the adopted son of the president of the corporation. Repeatedly the young man gave the excuse that the books of this department were home where he had taken them for the purpose of doing night work. Finally the expert reported to the president this obstacle to a complete examination of the affairs of the company.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the official; "I suppose the boy feels a little sensitive because of his relation to me. I'll be responsible for his department without the formality of an investigation."

Finally, however, the expert persuaded the head of the business to give him an order on the various express companies that would allow him to check up the amount of prepaid express charges. Then he compared these with the shipping vouchers and speedily discovered discrepancies amounting to many thousands of dollars. That night the adopted son disappeared in disgrace and forfeited his relationship to the man who trusted him implicitly and would some day have left him a large fortune.

And in this connection it should be said, with all possible emphasis, that the generally accepted theory of implicitly trusting employees who have enjoyed long tenure of service is, unfortunately, at variance with the facts revealed by experience. The records of commercial investigation show that very few men venture to steal from their employers during the first six months of their service, whereas the greater amount of embezzlements and defalcations are the work of men who have continuously held their positions of trust for many years, gaining the complete confidence of their employers, mastering every detail of office routine, learning the mental habits of their associates and acquiring a certain standing and authority that smothers suspicion and insures them against investigation. Not that they deliberately set out to lay this basis for rascality. Generally their departure from the path of honesty comes under pressure of some peculiar temptation which is aggravated by the fact that these phases of their environment seem to promise them immunity from detection.

Again it should be remembered that prosperity, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. When a business house is making large profits it is far less likely to discover leaks either from accidental errors or from peculations than when it has difficulty in "making both ends meet." In the latter case it becomes necessary to keep a vigilant watch upon every resource. Quite recently it was discovered that an employee in one of the largest mercantile houses of this country had, in comparatively a few years, stolen the sensational sum of one million dollars; but the establishment had made so large a volume of profits that even this princely fortune was not missed, the detection of its loss having been an accident.

Allowing any employee to monopolize information of special value should be classed among the most serious of business errors. Very often the credit man is an example in this line. Once a man in this position refused to have his department examined or systemized by an expert who had been called in to serve the house. His attitude was reported to the head of the establishment, who replied:

"Why, that man has been with us for twenty-seven years. He is our encyclopædia and knows our trade by heart. We couldn't do business without him, and if he's got his back up I guess we'll have to surrender."

At last, however, the credit man was practically forced to take a vacation, during which his department was closely examined. Though nothing reflecting upon his honesty was discovered, it was shown that he was carrying "under his hat" and as a *personal monopoly* the information which belonged to the records of the house, and which the house had borne the expense of acquiring. On this showing the head of the establishment finally confessed: "He has been with us about twenty-seven years too long." Consequently the credit man's vacation was made indefinite, and the information he monopolized is now made of record and is a part of the assets of the house.

The Value of Office Analysis

Another illustration of the results of allowing an employee to monopolize information comes to my recollection in connection with a large wholesale drug house. In this business, as in several others, prices on a large variety of goods are subject to daily fluctuation. Therefore "pricers" are employed to each day figure the prices to be charged for certain commodities, in accordance with the law of supply and demand and other significant considerations. This is not the simple task which it might seem, for a certain ingredient of a compounded drug may suddenly become scarce while another will depreciate in value.

One day the chief pricer of a large house left on a vacation. When he returned at the end of two weeks he carefully examined the prices made by his assistant. The figures, which he showed with considerable pride to the head of the house, demonstrated that through his absence for twelve days the house had lost $1500, because the prices had not been figured from all the data that should have been taken into consideration by the pricers. It did not occur to him that by the same token he convicted himself of a failure so to systemize his work and record vital data that another might take up his work without serious loss to the establishment. Judged on his own figures, for the one week, this loss would in a year have amounted to about $35,000.

Another serious "break" in business is the failure systematically to keep vigilant watch upon the comparative amounts of trade done by a customer during different periods. When a customer who is in the habit, for example, of ordering five bags of coffee orders only one, there is but one conclusion to be drawn from the viewpoint of the house: he is dividing his coffee trade with another firm. Certainly the only safe thing for the house to do is to draw this inference. Under a thorough system this deviation from the habit of the customer would be instantly noticed, and he would be written a letter politely inquiring if anything unsatisfactory in the previous treatment he had received from the establishment was responsible for the falling-off in the amount of his order.

When the management of a large commercial house is not alive to the fact that the office end of the business should be a positive trade-producing factor, he is in one of the business errors that will cut deeply into his profits if he is not in the enjoyment of a monopoly. It is a poor office that is not a close second to the salesmen's department as an actual trade-getting factor.

Often some decidedly fantastic complications are brought about in the order department, owing to a lack of proper method. In a very large wholesale house a telegram from a distant customer was received which read: "Duplicate our order No. 865." A few days later a letter from the same customer again instructed the duplication of the order bearing that number. While this second order was being filled the buyer from the firm in question arrived in the city, went to the wholesale house, and among other purchases duplicated the items in "order 865."

Several days later the distant customer was heard from with emphasis, frantically asking why the house had shipped three times the amount of each kind of merchandise that had been ordered. Of course the explanation of the matter was very simple. The letter was intended as a confirmation of the telegram, not as a new order. Then the house of the

(Concluded on Page 18)

The Sweetest One

By Frank L. Stanton

He de cunnin'est er chillun in his li'l' gown er white,
W'en I rockin' him ter sleepy en he cuddle close at night,
W'en I tellin' him de witch tales make him hug his mammy tight,
Or singin' in de medders er de mawnin'!

He ax me whar dey foun' him in de sweetes' long ergo—
Wuz it heah, or wuz it yander, whar de huckleberries grow?
En I tell him: "You de blackbird what got losted in the snow,
En dey foun' you in de medders er de mawnin'!"

En he know his mammy love him, en de rainy day would start
Roun' de eyes he see kisse'f in, ef we ever come ter part;
Kaze he ain't no furder fum her dan de beatin' er her heart,
Singin' in de medders er de mawnin'!

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THE PIT

By FRANK NORRIS
Author of The Octopus

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CHAPTER XVI

ON A CERTAIN Monday, about the middle of May, Jadwin sat at Gretry's desk (long since given over to his use), in the office on the ground floor of the Board of Trade, swinging nervously back and forth in the swivel chair, drumming his fingers upon the arms, and glancing continually at the clock that hung against the opposite wall. It was about eleven in the morning. The Board of Trade vibrated with the vast trepidation of the Pit, that for two hours had spun and sucked, and guttered and disgorged just overhead. The waiting-room of the office was more than usually crowded. Parasites of every description polished the walls with shoulder and elbow. Millionaires and beggars jostled one another about the doorway. The vice-president of a bank watched the door of the private office covertly; the traffic manager of a railroad exchanged yarns with a group of reporters while awaiting his turn.

As Gretry, the great man's lieutenant, hurried through the anteroom, conversation suddenly ceased, and half a dozen of the more impatient sprang forward. But the broker pushed his way through the crowd, excusing himself as best he might, and entering the office, closed the door behind him.

At the clash of the lock Jadwin started half-way up from his chair, then, recognizing the broker, sank back with a quick breath.

"Why don't you knock, or something, Sam?" he exclaimed. "Might as well kill a man as scare him to death. Well, how goes it?"

"All right. I've fixed the warehouse crowd—and we just about own the editorial and news sheets of these papers." He threw a memorandum down upon the desk. "I'm off now. Got an appointment with the Northwestern crowd in ten minutes. Has Hargus or Scannel shown up yet?"

"Hargus is always out in your customers' room," answered Jadwin. "I can get him whenever I want him. But Scannel has not shown up yet. I thought when we put up the price again Friday we'd bring him in. I thought you'd figured out that he couldn't stand that rise."

"No more he can't," answered Gretry. "He'll be in to see you to-morrow or next day."

"To-morrow or next day won't do," answered Jadwin. "I want to put the knife into him to-day. You go up there on the floor and put the price up another cent. That will bring him, or I'll miss my guess."

Gretry nodded. "All right," he said; "it's your game. Shall I see you at lunch?"

"Lunch! *I* can't eat. But I'll drop around and hear what the Northwestern people had to say to you."

A few moments after Gretry had gone Jadwin heard the ticker on the other side of the room begin to chatter furiously; and at the same time he could fancy that the distant thunder of the Pit grew suddenly more violent, taking on a sharper, shriller note. He looked at the tape. The one-cent rise had been effected.

"You will hold out, will you, you brute?" muttered Jadwin. "See how you like that now." He took out his watch. "You'll be running in to me in just about ten minutes' time."

He turned about, and calling a clerk, gave orders to have Hargus found.

When the old fellow appeared Jadwin jumped up and gave him his hand as he came slowly forward.

His rusty top hat was in his hand; from the breast-pocket of his faded and dirty frock coat a bundle of ancient newspapers protruded. His shoestring tie straggled over his frayed shirt front, while at his wrist one of his crumpled cuffs, detached from the sleeve, showed the bare, thin wrist and encumbered the fingers in which he held the unlit stump of a fetid cigar.

MR. SCANNEL

Evidently bewildered as to the cause of this summons, he looked up perplexed at Jadwin as he came up out of his dim, red-lidded eyes.

"Sit down, Hargus. Glad to see you," called Jadwin.

"Hey?"

The voice was faint and a little querulous.

"I say, sit down. Have a chair. I want to have a talk with you. You ran a corner in wheat once yourself."

"Oh! . . . Wheat."

"Yes, your corner. You remember?"

"Yes. Oh, that was long ago. In seventy-eight it was—the September option. And the Board made wheat in the cars 'regular.'"

His voice trailed off into silence, and he looked vaguely about on the floor of the room, sucking in his cheeks, and passing the edge of one large, bony hand across his lips.

"Well, you lost all your money that time, I believe. Scannel, your partner, sold out on you."

"Hey? It was in seventy-eight. . . . The secretary of the Board announced our suspension at ten in the morning. If the Board had not voted to make wheat in the cars 'regular'——"

He went on and on, in an impassive monotone, repeating, word for word, the same phrases he had used for so long that they had lost all significance.

"Well," broke in Jadwin at last, "it was Scannel, your partner, did for you. Scannel, I say. You know, Dave Scannel."

The old man looked at him confusedly. Then, as the name forced itself upon the atrophied brain there flashed for one instant into the pale, blurred eye a light, a glint, a brief, quick spark of an old, long-forgotten fire. It gleamed there an instant, and the next sank again.

Plaintively, querulously he repeated:

"It was in seventy-eight. . . . I lost three hundred thousand dollars."

"How's your little niece getting on?" at last demanded Jadwin.

"My little niece—you mean Lizzie? . . . Well and happy, well and happy. I—I got"—he drew a thick bundle of dirty papers from his pocket, envelopes, newspapers, circulars, and the like—"I—I—I got, I got her picture here somewheres."

"Yes, yes, I know, I know," cried Jadwin. "I've seen it. You showed it to me yesterday, you remember."

"I—I got it here somewheres . . . somewheres," persisted the old man, fumbling and peering, and as he spoke the clerk from the doorway announced:

"Mr. Scannel."

This last was a large, thick man, red-faced, with white, short whiskers of an almost wiry texture. He had a small, gimletlike eye, enormous, hairy ears, wore a "sack" suit, a highly polished top hat, and entered the office with a great flourish of manner and a defiant trumpeting: "Well, how do, Captain?"

Jadwin nodded, glancing up under his scowl.

"Hello!" he said.

The other subsided into a chair, and returned scowl for scowl.

"Oh, well," he muttered, "if that's your style."

He had observed Hargus sitting by the other side of the desk, still fumbling and mumbling in his dirty memoranda, but he gave no sign of recognition. There was a moment's silence, then in a voice from which all the first bluffness was studiously excluded Scannel said:

"Well, you've rung the bell on me. I'm a sucker. I know it. I'm one of the few hundred other fools that you've managed to catch out shooting snipe. Now, what I want to know is, how much is it going to cost me to get out of your corner? What's the figure? What do you say?"

"I got a good deal to say," remarked Jadwin, scowling again.

But Hargus had at last thrust a photograph into his hands.

"There it is," he said. "That's it. That's Lizzie."

Jadwin took the picture without looking at it, and as he continued to speak, held it in his fingers, and occasionally tapped it upon the desk.

"I know. I know, Hargus," he answered. "I got a good deal to say, Mr. David Scannel. Do you see this old man here?"

"Oh, cut it out!" growled the other.

"It's Hargus. You know him very well. You used to know him better. You and he together tried to swing a great big deal in September wheat once upon a time. Hargus! I say, Hargus!"

The old man looked up.

"Here's the man we were talking about—Scannel, you remember. Remember Dave Scannel, who was your partner in seventy-eight? Look at him. This is him now. He's a rich man now. Remember Scannel?"

—HE DREW A THICK BUNDLE OF DIRTY PAPERS FROM HIS POCKET

Hargus, his bleared old eyes blinking and watering, looked across the desk at the other.

"Oh, what's the game?" exclaimed Scannel. "I ain't here on exhibition, I guess. I——"

But he was interrupted by a sharp, quick gasp that all at once issued from Hargus' trembling lips. The old man said no word, but he leaned far forward in his chair, his eyes fixed upon Scannel, his breath coming short, his fingers dancing against his chin.

"Yes, that's him, Hargus," said Jadwin. "You and he had a big deal on your hands a long time ago," he continued, turning suddenly upon Scannel, a pulse in his temple beginning to beat. "A big deal, and you sold him out——"

"It's a lie!" cried the other.

Jadwin beat his fist upon the arm of his chair. His voice was almost a shout as he answered:

"You—sold—him—out. I know you. I know the kind of bug you are. You ruined him to save your own dirty hide, and all his life since poor old Hargus has been living off the charity of the boys down here, pinched and hungry and neglected, and getting on, God knows how; yes, and supporting his little niece, too, while you, you have been loafing about your clubs, and sprawling on your steam yachts—on the money you stole from him."

Scannel squared himself in his chair, his little eyes twinkling.

"Look here," he cried furiously, "I don't take that kind of talk from the best man that ever wore shoe-leather. Cut it out, understand? Cut it out."

Jadwin's lower jaw set with a menacing click; aggressive, masterful, he leaned forward.

"You interrupt me again," he declared, "and you'll go out of that door a bankrupt. You listen to me and take my orders. That's what you're here to-day for. If you think you can get your wheat somewheres else, suppose you try."

Scannel sullenly settled himself in his place. He did not answer. Hargus, his eye wandering again, looked distressfully from one to the other. Then, after a moment, Jadwin, after shuffling among the papers of his desk, fixed a certain memorandum with his glance. All at once, whirling about and facing the other, he said quickly:

"You are short to our firm two million bushels at a dollar a bushel."

"Nothing of the sort," cried the other. "It's a million and a half."

Jadwin could not forbear a twinkle of grim humor as he saw how easily Scannel had fallen into the trap.

"You're short a million and a half, then," he repeated. "I'll let you have six hundred thousand at a dollar fifty."

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"A dollar and a half! Why, it's ruin, man! Oh, well"—Scannel spread out his hands nonchalantly—"I shall simply go into bankruptcy—just as you said."

"Oh, no, you won't," replied Jadwin, pushing back and crossing his legs. "I've had your financial standing computed very carefully, Mr. Scannel. You've got the ready money. I know what you can stand without busting to the fraction of a cent."

"Why, it's ridiculous. That handful of wheat will cost me three hundred thousand dollars."

"Pre-cisely."

And then all at once Scannel surrendered. Stony, imperturbable, he drew his check-book from his pocket.

"Make it payable to bearer," said Jadwin.

The other complied, and Jadwin took the check and looked it over carefully.

"Now," he said, "watch here, Dave Scannel. You see this check? And now," he added, thrusting it into Hargus' hands, "you see where it goes? There's the principal of your debt paid off."

"The principal?"

"You haven't forgotten the interest, have you? I won't compound it, because that *might* bust you. But six per cent. interest on three hundred thousand since 1878 comes to—let's see—three hundred and sixty thousand dollars. And you still owe me nine hundred thousand bushels of wheat." He ciphered a moment on a sheet of notepaper. "If I charge you a dollar and forty a bushel for that wheat it will come to that sum exactly. . . . Yes, that's correct. I'll let you have the balance of that wheat at a dollar forty. Make the check payable to bearer as before. . . . . Thank you."

He touched his call-bell.

"Kinzie," he said to the clerk who answered it, "after the close of the market to-day send delivery slips for a million and a half wheat to Mr. Scannel. His account with us has been settled."

Jadwin turned to the old man, reaching out the second check to him.

"Here you are, Hargus. Put it away carefully. You see what it is, don't you? Buy your Lizzie a little gold watch with a hundred of it, and tell her it's from Curtis Jadwin, with his compliments. . . . What, going, Scannel? Well, good-by to you, sir, and hey!" he called after him, "please don't slam the door as you go out."

But he dodged with a defensive gesture as the pane of glass almost leaped from its casing as Scannel stormed across the threshold.

Jadwin turned to Hargus with a solemn wink.

"He did slam it, after all, didn't he?"

The old fellow, however, sat fingering the two checks in silence. Then he looked up at Jadwin, scared and trembling.

"I—I don't know," he murmured feebly. "I am a very old man. This—this is a great deal of money, sir. I—I can't say; I—I don't know. I'm an old man . . . an old man."

"You won't lose 'em, now?"

"No, no. I'll deposit them at once in the Illinois Trust. I shall ask—I should like——"

"I'll send a clerk with you."

"Yes, yes, that is about what—what I—what I was about to suggest. But I must say, Mr. Jadwin——"

He began to stammer his thanks. But Jadwin cut him off. Rising, he guided Hargus to the door, one hand on his shoulder, and at the entrance to the outer office called a clerk.

"Take Mr. Hargus over to the Illinois Trust, Kinzie, and introduce him. He wants to open an account."

The old man started off with the clerk, but before Jadwin had reseated himself at his desk was back again. He was suddenly all excitement as if a great idea had abruptly taken possession of him. Stealthy, furtive, he glanced continually over his shoulder as he spoke, talking in whispers, a trembling hand shielding his lips.

"You—you are in—you are in control now," he said. "You could give—hey? You could give me—just a little—just one word. A word would be enough, hey?—hey? Just a little tip. I could make fifty dollars by noon."

"Why, man, I've just given you about half a million."

"Half a million? I don't know. But"—he plucked Jadwin tremulously by the sleeve—"just a word," he begged. "Hey, just yes or no,"

"Haven't you enough with those two checks?"

"Those checks? Oh, I know, I know, I know. I'll salt 'em down. Yes, in the Illinois Trust. I won't touch 'em—not those. But just a little tip now, hey?"

"Not a word. Not a word. Take him along, Kinzie."

One week after this Jadwin sold, through his agents in Paris, a tremendous line of "cash" wheat at a dollar and sixty cents per bushel. By now the foreign demand was a thing almost insensate. There was no question as to the price. It was, "Give us the wheat, at whatever cost, at whatever figure, at whatever expense; only that it be rushed to our markets with all the swiftness of steam and steel." At home, upon the Chicago Board of Trade, Jadwin was as completely master of the market as of his own right hand. Everything stopped when he raised a finger; everything leaped to life with the fury of obsession when he nodded his head. His wealth increased with such stupefying rapidity that at no time was he able even to approximate the gains that accrued to him because of his corner. It was more than twenty million, and less than fifty million. That was all he knew. Nor were the everlasting hills more secure than he from the attack of any human enemy. Out of the ranks of the conquered there issued not so much as a whisper of hostility. Within his own sphere no Czar, no satrap, no Caesar ever wielded power more resistless.

"Sam," said Curtis Jadwin at length to the broker—"Sam, nothing in the world can stop me now. They think I've been doing something big, don't they, with this corner. Why, I've only just begun. This is just a feeler. Now I'm going to let 'em know just how big a gun C. J. really is. I'm going to swing this deal right over into July. I'm going to buy in my July shorts."

The two men were in Gretry's office, as usual, and as Jadwin spoke the broker glanced up incredulously.

"Now you are for sure crazy."

Jadwin jumped to his feet.

"Crazy!" he vociferated. "Crazy! What do you mean, Sam? Crazy! Sam, what—— Look here now, don't use that word to me. I—it don't suit. What I've done isn't exactly the work of—of—takes brains, let me tell you. And look here, look here, I say, I'm going to swing this deal right over into July. Think I'm going to let go now, when I've just begun to get a real grip on things? A pretty fool I'd look like to get out now—even if I could. Get out? How are we going to unload our big line of wheat without breaking the price on us? No, sir; not much. This market is going up to two dollars." He smote a knee with his clenched fist, his face going abruptly crimson. "I say two dollars," he cried. "Two dollars, do you hear? It will go there; you'll see—you'll see."

"Reports on the new crop will begin to come in in June." Gretry's warning was almost a cry. "The price of wheat is so high now that God knows how many farmers will plant it this spring. You may have to take care of a record harvest."

"I know better," retorted Jadwin. "I'm watching this thing. You can't tell me anything about it. I've got it all figured out—your 'new crop.'"

"Well, then, you're the Lord Almighty Himself."

"I don't like that kind of joke—I don't like that kind of joke. It's blasphemous," exclaimed Jadwin. "Go get it off on Crookes. He'd appreciate it; but I don't. But this new crop now—look here."

And for upward of two hours Jadwin argued and figured, and showed to Gretry endless tables of statistics to prove that he was right.

But at the end Gretry shook his head. Calmly and deliberately he spoke his mind.

"J., listen to me; you've done a big thing. I know it, and I know, too, that there've been lots of times in the last year or so when I've been wrong and you've been right. But now, J., so help me God, we've reached our limit. Wheat is worth a dollar and a half to-day, and not one cent more. Every eighth over that figure is inflation. If you run it up to two dollars——"

"It will go there of itself, I tell you."

"——if you run it up to two dollars it will be that top-heavy that the littlest kick in the world will knock it over. Be satisfied now with what you got. J., it's common-sense. Close out your long line of May, and then stop. Suppose the price does break a little, you'd still make your pile. But swing this deal over into July, and it's ruin, ruin. I may have been mistaken before, but I know I'm right now. And do you realize, J., that yesterday morning in the Pit there were some short sales? There's some of them dared to go short of wheat against you—even at the very top of your corner—and there was more selling this morning. You've always got to buy, you know. If they all began to sell to you at once they'd bust you. It's only because you've got 'em so scared—I believe—that keeps 'em from it. But it looks to me as though this selling proved that they were picking up heart. They think they can get the wheat from the farmers when the harvesting begins. And I tell you, J., you've put the price of wheat so high that the wheat areas are extending all over the country."

"You're scared," cried Jadwin. "That's the trouble with you, Sam. You've been scared from the start. Can't you see, man, can't you see that this market is a regular tornado?"

"I see that the farmers all over the country are planting wheat as they've never planted it before. Great Scott, J., you're fighting against the earth itself."

"Well, we'll fight it, then. I'll stop those hayseeds. What do I own all these newspapers and trade journals for? We'll begin sending out reports to-morrow that'll discourage any big wheat planting."

"And then, too," went on Gretry, "here's another point. Do you know, you ought to be in bed this very minute. You haven't got any nerves left at all. You acknowledge yourself that you don't sleep any more. And, good Lord, the moment any one of us contradicts you, or opposes you, you go off the handle to beat the Dutch. I know it's a strain, old man, but you want to keep yourself in hand if you go on with this thing. If you should break down now—well, I don't like to think of what would happen. You ought to see a doctor."

"Oh-h, fiddlesticks," exclaimed Jadwin; "I'm all right. I don't need a doctor; haven't time to see one, anyhow. Don't you bother about me. I'm all right."

Was he? That same night, the first he had spent under his own roof for four days, Jadwin lay awake till the clocks struck four, asking himself the same question. No, he was not all right. Something was very wrong with him, and whatever it might be, it was growing worse. The sensation of the iron clamp about his head was almost permanent by now, and just the walk between his room at the Grand Pacific and Gretry's office left him panting and exhausted. Then had come vertigo and strange, inexplicable qualms, as if he were in an elevator that sank under him with terrifying rapidity.

Going to and fro in La Salle Street, where the roar of the Pit dinned forever in his ears, he could forget these strange symptoms. It was the night he dreaded—the long hours he must spend alone. The instant the strain was relaxed, the beat as of hoofs, or as the rush of ungovernable torrents, began in his brain. Always the beat dropped to the same cadence, always the pulse spelled out the same words:

"Wheat-wheat-wheat, wheat-wheat-wheat."

And of late, during the long and still watches of the night, while he stared at the ceiling, or counted the hours that must pass before his next dose of bromide of potassium, a new turn had been given to the screw.

This was a sensation the like of which he found it difficult to describe. But it seemed to be a slow, tense crisping of

(Continued on Page 20)

"YOU—SOLD—HIM—OUT. I KNOW YOU"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The paid circulation of the December 20th number of The Saturday Evening Post was 404,500 copies.

Important Notice to Readers

On February 1st the subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will be doubled, and the magazine will be made better and larger. Until February 1st you can have it a whole year—52 weeks—for only one dollar. After February 1st the price will be $2.00 the year.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶There is always room in the firm.

¶Figuratively speaking—raising salaries.

¶The winter trolley car has its usual cold supply.

¶The man who knows nothing insists on telling it.

¶Some reformers work overtime trying to get shorter hours.

¶Possession is nine points of the law and self-possession is the other one.

¶The real purpose of arbitration is to show that the other fellow is wrong.

¶"Pleased to have met you!" said the man to the sight draft he had just paid.

¶It is pretty generally admitted that riches may be secured wrongfully, but happiness cannot.

¶The gods are satisfied when a man does his best, but the neighbors may still find fault with him.

¶True appreciation does not halt even when acknowledging a wedding present from a large family of unmarried daughters.

¶Time and tide wait for no man, but it is said that they just have to slow up a little for the woman who is trying to get her hat on straight.

¶The source of Santa Claus' wealth is explained. He distributes cameras at Christmas and sells photographic supplies the other 364 days.

¶Every boy in this great American Republic has a fine chance to rise. Almost any one of them can get up in time to start the kitchen fire if he wants to.

The Forces that Keep Us Well

FOUR men have delivered the Huxley lecture which is designed to present each year the most notable discovery or advance in medicine: Sir Michael Foster, Professor Virchow, Lord Lister and Dr. William H. Welch. Doctor Welch is president of the board of directors of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research; he is at the head of a great medical school, and he is the leading pathologist of America and probably of the world. In his lecture, which has just been published, he says, "The first place in experimental medicine to-day is occupied by the problem of immunity." His elaborate demonstrations, showing how within the blood and body are wonderful bacteria fighting hostile invaders, and foreshadowing the marvelous results that must follow larger knowledge, led to the sensational report that he had found a universal antitoxin, a report discussed in hundreds of newspapers, but which was unjustified by the lecture and promptly dismissed as too ridiculous for notice by Doctor Welch.

But the wonderful facts emphasized were that protective agents exist in the human being and that they are fighting all the time for his health and well-being. The problem of medicine to-day is to find out more about them, and there are hundreds of the ablest investigators in both hemispheres who are diligently following and developing the facts. It is all too intricate and too fine for the layman fully to understand, but any intelligence can grasp the statement that in every person are active forces ceaselessly combating his enemies, and that his health depends upon how well he has preserved these good forces by right living. Running through every moment of life there is the constant presence of responsibility and accountability.

It used to be thought that a young man should sow his wild oats and then settle down. The new medicine teaches us that if he ventures upon this period of irregular living he absolutely destroys some of the forces of immunity within him. He is thus made more subject to infection, contagion and diseases of all kinds. The careless person takes these risks as well as the reckless one. It is as though a general should weaken his army by unnecessary and unworthy battles. When the critical times come he would not have his proper strength either for aggression or defense.

Very curious is the parallel between the moral and mental life and the physical existence. The mind that lasts and which is able in the later years to show wonderful resources is the mind that has not wasted the finer forces that battle against the hostile invaders, be they in the form of low thoughts or unworthy employments. In the spiritual life the contest is ever in progress, and the strength of the resistance in the mature years is measured by the powers that have been saved.

So in a very positive way we see that not only in experimental medicine but in the whole range of living the first place is occupied by the problem of immunity. It is by the study of the facts and the clear recognition of the value of the forces within us that we build within ourselves the possibilities of safety and success. We cannot in the later years call back the good agents we destroyed in youth. No medicine or expiation can restore the lost immunities. The only way to have them to buttress and protect the later years is to keep them through all the years. It seems a mighty intricacy when we study the details, but the lesson is so plain that he who runs may read.

Our Grown-up Navy

WHEN the Constitution captured the Guerrière on August 19, 1812, she was fifteen years old. Eighteen years later a proposition to dismantle her aroused the patriotic indignation of Holmes. The new cruiser Philadelphia, whose keel was laid fourteen years ago, has just passed into an inglorious second childhood as a training ship. It was no uncommon thing in the days of wooden sailing craft for a warship to remain in active service for half a century or more. A steel cruiser is decrepit before it is of age.

The retirement of the Philadelphia is notable as marking the end of a cycle in the history of the New Navy. It is not quite twenty years ago, on March 3, 1883, to be exact, that the passage of the law authorizing the construction of the original "White Squadron," the Chicago, Boston and Atlanta, began the modernization of our fleet. Almost every year after that more vessels were provided for. As the new steel ships came in the old wooden ones dropped out. Gradually the character of our navy was transformed. From a wooden fleet with a sprinkling of steel it became a steel fleet with a sprinkling of wood, and finally the wooden vessels disappeared from the active list altogether. Smoothbore muzzle-loaders gave way to breech-loading rifles. Rapid-fire guns and smokeless powder followed, and at last the navy that had been the butt of every skipper of a South American gunboat led the world in the quality of its ships and equipment.

Meanwhile the sharp line of distinction between the "New Navy" and the old one remained. The Charleston was wrecked, the Vesuvius was condemned as unsuited to her purpose, and the Columbia was made a receiving ship to save the expense of keeping her in active service, but none of the ships authorized since 1883 was retired for age. Now, for the first time, the New Navy begins to be depleted by the withdrawal of superannuated vessels. From this time the annual additions to our fleet will no longer be clear gains to our fighting strength—they will be balanced to some extent by the loss of ships struck off the active list. The condemnation of the Philadelphia may be taken as the formal announcement that the New Navy has arrived at maturity.

Fortunately it will be a number of years yet before the losses from superannuation become serious. The Philadelphia's case is exceptional. Vessels four or five years older than she is are still in good condition. A modern warship ought normally to be useful for twenty years. Besides, the ships we built in the experimental years of our naval construction were mostly of small power. We did not begin to lay down first-class battleships until a dozen years ago. The Oregon and her sisters ought still to be in good fighting trim until 1910. By that time our navy may be expected to have reached a state of equilibrium. The item, "Increase of the Navy," in the annual appropriation bill, will then be a misnomer, for unless we have reason to make a special effort the navy will not be increasing. We shall merely be replacing old ships with new ones.

The Return of the Native

STATISTICS are easily available which show the immigration during the past year of Europeans into America, but figures are not so readily come by which give, if one may venture for the moment upon a paradoxical phrasing, the immigration of Americans into America. It may not be perceptible as yet at home, but to those who watch their national life from across the Atlantic it is evident that the ebb-tide has set in, and that slowly but surely the homeward drift has begun. Here and there one learns that household goods are being put into packing-cases, and that exiles who have supported their expatriation with composure for years are now "going back to see what it's like." Broadly speaking, it is perhaps not very important to America whether they return or not, but that they do is significant. Was it not Mr. Howells who wrote of the "good Americans" who go back every ten years or so to see whether it has grown any cheaper to live at home? No one embarks now with that idea. The cost of living in New York, as described by startling articles in the American press which are widely copied abroad, seems appalling. No one is going back to save money, perhaps not even with any great hope of making it. But the American-born inhabitant of Europe feels the itch of curiosity; across the water things are happening which he must see.

It has been for years the conventional thing to reproach the man who lived abroad with getting out of touch with America. Often he bore this reproach with equanimity. Nowadays he feels that he is getting out of touch, not merely with America, but with the world. It is doubtful whether any one who has been continuously in America during the past five years can realize completely the amazing way in which the world's centre of gravity has shifted. Five years ago the American abroad who offered as his opinion that America was the greatest country on earth said it with the air of delivering a challenge. Now, if indeed he manages to get it before his foreign friend, he has only the appearance of uttering the commonest of aphorisms. America, perhaps even prematurely, realized her position; the world now confirms her view. The foreigner is guilty of no disloyalty to his own country; he understands to the full the many advantages which it has over the newer power in the West, but he recognizes also the inexorable march of Fate, and sees that boundless natural resources and the vigor of young life must in time make America the centre of affairs. And the feeling of the returning exile is not on the whole one that would offend the foreigner's sensibilities. He does not take it to be a particular, private and personal virtue of his own that his country is now what it is. But he thanks fortune for the operation of great natural laws which have increased the value of his share in its national life. It would be mere prudence to go home to claim this.

We shall always have colonies abroad. In the first place no one knows how many commercial enterprises we may be managing in Europe. And a certain number of people will always continue to live abroad for pleasure. Europe has certain permanent and inalienable attractions, extremely various in character. We shall never have in America the Champs Élysées, the Théâtre Français, and possibly never ducks as they cook them at the Tour d'Argent. We shall never have Dutch canals and windmills. We shall never have Westminster Abbey, Kentish lanes lined with hawthorn hedges, nor dukes. So there will always be a thousand reasons, good and bad, for life abroad. But, in spite of them, the ebb-tide has set in toward the West.

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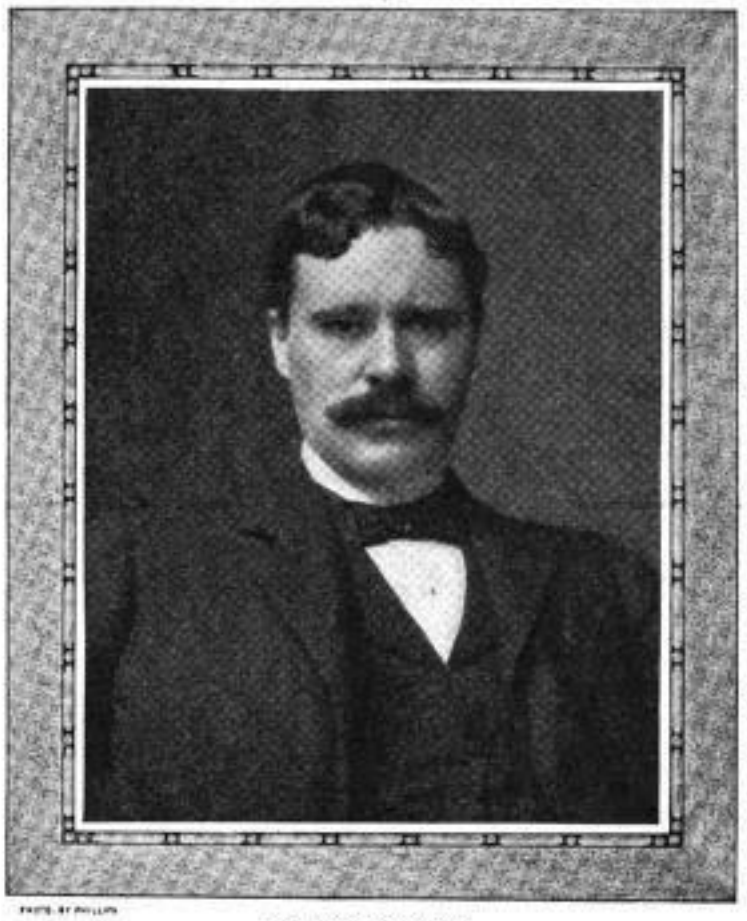
OWEN WISTER—By David Graham Phillips

WHERE THE AUTHOR OF THE VIRGINIAN FOUND HIS CHARACTERS. SOMETHING OF HIS BELIEF IN HIS ART, AND HOW IT GREW OUT OF HIM



MR. OWEN WISTER

AT THE very first glance Owen Wister, author—or, rather, creator—of The Virginian, recalls Wordsworth's portrait of the open-air man:

"There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye,
As if the man had fixed his face
In many a solitary place
Against the wind and open sky."

An admirably complete portrait, swift and simple after the manner of Wordsworth at his greatest. And it fits Owen Wister's smooth, firm skin, positive features and keen, restless, brown eyes as if it had been painted from him.

"Your book proves that you have had extraordinarily intimate experience of the far West for an Eastern man." Mr. Wister is a Philadelphian of Philadelphians and Harvard was his college.

"I've spent a great deal of my life there in the past twenty years," was his reply.

At once you understand the open-air look of his face and figure; and you know why in The Virginian he saturates your imagination with those vast solitudes of the Rocky Mountains and their plateaus—that wonderful atmosphere, so clear, so clean of the stains of civilization, clean even of the stains of the dust of leaf and flower, that the eye must learn all over again the science of distances and proportions and the lungs the science of breathing; those gaudy, splendid colorings of sky and plain, of mountain and cañon wall; the strange thoughts they breed in the mind of man, the strange passions they breed in his heart.

And these solitudes have set their indelible mark on the physical, moral and mental being of the man; and he in turn has set his indelible mark upon them. And thus they have lifted each the other into sudden popularity.

He is of about the medium height. He dresses in the careful-careless fashion that makes a man look equally at home in London, Paris and New York. He concedes to the taste of a passing generation a small, close-cropped mustache. He is obviously a man of the triple education—books, men and Nature. He has the manners of the select few who belong to the ancient, exclusive and most aristocratic society of the well-acquainted with the human race. Any man can be well mannered according to the standards of a particular nation or section, city or clique. It takes the rare man to acquire the manners that are approved everywhere and by all kinds of human beings, and that put all at their ease. He is still below the age at which a man grows uncomfortable when he hears some one, especially a young and pretty woman, inquiring, "How old is he?" His hair is black and covers thickly every part of his scalp.

But all these characteristics you brush aside quickly that you may look more closely at his really significant characteristics—those of Wordsworth's man of the solitudes, those he owes not to heredity or early training, or to Harvard or the cities he has visited, or to his associations with men and the books and other works of men anywhere, but to our great mother, Nature. His finisher, his determining guide has been Nature—she whom we are so feverishly trying to expel from the earth, once altogether hers, now claimed by us in the name of civilized progress.

He is slender and strong, agile with the strength of the savage and the wild animal—real strength, strength of sinew. It is not that lumpy, vitality-wasting, evanescent strength which gathers in swollen, unsightly muscles through the use of dumb-bells, horizontal bars and the like, and is transformed into masses of unhealthful fat if the "exercise" is not kept up. He has the acute eyes and ears of the wilderness. Nature has thoroughly taught him her invaluable lesson of concentrated attention. And, unlike the inattentive city dwellers who are distracted from childhood by the multitude of clamorous sensations, he sees and hears all in detail. Thus the resulting impressions upon his brain are vivid and accurate. You often hear people complain that they have thoughts too big for words. That means simply the clouded, muddy impressions which come from the slovenly reports of untrained, inattentive senses. Mr. Wister will never have that complaint; his thoughts are concise and communicable with clearness because his senses attend to business.

His voice is low, notably agreeable, almost too gentle—it might mislead those who associate bluster with strength, bellowing and rasping with force. He is reserved with strangers, hides his real self behind that "hardness" of cheek and eye, behind the commonplaces of polite conversation. He waits watchfully, "sizing up the proposition" in human nature which faces him. But when he decides that the "proposition" is well disposed, appreciative and reasonably discreet he talks fluently and with the frankness that conceals nothing—the frankness of honesty and courage.

The Schooling of the Solitudes

There again you note the handiwork of his schoolmistress of the solitudes. It is a mistake to fancy that men of vigorous mental life are ever silent by nature. They may be driven to silence and to Lacedæmonian speech by the uncongeniality or hopeless mental inferiority or dangerous indiscreetness of those about them. They may have cultivated the habit of silence with all because they have proved in bitterness that most cynical, most melancholy and, in some respects, most important of the truths of life—"You must never forget that any man, even your best friend, may some day be your enemy." But no really superior and unsoured man will or can deny himself the pleasure of exchanging facts and fancies with another whom he finds trustworthy and responsive. And the men of the solitudes are all at least touched with greatness; for in the solitudes individuality spreads and grows and sends the head high and the roots deep—and what is greatness but individuality?

The solitudes give a man—gave this man—the opportunity to think. In that rare air the weeds of shallow thought and speech faint and die, while the sturdy plants of original ideas, original modes of speech spring up and flourish luxuriant. Like all men of the solitudes Mr. Wister knows how to be silent without being empty, knows how and when to pour out his whole mind, knows—without consciousness of knowing—that frankness and simplicity are the prime qualities of speech. To diplomatists of the old school and to other little crafty folk who fret over appearances and impressions, speech may be the art of concealing thought; but not to the open, unafraid man who has "fixed his face in many a solitary place against the wind and open sky."

It was at a luncheon at the Bellevue in Philadelphia that these impressions of Mr. Wister were gathered or confirmed, and a few questions put to him. For example:

"And where did you find your character of the Virginian?"

To those who have read the book, perhaps the foregoing description of Mr. Wister may suggest that he unconsciously looked within himself for very many of the characteristics of that large, fine American gentleman, son of the solitude, brother to the mountains and to all untamed creatures. And in a sense Mr. Wister did look within himself. There is an unfailing family resemblance among the children of the solitudes. Also, there never yet was a work of art of any kind that did not have in warp and woof the personality of its creator. In portrait, statue, cartoon, for instance—in a Velasquez or a Michaelangelo, a Rodin or a Sargent, a Leech or a Teniel—you will find, if you look patiently, the face of the man who made it, as well as the face of its subject. And in that sense the Virginian suggests Mr. Wister. But in the larger sense he is as unlike Mr. Wister as James C. Carter is unlike Sargent who painted him so well, or as Balzac is unlike Rodin. Not Mr. Wister, nor any other man sophisticated by city life, could be that primeval personality—the personality portrayed in the Virginian's letter to the mother of the girl he loved. That letter, it may be ventured in passing, is the climax of Mr. Wister's observation of human nature and also of his present power of expressing his observations.

So, when Mr. Wister was asked, "Where did you find your character of the Virginian?" the asker expected the answer to be that the Virginian was some comrade of the solitudes whose life in the great essentials back of events had followed the course described in the novel. But Mr. Wister said:

Who the Virginian in Real Life Is

"He wasn't anybody in particular. He was a development from the life out there as I saw it. He has characteristics of half-a-dozen men—nothing from any one definite enough to be identifiable. I'm getting many letters from acquaintances, saying, 'Didn't you mean so and so?' or 'Wasn't he the man who was foreman of this ranch or that in a certain year?'"

There has been presented in New York recently a "morality play"—one of those quaint, highly dramatic, profoundly sincere tragedies of death and the beyond that were written in an age when things spiritual were fearfully things tangible to the people of Christendom. This particular play is called "Everyman," and sets forth how "Mr. Everyman" received Death's summons instantly to appear before the Most High for judgment. The point here pertinent is the aptness of the title—"Everyman." And a book or a play or any other work designed to appeal to "every man" must have "Mr. Everyman" as its central personality or it will fall on unheeding minds and hearts. A moment's reflection on this book of Mr. Wister's and on its prompt popularity should have resulted in anticipating Mr. Wister's statement as to the origin of his hero.

Not from some one man or from several men did Mr. Wister draw his Virginian, but from old, original, aboriginal even, Mr. Everyman, yesterday a cave-dweller and to-day a passenger in an electric car, and to-morrow no doubt the owner of a flying machine, yet always the same old, young, high, humble, rich, poor, educated, ignorant, wise, foolish Mr. Everyman.

And that's why Mr. Everyman is reading The Virginian.

There have been successful books that did not treat of Mr. Everyman, his thoughts and deeds; but their success was accidental. There never has been a book with Mr. Everyman as its subject—the real Mr. Everyman in any of his phases, quiet or stormy, heroic or villainous—that did not achieve success, often in spite of a style and a clumsiness of treatment that set culture to shuddering. And when a man of Mr. Wister's education and talents has such an opportunity as Mr. Wister had in his twenty years on and off among the solitudes, and uses that opportunity as Mr. Wister has used his in The Virginian—his success can be limited only by the extent of the population that understands the vocabulary he employs.

At this luncheon the question of dialect naturally arose. "You use dialect sparingly in your book. Yet the temptation to use it in quantity must have been strong."

"I do not believe much in dialect," replied Mr. Wister. "It should be indicated—a word here and there, as characteristic and illuminating as possible. At least, so I think. Probably Scott is responsible for the outbreak of dialect—Scott and Burns. One likes them in spite of their dialect, or perhaps the better way to put it would be that they use dialect so well that it ceases to have the misleading and confusing effect of so much of the dialect written nowadays."

Not the least—one might say, almost the greatest—merit of Mr. Wister's book is this same repression in the use of dialect. And in that repression you find another clew to his character. Shallow persons, vainglorious of a little knowledge, usually not of an important kind, love to dwell on the surface characteristics of their fellow-beings—the length or twist of a nose, the fact that the ears are not close against the head, the misuse of oyster fork and fish fork, slips in grammar or pronunciation. The surface manners are a part of the man, and so are his surface peculiarities of feature, but they are only a minor part; and to dwell upon them is to hide the real

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GEO. H. STAHL
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man. To emphasize dialect is one of the extremely cheap forms of this shallow-sighted effort to show off knowledge. As if every one of us did not speak a dialect! As if any one habitually spoke by the dictionary!

"Yes, I am fond of Scott," said Mr. Wister, in reply to a question. "No year goes by that I don't read several of his novels—Old Mortality, Kenilworth, The Talisman or certain others. I know Scott is out of fashion just now—like Dickens. But I admire Dickens, too—regard him as greater than Thackeray, as one of the world's very great writers."

There Mr. Wister and Swinburne are in accord. It is interesting to note the swift emergence of the Dickens-lovers, driven to cover a few years ago by snob and man of culture combining in adulation of Thackeray's admiring cynicisms on manners and on those fashionable puppets who live and move and have their being in manners alone.

How did the subject of music drift into that conversation at the Bellevue? No matter. Some one said that Wagner's music was so vastly superior in majesty, force and eloquence to any other composer's that he seemed a Mount Everest rising from a rolling prairie dotted with mounds here and there.

"I think," said Mr. Wister, "that you must divide composers into two classes—those who write symphonies, those who write operas. And I'd entirely agree with you as to Wagner among writers of opera."

"That is a distinction which would hardly be made by one who loves music without technical knowledge of it. You are a musician?"

"A little," replied Mr. Wister. "I play and ——" He hesitated, as he always did during that conversation when he caught himself talking of himself.

"And ——" What? Mr. Wister changed the subject, but it can be said that he does understand music thoroughly, has written good music, and plays well. And his sympathy with all the arts is not only the natural sympathy of the artist for whatever is artistic, but it is also an educated sympathy—educated in France where the very farm laborers talk art and think on things artistic.

Possibly—probably—it was in France that Mr. Wister learned the art of repression. If you have read The Virginian you will understand just what is here meant. Repression in dialect has already been noted. But there are two more remarkable illustrations of this fine instinct of his, this subtle sense of what to leave unsaid.

The first is in the method of indicating "lurid language" without using it, except at precisely the proper moment. Mr. Wister was writing of men who are peculiarly profane, who use the terrific expressions as we might say "d—n" or "gad" or "great Scott"—and with no more intention of blasphemy. It would have been impossible to present an honest picture of that life without impressing the profanity of speech upon the reader—as well have left out the broncos or the omnibus roller-towel.

"That was one of the very hard problems I had to try to solve," said Mr. Wister. "I don't know how well I succeeded."

So well that neither the publishers of the book nor the publishers of disconnected chapters in magazines have received a single criticism on the language used.

The other illustration of repression is in the description of the ferocious cruelty of "Balaam" to his horses, to the pony Pedro which he bought of "Shorty." Mr. Wister tells the story of that pony with the power and eloquence of simplicity. The scene is enacted before your eyes. As he tells, you begin to have a sense of impending tragedy. You feel quickening within you that deepest and maddest of all human passions—the hatred of injustice to the helpless. Then—but let us quote the book:

> Balaam made no answer but mounted Pedro; and the failing pony walked mechanically forward while the Virginian, puzzled, stood looking after him. Balaam seemed without purpose of going anywhere, and stopped in a moment. Suddenly he was at work at something. This sight was odd and new to look at. For a few seconds it had no meaning to the Virginian as he watched. Then his mind grasped the horror, too late. Even with his cry of execration and the tiger spring that he gave to stop Balaam, the monstrosity was wrought. Pedro sank motionless, his head rolling flat on the earth. The man had struggled to his feet before the Virginian reached the spot, and the horse then lifted his head and turned it piteously round.
>
> Then vengeance like a blast struck Balaam. The Virginian hurled him to the ground——

What had Balaam done to the horse? What was the sight "odd and new to look at"? What was the "monstrosity" that had been wrought? Why did the horse turn its head "piteously" toward the Virginian? You do not know. As you read you forget to be curious. You are mad with the horror of the hinted torture and you cry to the Virginian, "Stamp the man into the earth for his infamy!" And when the Virginian does it, you love him because he has once more shown himself to be "Mr. Everyman" who hates cruelty and punishes the cruel.

"What did Balaam do to the pony?"—this the question to Mr. Wister at the lunch at the Bellevue—or rather, *after* the lunch.

Mr. Wister explained—it was frightful. It was an act that made you peer with a heart full of loathing into the viperous depths of the soul of the beast in man—the beast that, once in control, uses man's reason only to refine upon cruelty and to make it excruciating. "You see, I couldn't put in that," said Mr. Wister. "I did write it, but after thinking and talking it over I decided that it must be left out of the book."

"But, although the fact is more shocking, more sickening, your hint of it raises a more tremendous feeling in the mind. Things hinted are mightier than things told."

"That's exactly it," answered Mr. Wister. "The reader gets the impression, doesn't he? And he is spared the sickening physical shock which the plain fact would give him."

The Greeks with their famous artist instinct permitted no murders on the stage—murder was related by a messenger. They reasoned that tragedy should appeal to the imagination, not to the senses; that the tragedy-writer's art lay in so rousing the imagination of the audience that it was stirred to the depths by the recital of the murder, yet was not sickened and revolted as it must have been had it actually seen the murder. It had been fanned by the awful breath of the hateful wings of the spirit of murder and the angel of death; it had had the moral lesson without the immoral, the demoralizing spectacle.

Mr. Wister, in that notable episode, has followed the Greek injunction, has followed it in a way that gives one an insight not only into his methods of work but also into the man himself.

"Another novel of the far West?"

"Oh, yes. But first I shall write a story round a New England superstition. Would you believe that within sound of the whistle of the New York, New Haven and Hartford locomotives there are people, many people, who believe in vampires?"

"Not really vampires—persons in human form who suck the blood of their fellow-beings?"

"Yes, the real, old-fashioned, Arabian Nights vampires. I think it should make an interesting novel."

"And then you will write the Western story?"

"Yes—of a somewhat earlier day than The Virginian. It will be a broader story, too—taking in the whole of pioneer life—Indians, hunters, first settlers, cowboys, desperadoes and all."

That is interesting news. For the essence of America thus far is the pioneer. We are all, even to the Eastern seaboard, but tenants of the house he built; the immediate heirs of what he conquered from the wilderness, from the Indian, from the outcasts of his own race flung frontierward, and there his worst enemies. And the pioneer is the true American under the veneer—why else does this Virginian seem to be "Mr. Everyman" to Americans north, south, east and west? Why else do we so strongly admire his education to manhood, the same as that superb elemental education which Xenophon says was given to the Persian youth—"to ride, to shoot and to speak the truth." To ride—that is, courage, strength, physical grace; to shoot—that is, the clear eye, the steady nerve, the accurate, the measuring brain; then that powerful climax, to speak the truth—that is, the whole of manhood, the topmost peak of moral courage.

Mr. Wister can tell a thrilling story—and to be interesting is the first requisite for him who seeks public attention. But he has done, will do again, far more than that. In him there is the potentiality of books greater than The Virginian and preaching, without seeming to do so, the same gospel. No new gospel is this that burns in Mr. Wister's books and shines in his eyes and gives form to his mind and character, but the grand old gospel of true Americanism—not fighting, though ample capacity for fighting should justice reluctantly demand it; not braggadocio and shrieking for strenuosity, but manhood, broad and simple and sincere.

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O'S HEAD

(Continued from Page 8)

arranged it all time and time again. Now that I had re-masted her and overhauled her copper and painted her inside and out, the subject had bobbed up again; and as I couldn't make any objection, and as the moon for the first time in seven years had happened to be full at the same moment when the vessel happened to be free, Sasa informed me (in the autocratic manner of lovely woman dealing with an old softy of a retired sea-horse) that the invitations were out, the music engaged, and that my part was to plank down fifty dollars, keep my mouth shut and do what I was told.

I perceived from the beginning that there was something queer about the trip, for Sasa, usually so communicative, could scarcely be induced to speak of it at all; and then when she did it was with such a parade of mystery and reserve that I felt myself completely baffled. However, like the jossers in the poem, it wasn't for me to reason why, and I obediently ran about the beach, did what I was bidden and discreetly asked no questions. I confess, though, that on the day itself my curiosity began to reach the breaking point; when I was told, with gentle impressiveness, that I was to remain in my house till the minute of nine forty-five, pull off quietly to the Nukanono, board her by the forechains and crouch there in the bow till I was told to get up!

It was a glorious moonlight night as I got into Joe's boat and saw the Nukanono across the bay, her loosened sails flapping in the first faint breath of the land breeze and her booms sparkling from end to end with Chinese lanterns. The water was like black glass, the outer reefs for once were silent, and the downpouring air from the mountains was fragrant with *mosoi*, and so warm and scented against the cheek that I doubt not but what you could have smelled Upolu ninety miles to leeward. As we drew nearer, the sound of girls' laughter, the tuning of musical instruments, the hum and talk and gayety of a large company floated over to us from the schooner's deck, wonderfully mellowed by the intervening water and (as it seemed to me) softened into a sort of harmony with the night itself.

However, I did not allow these reflections to put me off my duty or make me forgetful of the strict commands I had previously received from Sasa. I came up softly under the bow of the Nukanono, dismissed Joe in a whisper and climbed silently to my appointed station. I had not been there a minute when I felt Sasa's hand on my shoulder and heard her say softly in my ear, "*Malie*," which in Samoan means good or well done. Then she slipped away and I heard her with sweet imperiousness ordering about the crew and bidding them slip the moorings. We had hardly got steerageway when I heard a commotion aft, a choking, angry voice that sounded through the hubbub like Silver Tongue's, a quick, fierce, violent struggle, and then suddenly the companion hatch went shut with a bang. Even as it did so the forehatch followed with a crash and everybody began to cheer. From below there rose the sound of thumping, smothered Teutonic protests, and a long, poignant and unmistakably feminine wail.

"All finish, Captain," said Sasa, coming up to me cheerfully.

"Would you mind telling me what it's all about?" I asked.

"Just a little *tongafiti* to bring loving hearts together," said Sasa. "They threw Silver Tongue down the after hatchway, while me and the girls we pushed Rosalie down the forehold. There they are all alone in the dark with five hours to make it up!"

I could not help laughing at Sasa's plan, especially when under my feet I began to hear more frenzied thumping and more feminine wails. Then I recollected there wasn't five feet of headroom below, and that the place, even with the hatches off, was hot enough to boil water in.

"They'll die down there, Sasa," I said.

"No fear," said Sasa. "Rosalie is half Samoa, and as for Silver Tongue—if he get roast like his own bread nobody care a banana."

"But Sasa——!" I protested.

"Now you go flirt with some my girls," she said, "and don't bother your old head about nothings!"

"But my dear girl——" I protested.

"They'll do very nicely, thank you," said Sasa, interrupting me, "and if they're hungry isn't there ham sandwich? And if they're thirsty isn't there claret punch in a milk can?

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"Well, Sasa," I said, "I dare say it's a bright idea and that you deserve the greatest credit for arranging it all—but for the Lord's sake, let me off the ship before you remove the hatches."

"Oh, no," said Sasa, "everybody stay and see the fun!"

Fun, indeed, I thought, as I heard a terrific pounding below and an uproar that would have been creditable to a sinking liner. The deck shook with sledge-hammer blows and a lot of glasses tumbled off one of our improvised tables. Then we heard what was obviously a revengeful wrecking of the whole ship's interior—the smashing of crockery and lamps, a tramping and a kicking and a throwing down of everything that was loose or could be wrenched off, together with a hollow, reverberatory boom of German profan——! No, I won't be unjust, and one really couldn't hear good. Sasa stamped on the deck with her little foot and cried out: "Be quiet, you silly baker!" But the silly baker only roused himself to a renewed ferocity, and instead of calming down went off again like twenty-five bunches of firecrackers under a barrel. And large firecrackers, too.

Off and on he must have kept this up for more than an hour, then at length he subsided, finding, I suppose, that one German baker, however infuriated, was unable to make an impression on a three-inch deck. By the end of the second hour we had forgotten all about him, for heeling over in the pleasant breeze and what with singing and telling stories and flirting in the moonlight we were all too happy and too busy to take thought of the stifling lovers below our feet. Occasionally I had a haunting sense of a day of reckoning, but I held my peace and forebore to disquiet my pretty hostess, who was the life and soul of the whole party aboard, and whose silvery laughter chimed in so sweetly with the tropic night and the rippling gurgle of water along our keel.

It was past three o'clock when we picked up the Mission light and ran back to our moorings off the Firm. Then the question arose as to who would uncage our love-birds and bear the first brunt of Silver Tongue's explosion. I confess I was very little eager for the job, and felt a peculiar sinking in the region of my watch-pocket as we unlocked the after-hatch and rolled it softly back, Sasa, with a bull's-eye lantern penetrating the gloom with a dazzling circle of light. It fell on the figures of Rosalie and Silver Tongue seated on a settee and locked in each other's arms. Rosalie was asleep, with her graceful head lying on Silver Tongue's breast and her long lashes still wet with tears. The baker, his face crimson with heat and streaked with rivulets of perspiration, looked up at us grimly through a sort of mist. I waited for him to spring to his feet and throw himself like a lion on my shrinking form; but instead of doing so he pressed his arms closer round Rosalie and smiled—yes, by Jove—smiled—and, if you'll take the word of a retired master-mariner, winked—with a peculiar, tender and calfish expression that in anybody else would have been called skittish.

"How goes it, old man?" I said.

"Gaptain," he returned in the tone of a clarionet tootling a love-passage in grand opera, "me and Rosalie invites you all to the Bublic Hall to-morrow night to dance at our wedding!"

A South Seas' Central

THE telephone, apparently, is as yet only in its infancy, so far as the development of its usefulness to mankind is concerned. Even the most remote parts of the earth and the most inaccessible localities are being brought into touch with the rest of the world by the help of this wonderful instrument. A traveler who visited the monastery of St. Bernard recently was almost shocked to discover that the establishment is equipped with telephones, which place it in communication with civilization even in the depth of winter.

The islands of the Hawaiian group, which are separated from each other by long distances over water, are now connected together by long-distance telephones. It seems likely that before very long—thanks to the invention of Professor Pupin, which appears to remove the limit on telephoning—the archipelagoes of Polynesia will be similarly joined, and it will be practicable to talk from Fiji to Samoa, or from Tonga to the Gilberts. No portion of the habitable globe, it may be supposed, will be isolated in any true sense, or cut off from the interchange of intelligence.

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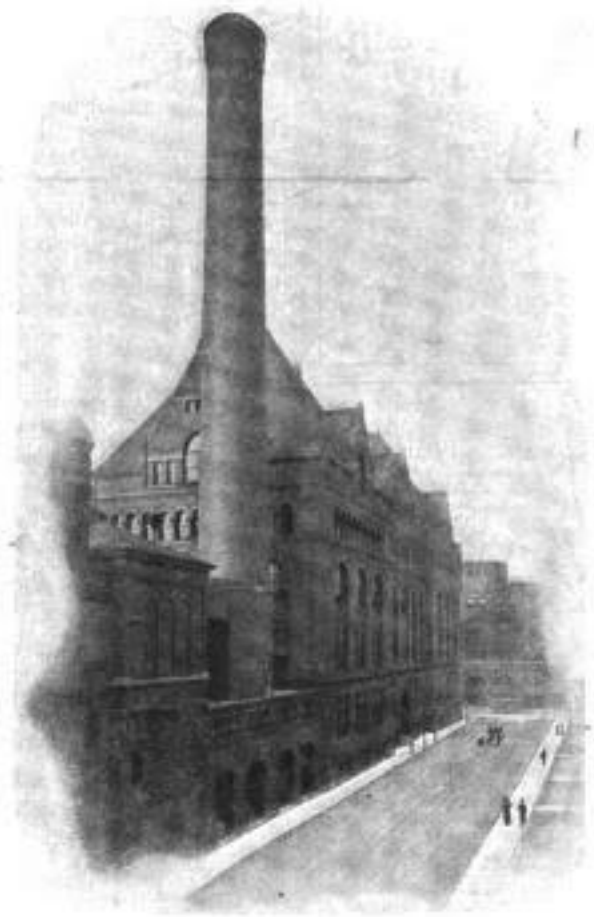

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By GEORGE H. POWELL

SKILL ACQUIRED BY MAIL INSTRUCTION IN DEMAND AT INCOMES RANGING FROM $100.00 TO $500.00 A MONTH

SAMUEL MOSSER, Reading, Pa. — J. M. KEMPER, Dayton, O. — MISS E. ANNA ROE, Monroeville, O. — HERBERT G. VEASEY, Bradford, Mass. — C. W. GREENE, Buffalo, N. Y.

IT HAS been suggested that I tell the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST something about the inducements offered in the field of advertising writing to young men and women who are willing to prepare themselves for the work. This space, however, is too limited to enter into much detail, and a few facts must suffice.

In the first place, we must consider that modern advertising dates back only about a dozen or fifteen years, previous to which time a catchy advertisement was practically unknown. In those earlier days the great department store used a column ad., where to-day a page is found necessary. And as the advertising expenditures have doubled and quadrupled, the volume of business has more than kept pace with this ever-increasing outlay.

A dozen years ago a mere handful of men occupied recognized positions as advertising managers, while to-day there are probably three or four hundred, and yet it is a very small army—much too small, and altogether out of proportion to the wonderful increase of the advertising appropriations. The demand for *good* ad.-writers cannot be met, and this condition must of necessity exist for years to come. In fact, like all comparatively new arts, the art of ad.-writing lacks skilled workers. A young man or woman possessed of a common-school education can, under proper instruction, added to reasonable diligence, finally be sure of a fine weekly salary. Those who draw from $4,000.00 to $15,000.00 annually are the picked workers, and yet positions at these high salaries are steadily multiplying. There will always be this "something better" to strive for.

Carter Ink Ad. by Samuel Mosser, Reading, Pa.

To show how utterly out of proportion are the present salaries paid advertising writers and managers, a comparison will be of interest. With over 200,000 miles of steam railway in the United States, employing 1,000,000 men, the combined earnings for 1901 were $1,500,000,000, while salaries reached the enormous sum of $600,000,000. Now the total amount spent for advertising in the same year was nearly half the earnings of the railways, but the salaries paid advertising men and women were so small as a whole that comparison is useless, since it does not amount to one per cent.!

Conservative authorities agree with me that nearly one-half of the money spent for advertising is wasted, for want of proper attention and service, while nearly seventy per cent. of all the new advertisers drop out of the race for the same cause! Is it any wonder, then, that high salaries await bright people who have been trained to attract attention and create business?

I established my school at the urgent suggestion of notable advertising men who saw the need of really expert instruction. There were other ad.-schools in existence; but, like all new things, only limited results were produced. Fulton built the first and original steamboat, but it is hardly to be compared with the 1902 ocean greyhound. To-day the Powell System is recognized by all authorities as the standard and best.

The chief fault of the early ad.-schools lies in lack of understanding as to limitations, and instead of loading up students with superfluous news and detail about matters really foreign to the duties of the ad.-writer, the concentrated efforts ought to be along the line of the actual writing of ads. In this way, largely, is the Powell System superior to all others. Take the synonym question as another example: I supply a work of nearly 600 pages, instead of dabbling in three or four so-called "lessons" that are of no practical value. The Powell System proper—by which I mean the actual correspondence instruction itself—consists of lessons on all lines of ad.-writing, and following the student's work comes my personal criticisms, corrections, etc. No books are used in this main branch, because it is not practical or beneficial. *Printers' Ink*, the well-known journal of advertising, in commenting recently on a large book, or so-called "encyclopedia" offered by an ad.-school, truly said:

"Students from the rural districts will find ——'s Publicity the nicest book for drying and pressing flowers that ever happened. It is a great thing in itself. It is a greater thing to accomplish a distribution of the edition."

The Powell System differs from book instruction in that I personally supervise and direct each student's advertising education as he or she requires, and no form letters for criticisms are ever used. What books I do furnish are for a supplementary purpose.

On this page I reproduce several specimens of fine ad. work by my students, who are taught originality to such a high degree that they become prize winners and valued employees in the shortest possible time.

My instruction system is so superior to all others that I always court investigation by giving full addresses to all testimonials I publish. The more skeptical you are the better I am pleased, because I have bushels of proof to finally convince you. Suppose you write those students, whose portraits appear above? Or, if you are a hard-headed business man and wonder whether I am really an expert, you may be interested in the testimony of the Secretary of the Severne Wine Co., Himrod, N.Y., who says that my instruction and advice increased his business about four-fold, by actual test. I will gladly send you his letter, together with my complete and instructive Prospectus and full explanatory matter, if you will only write me. My address is George H. Powell, 172 Temple Court, New York.

Shawmut Soap Ad. by J. M. Kemper, Dayton, Ohio

First Prize Ad. in Pearline Contest. Won by Mr. F. G. Rogers, after taking only about half the Powell Course.

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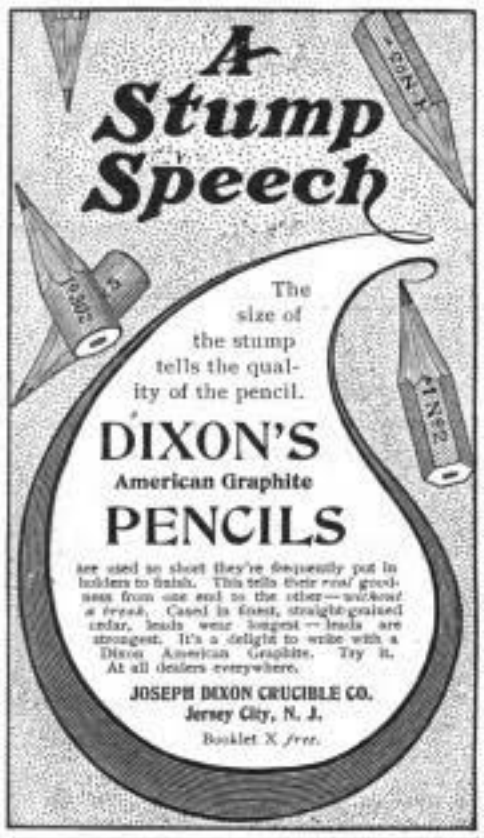

Sealed Book

it is to most men—that world-moving force we call **Salesmanship.** *Yet it is more easily acquired than is reading or writing. Possessed by clerks and salesmen it* **compels large salaries.** *To retailers it gives an enormous advantage over competition.*

WE TEACH IT BY MAIL SUCCESSFULLY

A tremendously interesting Book of Particulars is yours for the asking

Write Immediately!!!

Bauer Correspondence School of Salesmanship
55 Union Square, NEW YORK

TRADE Flinch MARK REGISTERED

More simple than authors
More scientific than whist

Flinch is certainly proving to be the greatest of all Kalamazoo's famous games. — *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Instantly popular. 150 finest quality cards.

50c

Gilt edge $1.00

Everywhere games are sold—or postpaid from us. Your money back if you want it.

Sample card and instructions FREE.

FLINCH CARD COMPANY 124 Burdick St. Kalamazoo, Mich.

A LOAN!

LEARN SHORTHAND AND MOVE UPWARD!!

You may not know it, young people, but there's nothing in all the world like shorthand work to lift you to higher and better things. We loan you a Remington Typewriter, train you in it or use and in Gregg Shorthand by mail besides—help you find a position in any city you choose. Very low tuition. You may earn something while learning—we show you how.

MERCANTILE STENOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, 195 CANAL, CHICAGO

PLAYS for Home Theatricals. For 10 cents we send 8 Complete Plays, also 100-page Catalog of Theatre Goods, Wigs, etc.
BATES PLAY CO., Box 1540J, Boston, Mass.

BREAKS IN BUSINESS

(*Concluded from Page 9*)

customer had failed to notify its buyer in the market that a sudden demand for goods which were on his "buying list" had made it necessary for them to be ordered by wire. The buyer had made several stops on his way to the city and was in ignorance of the fact that these goods had already been bought. Had this whole transaction been properly made the buyer in the market would have been advised by wire that the order had been telegraphed to the house; the letter to the house would have read: "Confirming our telegram of November 10," etc.; then the buyer would have found a similar letter of confirmation from his own house awaiting him at the wholesale house.

If any illustration is needed to emphasize the point that some businesses are capable of being ruined by "breaks," let me cite the history of a young man, in an Eastern State, who originated a crayon portrait business. Substantially his advertisements offered to teach the art of making these portraits for a small sum—say five dollars. This covered the necessary tools of the craft and also one finished portrait and a solar print, the latter to be finished by the pupil. Students showing proficiency in the process were furnished with other photographs, and the corresponding solar prints which were to be finished in crayon. Almost immediately the business suddenly leaped into large proportions and the mail came literally in dray loads.

Just as it seemed certain that the business would bring its originator a very large fortune the "break" upon which it was destined to suffer shipwreck appeared. It was of a most curious and unexpected nature. Most of the photographs were of deceased relatives and friends of the patrons of the business and many of them were the only likenesses in existence of the persons in question. Consequently they could not, if lost or destroyed, be in any manner replaced, and they had an associational value to their owners which could not be covered by any monetary consideration.

Very soon the manager of the business discovered that scores of these priceless photographs were being accidentally lost or destroyed while in the care of the "finishers." As the latter were scattered over the entire country, all efforts to secure from them a satisfactory account of these missing mementos were futile.

The owners of these invaluable portraits then appealed to the United States Post Office authorities. Hundreds of these complaints were forwarded to Washington and the Post Office Department promptly sent special agents to make a thorough investigation. They found a large room literally filled with great stacks of remittance letters. After a searching investigation it was officially determined that the business was honestly conducted, but that its continuance would not be feasible unless some method could be devised by which the "breaks" resulting in the loss and accidental destruction of the priceless photographs might be effectually guarded against.

As the proprietor of the business was not equal to this task he at once gave up an enterprise which promised to make him very wealthy, facetiously declaring that he had been "ruined by the babies of the country." This was almost literally true, as most of the missing photographs were unreclaimable because they had been destroyed or lost by small children in the homes to which they had been sent as models for the finishing of the enlarged portraits.

A "break" which must prove very expensive in any large establishment is an ineffective method of assembling and posting mail matter. This leakage is so common that it is entitled to be classed as practically universal. One item in this leakage is the sending of several separate letters to the same person or firm at the same time. Often a big wholesale house will have ten different items of correspondence from as many departments going to a customer by the same post. One or two stamps instead of ten will carry them when all the items are assembled in one envelope. By the organization of an efficient "private post office" a large institution can save from $5000 to $20,000 a year in postage expense. Of course, the latter figure is large, but in the case of a great mail-order house this is easily possible.

These examples will serve to indicate that the head of any house can spend a part of his time to very great advantage in a careful search for "breaks" and errors that are due to defects in the methods which govern the routine discharge of business.

SPECIAL OFFER

French Court Memoirs

MARIE JEANNE DU BARRY

FROM Henry of Navarre to and through the reign of Du Barry (whose personal memoirs occupy four of the volumes) this set of books covers the back-stairs-and-kitchen-gossip side of French Court history, much as Guizot covers its outward manifestations. And where so much was set afoot with secret and obscure design, where so little was open and above-board, where boudoir councils dictated treaties and the wounded vanity of favorites instigated campaigns, where a low-born woman's caprice could send forth the torch to lay waste the half of Europe, it is impossible to comprehend the curious events of history without knowing the intimate details of those underlying causes.

It is a characteristic of these Memoirs dealing with the peculiar affairs of the period, that they purges them o...
The undersigned has personal French Cou... into English) which... only, at a very low p... ments, if preferred, provided app... at once.

These few copies are from a limited numbered and registered *de luxe* edition, bound up to sell at $10 a volume. But through a binder's error the leather of the volumes is imperfectly matched; consequently it becomes advisable to dispose of them outside of regular subscription channels, and at a price about equal to the value of the unbound sheets.

A booklet fully describing the edition will be sent, together with price-particulars, if you sign and send the inquiry slip in the corner *at once*. Address

J. B. CHADBOURNE, Sec'y, 11 East 16th St., New York

J. B. Chadbourne, 11 East 16th St., New York
Please send me particulars — advertisement in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Jan. 3.
Name.....
Address.....

Some watchmakers harp on Railroad Watches. More than twenty

Elgin Watches

have been sold for every mile of railway trackage in the world. Sold by every jeweler in the land; guaranteed by the world's greatest watch works.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Indianapolis Combination Table Library-Dining-Billiard-Pool

Handsome, massive Tables. Equal **in every particular**, except size, to standard billiard tables. Changed from one to the other by removing top. **Nine styles.** 5x9, Standard size. Write for new illustrated catalogue. FREE.

COMBINATION BILLIARD MFG. CO.
380 N. Claypool Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

The PRAIRIE STATES KEEP AT THE HEAD. More made—more sold—more prizes won than ALL OTHERS combined. 342 FIRST PRIZES WON

Send for catalogue—just out—finest ever issued. Mention this paper.

PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR CO.
HOMER CITY, Pa., U.S.A.

WRITE FOR MONEY

as our graduates are doing successfully. Send for free booklet, "**Writing for Profit**;" tells how to succeed as newspaper-correspondent, magazine-contributor, and short-story writer. Learn Journalism and Story-Writing by mail, at home, during spare hours. MSS. criticised and revised; sold on commission. THORNTON WHITE, Editor-in-Chief, founded 1895. **THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, No. 61 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.**

STUDY LAW BY MAIL

Prepares for the Bar in any State. Methods thorough, scientific and original. Only correspondence Law School in the United States in affiliation with a resident college—the **Illinois College of Law** (largest Law School in Chicago). Lessons prepared under the direction of Howard N. Ogden, Ph. D., LL.D., Pres. of the College. Credit given by resident school for work done by mail. Write.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LAW SCHOOL
Dept. E, McCormick Block CHICAGO, ILL.

For Breakfast
WHEATLET
All the Wheat that's fit to eat

A 50-Cent Hat by Mail

MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal-order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. We are hat manufacturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for catalogue.*

MEN'S HAT No. 2
In smooth finish. *Colors:* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl.

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY, 66 Mill Street, Middletown, N. Y.

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This is the house the young man saved and paid for in five years.

A Young Man Was Married 5 Years Ago

He had a moderate salary. He and his wife started simply and saved. But they didn't skimp. They gave little dinners and heard the best lectures. In five years they had saved enough to pay for the house at the head of this page.

Another Young Man Was Married, Too

This couple put by $7 a week, and the house at the bottom of this page is now theirs,—entirely paid for. A third young man's income was $16 per week. He and his wife saved $8 of it, and bought and paid for the house at the bottom of this page.

How these and 97 others did it, step by step, dollar by dollar, is all told in the great series, "*How We Saved For a Home*,"—100 articles by 100 people who saved for and now own their own homes on an

Average Salary of $15 a Week: None Higher Than $30

This great series will run for an entire year in

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

For ONE DOLLAR, for a year's subscription, you get the whole series.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

This is the house saved for on $7 a week and now all paid for.

This is the house paid for out of a salary of $16 per week, saving $8.

Digitized by Google

That very old proverb about reaching the heart of a man is best exemplified with

NABISCO Sugar Wafers

A Fairy Sandwich with an upper and lower crust of indescribable delicacy, separated with a creamy flavoring of

Lemon, Orange, Chocolate, Vanilla, Strawberry, Raspberry, or Mint.

Ask for your favorite flavor.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

of your favorite tobacco with a

Beattie Cigarette Machine

Nickel-plated, light, and practical. Gives a firm, even pressure to the tobacco, and a uniform diameter to the cigarette. The paper always sticks and cigarettes can be made rapidly. Sent by mail for 35c. Booklet free.

C. S. NORTHUP MFG. CO., Hartford, N. Y.

PATENT SECURED in TEES returned. FREE opinion as to patentability.

Send for our Guide Book and What To Invent, finest publication ever issued for free distribution. Patents secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE.

EVANS, WILKES & CO., Washington, D. C.

Blizzard Proof

Wool fleece inside. Close woven outside. Wears like iron, warm and comfortable as an old coat. Jacket and lining woven together. Snap fasteners, riveted pockets. Wear with or without an overcoat.

PARKER'S ARCTIC JACKET

"ARCTIC" Trade Mark Registered

For sportsmen, policemen, letter carriers, drivers and all who face the cold. Ask your own dealer for it. Sent postpaid on receipt of $5.35. JOHN H. PARKER, Dept. 57, 163 Bedford St., Boston

PAYS to write for our 250-page free book. Tells how men with small capital can make money with a MAGIC LANTERN or STEREOPTICON.

McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

STAMP COLLECTING is most interesting, instructive and profitable. For only 10c we will start you with an album and 300 genuine stamps from Cuba, Porto Rico, Philippine Islands, etc. 48-pp. catalog free. App. sheets 50 per cent. discount.

Est. 17 yrs. STANDARD STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

CHEAP RATES California, Washington, Oregon, Colorado. We secure reduced rates on household goods of intending settlers to the above States. Write for rates. *Map of California, FREE.*

Trans-Continental Freight Co., 353 Dearborn St., Chicago

STARK TREES Largest Nursery SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL.

Fruit Book Free. Result of 78 years' experience.

STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.; Etc.

THE PIT

(Continued from Page 11)

every tiniest nerve in his body. It would begin as he lay in bed—counting interminably to get himself to sleep—between his knees and ankles, and thence slowly spread to every part of him, creeping upward, from loin to shoulder, in a gradual wave of torture that was not pain, yet infinitely worse. A dry, pringling aura as of billions of minute electric shocks crept upward over his flesh, till it reached his head, where it seemed to culminate in a white flash, which he felt rather than saw.

His body felt strange and unfamiliar to him. It seemed to have no weight, and at times his hands would appear to swell swiftly to the size of mammoth boxing-gloves, so that he must rub them together to feel that they were his own.

He put off consulting a doctor from day to day, alleging that he had not the time. But the real reason, though he never admitted it, was the fear that the doctor might tell him what he guessed to be the truth.

Were his wits leaving him? The horror of the question smote through him like the drive of a javelin. What was to happen? What nameless calamity impended?

"Wheat-wheat-wheat, wheat-wheat-wheat."

His watch under his pillow took up the refrain. How to grasp the morrow's business, how control the sluice-gates of that torrent he had unchained, with this unspeakable crumbling and disintegrating of his faculties going on?

Jaded, feeble, he rose to meet another day. He drove downtown, trying not to hear the beat of his horses' hoofs. Dizzy, stupefied, he gained Gretry's office, and alone with his terrors sat in the chair before his desk, waiting, waiting.

Then far away the great gong struck. Just over his head, penetrating wood and iron, he heard the mighty throe of the Pit once more moving, the sullen thunder of the Niagara. And then, once again, the limp and raveled fibres of being grew tight with a wrench. Under the stimulus of the roar of the maelstrom, the flagging, wavering brain righted itself once more, and—how, he himself could not say—the business of the day was dispatched, the battle was once more urged. Often he acted upon what he knew to be blind, unreasoned instinct. Judgment, clear reasoning, at times, he felt, forsook him. Decisions that involved what seemed to be the very stronghold of his situation, had to be taken without a moment's warning. He decided for or against without knowing why. Under his feet fissures opened. He must take the leap without seeing the other edge. Somehow he always landed upon his feet; somehow his great, cumbersome Engine, lurching, swaying, in spite of loosened joints, always kept the track.

Luck, his golden goddess, the genius of glittering wings, was with him yet. Sorely tried, flouted even, she yet remained faithful, lending a helping hand to lost and wandering judgment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Time for All Things

FRANK A. VANDERLIP, whose recent speeches on financial conditions are attracting much attention, says that among the secrets of his success are precepts, both economical and ethical, which he imbibed from the former Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Gage.

When Mr. Vanderlip was Assistant Secretary the exactions of that office made him seek Sunday recreation. He tried golfing as a diversion and exercise. The links was near Cleveland Park, not far from the suburban home of his chief. Proudly in his knickerbocker golf suit of bright and striking pattern Mr. Vanderlip stalked across the fields to pay his respects to Mr. Gage.

The sentiments provoked in the mind of that venerable financier by his colleague's gay and unaccustomed attire were gravely concealed, but when, after a pleasant exchange of courtesies, the Assistant Secretary rose to go, Mr. Gage extending his hand, said:

"Mr. Vanderlip, but for the fact that I know you thoroughly as a Christian gentleman, and have the most implicit faith in your ideals of citizenship, I should be tempted to believe that you had been induced to engage in a game of sport on the Sabbath day."

On all his subsequent Sundays in Washington Mr. Vanderlip's garb was soberly conventional.

Our Experience with Mahin is Typical—

When we first suggested to the president of the Mahin Advertising Company that we could inaugurate methods which would increase the efficiency of his organization, at the same time reducing expense, he suggested that we were "bluffing"—challenged us to go into his office and point out SOME ONE THING that could be improved.

We did it! Showed him a defective system of reports, very first thing.

Then he decided to overhaul his bookkeeping system himself, with the assistance of his own staff, one member of which had been keeping agency books for twelve years.

The more Mr. Mahin planned and figured, the more he wondered what WE could do.

He knew it would cost money, but he decided to call us in.

We had no ready-made system to introduce

We spent a lot of time at Mahin's studying, discussing, making everybody in the place think and study.

In the end, we made a lot of plain, simple shortcuts in his system. We applied old fundamental principles in new ways.

We CONVINCED HIM ABSOLUTELY that our knowledge of the science of accounts could be practically applied to seemingly perfect organizations.

Perhaps there's a lesson here for YOU.

Can you see it?

We showed the Mahin people that we could increase efficiency and diminish expense.

May we not show YOU?

Any of the following will be sent on request:

Why Audit a Business.
The Outcome of Unintelligent Competition.
Inefficient System of Accounting in a Manufacturing Business.

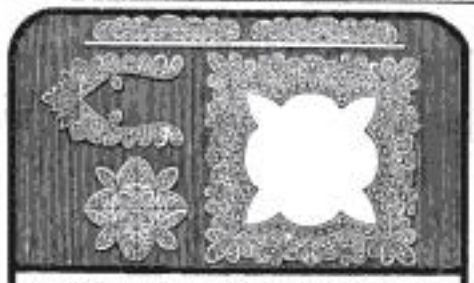
Gen[illegible]
T[illegible]

[illegible]ts.
Gain by Departments.
Credit Men.

BAKER-VA[illegible] COMPANY

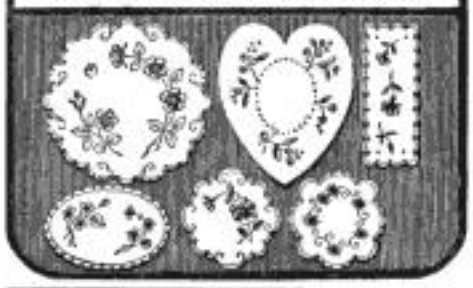
155 Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago. 155 Central Bank Building, New York

Accountants — Auditors — Devisers of Complete Business Systems — Manufacturers



GIVEN AWAY To introduce WOMAN'S WORLD in your home we make you a present appreciated by every lady. WOMAN'S WORLD has a circulation of 800,000 and is the best illustrated magazine ever published at a popular price. Send only ten cents, our special rate for a six months' trial subscription, and we will send WOMAN'S WORLD for six months, and you will get FREE by return mail TEN beautiful designs and patterns—the center-piece, photo frame, 3 large doilies and napkin ring—216 square inches of fine linen stamped with the latest designs as illustrated below; also the fine Battenberg handkerchief, collar, tie-end, etc., shown above—all different—all ready to work—216 square inches more—and all ABSOLUTELY FREE—IN ALL 432 SQUARE INCHES. Address

WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. 19, Chicago



The Artistic Pencil Pointer

Guides your knife and makes a beautifully tapered point. Superior in effectiveness to any of the costly machines on the market. Peter Ballingall, Certified Public Accountant and Auditor, of Philadelphia, writes: "It is the only one I have ever come across that does the work in a really perfect manner." Sample sent postpaid for 15c., two for 25c. Wholesale prices on application.

Patentee and exclusive M'f'r,

E. L. McDIVITT, 805 W. Lincoln Avenue, Belvidere, Illinois

TRY AN IDEAL

J. W. Miller's incubator—made by the man who knows. It is really self-regulating.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We get no money until you are perfectly satisfied. Poultry Book Free.

J. W. MILLER CO.
Box 54 Freeport, Ill.

(Poultry supplies and thoroughbred fowls)

TELEGRAPHY

Thoroughly and quickly taught. Expenses low and can be reduced one-half by working for board. Railroads give our graduates immediate employment and furnish free passes to destinations. We have more orders for operators than we can fill, and give students choice of different railroads in many States. Write for catalogue. *We pay railroad fare to Janesville.*

Valentines' School of Telegraphy, Janesville, Wis.

Exposition Flyer

Via

"Big Four"

From

Cincinnati

To

St. Louis

Write for Rates and Folders

Warren J. Lynch, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt. — W. P. Deppe, Ass't Gen'l P. & T. A.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

STANLEY Straight Back Trunks $4.00

New Kind. Saves space and trouble. Sets close up to wall. Does not mar plaster or woodwork. Has corner hinges. Strong and durable. Finely made. Many styles and sizes. Costs no more than old styles. Direct from factory.

DRESSER TRUNKS

A Bureau and Trunk Combined

Everything within easy reach. No rummaging for clothing. No heavy trays to lift. Light, smooth-sliding drawers. Perfectly durable. Holds as much as any other trunk. Sent privilege of examination. *Write for Trunk Catalogue A-1901.*

THE HOMER YOUNG CO., Ltd.
Toledo, Ohio

STAMMER

Our 200-page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering" sent Free to any address. Enclose 4 cents to pay postage.

LEWIS STAMMERING SCHOOL, 130 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

TELEGRAPHY

We teach you thoroughly at your home by our Automatic Transmitter for $5.00 per month. Particulars and testimonials mailed free.

National Automatic Telegraph Co., Valparaiso, Ind.

GUYOT SUSPENDERS

Support without restraint. Indestructible buttonholes.

If not at your dealer's send 50 cents for sample pair.

OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, New York City

Los Angeles County, California

For reliable information, enclose five-cent stamp to the Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, California.

I Print My Own Cards

Circulars, Newspaper, Press $5. Larger size, $18. Money saver. Big profits printing for others. Type-setting easy, rules easy. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, etc., to factory.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

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The Golden State Limited

If you wait until you have "time" to go to California, you will never go—NEVER. The thing to do is to pack your trunk and GO. Forget household cares, dismiss business from your mind and GO. Go now—THIS month.

Why should you go? Because California is the most beautiful portion of this great country of ours; because, by going there, you will escape the hardships and discomforts of February and March, the most trying months of the year at home; because a month in California will do you more good than all the medicine in Christendom.

California

is the place of all others for the invalid, the pleasure-seeker—for every man and woman who is "out of sorts" and needs rest. The air, the sunshine, the semi-tropical vegetation, the mountains, the blue sea and the still bluer sky—these are California's aids to health.

California is easily reached if you take the Rock Island and Southern Pacific systems by way of El Paso. At El Paso you can stop off and visit quaint and picturesque Mexico.

The train to take is the Golden State Limited, which leaves Chicago and Kansas City daily and runs through to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco without change. No other train to Southern California offers as good service. No other train makes faster time—only 68 hours Chicago to Los Angeles. Less than four days from the Atlantic Coast. Through cars to Santa Barbara and San Francisco.

Living is not expensive in California. As a matter of fact, it costs less than in almost any other part of the country.

Write for beautifully illustrated literature descriptive of California; also for information about the low rates now in effect.

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Chicago, Ill.

Rock Island System

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
SUNSET ROUTE

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$10.00 SECURES A HOME SITE LIKE THIS

This is not a lot on an isolated farm, but

A Valuable Home Site in a Thoroughly Developed Suburban Town on which Over $900,000.00 has Already Been Spent

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An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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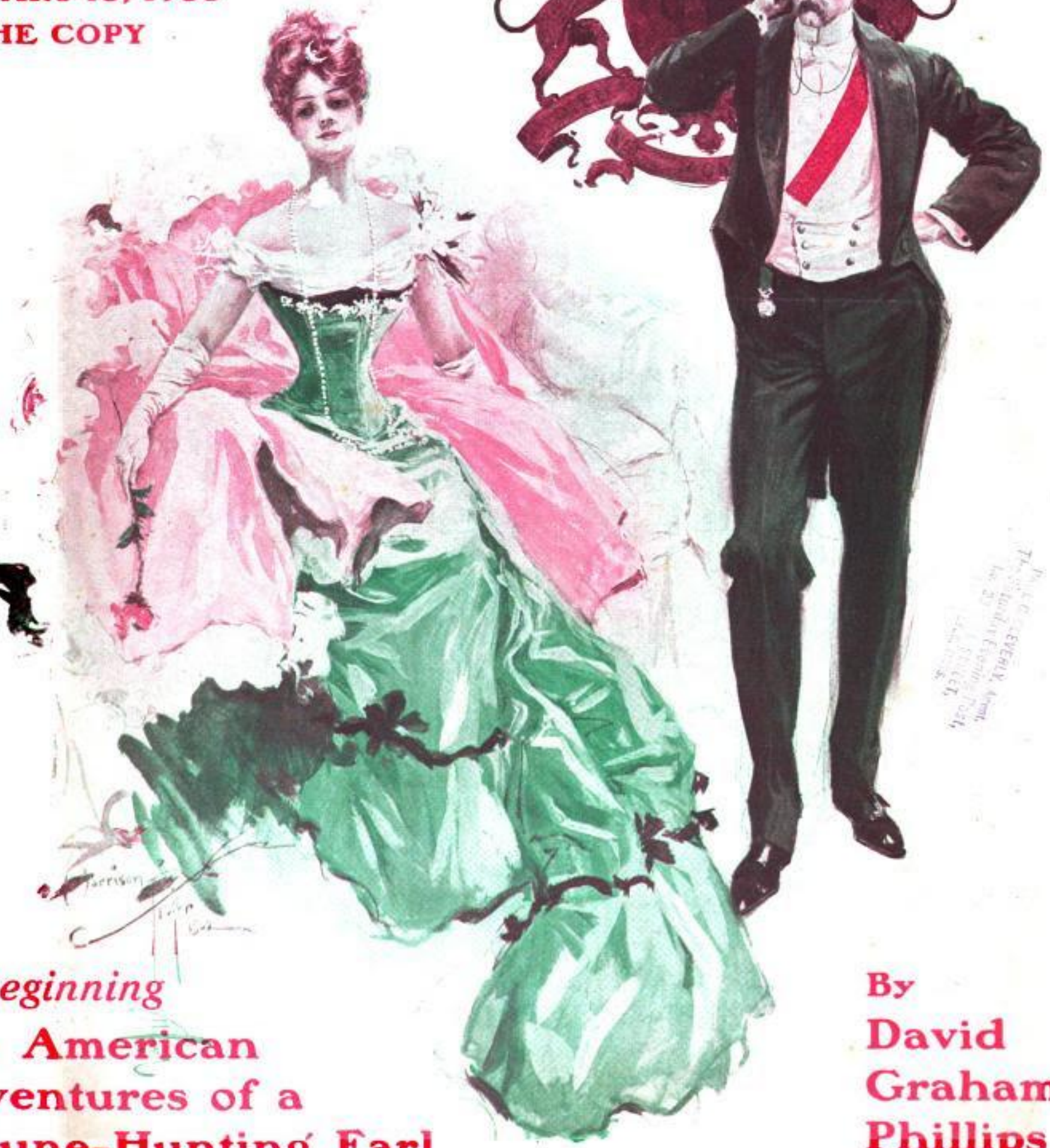

Beginning

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

By
David Graham Phillips

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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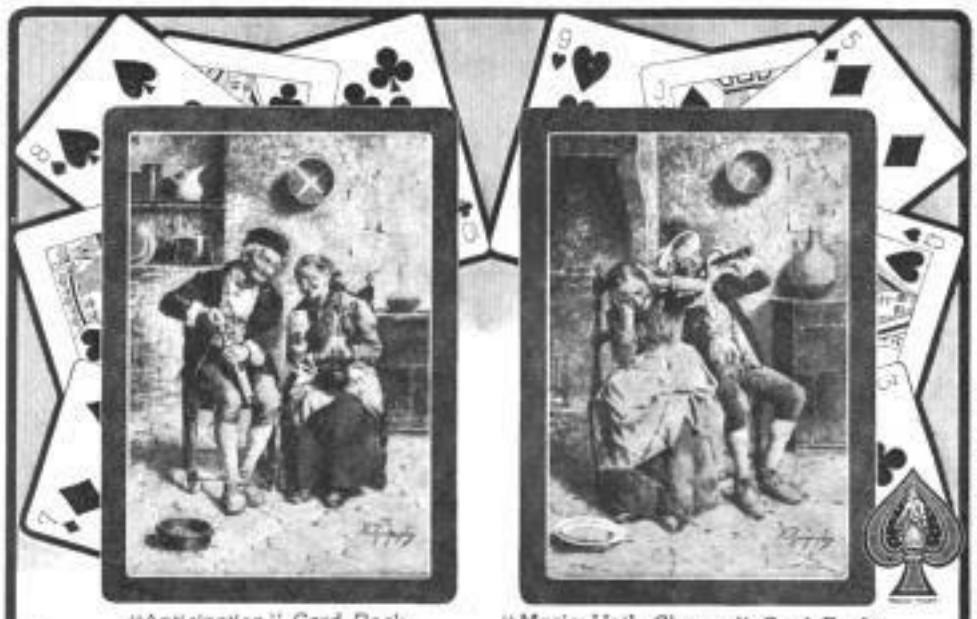

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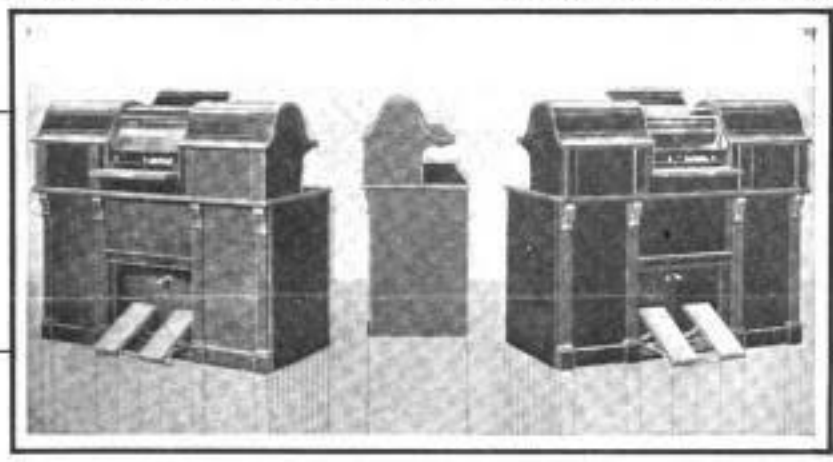

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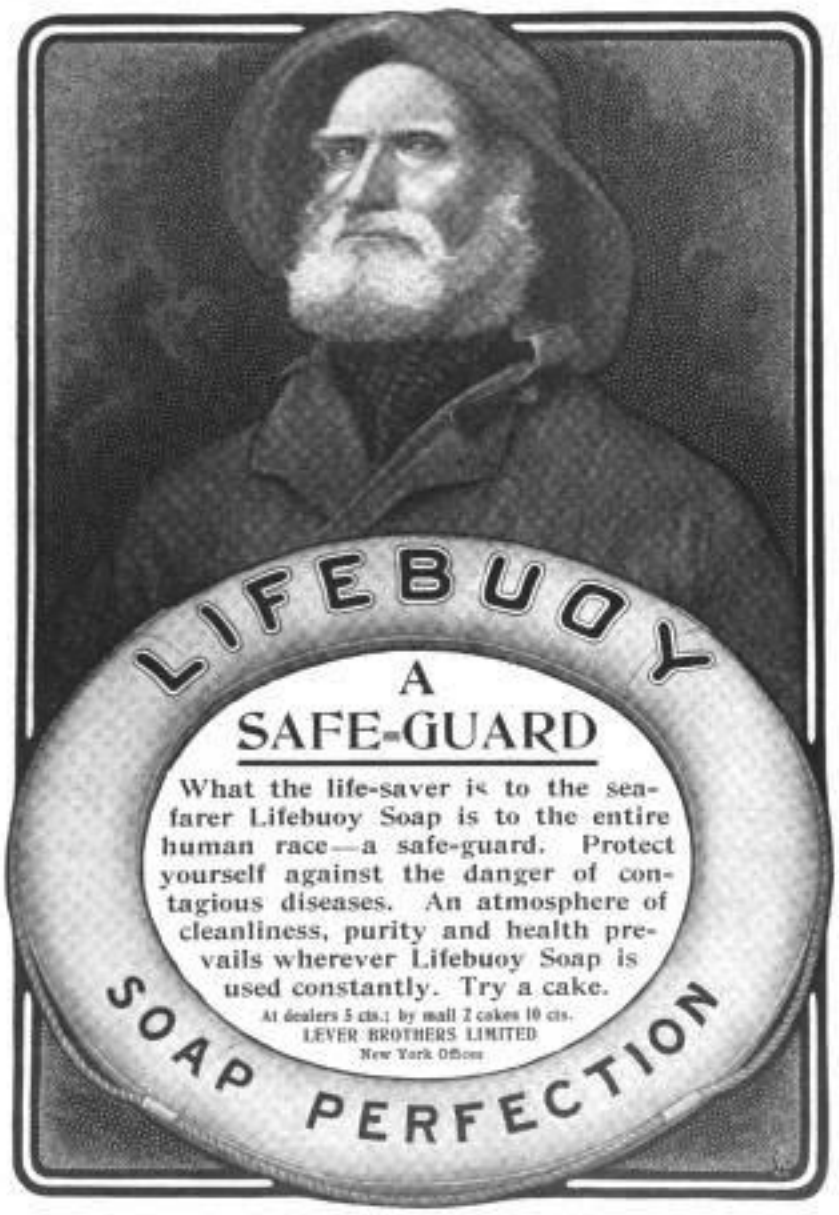

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GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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I

TWO hours after Surrey's letter came his sister Gwen rode over to Beauvais House eager to tell Evelyn the news of his luck in America. It was almost five o'clock in the beautiful autumn afternoon, and she found Evelyn at tea on the porch that looks out upon the Italian garden.

"It's settled," she said. "They're to be married on the fifth of November—only two months! And George says she is sweet and lovely—not at all like the Americans we know. And her dot is a million and a half—he calls it seven and a half, but he means in their money, which sounds bigger, but counts smaller than ours. She'll get twice that when her father dies—and he's nearly seventy and not strong. And I I'm so glad and so sorry that I don't know whether to laugh or cry."

"What's her name? You told me, but I forget." Evelyn's hand was trembling just a little as she gave Gwendoline a cup of tea. She spoke slowly in the clear, monotonous but agreeable English tone. Her voice, always calm, seemed stagnant.

"Dowie—Helen Dowie. He sent me a proof of a photograph they had taken together." Gwendoline took a letter from the bosom of her shirtwaist, drew from it the proof, and handed it to Evelyn. She took it, lowered her head so that Gwen could not see her face. She looked long and intently, and, if Gwen could have seen, she would have wondered how eyes could be so full of tears without shedding a single one. "Quite aristocratic," she said at last, giving it back. "How much style those American girls have."

"But don't you think her rather pert looking?" asked Gwen discontentedly. "She looks ill-tempered, too. I'm sure we sha'n't get on. Mother and I are making ready to go to Houghton Abbey at once. We'd have a jolly uncomfortable time of it, I wager, if she were to catch us at the Hall."

Evelyn was looking into her tea and stirring it absently.

"It seems a shame to have an American nobody come in," continued Gwen, "and throw us out neck and crop from a house where we've always lived. Now, if it were an English girl of our own class—you, Evelyn—we shouldn't mind—at least, not so much, or in the same way."

Evelyn paled and her lips contracted slightly.

"But it's of no use to think of that. We need her money—everything is in tatters at the Hall, and poor George is down to the last seventy pounds." Gwen laughed. "Do you remember what a time there was getting the five hundred for his expenses out of Aunt Betty? We've got to cable him another five hundred—he can't begin on her money the very minute he's married, can he, now?"

"Arthur must go over," said Evelyn suddenly with conviction. "We're worse off than you are. Old Bagley was down yesterday. He and Arthur were shut in together for two hours, and Arthur's been off his feed—horribly—ever since."

Gwen, two years younger than Evelyn, could not conceal her feelings so well. She winced, and a look of terror came into her big, blue eyes.

"We can't hold on another year," continued Evelyn. "And it's quite impossible for Arthur to take Miss Cadbrough. She's too hideous, and too hideously, hopelessly middle-class. She could never, never learn not to speak to ladies and gentlemen as if she were a servant."

Evelyn pretended not to notice Gwen's unhappiness. She glanced in at the great drawing-room with splendid furniture and ceiling wonderfully carved by a seventeenth century Italian. Then her eyes wandered away to the left, to the majestic wing showing there, then on to the brilliant gardens, the fountains and statuary. Her expression became bitter. "And we've been undisturbed for nine centuries!" she exclaimed.

Gwen, in spite of her inward tumult, remembered that this boast was rather "tall," that the Beauvais family had in fact been changed radically several times, and only the name had been undisturbed. Her mind paused with a certain satisfaction upon these little genealogical discrepancies because, though she was the sister and the daughter of a duke, she was the granddaughter of a brewer who had begun life as an apprentice.

"George wishes Arthur to go over to the wedding," she said reluctantly, after a silence.

A servant appeared—his gaudy livery was almost shabby, but his manners were most dignified and his hair was impressively—or ridiculously, if you please—plastered and streaked with powder. "His Lordship says he will have tea in his study, Your Ladyship."

"Please tell him that Lady Gwendoline Ridley is here," said Evelyn.

A few minutes later a strongly built, fairish young man of perhaps six and thirty came lounging out upon the porch. He had pleasing but far from handsome features—a chin that was too long and hung weakly instead of strongly forward; uncertain blue eyes with a network of the wrinkles of dissipation at the corners. A large, stringless monocle was wedged, apparently permanently, into the angle of his right eye-socket. He was dressed in shabby, soiled flannels, and he looked as seedy as his clothes. He shook hands with Gwen. "Thanks. No tea. I'm taking whisky," he said to Evelyn. And he seated himself sprawlingly. The servant brought his whisky and a note for Evelyn.

"Is the messenger waiting?" she asked, when she had read it.

"Yes, Your Ladyship." She left her brother and Gwen alone.

"George is marrying the heiress," Gwen began.

"So he wrote me," replied Frothingham sullenly.

"Evelyn says you must go and do likewise."

He scowled. "But I'd rather stay here and marry you."

"Don't be silly," said Gwen with a shrug of her athletic young shoulders. "You've got nothing. I've got nothing. So—you must do your duty."

"Duty go hang!" said Frothingham fretfully. "Sometimes, do you know, Gwen, I come jolly near envying those beggars that live in cottages, and keep shops, and all that."

"Now you're sloppy, Arthur. You know you don't envy them; no more do I."

"Did Eve tell you old Bagley was down?"

"Yes. Ghastly—wasn't it?"

Frothingham sighed. "I shouldn't be so cut up if I'd had the fun of spending it."

"You did spend a lot of it." She was thinking what a great figure the young Earl had cut in her early girlhood days; she had always listened greedily when her brother with admiring envy, or Evelyn with sisterly pride, talked of his exploits on the turf and, let us say elsewhere, to shorten a long story.

"Only a few thousand that weren't worth the keeping," said Frothingham, a faint gleam of satisfaction appearing in the eye that was shielded by the monocle—he liked to remember his "career," and he liked the women to remind him of it in this flattering way. "All I really got was the bill for the governor's larks, and his governor's, and his governor's governor's. It's what I call rotten unfair—jolly rotten unfair. The fiddling for them—the bill for me."

"Buck up, Artie," said Gwen, stroking him gently with her riding-whip. "See how Georgie has faced it. And perhaps you won't draw such a bad one, either. She can't be worse than Cadbrough."

"But I want you, Gwen. I'm used to you, you know—and that's everything in a wife. I hate surprises, and these American beggars are full of 'em."

Evelyn came back. "Go away somewhere, both of you," she said. "Charley Sidney's just driving up. I wish to talk to him about the States."

Gwen paled and flushed; Frothingham grunted and scowled. They rose, made a short cut across the garden and were hidden by the left wing of the house. Almost immediately the servant announced "Mr. Sidney," and stood deferentially aside for a tall, thin American, elaborately Anglicized in look and dress, and, as it soon appeared, in accent. He had a narrow, vain face, browned and wrinkled by hard riding in hard weather in those early morning hours that should

—A STRONGLY BUILT, FAIRISH YOUNG MAN OF PERHAPS SIX AND THIRTY

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be spent in bed if one has lingered in the billiard-room with the drinks and smokes until past midnight.

"Ah, Lady Evelyn!" He shook hands with her and bowed and smirked. "I'm positively perishing for tea."

"You mean whisky?"

"Ah, yes—to be sure. I see there is whisky."

Evelyn's manner, which had been frank and equal before her friend and her brother, had frozen for Sidney into a shy stiffness not without a faint suggestion of the superior addressing the inferior. She had known Sidney for the ten years he had lived within two miles of Beauvais House, but—well, he wasn't "one of us" exactly; he had a way of bowing and of pronouncing titles that discouraged equality. The conversation dragged in dreary, rural fashion through gossip of people, dogs and horses, until she said:

"Have you heard the news of Surrey?"

"No—is His Grace coming home?"

"He's marrying—a Miss Dowie, of New York. Do you know her?"

"I've heard of her. You know, I've not been there longer than a week at a time for fifteen years." Sidney put on his extreme imitation-English air. "I loathe the place. They don't know how to treat a gentleman. And the lower classes!" He lifted his eyebrows and shook his head. He was at his most energetic when, in running down his native land to his English acquaintances, he reached the American "lower classes."

Evelyn concealed the satire which longed to express itself in her face. She despised Sidney and all the Anglicized Americans; and, behind their backs, she and her friends derided them—perhaps to repay themselves for the humiliation of accepting hospitalities and even more concrete favors from "those American bounders." The story among Sidney's upper-class English tolerators was that his father had kept a low public house in New York or San Francisco, or "somewhere over there"—they were as ignorant of the geography of the United States as they were of the geography of Patagonia.

"So he's to marry Dowie's daughter?" continued Sidney. "He was brakeman on a railway thirty years ago."

"How you Americans do jump about," said Evelyn, forgetting that Sidney prided himself on no longer being an American. "He must be clever."

"A clever rascal, probably," replied Sidney spitefully. "Over here he'd have been put into jail for what they honor him for over there."

"We've many of the same sort, no doubt," said Evelyn, thinking it tactful to hold aloof when a son was abusing his mother.

"Yes, but usually they're gentlemen and do things in a gentlemanly way."

"Mr. Dowie is rich?"

"Just now he is—they say." Sidney had the rich man's weakness for denying, or at least casting a doubt upon, the riches of other rich men. He knew that his was the finest and most valuable wealth in the world, and he would have liked to believe that it was the only wealth in the world. "I trust the Duke has looked sharp to the settlements."

"Why?" asked Evelyn, preparing to make mental notes.

"He may never get anything but what's settled on him and her now. Dowie is more or less of a speculator and may go broke. But that's not the only danger in marrying an American heiress. You see, Lady Evelyn, over there they have the vulgarest possible notions of rank and titles. And often, if there isn't a cash settlement when they 'buy the title,' as they describe it, they refuse to give up anything. Many of their rich men have the craze for founding colleges and asylums and libraries. They reason that they've got the title in the family, therefore it isn't necessary to pay for it; and so they leave all their money to build themselves a monument. Dishonorable, isn't it? But they stop at nothing."

"Then," said Evelyn, "an American heiress isn't an heiress so long as her father is alive?"

"Exactly. It's misleading to call her an heiress. She simply has hopes."

"I hope Surrey knows this."

"If he doesn't it's his own fault. I cautioned His Grace before he sailed."

"That reminds me, Mr. Sidney. Arthur may be going over to the wedding. Could you——"

"I'd be delighted," interrupted Sidney. "Anything I could do for Lord Frothingham it would be a pleasure to do. I can give him some useful letters, I think. Will he travel?"

"Possibly—I don't know. He has no plans as yet."

"I shall give him—if he will do me the honor of accepting them—only a few letters. The wisest plan is a proper introduction to the very best people. Then all doors will be open to him."

"The Americans are hospitable to every one, are they not?"

"Not to younger sons any more. And not to unaccredited foreigners. They've had their fingers jolly well burned. I knew of one case—a girl—quite a ladylike person, though of a new family from the interior. She married a French valet masquerading as a duke."

"MY NAME IS LONGVIEW"

"Poor creature," said Evelyn, smiling with amused contempt.

"Yes, and another girl married, or thought she married—a German royal prince. And when she got to Germany she found that she'd bought a place as mere morganatic wife, with no standing at all."

"Fancy! What a facer!"

"And she never got her money back—not a penny," continued Sidney. "But, like you, I don't sympathize with these upstart people who try to thrust themselves out of their proper station. The old families over there—and there are a few gentlefolk, Lady Evelyn, though they're almost lost in the crowd of noisy upstarts—never have such humiliating experiences in their international marriages."

"Naturally not," said Evelyn.

"But, as I was about to say, a foreigner with a genuine title, the head of a house of gentle people, is received with open arms. Lord Frothingham would be overwhelmed with hospitalities. My friends would see to that."

After a few minutes, without any impoliteness on Evelyn's part, Sidney began to feel that it was time for him to go. As he disappeared Gwen and Arthur came strolling back.

"What a noisome creature Sidney is," said Evelyn. "But he'll be of use to you, Arthur."

"Did he talk about the old families of America and the gentle birth?" asked Gwen. Her eyes were curiously bright and her manner and tone were agitated.

"All that again."

"He's an ass—a regular tomtit," growled Frothingham.

"I should think he'd learn," said Evelyn, "that we don't take him and his countrymen up because they're well born—we know they aren't."

"If those that are sensible enough to fly from that beastly country are like Sidney," said Gwen, "what a rowdy lot there must be at home." She spoke so nervously that Evelyn, abstracted though she was, glanced at her and noticed how pale and peaked she was. When she had ridden away Evelyn looked at her brother severely—she was only twenty-three, but she managed him, taking the place of both their parents who were long dead.

"You've been making love to Gwen," she exclaimed reproachfully. "You should be ashamed of yourself."

Frothingham removed his monocle, wiped it carefully in a brilliant plaid silk handkerchief, and slowly fitted it in place. Then he sent a mocking, cynical gleam through it at his sister. "You forget," he drawled, "that I caught you and Georgie kissing each other and crying over each other the day he went off to the States."

Evelyn flushed. "How does that excuse you?" she demanded, undismayed.

He was silent for a moment, then with tears in his eyes and a break in his habitual cynical drawl, "I can't go, Eve, I can't give her up."

Evelyn's heart ached, but she did not show it. She simply asked in her usual tone of almost icy calm, "Where's the oof to come from?"

He collapsed helplessly into a chair. There was no alternative—he must go; he must marry money. He owed it to his family and position; also, he wanted it himself—what is a "gentleman" without money? And—why, if he did not bestir himself he might actually have to go to work! And "what the devil could I work at? I might go out to service—I'd shine as a gentleman's gentleman—or I might do something as a billiard marker——"

With such dangers and degradations imminent, to think of love was sheer madness. Frothingham sighed and stared miserably through his monocle at the peacocks squawking their nerve-jarring predictions of rain.

II

ON THE second day out, in the morning, Frothingham was at the rail, his back to the sea, his glassed gaze roaming aimlessly up and down the row of passengers stretched at full length in steamer chairs. He became conscious of the manœuvrings of a little man in a little gray cap and little gray suit, with little gray side-whiskers that stood out like fins on either side of his little gray face. Each time this little person passed it was with a nervous smile at Frothingham and a nervous wiping of the lips with the tip of his tongue. When he saw that Frothingham, or rather, Frothingham's monocle, was noting him, he halted in front of him, too painfully self-conscious to see that the Englishman's look was about as cordial as that of a bald-headed man watching the circlings of a bluebottle fly.

"The Earl of Frothingham, is it not?" said he in a thin, small voice, his American overlaid with the most un-English of English accents.

Frothingham moved his head without relaxing from his stolid, vacant look.

"My name is Longview. I had the honor of meeting you at the hunt at Market Harboro two years ago—my daughter and I."

Frothingham stared vaguely into space, little Longview looking up at him with an expression of ludicrously painful anxiety. "Oh, yes," he drawled finally. And he extended his hand with condescending graciousness. "I remember. I'm glad to see you."

Longview expelled a big breath of relief. He was used to being forgotten, was not unused to remaining forgotten. "You may recall," he hastened on, eager to clinch himself in an earl's memory, "we had your cousin, Lord Ramsay's place, Cedric Hall, that year."

Frothingham remembered perfectly—the rich, Anglicized American who fed his neighbors well, was generous in lending mounts and traps, and was, altogether, a useful and not unamusing nuisance. Rich, but—how rich?

"And your daughter?" said Frothingham—he recalled her indistinctly as young, very hoydenish and very daring on horseback.

"She is with me," said Longview, delighted to be convinced that he was remembered and remembered distinctly—and by a Gordon-Beauvais! "It would give me great pleasure to present you."

As they went down the deck the little man peered at every one with a nervous little smile—"as if he were saying, 'Don't kick me, please. I mean well,'" thought Frothingham. In fact, back of the peering and the smile was the desire that all should see that he had captured the Earl. They entered the library and advanced toward a young woman swathed in a huge blue cape, her eyes idly upon a book.

"Honoria, my dear," said Longview, as nervous as if he were speaking to the young woman without having been introduced to her, "you remember Lord Frothingham?"

Honoria slowly raised her eyelids from a pair of melancholy, indifferent gray eyes and slightly inclined her head. The men seated themselves on either side of her, Longview rattled on in his almost hysterical way for a few minutes, then fluttered away. Honoria and Frothingham sat silent, she looking at her book, he looking at her.

"You are going home?" he said when he saw that she would not "lead," no matter how long the silence might continue.

"No," she replied. "We are English—at least, my father is."

"And you?"

She just moved her shoulders and there was the faintest sneer at the corner of her decidedly pretty mouth. "I don't know—what does it matter about a woman? I've lived in England and France since I was five, except a year and a half in America. Father detests the country and the people. He was naturalized in England last year. I believe he decided that his social position, won through his being an American, was sufficiently established to make it safe for him to change."

Frothingham smiled. As he was used to the freest and frankest criticisms of parents and other near relatives by fellow-countrymen of his own class, it did not impress him as unfilial that a daughter should thus deride a father. Honoria became silent and apparently oblivious of his presence.

"I've never been to America," he said, hoping to resurrect the dead conversation. "I'm looking forward to it with much pleasure. We have many Americans in our neighborhood—such jolly people."

"I know few Americans." Honoria looked disdainful. "And they are like us, the most of them—expatriated. They say their country is a good place to make money in but a horrible place to live—crude and ill-mannered, full of vulgar people that push in everywhere, and the servants fancying they're ladies and gentlemen."

"I hope it's no worse to live in than England," said Frothingham. "You know we're always flying to the Continent to escape the climate and the dullness. And our middle classes are very uppish nowadays, don't you think?"

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"I detest England." Honoria put the first emphasis into her voice, but it was slight.

"Beastly hole, except for a few weeks in the spring, isn't it? If it wasn't for the hunting it would be deserted."

He saw her cold, regular features light up. "I love hunting," she said. "It's the one thing that can make me forget myself and everything except just being alive and well." Then her face shadowed and chilled, and she looked at her book so significantly that Frothingham was forced to rise and leave.

At luncheon the man in the chair next him — Barney, who had told him in the first half-hour of their acquaintance all about his big dry-goods shop in Chicago — said: "I saw you talking to Longview on deck. Is he a friend of yours?"

"An acquaintance," replied Frothingham — he rather liked Barney because he was shrewd and humorous, and treated him in an offhand fashion that was refreshing and amusing in a "tradesman."

"He's a low-down snob," said Barney, encouraged by Frothingham's disclaimer. "One of those fellows that think their own country ain't good enough for them. I was glad when he got himself naturalized over in your country. You're welcome to him. What kind of people does he herd with in England?"

"We like him very well, I believe. He seems to be an agreeable fellow."

"I suppose he kowtows and blows himself, and so they let him hang on to the tail-board — he ain't heavy and don't take up much room. His grandfather stole with both hands and put it in real estate. Then his father made quite a bunch in the early railroad days. And now this fellow's posing as an aristocrat. If he wasn't rich who'd notice him?"

"Then he's rich?" inquired Frothingham.

"Yes and no," replied Barney, his rich man's jealousy visibly roused. "There was a big family of them. He's got maybe a couple of millions or three. That ain't much in these days. You heard about his knockout?"

"Has he lost part of his money?"

"I thought everybody knew that story — it was in all the papers. No, it wasn't money — worse than that, from his point of view. His daughter — she's with him on the ship — fell in love with the second son of some marquis or other. But he didn't have anything, and I believe you titled people ain't allowed to work. Longview was red-headed — wouldn't give his daughter a cent unless she married a big title. And then the young man's older brother died."

"Was it the Marquis of Dullingford?"

"Yes, that was it. And right on top of it his elder brother's two sons were drowned, and he came into the title and estates. And what does he do but up and marry an English girl that he'd been struck on all the time, but couldn't marry because he was so poor. Longview nearly went crazy at missing the chance. And his daughter — it must have made her mighty sour to find out that the fellow had been only pretending to be in love with her, and was really out for her cash and didn't care a rap about her. A low pup, wasn't he?"

Frothingham began to detest Barney — "an impudent, malicious beggar," he thought. He gave him his monocle's coldest stare.

"No," went on Barney, unchilled, "Longview's not so rich. I could buy him twice over, and not take a cent of it out of my business. But I want to see any scamp, foreign or domestic, hanging round my daughter for her money. She'll get nary a red till I shuffle off. And she'll get mighty little then if she don't marry to suit me. That's our way."

Frothingham changed his mind about dropping his acquaintance with Barney. He had begun to modify the low view of him so soon as he heard that he had a daughter, and "could buy Longview twice over," and leave the big business — "seventy stores under one roof" — intact. "Miss Barney may be worth looking at," he reflected. "And her papa might relent about settlements. I suspect he isn't above loving a lord — he's too good an American for that."

What Barney had told him gave him the key to Honoria. He felt genuine sympathy for her — their sorrows were similar. "Poor creature," he thought. "No wonder she's so down in the mouth." After luncheon he met her father on deck and did not repel his advances. "But," he said to himself, "it don't do to be too friendly with these beggars. It's like shaking hands with your tailor. He don't think you've pulled him up, but that you've let yourself down."

To the "beggar" he said:

"I looked all round the dining-room, but I didn't see you and your daughter."

Longview smiled proudly. "We have our meals in our sitting-room," he replied. "We dislike being stared at and mixed in with a crowd of eating people. We like privacy. We'd be glad to have you join us."

Frothingham's first impulse was to accept. It would cost him nothing — probably he'd get his wine and mineral water and cigars free. And he'd have a fine chance at Honoria. But her face came before his mind. He decided that he would do well to wait until he could learn whether she was really part of the inviting "we."

Although he was not welcomed, but merely tolerated, he seated himself on the extension of a vacant chair beside her and talked — hunting, which, as she had shown him, was her weakness. She was soon interested, and she unbent toward him so far that, when her father came and renewed his invitation, she joined in it. Just as Frothingham accepted he saw Barney half-a-dozen chairs away glowering at Longview. "I'll offend Barney, no doubt," he said to himself. "But I'll risk it. I must play the cards I have in my hand."

Barney came into the smoke-room late in the evening as he was sitting there, having a final whisky and water before going to bed. "Won't you have a high ball or something?" he asked, making room for Barney's broad form.

"No, I never touch liquor. Don't allow it in my house. It's no good — no business man ought to touch it."

"I suppose not," replied Frothingham, feeling that here was new evidence of the essentially degrading nature of business.

"I missed you at dinner," Barney went on.

"The Longviews invited me to feed with them," replied Frothingham carelessly. "They're served in their sitting-room. Sorry to leave you, but the service is much better."

Barney's maxillary muscles expanded and contracted with anger. He half snorted, half laughed. "You might know," he said, "that that shark-faced snob would invent a new way of making himself ridiculous. So, the general dining-room ain't good enough for him, eh? He *is* a swell, ain't he? I should think he and his — no, leave the young lady out of it — I should think he'd be ashamed to fish for you so openly." Barney's tone softened apologetically, greatly to Frothingham's surprise, as he added: "I don't blame you, Mr. Frothingham. I understand how it is with you titled people in your country. I don't blame anybody for walking round on human necks if their owners'll allow it. But *we* feel differently about all those kind of things."

Frothingham smiled conciliatingly. "Oh, I say, now! I don't see anything to make a row over. The beggar's got a right to eat where he pleases, hasn't he?"

"Of course he has, and to stick his tongue out at all the rest of us, as he does it. You don't understand. It ain't *what* he does. It's *why* he does it. We Americans can't stand those kind of airs."

"It seems very mysterious to me," confessed Frothingham. "I admit I don't understand your country."

"Oh, you're all right," reassured Barney, slapping Frothingham's leg cordially. "I never thought I'd like one of you titled fellows. I despised you all for a useless set of nobodies and nincompoops. And whenever my womenfolks got to talking about that kind of thing I always sat on 'em, and sat hard — I'm a hard sitter when I want to be. But I like you, young man. You're more an American than an Englishman, just as Longview's more English than American — he ain't American, at all. You talk like an American. You behave like an American. And when you've been in America long enough to wear your clothes out, and get some that fit you, you'll look like an American."

"Thanks," said Frothingham dryly.

"You don't like it?" Barney laughed good-humoredly. "Well, I don't blame you. You're judging America by Longview and me. That ain't fair. I'm a rough one — never had a chance — first thing I remember is carrying the swill buckets out to feed the hogs before sunup when I still wore slips. But I mean right. And I've got a son and a daughter that are a real gentleman and a real lady, and don't you forget it."

"Oh, you're all right," said Frothingham, slapping Barney on the leg — Frothingham was a sentimental dog where his pocket and his pleasure were not concerned, and he liked Barney's look as he spoke of himself and the hogs, and his children.

"You don't want to go back to that little old island of yours," continued Barney, "without seeing Chicago. *There's* a town! And I'll give you the time of your life. I want you to meet my family."

"I hope I shall," said Frothingham. He was smiling to himself — evidently Barney wasn't above a weakness for a lord. "It was a good stroke any way you look at it, my going with the Longviews," he reflected. "It's made Barney jealous and he thinks more of me than ever."

He divided his time unevenly between the Longviews and Barney. He wished to introduce Barney to them, but Longview hysterically refused. "It's all right for you, Frothingham," he explained. "But we can't afford to do it. How'd you like to be introduced to middle-class English?"

"Oh, I shouldn't mind. I'd just forget 'em the next time we met. The brutes'd expect it and wouldn't think of annoying me."

"Precisely — precisely," said Longview. "But our — that is — the American middle-classes are different. They don't understand differences of social position, or pretend not to. If this Barney person were presented to us, he probably wouldn't take the cut when we met again, but would come straight up to us. You've no idea how impudent they are."

"But why do you call him middle-class? Ain't he rich?" asked Frothingham.

Longview looked at him tragically. "Birth and breeding count with us just as — I mean count in America just as in England."

"Gad, they don't count in England any more, except against one. But we can't get it out of our heads that you Americans go in for equality and all that sort of thing."

"Not at all. Not at all," Longview protested. "The lines are the more closely drawn because there are no official lines."

"But what's the matter with Barney? He seems right enough. I've got uncles that are worse. Gad, there's one of 'em I could get rich on if I could cage him and exhibit him."

"My dear Frothingham, this Barney keeps a retail shop. Even in New York they draw the line at retail shops."

"It's very mysterious." Frothingham shook his head. "I fear I shall never learn. Why don't they put it all in a book, as we do? Then we could take it at the university instead of Greek."

He looked at Honoria. She was giving her plate a scornful smile. Her father looked at her also, and reddened as he noted her expression, and shifted the conversation abruptly to the day's run. Frothingham was becoming interested in Honoria now that he had assured himself of her eligibility. She was not beautiful, not especially distinguished looking. But she had an utter lack of interest in him, as well as in the rest of her surroundings, that piqued him. Then, too, her small figure was graceful and strong; and when her face did light up it showed strength of character, and either what she said or the way she said it created a vivid impression of personality. He soon felt that she liked him. Her manner toward him was friendlier even than her manner toward her father, her lack of respect for whom was scantily concealed.

(*Continued on Page 16*)

"I'VE NEVER BEEN TO AMERICA," HE SAID

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The Unknown Morgan

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM

IT WAS one of the crucial days in the birth of the Steel Trust. Mr. Morgan's anteroom was filling with a distinguished company. Large properties were to be consolidated, and their multi-millionaire controllers were coming in to be placated, reassured, satisfied. A corporation of unprecedented magnitude was to be chartered, and the best lawyers were coming in to submit their plans for rejection or partial approval. Nearly a billion and a half of stocks and bonds were to be floated, and the most skillful bankers in New York were coming in to make suggestions or to receive instructions.

As the moments passed the anteroom filled, every man in it except Mr. Morgan's agitated messenger representing something important in this commercial world of ours. These great men were shifting impatiently, were talking sullenly or angrily in low tones, were acting as if they were "cooling their heels" in the anteroom of a king and did not in the least fancy being thus lowered from the estate and consideration to which they felt entitled. And they were busy men, too, with no time to waste. Yet their time was wasting, and although their glances, concentrated under frowning brows upon the door of Mr. Morgan's private office, seemed potent enough to hurl it from its hinges, it remained closed.

The messenger had been asked so many times by such important persons, "How long will Mr. Morgan be engaged?" that his stereotyped "I don't know, sir," had become hysterical. He seemed in danger of a breakdown, like an actor who repeats the same part too often. Also he looked as if he had a foreboding of an impending calamity; as if he felt that, when the door did finally open, something would appear which would cause a cataclysm of wrath. When he was not saying "I don't know, sir," or was not looking appealingly at Mr. Morgan's motionless door, he was glancing from face to face through the distinguished company with a pleading expression which might be saying, "Gentlemen, I hope you won't take it out on *me* when you find who's been making Mr. Morgan keep you waiting."

Who was it—that was what the distinguished waiters were demanding one of another with heads as hot as their heels were cool. What potentate of finance? What king among the plutocrats? For mighty indeed must be he who could thus thrust and hold that barrier between such as they and Mr. Morgan.

The seconds crawled; the minutes snailed it; the half-hours lingered like years. And still the door remained closed; and still the crowded anteroom remained crowded; and tempers rose, boiled over in loud mutterings; and wonder grew.

The Woman Who Kept Morgan Waiting

At last, after two hours and eleven minutes and a half—to be as exact as possible, for none of the waiters happened to have a split-second watch—the door of the great Morgan reluctantly opened. In the doorway appeared—a woman!

Young? Pretty? Titled, perhaps—possibly a princess? Vastly rich?

The distinguished company stared at her, each throne, principality and power of finance with a different expression of profound, dumfounded amazement upon his face.

She was an old woman, a faded woman, a study in feebleness of body and mind. She was shabbily dressed. She was not only unattractive but she showed that she never had been attractive. Behind her, bowing and smiling upon her with a gentle courtesy that was almost deferential, came Mr. Morgan. He glanced around the crowded anteroom, then back to his honored visitor—for two hours with Morgan at his office is not a call but a visit, and a good long one.

She was moving out when she suddenly remembered something she had forgotten to say to him. She faced him again. She talked for ten minutes more, questioning and cross-questioning him. He listened as if there were nothing to which he attached so much importance as to what fell from those withered lips in that monotonous voice. And he answered as if Heaven had created him for the especial purpose of enlightening her.

Who was she? A poor old woman who had about $20,000 on deposit with him—all she had in the world. It had been about $2000, and, by investing it as Morgan can invest, he had multiplied it by ten. Then he had written her the good news in a formal way through the regular channels. And she had come down partly to thank him, chiefly to put him on the witness stand and satisfy herself that he was not gambling with her fortune, was not going to lose it in mad speculations and leave her penniless. And it had taken him those two hours and more to reassure her, to quiet her sick, troubled old mind, haunted by the spectre of want, to convince her that her all was safe and that he was behaving himself conservatively in managing it. And in all that time not by look or word or gesture had he shown her what she was doing—that she was wasting time than which there was none more valuable to more people anywhere on earth at that part of that day.

She shook a forefinger encased in worn black kid warningly at him. "Now, you must be careful!" she said.

"I'll be very careful, ma'am," he replied, as if he were pledging himself to guard a vast empire.

She was gone. His face changed as his eyes wheeled, fierce as the muzzles of thirteen-inch guns, from face to face of his stupefied waiters. They were just gathering themselves together to be angry. They cleared the anger from their faces instantly. When the lightnings begin to flash in Morgan's eyes, few indeed are the men he deals with in two continents who do not straightway cast about for some way to placate him.

Why did this doddering old woman receive, albeit wholly unconsciously and as a matter of course, such marks of favor as none of those with whom Morgan traffics in millions would dare demand? What did he owe her? Almost nothing; nothing at all that most men, even most sensitive men, would regard as a debt. It would be cruel to explain, because then many might recognize the personality of the old woman which has here been carefully veiled. It is enough to say that it was not even so great an obligation as a kindly man might feel to his nurse.

There are some people—among them several who are worth more millions than there are weeks in the year—who will tell you that of the curt, intolerant, discourteous men in the world Mr. Morgan is easily first. There are others—fortunately for Mr. Morgan, they don't all of them haunt his office—who will tell you that Mr. Morgan is a good-natured, easy-going fellow, fond of listening, never in a hurry, and tremendously polite unless one tries to thank him for doing a favor. Both sets of Mr. Morgan's acquaintances are right and both are wrong—as is usually the case in estimates of a man got from those who know him personally. Which side of him is the real Morgan? Like all large men, he is large enough to have many sides—let him who is small enough to have only one boast it, if he likes.

Often in the spring and fall Mr. Morgan leaves his office abruptly, several hours before his usual time, and disappears mysteriously. Some of his clerks wink and all of them wonder. And his partners and the great men of "the Street" who need his advice frown and wish "J. P. M." would appreciate what it means to them to have him go off with loose ends of big enterprises hanging every which way.

When Morgan Leaves the Office

It would be a very daring—it might be a very mean—thing to do, to follow Mr. Morgan. But let us venture it. His cab takes him to the pier off which his yacht Corsair waits for him. He enters a launch and is steamed swiftly to the yacht. He goes aboard and the Corsair at once sets out—up the East River toward the Sound.

It steams steadily for an hour, then puts in at the landing of a summer house—the house of a young married couple who are very near relatives of Mr. Morgan. The great man, who has been traveling alone, disembarks alone and goes up to the house.

Only the servants welcome him—the young woman and her husband happen to be away. Mr. Morgan goes into the house and up the stairs, up to a bedroom. He enters and sends out a nice-looking young woman who is there and then closes, perhaps locks, the door. He seems to be alone in the room.

No, he is not alone. In a little bed lies a baby, a near relative of Mr. Morgan's, as near as a grandchild. He wakes the baby up—and the baby at first doesn't fancy being rudely recalled from the very pleasant Land of Nod to the as yet, for it, not at all pleasant land of colic and sticking pins, of poking fingers and "say goo-goo" maniacs. But once its big eyes are opened and it clearly sees who has recalled it, it is delighted. For it recognizes the grandest, most sympathetic, most resourceful, most patient playmate it has discovered on earth thus far. And with wild gurgles of joy and wavings of rosy fists it makes for his mustache, his hair, his necktie, his dignity. Further into this adventure of a money-king it would be impertinent to intrude. Suffice it to say that Mr. Morgan drops sixty odd years off his life for the space of about an hour, then returns his exhausted playmate to its nurse and its nap, leaves the house as straightly as he entered it, is steamed back to New York and finishes the day.

Mr. Morgan is a good judge of stocks, of railroads, of individuals, of properties of all kinds. He is a good judge of paintings and china and sundry antiquities in tapestry, furniture and manuscripts. He is a good judge of men, no worse judge of women than the average man—perhaps a little better judge of them than the average woman. But to find his judgment at its best you must explore his views on babies. You wouldn't think it to look in his eyes or at his huge brow or cowcatcher-like jaw when he is at the reins recovering control of a runaway stock market; but any baby who is well acquainted with him or any mother who has seen him with her baby will tell you so. And it may not be amiss here to set down an opinion: No strong bad man ever played an hour, or half an hour, or more than a Napoleon's four or five minutes, with a baby. Weak bad men may have done it, but no *strong* one. The masculine heart that can harbor malignance or deliberately planned design of evil or of reckless selfishness cannot wash itself clean enough to fit its owner for an hour as playmate of a baby.

The Sporty Financier Who Sang Hymns

Not long ago a man was invited to spend a few days on the Corsair. She was lying off a New England harbor when he joined her. He had been indulging in splendid speculations as to the kind of sumptuous reveling time he would have provided for him. When he went aboard and inquired for his host one of the men said: "You'll find him in the galley." To the galley he went, and there was the presiding genius of international finance—clad in chef's white cap and apron and false sleeves—manufacturing a kind of pancake he just then thought well of—no man has the digestion long to think well of any kind of pancake or, for that matter, of pancakes in general. And after dinner they gathered about a big organ which Mr. Morgan has had built into the wall of the saloon, and sang—hymns! Mr. Morgan likes to sing hymns for two reasons. One is that he likes to sing, and hymns are good, easy, sonorous singing. The other reason recalls a story of Charles II. Some one asked the King who "never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one," what was his religion. "I," he replied, "am of the religion of all sensible men." "And what religion is it?" "That," replied Charles, "all sensible men agree not to tell." But it may be proper to say that not even Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Sage is more religious than Mr. Morgan.

In one respect Mr. Morgan is a miser: he is a greedy, grasping, fierce miser of his business time. No man lives who has lifted himself so much as a hair's breadth above his fellows that has not come to sympathize with any downpour of wrath upon time-wasters. And when a man rises to Mr. Morgan's height in affairs, when he has an important interest clamoring for every second of his time, for every grain of his brain-power, the time-waster becomes the chief plague of his life.

Mr. Morgan is of course never at leisure. There was a King once—was it Dionysius?—who, when some one said to him, "When shall you be at leisure?" answered, "Heaven forbid that that calamity should ever befall me." Mr. Morgan has been in no danger of the calamity of leisure since 1897, nor will he be again so long as there shall be life enough in him to respond to the pleadings of unemployed capital, clamoring to be advised what to do to keep itself from the decay of inactivity. He may betake himself to special express trains—bundles of telegrams will be flung upon it whenever it stops to change engines. He may fly to Europe—are there no cables, are there no millions of capital searching for employment there? The telephone will drag him from his privacy of the home, the Marconigraph will whisper into his privacy of the high seas. And Mr. Morgan's brain can't make more than sixty seconds out of a minute or more than sixty minutes out of an hour. Hence the heaviness of the time-waster's offense.

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Except such time-wasters as her described at the beginning of this article, those sent upon him for his sins and to give him opportunity to plant and grow the virtue of the "man in the land of Uz whose name was Job," the worst of his time-wasters are among those associated with him in his enterprises, especially the dull rich men. They waste his time and file away his brain-power with complaints and with compliments, by acting without him when they should not, by not acting without him when they should, by executing his orders at the wrong time, by not executing his orders at the right time, and finally, and colossally, by excuses for failure.

In a recent number of Blackwood's there is an interesting, shrewd, eulogistic estimate of Kitchener, in the course of which it is said that he is absolutely brutal in his refusal ever in any circumstances to accept any excuse whatsoever for failure. In general, as any one who reads biography will note, men of large achievement have been alike in this respect. But there is a difference between the comparatively small large-men like Kitchener and the large large-men like Morgan. Both become as a consuming fire in the presence of an excuse for failure—they know that if one begins to tolerate excuses his day is done, his time will be forever thereafter taken up with listening to them. But while the leader of the Kitchener class wipes out the excuse-maker, the leader of the Morgan type consumes only the excuse-maker's weakness for self-excuse and braces the excuse-maker himself to doing better. Thus, the one kind of leader is always cursed with a new plague of excuse-makers; the other kind of leader trains his men, holds on to them, builds them up into useful agents.

That is why, although Mr. Morgan is a "difficult man to get on with," "*almost* impossible," he is not altogether impossible; is, on the contrary, less and less impossible to each man with increasing length of service. They call it "getting used to Morgan"—what an interesting collection could be made of the phrases men invent to save or to soothe their vanity! The truth, of course, is that they grow under Morgan's not gentle but most invigorating licking-into-shape.

Mr. Morgan's most striking characteristic is his supreme independence of all men whatsoever.

There are two reasons for this almost unprecedented independence:

First, he makes enemies only among the most timid, least vindictive of the human species.

Many men are deferentially called—usually by the shallow—masters of millions. Mr. Morgan is not so much a master of millions as he is a Master of Millionaires, master of those so-called masters of millions who are so often the cringing slaves of their millions. Some of them have excellent financial brains; others have only millions inherited or millions accidental before which they stand or squat, agape and dazed. But, whether able and rich or rich only, almost all are timid—pitifully, incurably timid; the richer, the timider.

Mr. Morgan deals in the main with the millions of incapable men and with the surplus millions of clever men who are too busy taking in money at the sources of their wealth to attend personally to the investment and direction of their surplus. He has succeeded in winning the blind confidence of the one class, the intelligent confidence of the other. Both are alike dependent upon him.

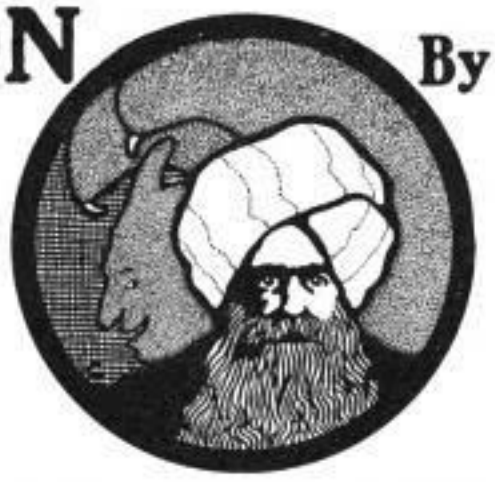
The second reason for Mr. Morgan's independence of foe or friend or fate is that he does not care for money.

You rarely see estimates of his fortune, and they are always careless, languid guesses. You never hear his name spoken when the conversation turns on mere millions. Morgan's personality looms titanic beside his pygmy fortune—and would it not loom as large were his fortune many times as great as it is?

It is believed that he has recently made up his mind to put by no more money, but to spend all he makes—to spend it upon art collections and hospitals and other educational and philanthropic enterprises, public or semi-public. Certain it is that he had been disdainfully careless of his own money-making opportunities. It has been said of the Romans in their day of glory that they were great not by reason of what they had but by reason of what they gave; that it was their pride to remain poor yet to be the masters of kings, the donors of kingdoms. Some such spirit seems to possess Mr. Morgan. He might have had millions on millions—as many as he cared to bear away. You remember the fable of the lion and the rest of the animals—how they went hunting together and brought down a stag; how, when the time for division came, the lion advanced, laid a paw upon the stag and said: "I divide this stag into three parts. The first is mine as my share of the prey. The second is mine as King of Beasts. As for the third, let him take it who dares!"

Mr. Morgan might have assumed such a rôle—with excellent chances for a large measure of success. But with a largeness that bespeaks superior intellect and inferior appetites, and that rebukes the crawling covetousness of wealth for wealth's sake, he disdainfully left the bulk of the quarry to his fellow-huntsmen, reserving only enough to maintain for him wholesome and necessary security, respect and dread. They are obtainable in only one way in the company he keeps; no poor man, however able, could have them there. He has put by powder and shell to charge his big guns should others cease to bring him ammunition or conspire to dethrone him.

LORD CURZON By Sydney Brooks



THE RECORD OF THREE YEARS OF TIRELESS, DISTINCTIVE AND BRILLIANT WORK

THE recent Grand Durbar at Delhi, in which all England was keenly interested, was something more than a great Imperial pageant. It was intended to symbolize, and it did symbolize, the accession of King Edward VII as Emperor of India. That was an event which touched the Oriental imagination to a degree we hardly realize. All Indians of whatever race or creed hold true to the cardinal virtue of the East—loyalty to the hand that gives them salt; and loyalty with them takes inevitably a personal form and fastens on a personal object. But the Grand Durbar did not mean all that it might. The Emperor was not there; neither was the Heir Apparent. Lord Curzon did all he could to persuade King Edward to be crowned in person, but His Majesty felt obliged to decline, not because he was unwilling to go or feared the physical strain, but simply because of the immense dislocation of public business that would be caused by his absence for so long a time. The Prince of Wales was kept at home by the condition of his wife's health, and though no doubt the Duke of Connaught represented the King, as the London papers put it, "with all the charm and dignity that belong by nature to the English royal family," still the fact that the Duke is not in direct succession to the throne robs the Coronation ceremony of much of its picturesqueness and most of its inner meaning. Even so, the Grand Durbar had its significance and its uses. Among other things it marked the crowning point of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty.

Lord Curzon, it is agreed on all hands, has made an excellent Viceroy of India—indeed, so excellent that it is now almost difficult to understand the ominous head-shakings that greeted his appointment in the fall of 1899. At that time people in England thought and spoke of Lord Curzon as a sort of brilliant schoolboy. Something of precocious immaturity seemed to hang round his manner and deliverances in the House of Commons. He had taken, as every one knew, an immensity of trouble to fit himself for public life; had traveled widely and intelligently, especially in the East; knew everybody worth knowing, had seen everything, "written most of the books and abstracted the rest," as a perverse opponent once remarked in the heat of debate. As the son of a peer, born in the purple and looking upon office as a birthright, he might have advanced to a high position by simply letting it be known that he expected promotion. But that was not Lord Curzon's way. From the time he went up to Balliol he devoured Blue Books as though they were novels, and set himself to collecting data and compiling statistics with an industry that might be called a passion. Omniscience with him was not so much a foible as a deliberate plan of life.

Possibly it was the cold-bloodedness of his knowledge and a too "superior" manner of imparting it that made people a little skeptical. Mr. Curzon used to sweep away all criticism with the exasperating dogmatism of the man who had been there and ought to know. The youthful minister seemed to have a kindly contempt for all people who had traveled less than he had, interviewed fewer princes and potentates, or were not so well primed as he with local knowledge. Now and then it almost appeared from his speeches as though Mr. Curzon thought himself personally responsible for the peace of Europe. The papers chaffed him unmercifully, and altogether it was difficult to take him quite seriously or do justice to the accuracy of mind and knowledge that lay beneath his airy mannerisms. There was a great deal of interest felt in his appointment to the Viceroyalty as well as not a little mistrust. Mr. Curzon up to that time had not impressed England as precisely the man to be intrusted with the government of 300,000,000 people, especially at a crisis when war, plague and famine had put a hard strain on their loyalty to the British Raj. With some his youth—he is still only forty-three—counted adversely.

But now, after three years' trial, it seems that Lord Salisbury knew his man. Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, is a distinct improvement on Mr. Curzon, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. His policy, so far from being rash and provocative, has shown an inclination toward the safer and more conservative ideals of Lord Laurence. He has not dealt in innovation, or set himself and his tourist impressions above the advice of the departmental chiefs, or antagonized Russia, or, in fact, done any of the things that people feared he might do. It is true he has at times trod rather heavily on officialdom's toes, but it was mainly in order to rouse officialdom to a new activity.

For the rest, the tendency of Lord Curzon's actions, so far, has been to restore the administrative spirit and more tactful methods of the sixties. At the same time he has shown himself a bold, practical and imaginative ruler. He piloted India through a severe famine with a coolness and discretion and a respect for native customs that saved England from many of the overzealous blunders of '97. He has organized a new frontier province, and largely modified the Forward Policy that he used to defend with so much earnestness and wealth of local color in the House of Commons. He has effected, too, many administrative reforms. He found India half-strangled in statistics, the Secretariat calling for more and more reports, the Civil Service threatening to decline into a grandiose information bureau. He at once cut down by nearly half the number of reports that the Collectors are required to send in to Simla. He encouraged them to trust more to themselves, to mix as freely as they used to do with the natives, and to rule less by mechanical system than by the force of personal ascendency. In a word, he has made an effort to revive the old patriarchal régime, and to include sympathy and popularity among the objects at which government should aim. On all such subjects as the absenteeism and dissipated lives of the native princes, and the condition of the Eurasians, he has spoken with a level-headed directness and vigor very far removed from the amiable nothings of the average Viceroy. He may, in fact, be called the first Viceroy, just as Mr. Chamberlain is the first Colonial Secretary, with a policy of his own.

Besides all this Lord Curzon has immensely furthered the work of irrigation, has remodeled the educational system, has done much to revive the old native industries and especially—this at Lady Curzon's request—the old native arts, has largely freed the peasantry of the Punjab from debt, has reduced the cable charges between India and England, and forwarded in all ways the conversion of the country to a gold standard. This is the record of three years of tireless, distinctive and brilliant work. Lord Curzon is not afraid to rule, even, when necessary, as an autocrat. He has shown a fine imaginative sense of the Oriental nature in at least two of its manifold aspects—its desire for strong, direct leadership and its instinct for the ceremonial side of government. His tours through the provinces were the longest and most imposing that any Viceroy has ever made; and he made the Grand Durbar at Delhi a splendid and inspiring pageant, the fame and magnificence of which will be talked over for generations in every village of India. His term of office has still another two years to run. When he returns to England and to home politics it will be to sit in the House of Lords and to find himself a far more esteemed and powerful man than when he sailed three years ago. Politicians who look ahead already see in him not only a Foreign Secretary but a Prime Minister.

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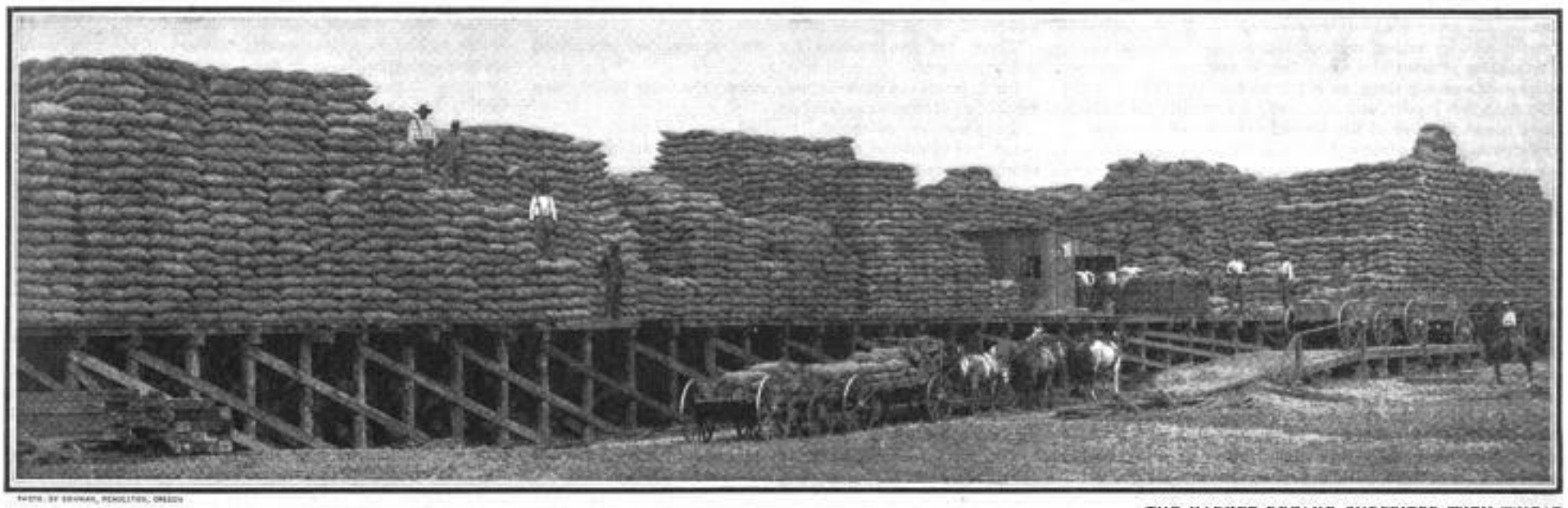
A MEASURE OF WHEAT



THE MARKET BECAME SURFEITED WITH WHEAT

By Edgar L. Hampton

"NO, SIR," said old man Keating in conclusion; "there are just two fellows my girl can't marry with my consent: that's a preacher and a school-teacher. I know it's pretty hard on you, Richard, but wheat's my business—not love. You remember that smart young Andrews that held revival meetings in the schoolhouse down by the Yamhill last winter? Well, he wanted Helen the worst way, though I've always thought he wanted my twelve hundred acres of wheat land worse. They were in college together down at the Willamette, you know. But he was a preacher, and that let him out. You're a school-teacher, and as far as I can see that lets you out—though upon my word I'm sorry. Now, if there was any excuse——" he hesitated, trying in his rough way to be kind; "but there ain't," he added, and tightening the reins over the back of his high-headed roadster, he put one foot on the buggy step and looked at the petitioner over his shoulder.

The young man turned away with a bitter, half-defeated look on his face, but at a second thought recalled himself to say: "I want you to understand, Mr. Keating, that I haven't asked you for your farm, and don't want it. I *have* asked for your daughter, merely as an act of courtesy. I'll marry her anyhow at the finish," he added defiantly, under his breath.

"Eh? Don't want the farm?" The old man was a little deaf, but he caught every word that pertained directly to wheat.

"Well, I don't say you do. But you know the man that gets Helen gets the farm along with her, and me and Sarah thrown in, for that matter. Mind, now, young man, it ain't that I don't like you, personally. And I'll admit that you're bright, and chuck-full o' diplomys. But you're one of them pesky young Easterners that come into the valley with a whoop and a hurrah and change things. The country's always been good enough for me just as it is. I'm ready to let well enough alone. I ain't got any respect for your diplomys, an' I consider the years you spent a-gettin' 'em as so much time wasted. They don't have anything to do with the price of Oregon wheat. I want a man to marry Helen that can go right on here a-raisin' wheat, as I've been doin' for more than thirty years. You couldn't do that." And the old man climbed into the buggy.

"I'm not so sure that I couldn't raise wheat if I set my head to it, Mr. Keating," insisted the young man, in a longing effort to put off the inevitable. "My college work was intended as a basis for business. I——"

"Well, you'll have to show me," tartly declared the other, gathering up the laprobe.

"I was about to add that I was raised on an Iowa wheat farm," replied the young man hotly. "I've done a few strokes at the plow myself."

"You'd ought to 'a' stayed with it, then," remarked old man Keating shortly; "that's all I know." And buttoning the duster about his throat he drove out of the barnyard and down the maple-lined roadway toward Sheridan.

But as he turned out of the driveway into the Sheridan and Willamina road he held his horse down to a sober walk and reflected.

He was the wealthiest farmer in the Willamette Valley within a radius of twenty miles—and that was saying a good deal. But he wasn't thinking of that. Everybody knew that. Neither was he thinking in particular of the handsome young man who had just had the temerity to ask for the succession to his acres, though it must be admitted that this had, in a manner, directed his thoughts. He was thinking of the girl—his little wayward Helen—who, after she had finished the public schools, at the uncertain age of fifteen, had come to him, one day when he was out among the cattle, with the modest request of a term of years in one of the up-valley colleges. He remembered with satisfaction how he had denied her petition and, towering up in the full strength of his acknowledged authority, had told her to go back to her dish-washing, thinking there would be an end of it; and that, a year later, he remembered with some chagrin she had come a second time, set her dainty little foot down, and amid a storm of passion declared she just would go. And then, the great show of temerity suddenly forsaking her, she had tumbled into his arms weeping and begging and kissing, till he had rushed away in consternation to the bank and drawn five hundred dollars as a starter.

The old man smiled to himself at the thought of it. It did him good to remember how the girl had outdone him. After all, she was his daughter—she ought to be shrewd. She certainly got it from no stranger. However, he deeply deplored what he considered the undeniable evidence of degeneracy in the race when a daughter of his, after all his careful training, had developed, at the tender age of fifteen, a love for books, newspapers and society stronger than that she entertained for dishwashing and the garden-hoe.

Old man Keating was one among the thousands whom the Government Donation Land Law of the 'sixties, which gave to every man of family six hundred and forty acres of the free rich loam of the Willamette Valley—hardly enough to repay the imminent dangers of the journey—had enticed with ox-teams across the plains to Oregon.

John Keating's first business deal had been put through then and there when he laid his plan before a certain young lady. The young lady soon thereafter became Mrs. John Keating. Together they had traveled the long months, driving a few milch-cows before them, to settle in the broad, open prairie, near what afterward became the town of Sheridan.

But that was near half a century ago, when apples were fifteen dollars a box and ginghams could not be had at any price. But wheat—well, John Keating began to raise dollar wheat. With hundreds of others who were first on the ground he made a fortune out of dollar wheat. He bought another section joining his first, and then began to bank his money.

In the course of twenty-five years came a new population, and it was distinctive. An energetic, restless, business people in the East had received a tip, and they came like a flight of hungry locusts, increasing year by year. Cities sprang up everywhere, ships ran into every seaport and steamboats plowed all the rivers.

The new populace gobbled up the remaining land running far out into the fertile foothills; they purchased everything available for mill, factory and town sites; they laid hold of the reins of government, to the very considerable disgust of the first inhabitants.

Then the world's market became surfeited with wheat, prices dropped, and the hard times that will always be known as the crisis of American farm life came to Oregon. There was a shortage of crops in the Argentine Republic, a large firm failed in London, American currency was contracted, confidence became shaken, investments were drawn in, the United States issued bonds to defray government expenses in time of peace instead of levying taxes, and within two years the Willamette Valley farmer was selling wheat at forty cents.

A year later those who were forced to sold at thirty-five cents, and the fall of 1897 found thirty cents the prevailing price of wheat throughout the country.

This is why old man Keating, as he drove down the Willamina road, looking complacently from right to left upon his own flocks and herds grazing in the fields, and his own lands stretching out mile upon mile, corrugated with fences, saw also, here and there, as far as the smoky horizon on either side, occasional red or brown painted granaries, bursting with Oregon legal-tender. The farmers were storing their wheat. Old man Keating himself had one hundred thousand bushels packed in bins. But it was thirty-cent wheat, notwithstanding. And so, as the old gentleman rode on down the dusty roadway in the smoky atmosphere of the October afternoon, with the weight of so much wheat on his mind and an interminable bank account troubling his conscience, he forgot the girl and the young man, and inwardly groaned at the burden of the fearfully hard times.

AND WHERE THEY PASSED THE STUBBLE WAS THICKLY STREWN WITH SACKS OF WHEAT

The young man with the dazed, far-away look in his eyes came to himself with a

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start, and saw that the sun was tipping well down over the Coast mountains, and that the yard-full of maples cast their shadows eastward half a mile. He felt the wooing breath of the sea-wind upon his cheek, and fiercely pulling himself together, crossed the road toward the house.

As he opened the gate there was a flash of red ribbons among the cedars, a rustling of skirts, and a glint of sunlight upon a crown of gold hair.

"Well, Dick, what is it to be, peace or war?" The girl came up close and peered cautiously into his face. "Oh, I can see by your look it's war."

"You have spared me the pain of telling you," he said sententiously; "your father says 'nix'."

"Oh, I was afraid papa would," she said. "It's just like him for all the world. But he——"

"Yes, he thinks I'm a nice fellow—a bright fellow, but he doesn't want me and my 'diplomys' in the family.

"He's got it in for every man that didn't come to the country with an ox-team. He kicks me out because he calls me progressive; primarily, however, because in an effort to get at something more to my liking I'm filling up my time, though not necessarily my pocket-book, with teaching district school instead of raising wheat."

"Oh, it's too bad," cried the girl. "But you mustn't accuse the whole family. We're not to blame because papa grew up with the country and is crazy on wheat. We're not to blame because there is a school in our district for somebody to teach, either, though I am in part to blame," she admitted shyly, "for securing a boarding-place for the teacher. But don't you worry, Dick. Papa's like the Chinook. He's liable to blow pretty steady in one direction for several days, but he's just as sure to change in the end. He makes a big bluster, but he doesn't run everything hereabout, even though mamma and I do sometimes humor him by letting him think so."

"He thinks I ought to be able to buy Foster's thousand acres on the west before I'm eligible," complained the young man, "and I suppose I should. However, at present it's my wit against his wisdom."

Then there was a clatter of hoofs, a flourish of whip, a flash of wheels, and a man in a buggy pulled up at the gate.

"Howdy," he shouted, waving his hand with a broad sweep. "Folks all well? I thought so. Pa gone t' town? You don't say! Thought I seed tracks comin' out o' th' gate. Fine day, ain't it? But need rain bad fer plowin'. *Ghk! ghk! ghk!* Giddap, Fan." And he disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust.

"That's Furious Foster," the girl said, laughing.

"Yes," he admitted ironically. "The man I'm to buy out before I'm eligible."

Old man Keating plumed himself upon his shrewd insight. But for all their two years' acquaintance he had not properly sounded the metal of the young man who taught the Keating district school.

Now Richard Morrison was a product of the Middle-West. But in his twenty-first year he had unwittingly assisted history to repeat herself in a small way for the millionth time by joining the throng of vigorous, restless young men who seek illusive Fortune on the North Pacific Coast. Richard was careful, thoughtful, and unusually quick to see an opening. Old man Keating's judgment never fell into greater error than when he called him a mere school-teacher.

That evening after supper Mrs. Keating rocked gently to and fro on the broad front porch, reading in her religious weekly an argument favorable to the Spanish-American War. The family disposed themselves in various attitudes about her.

"Now, ain't that sad!" she exclaimed sympathetically, looking up from the newspaper. "Just listen to this." And she began to read again:

Prospective Famine in Russia
Thousands Already Destitute
A General Scarcity of Wheat Feared in All European Countries
Women Selling in India at Forty Cents a Head
A Fearful Time is Anticipated

"There's a whole long article about it. And only think, our granaries bursting with thirty-cent wheat and here we are powerless to help!"

"I'll give them every bushel I've got at thirty-five cents," said old man Keating, rousing up from a doze as the magic word wheat tickled him back into semi-consciousness. "That I consider a downright liberal offer. And another thing! If anybody feels disposed to go into the humane society business I'll rent my whole farm to 'im for the next year for five dollars an acre, cash when the grain's sold, or by

THE WAREHOUSES WERE ALREADY BURSTING WITH FULLNESS

Christmas—that's all I know," and the old man settled back again into a half-doze, satisfied that he had now performed the extent of his obligations to the heathen.

Miss Keating looked at Richard and smiled. "Catch papa renting those wheat fields," she said. "Why, he'd rather sell ma than that!"

The young man sat silently exhaling long slim funnels of smoke from his cigar. He appeared to be intently watching an infinitesimal speck in the Amity Hills, thirty miles away.

Presently he stood up, groping with his hands about him as if feeling for something more in his mind than within his physical grasp. His gaze wandered to Helen's face.

She was watching him intently from under half-closed lids. But he did not see her. He was still groping.

Presently his glances alighted upon the face of Mrs. Keating, who was still reading with a troubled look.

"Let me see the paper, please," he said.

She passed it to him and he sat down with it, absently reading and not reading, over and over again:

Famine in Russia . . .
Women Selling at Forty Cents in India

Long after that evening he remembered what an indescribable horror that sentence created in his breast.

The paper had lain half an hour at his feet.

Presently he picked it up and mechanically handed it back to Mrs. Keating with thanks. He found his hat, pulled it down hard over his face, and groped out to the gate, across the fields into the interminable stubble, and on into the night.

When he returned to the house it was long after midnight. He lighted a lamp and wrote a letter to a friend in Chicago. Then he extinguished the light, but immediately relighted it and burned the letter. He then sat down and rewrote the letter, addressed, stamped and sealed it, blew out the light and threw himself upon the bed, forgetting to remove his clothes.

The next morning old man Keating spilled a cup of coffee in his lap. It was all on account of a statement made by the school-teacher.

The school-teacher had said: "To-day is Saturday and I'm going down to Sheridan to raise the money necessary to rent your farm for the next year, in accordance with your proposal of last night. I take it you threw out that bait to me, Mr. Keating, to test my temper. I accept your proposition and shall be ready to close with you this evening. I also feel from the bottom of my heart for those poor people starving in India, and I should like an option on your hundred thousand bushels of wheat at the figure named. I may be able to raise a subscription and send it to them."

"Yer a blanked idjit," shouted the old man wildly. "Let the heathen take care of himself. I'll rent you my farm," he added, "if you make me suitable terms; but you can't have my wheat for no thirty-five cents. That was yesterday, and my price has gone up. But I'll tell you what I will do"—the spirit of traffic was rising up strong within him—"I'll call it forty cents and a go—though it's my opinion you're a stark, starin' idjit," he added under his breath.

The young man smiled. His eyebrows narrowed shrewdly. "If you'll split the difference I'll consider it," he said.

"Not a cent less," shouted the old man, all excitement. "One hundred thousand bushels, no more and no less, and at forty cents—I don't have to sell!"

"Wheat is only thirty cents now, and I won't consider it at forty, but I ask an option at thirty-eight," urged the young man firmly. And the deal was left open.

When Richard returned that night he brought with him a thousand dollars, his own savings, and a promise of credit at the Sheridan Bank on his personal note and a mortgage on the crop, less rentals, for whatever he might require up to ten thousand dollars.

After splitting hairs till near midnight, old man Keating signed the lease for one year and then went out by the well in the moonlight and called himself a "tarnel ol' fool."

On his return to the house Richard went at him diligently, with the money spread out on the table between them, and under this talismanic influence the old man, loosening up in a manner to astonish the entire household, offered him a six-months' option at thirty-eight cents. Then Richard proposed to buy with a thousand-dollar deposit, and one year's time on the balance at five per cent. interest. They finally compromised at thirty-eight cents, and six per cent., signed the contract, and Richard paid over the money.

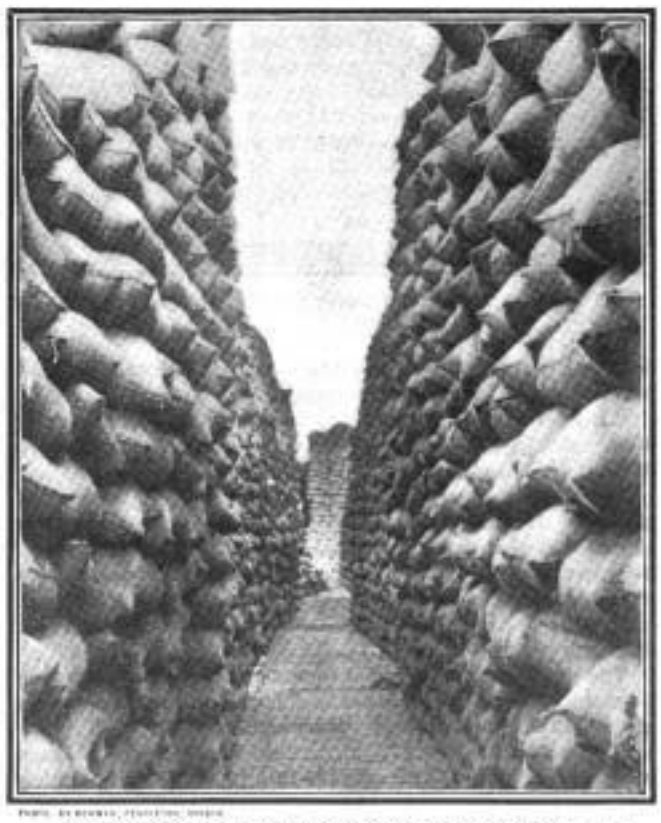
That night the rain came. Gentle, insinuating at first, a few great drops here and there; then faster and faster on the parched roofs and dust-laden leaves, like the patter of shot, or the rattling roll of a drum calling to action.

For a week the rain continued intermittently, saturating the earth. Then team followed team in long, sober procession into the fields; steam plows puffed noisily out of summer retreats, and the fall breaking began.

Richard Morrison pulled off his coat and went to work. By the conditions of his contract he was to have the use of all stock and farm implements and he had retained the hired men. Arrangements were readily made for a substitute to finish his term of school; and Richard's time was soon fully occupied with the work in hand.

As autumn waned into winter, and the long, level stretches of valley became dim with mist and rain, there was an enforced leisure, and the weight of the responsibility he had undertaken grew upon him until it assumed at times the haunting, ghostly shape of failure. But he was used to thinking much and keeping his own counsel. His temperament was such that, once thoroughly in the race, he was willing to stand for all by his own judgment. "If my business training is ever to stand me in hand, now is the time," he thought fiercely, and went ahead.

Through it all he made just one confidant—Helen. He had disclosed his great scheme to her—had evolved his theory with its different international influences, sitting all one windy winter evening by the kitchen fire with the slant rain coming against the windows, and the Chinook singing through the tree-tops like lost dryads, and she, in full sympathy with his plans—since they two had conspired to make common cause against the designs of an arrogant old man—had clapped her hands in delighted admiration, but had been frightened at his daring. However, with all her secret apprehensions she was too tactful a



THE FARMERS WERE STORING THEIR WHEAT, . . . BUT IT WAS THIRTY-CENT WHEAT, NOTWITHSTANDING

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little woman ever to dream of discouraging him with a word about failure. Instead, there were small schemes and conspiracies innumerable — long buggy rides to night entertainments at Lafayette and Newberg, with return trips the next day, to help fill in the lapse of time. Then Susie Terrill, Charles Fairbury and other college friends came up to the farm for a week at a stretch, when the big, old house would ring from moss-grown roof to basement with shouts and music, with the clatter and lisp of feet and the banging of doors, till Mrs. Keating would stop in the middle of the floor and hold up both her hands in feigned dismay. All these days the rain pounded intermittently against the outside of the windows.

Spring came with its west winds, its bud of promise, and found the young farmer in shirt and denim overalls, making plank fence and watching the market.

He had subscribed for the Daily Oregonian, an act which curled old man Keating's lip in scorn, for old man Keating persistently refused to read a newspaper, considering the practice an evidence of weakness. But the markets were in the Oregonian, and a great deal of news about famines abroad and the menace of pending war at home.

That spring of '98 was in many respects the hardest one known in the latter history of the valley. Orchards were laden with bloom; the sun kissed health into the hop vines; the earth was a veritable carpet of waving, tossing wheat; but prices were hopelessly out at the bottom. Hop buyers came through the country contracting for the season's yield at six cents, and they did business. Portland shippers looked blue over the prospect of tons of green fruit that had already begun to split the trees all over the valley. And wheat lay dead at thirty cents. It had not moved for months.

There was just one big wave that threw up a spray along the Oregon coast that spring. When Richard read in the papers, with great scareheads and illustrations, about the blowing up of the Maine in Havana Harbor and the imminence of war, he rushed at Helen, who was beating a cake in the kitchen, and gave her such an embrace as startled her out of returning him the customary cuff on the ear.

"What did you do that for, Mister?" she demanded threateningly.

"Why!" he shouted, "the Spaniards have blown up the Maine at Havana; we're sure to have war!"

"You heartless beast!" declared the girl. "I suppose you're going to enlist at once. In fact, I hope you do."

"No, I'm not; but don't you see?"

"No, I don't see."

"No? Oh, of course not. You're only a woman." And he grabbed his hat, and made out of the house and up on to the hill where there was more air and room.

Then the current of affairs ran desperately low again in the valley. The sorrows of a famine abroad were eclipsed by the prospect of war at home. But Oregon was so far removed from the seat of activity at Washington that her farmers felt only an indifferent concern. Moreover, their chief interest was centred around the price of wheat and prunes, and these gave forth no sign. So the "ranchers" drove listlessly up and down the valley, stopped and talked long to each other, leaning upon the fences, anxious to realize upon their crops, but obstinately waiting for the world's market to move first.

They were gloomy days for Richard Morrison. When he thought of the hundred thousand bushels of wheat that lay dead, eight cents below the purchase price, and the intolerably heavy expenses of the crop that were upon his shoulders, he was almost distraught.

And then he saw, perhaps for the first time in his life, the true mission of woman, and had the first sweet taste of a love that stands by a man in trouble.

"Don't worry, Dick, dear; I *know* it will all come out right." That was all she could give him just then — that and her looks. But what, truly, could have been more eloquently convincing?

He was encouraged for nearly a week. He read everything pertaining to the famine in Europe and the plenty in America. He hung with almost breathless suspense upon the actions of Congress, and chafed fearfully under the President's delay. Then he began to doubt the wisdom of his great enterprise, and even questioned his own sense.

Finally, in despair, he dashed off a telegram.

He awaited an answer just three days. Then a messenger came pounding up the Sheridan road, bringing a cloud of dust with him — and a telegram. Richard broke the seal and read, under a Chicago date line:

> RICHARD MORRISON, Sheridan, Oregon:
> Wheat on the jump. Buy quick. Hold for advance. J. C. K.

It was evening. She was coming down the path toward him, he knew she was. He could see her, and the roses at her throat with the spray of dogwood bloom. Her face was looking at him as in a dream. The glint of sunlight was on her gold hair.

"Helen," he said, holding out the bit of paper. Something in his throat was choking him.

She took the telegram, read, and dropped it upon the grass.

"My own Richard," she said, and put her two hands caressingly upon his face, but tears were in her eyes as she spoke. "My Richard is *always* right. I knew it would all come true."

That day Congress had declared war against Spain.

All over the valley the green billows were changing to brown. A new life was in the country. Farmers drove a little faster — excepting Furious Foster, who couldn't possibly — talked a little brisker and not so long. The buzz and boom of traffic were everywhere; everywhere men were doubly occupied in putting in canvas drapers, and tightening nuts on headers and harvesters.

Old man Keating generously assisted Richard and the hired men with their work. The drivers swung out their long whips over the twenty-four-horse teams and drove the harvesters into the field. The sun came down hot upon the horses' backs and there was a continual swish, swash of wheat and the thud of heavy bags of grain from morning till late at night. One after another they went along the solid banks of standing grain, and where they passed the stubble was thickly strewn with sacks of wheat. Men with teams followed after, gathering up the yield and transporting it to the railroad for shipment. And they could not be too diligent to suit present needs; for every day saw prices advanced.

Through it all Richard kept a watchful eye on business. The newspapers assisted him to keep his finger continually upon the world's pulse. Telegrams came every day from Chicago, and his own special messenger brought them to him on swift hoof.

Before the first day of the threshing every available team had been detailed to haul the stored grain to the warehouses, and bank it, against pending emergencies. At the end of the tenth day the harvesters took up the line of march out of the field, and Richard knew that his thousand acres had yielded him just forty thousand bushels of yellow wheat.

He now set about with feverish interest to watch the market. A dizzy success had already evolved out of his first crude plan; but there was yet a possibility of losing all. "Here's where my strategy must avail," he said to himself, and went to laying plans.

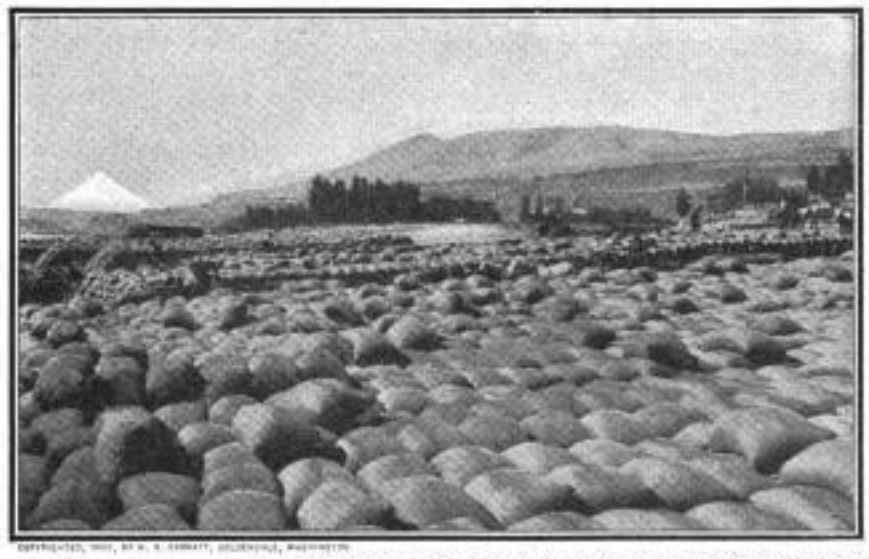
And he made a fair beginning. That same evening as he stood by the front gate he saw a cloud of dust and knew that Furious Foster was coming up the road.

Foster saluted with a broad, circumspect sweep of his arm. His horse was trotting low, under whip. Evidently he had not intended to tarry.

"Hold on there," shouted Richard, in despair of bringing him to a halt. "I want to know what you will take for that farm of yours. Heard it was for sale."

"Fifty thousand dollars," yelled Furious Foster back at him, cracking his whip. "Late fer supper. Can't stop. Wheat's still a-rizzin'" — and he was gone.

Richard had entered into negotiations with the warehouse dealers. His grain was all delivered and he stood ready to close the deal at a moment's notice. As for the warehouses, they had long since refused to contain the grain that had been thrust at them. They were already bursting with fullness, and upon the river-bank appeared acres of sacks, piled into huge pyramids.



UPON THE RIVER-BANK APPEARED ACRES OF SACKS

The price had already gone to ninety-five cents. But when so many thousand bushels are at stake the careful farmer can do no better than to consider the fractions.

Richard's faith in his friend on the inside of the Chicago market was unbounded. At the last he felt, somehow, that the work must be quick. So he stayed in Sheridan day and night, stopping at the hotel, with an eye on the telegraph office.

Wheat had now gone to ninety-nine cents. Men were selling all about him, and Richard's ears were besieged with free advice from "ranchers" who knew wheat better than they did their own wives. But Richard trusted to his understanding of the situation, and, though the suspense was great, still he waited.

Then suddenly one morning the market jumped to one dollar and five, and everybody gasped.

The young man almost staggered that morning as he got into the railway station; and his eyes fed hungrily upon the little electric instruments that seemed so busy talking around the world.

That afternoon it came, ticking over the wires in the smoky little box of an office.

The operator mechanically reached over the counter and handed him the paper with a knowing smile.

"I guess you're 'it,'" he said.

Richard caught the precious scrap out of the man's hands, and his eyes fairly burned into it as he read:

> RICHARD MORRISON, Sheridan:
> Market full; sell quick. J. C. K.

Three minutes later he was at the desk of the elevator company and within thirty minutes he was stuffing the drafts for the full amount of wheat into his pocket.

The next day the market was steady at ninety-eight cents.

That evening as the family sat on the front porch enjoying the luxury of midsummer-time, old man Keating was interrupted, in a careful perusal of the market reports in the daily paper — he had lately acquired some degree of the daily paper habit — by the young man who used to be a school-teacher.

"Mr. Keating," he remarked, after a reflective silence, "what price do you place upon your farm?"

Old man Keating peered cautiously at the speaker over the rim of his paper, pretending not to see him, before he finally answered. He had long since learned to expect the usually unexpected from this young man.

Then he put down the paper. "Land and improvements," he said — "though I'm not anxious to sell — I've always held at sixty thousand dollars, cash. Why, have you a buyer?"

"That price will be satisfactory to me, sir," replied Richard promptly, emphasizing the pronoun. "My only condition will be that you put in the girl." There was a twinkle in his eye, but the old man did not see it.

The girl blushed beautifully.

Old man Keating squared around at his adversary with a fierce look. "Yes, I guess yer at yer same old tricks ag'in, ain't yuh, young man?" he urged severely.

"No, sir," replied Richard; "it's a plain business proposition: a question of girls, farms and wheat. If I have to buy the farm to get the girl, why, I guess I can do it. I'm in dead earnest."

The old man's face assumed a comical look of defeat. "Well, I s'pose you'd better take the girl," he said at last. "I don't care so much about that; she seems to rather like you. But you can't have the farm," he added emphatically. "Nobody can't beat me out of a roof to die under in my old age — not when I've got all my faculties."

"Do you think you've got 'em all, Pa?" inquired the girl mischievously.

But old man Keating paid no attention to her. Though temporarily defeated, he still had his sign out for business. He scratched his head as if an entirely new thought were just taking root inside of it, though, in fact, what he had in mind had been there for months, ever since the crops began to head, and Furious Foster had come by and said that wheat had "riz."

"Let me see," he said; "there's neighbor Foster's thousand acres that jines me on the west. His boy has got a big claim up in Klondike and he wants the old man to come up and help develop it. So Foster told me the other day if any one come nosin' 'round he might sell. Said he'd take fifty thousand dollars at a pinch. Why don't ye buy that? We might work the two together."

When Dick and Helen were married at Christmas a throng of college young folk were present and the house was full of people.

The next day they all drove to Sheridan in carriages to see them take the train for a little trip to the East, which was one of the diverse conspiracies hatched the past winter while wheat was thirty cents, and only now to be realized.

The laughing young people threw old shoes and slippers after them, and old man Foster pulled off his boot and threw it — and he could well afford to, even at the imminent risk of never getting it back again, for hadn't he just sold his farm to them and got the money?

But that other accompaniment of a wedding journey, that other harbinger of good luck, which they threw all over the happy couple, all over the seats and even in at the windows after the train had started, was not rice at all; it was wheat.

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A PECULIAR PEOPLE

By Rebecca Harding Davis

WHEN I was young, although I lived in a slave State, chance threw me from time to time in the way of some of the leading Abolitionists, the men and women who then were busied in sowing the seeds whose deadly outgrowth was the Civil War.

To make you understand them we need not discuss the great issue which tore the country asunder. But I must remind you that they were for years a small band, a Peculiar People. The great majority of Northerners, a large minority of Southerners, including many slave owners, recognized slavery as an evil and hoped to free the country from it by gradual and legal methods. But these Radicals would not temporize nor wait. "Abolish the evil now; cut out the cancer now, at any cost," they cried.

It would be impossible for the young people of today to understand the fury of zeal which fired this little band, or the hate and horror with which they were regarded in the South. We have grown more tolerant nowadays, both as to beliefs and individuals, and, it may be, more indifferent to great issues. We suffer any man now openly to exploit his opinions; whether he preach anarchy or monarchy, heathen gods or no God, his worst punishment is a shrug of contempt.

But in the fifties the Abolitionist crossed Mason and Dixon's line at the peril of his life. His errand was supposed to be either abduction or murder.

Now, however, the grandchildren of these hot-blooded, warring folk in both South and North are curious to know what the men were like on either side who fought the war.

It is a natural curiosity. Even the heroes of the old Greek legend whose hate was so strong that their souls went on fighting for four days after their bodies were dead, must surely, after a few years of leisurely rest in Hades, have felt a curiosity as to what kind of men their enemies really were, and have suspected that they might have been good fellows, after all.

Some such late rueful doubt is stirring now in the hearts of the old foes, and warming them to a wholesome, friendly heat.

The Little Touch that Made the Whole Sect "Queer"

I have been asked to sketch such of the early Abolitionists as I knew. It must be in silhouette only. The inattentive eyes of a young girl could not discern depths of character or heights of motive.

I certainly never found the mark of Cain on their foreheads which their fire-eating neighbors declared was there; nor did I see the "aureoled brows of warrior saints," which Lowell and Whittier sang. They were men and women, all alike fired with one idea — the freedom of the slave. They preached it, they prayed for it, in season and out of season. They would not eat sugar nor wear cotton. Some of them gave up God Himself because He had tolerated slavery. They were generally regarded as madmen running about with a blazing torch to destroy their neighbors' homes. But their frenzy was usually recognized as an unselfish madness. They certainly gained nothing by carrying the torch. No man was ever more relentlessly denounced or ostracized than the Abolitionist, even in the North.

To make a truthful picture of them I must confess that apart from this common uplifting motive there was in every man and woman of the little sect a touch of eccentricity, no matter what their station or breeding. They were always, in popular opinion, "queer." It was the old story of Doctor Johnson's twenty cups of tea, of Shelley's paper boats, or Jean Paul's soiled jacket. The man who rebels against an established rule, from Abraham to Paderewski, wears his hair down his back. The man who makes war upon the world's great ordinances almost always picks a quarrel with its harmless little habits, even decencies. When the Florentine noble dared want and death to bring the sacred fire from the Holy Sepulchre to the altar of his little church at home, he preached an immortal lesson to the world. But why need he have ridden with his face to the horse's tail, so that the common people called him "Pazzi"— fool?

Why, because these good folk wanted to free the slave, should they refuse to cut their beards, or to eat meat, or have run after new kinds of fantastic medicines or cookery or religions? But so it is. Your chivalric reformer, your holy saint, almost invariably fights obstinately about some absurd trifle, which makes the purblind public call him Pazzi. You may safely take his thoughts as bread for your soul, but generally you will find him a nuisance at dinner or on a journey.

I remember, too, that when you were with the Abolitionists you were apt to be kindled at first by their great purpose, but after a while you were a little bored by it. They saw nothing else. Like Saint George, they thought that one dragon filled the whole world.

Their narrow fury angered you. "Is the Devil dead?" you said. "What of his old works? What of drunkenness and hate and lies? Let us talk of these, too." But they ignored them all.

However, I suppose that the party or sect which is to do any work in the world must breathe its own peculiar atmosphere, speak its own little patois, and see but one side of the question on which it fights.

My family lived on the border of Virginia. We were, so to speak, on the fence, and could see the great question from both sides. It was a most unpleasant position. When you crossed into Pennsylvania you had to defend your slave-holding friends against the Abolitionists who dubbed them all Legrees and Neros; and when you came home you quarreled with your kindly neighbors for calling the Abolitionists "emissaries of hell." The man who sees both sides of the shield may be right, but he is most uncomfortable.

One of the familiar figures to my childish eyes during these yearly visits to Pennsylvania was F. Julius Le Moyne, the candidate for Vice-President in 1840 on the Abolition ticket with Birney. The two men offered themselves to certain defeat in order to test the strength of their party. They polled only a few thousand votes.

Twenty years afterward William Lloyd Garrison said to my husband, "A handful of us used to meet year after year and nominate a ticket for the Presidency. The whole country jeered at us. But we knew we should elect our man at last. We would finish our work. We have elected him. The work is done."

Le Moyne, the Most Radical of Reformers

Francis Le Moyne was a physician in Washington, Pennsylvania, then a sleepy village. He was as unlike the townspeople (most of them my own kinsfolk) as if Neptune or Mars had put on trousers and coat and gone about the streets. They were Scotch-Irish, usually sandy in complexion, conventional, orthodox, holding to every opinion or custom of their forefathers with an iron grip. He made his own creed and customs; he was dark, insurrectionary, and French. He was descended, I have been told, from an *émigré* family — Breton comtes. Some of the hunted folk of the *ancien régime* settled on the Ohio at Gallipolis and tried fruit raising there. The father of the reformer made his way up to this quiet hill town. He was a kind of fairy godfather to the village children, because he spoke another tongue than English and lived in a foreign-looking house in the midst of a great garden of plants and flowers unknown elsewhere. In his office, too, he was always surrounded by uncanny retorts and crucibles; and many birds flew about him that he had taught by some secret method to sing French airs.

His son was a large, swarthy man, with much force of personal magnetism. He had, as I remember, a singular, compelling, intolerant eye, which once seen you never forgot; the eye of a man who, having chosen a cause to serve, would give it the last drop of his own blood and force other men to give theirs. The cause he served was that of human freedom. He drew many of his townspeople into the Abolition party. But I think that they never quite understood or appreciated him. He was always alien to them. He should have lived in a court, or a metropolis, some great arena in which to work. He had the power for any work. Doctor Le Moyne was probably the truest representative of the radical Abolitionist in this country. He never gave in his adherence to any temporizing or experiment of expediency, whether made by Frémont, Sumner or Lincoln. "Cut out the cancer, and cut it *now*, though the patient die," was his creed. After the slaves were freed he gave both his influence and money to the work of their education.

Then he took up another reform — Cremation. The rotting bodies under ground fretted him as much as the slaves living on it had done. He urged the matter vehemently on the American people and built the first crematory on this continent. Baron Palm, who, with Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, was the original teacher in this country of Theosophy, was, I think, the first person to be cremated in it. Doctor Le Moyne once showed me some of his ashes. It was characteristic of the doctor that he kept them in a little begilt candy box; he never threw lime-light on his great effects.

The Melancholy Jaques of Wheeling Wood

In the early days the leading Abolitionists were sometimes his guests. I remember one, a tall, unsmiling young girl with black hair and eyes, who provoked my childish antipathy by eating an apple as if she and it were playing a part in a great tragedy. This was Sara Clarke, then known to the country as the Liberty Poetess. After the war was over she dropped the tragic lyre and became a popular story-writer under the name of Grace Greenwood. Dickens hailed her as one of the foremost of American writers. I knew her many years afterward in Philadelphia. She was one of those born helpers who always are tottering under the load of some unable individual or race. I do not know whether she is carrying these helpless folk now in this world or in another. But wherever she is, I am sure that is her work, God bless her.

Her elder brother, Joseph Clarke, came to Wheeling — the town where we lived — shortly before the war, to edit a newspaper. He, too, had been born in the dark of the moon, and saw the world only as a huge stage for tragedy. He was suspected of Abolition principles, but of necessity kept them out of sight. But his gloomy brain seethed with other revolutionary ideas. He tramped over the neighboring hills composing poetry until the bones of his easy-going neighbors ached; he urged them to build a cholera hospital on the main street, and to prove that the disease was not contagious slept all night in a bed from which a man who had died of it had just been carried. He was a believer in the knockings and teachings of the Fox sisters. The staid old town held him at arm's length, but to two or three young people in it these ideas, imported from the outer unknown world, were fearful but alluring, like the glimpses one has of the moon through a telescope.

I remember this melancholy Jaques even now with a grateful throb at heart, for he was the first editor who urged me to write for him. He put a pen in my hands and bade me "treat of Italian Art." Now the only Italian I ever had known was the barber at the corner, and my knowledge of art was confined to our photographer's gallery. But I wrote an essay on the art of Angelica Kauffmann and he printed it (anonymously) on the front page of the paper. He told me that it was fine, and I quite agreed with him.

Abolitionism never was a burning question in that part of Virginia. Nothing lay between any slave there and freedom but the Ohio River, which could be crossed in a skiff in half an hour. The green hills of Ohio on the other side, too, were

(Continued on Page 20)

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THE PIT

By FRANK NORRIS
Author of The Octopus

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—A WEAZENED, STUNTED BOY, IN A UNIFORM

CHAPTER XVI

SO THE month of May drew to its close. Between the twenty-fifth and the thirtieth Jadwin covered his July shortage, despite Gretry's protests and warnings. To him they seemed idle enough. He was too rich, too strong now, to fear any issue. Daily the profits of the corner increased. The unfortunate shorts were wrung dry and drier. In Gretry's office they heard their sentences, and as Jadwin beheld more and more of these broken speculators, a vast contempt for human nature grew within him.

Some few of his beaten enemies were resolute enough, accepting defeat with grim carelessness, or with sphinx-like indifference, or even with airy jocularity. But for the most part their alert, eager deference, their tame subservience, the abject humility and debasement of their bent shoulders drove Jadwin to the verge of self-control. He grew to detest the business; he regretted even the defiant brutality of Scannel, a rascal, but none the less keeping his head high. The more the fellows cringed to him, the tighter he wrenched the screw. In a few cases he found a pleasure in relenting entirely, selling his wheat to the unfortunates at a price that left them without loss; but in the end the business hardened his heart to any distress his mercilessness might entail. He took his profits as a Bourbon took his taxes, as if by right of birth.

His wife he saw but seldom. Occasionally they breakfasted together; more often they met at dinner. But that was all. Jadwin's life by now had come to be so irregular, and his few hours of sleep so precious and so easily disturbed, that he had long since occupied a separate apartment.

What Laura's life was at this time he no longer knew. She never spoke of it to him; never nowadays complained of loneliness. When he saw her she appeared to be cheerful. But this very cheerfulness made him uneasy, and at times, through the murk of the chaff of wheat, through the bellow of the Pit, and the crash of collapsing fortunes there reached him a suspicion that all was not well with Laura.

Once he had made an abortive attempt to break from the turmoil of La Salle Street and the Board of Trade, and, for a time at least, to get back to the old life they both had loved —to get back, in a word, to her. But the consequences had been all but disastrous. Now he could not keep away.

"Corner wheat!" he had exclaimed to her the following day. "Corner wheat! It's the wheat that has cornered me. It's like holding a wolf by the ears—bad to hold on, but worse to let go."

But absorbed, blinded, deafened by the whirl of things, Curtis Jadwin could not see how perilously well grounded had been his faint suspicion as to Laura's distress.

On the day after her evening with her husband in the art gallery, the evening when Gretry had broken in upon them like a courier from the front, Laura had risen from her bed to look out upon a world suddenly empty.

Corthell she had sent from her forever. Jadwin was once more snatched from her side. Where, now, was she to turn? Jadwin had urged her to go to Geneva Lake for the season, but she refused. She saw the change that had of late come over her husband, saw his lean face, the hot, tired eyes, the trembling fingers and nervous gestures. Vaguely she imagined approaching disaster. If anything happened to Curtis, her place was at his side.

During the days that Jadwin and Crookes were at grapples Laura found means to occupy her mind with all manner of small activities. She overhauled her wardrobe, planned her summer gowns, paid daily visits to her dressmakers, rode and drove in the Park till every turn of the roads, every tree, every bush was familiar to the point of wearisome contempt.

Then suddenly she began to indulge in a mania for old books and first editions. She haunted the stationers and second-hand bookstores, studied the authorities, followed the auctions, and bought right and left with reckless extravagance. But the taste soon palled upon her. With so much money at her command there was none of the spice of the hunt in the affair. She had but to express a desire for a certain treasure, and forthwith it was put into her hand.

She found it so in all other things. Her desires were gratified with an abruptness that killed the zest of them. She felt none of the joy of possession; the little personal relation between her and her belongings vanished away. Her gowns, beautiful beyond all she had ever imagined, were of no more interest to her than a drawerful of worn-out gloves. She bought horses till she could no longer tell them apart; her carriages crowded three supplementary stables in the neighborhood. Her flowers, miracles of laborious cultivation, filled the whole house with their fragrance. Wherever she went deference moved before her like a guard; her beauty, her enormous wealth, her wonderful horses, her exquisite gowns made of her a cynosure, a veritable queen.

And hardly a day passed that Laura Jadwin, in the solitude of her own boudoir, did not fling her arms wide in a gesture of lassitude and infinite weariness, crying out:

"Oh, the ennui and stupidity of all this wretched life!"

She could look forward to nothing. One day was like the next. No one came to see her. For all her great house and for all her money, she had made but few friends. Her "grand manner" had never helped her popularity. She passed her evenings alone in her "upstairs sitting-room," reading, reading till far into the night; or, the lights extinguished, sat at her open window listening to the monotonous lap and wash of the Lake.

At such moments she thought of the men who had come into her life—of the love she had known almost from her first girlhood. She remembered her first serious affair. It had been with the impecunious theological student who was her tutor. He had worn glasses and little black side whiskers, and had implored her to marry him and come to China, where he was to be a missionary. Every time that he came he had brought her a new book to read, and he had taken her for long walks up toward the hills where the old powder mill stood. Then it was the young lawyer—the "brightest man in Worcester County"—who took her driving in a hired buggy, sent her a multitude of paper novels (which she never read), with every love passage carefully underscored, and wrote very bad verse to her eyes and hair, whose "velvet blackness was the shadow of a crown." Or, again, it was the youthful cavalry officer met in a flying visit to her Boston aunt, who loved her on first sight, gave her his photograph in uniform and a bead belt of Apache workmanship. He was forever singing to her—to a guitar accompaniment—an old love song:

> "At midnight hour
> Beneath the tower
> He murmured soft,
> 'Oh, nothing fearing,
> With thine own true soldier fly.'"

Then she had come to Chicago, and Landry Court, with his bright enthusiasms and fine exaltations, had loved her. She had never taken him very seriously, but none the less it had been very sweet to know his whole universe depended upon the nod of her head, and that her influence over him had been so potent, had kept him clean and loyal and honest.

And after this Corthell and Jadwin had come into her life, the artist and the man of affairs. She remembered Corthell's quiet, patient, earnest devotion of those days before her marriage. He rarely spoke to her of his love, but by some ingenious subtlety he had filled her whole life with it. His little attentions, his undemonstrative solicitudes came precisely when and where they were most appropriate. He had never failed her. Whenever she had needed him, or even when through caprice or impulse she had turned to him, it always had been to find that long since he had carefully prepared for that very contingency. His thoughtfulness of her had been a thing to wonder at. He remembered for months, years even, her most trivial fancies, her unexpressed dislikes. He knew her tastes as if by instinct; he prepared little surprises for her, and placed them in her way without ostentation, and quite as matters of course. He never permitted her to be embarrassed; the little annoying situations of the day's life he had smoothed away long before they had ensnared her. He never was off his guard, never disturbed, never excited.

And he amused her, he entertained her without seeming to do so. He made her talk; he made her think. He stimulated and aroused her, so that she herself talked with a brilliancy that surprised herself. In fine, he had so contrived that she associated him with everything that was agreeable.

She had sent him away the first time, and he had gone without a murmur, only to come back loyal as ever, silent, watchful, sympathetic, his love for her deeper, stronger than before, and—as always timely—bringing to her companionship at the moment of all others when she was most alone.

Now she had driven him from her again, and this time, she very well knew, it was to be forever. She had shut the door upon this great love.

"STOP!" SHE CRIED, SPRINGING UP

Laura stirred abruptly in her place, adjusting her hair with nervous fingers.

And, last of all, it had been Jadwin, her husband. She rose and went to the window, and stood there a long moment, looking off into the night over the Park. It was warm and very still.

Suddenly she started from the window. She called a servant and asked:

"Has Mr. Jadwin come in yet?"

"Mr. Gretry just this minute telephoned that Mr. Jadwin would not be home to-night."

When the servant had gone out Laura, her lips compressed, flung up her head. Her hands shut to hard fists, her eye flashed. Rigid, erect in the middle of the floor, her arms folded, she uttered a smothered exclamation over and over again under her breath.

All at once anger mastered her—anger and a certain defiant recklessness, an abrupt spirit of revolt. She straightened herself suddenly, as one who takes a decision. Then, swiftly, she went out of the art gallery, and, crossing the hallway, entered the library and opened a great writing-desk that stood in a recess under a small stained window.

She pulled the sheets of notepaper toward her, wrote a short letter, directing the envelope to Sheldon Corthell, The Fine Arts Building, Michigan Avenue.

"Call a messenger," she said to the servant who answered her ring, "and send him in here when he comes."

She rested the letter against the inkstand and leaned back in her chair, looking at it, her fingers plucking swiftly at the lace of her dress. Her head was in a whirl. A confusion of thoughts, impulses, desires, half-formed resolves, half-named regrets, swarmed and spun about her. She felt as though she had all at once taken a leap—a leap which had landed her in a new and terrible country, an unfamiliar place—terrible, yet beautiful—unexplored, and for that reason all the more inviting, a place of shadows, out of which pleasant voices called and strange hands beckoned.

Laura rose and paced the floor, her hands pressed together over her heart. She was excited, her cheeks flushed, a certain breathless exhilaration came and went within her breast, and in place of the intolerable ennui of her last days there came over her a sudden, an almost wild, animation, and from out her black eyes there shot a kind of furious gayety.

She was aroused by a step at the door. The messenger stood there, a figure ridiculously inadequate for the intensity of all that was involved in the issue of the hour—a weazened, stunted boy, in a uniform many sizes too large.

Laura, seated at her desk, held the note toward him resolutely. Now was no time to hesitate, to temporize. If she did not hold to her resolve now, what was there to look forward to? Could one's life be emptier than hers of this last month—emptier, more intolerable, more humiliating?

"Take this note to that address," she said, putting a coin in the boy's hand. "Wait for an answer."

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The boy shut the letter in his book, which he thrust into his breast pocket, buttoning his coat over it. He nodded and turned away.

Still seated, Laura watched him moving toward the door. Well, it was over now. She had chosen. She had taken the leap. What new life was to begin for her to-morrow, that very evening? What did it all mean? With an inconceivable rapidity her thoughts began racing through her brain.

She did not move where she sat. Her hands, gripped tight together, rested upon the desk before her. Without turning her head she watched the retreating messenger from under her lashes. He passed out of the door, the curtain fell behind him.

And only then, when the irrevocableness of the step was all but an accomplished fact, came the reaction.

"Stop!" she cried, springing up. "Stop! Come back here. Wait a moment."

What had happened? She could neither understand nor explain. Somehow an instant of clear vision had come, and in that instant a power within her that was herself and not herself, had laid hold upon her will. No, no, she could not, she could not, after all. She took the note back.

"I have changed my mind," she said abruptly. "You may keep the money. There is no message to be sent."

She tore the note into fragments, and making a heap of them in the pen-tray burned them carefully.

During the week following upon this Laura found her trouble more than ever keen. She was burdened with a new distress. The incident of the note to Corthell, recalled at the last moment, had opened her eyes to possibilities of the situation hitherto unguessed. She saw now what she might be capable of doing in a moment of headstrong caprice, she saw depths in her nature she had not plumbed. Whether these hidden pitfalls were peculiarly hers, or whether they were common to all women placed as she now found herself, she did not pause to inquire. She thought only of results, and she was afraid.

For what she was now about to do she could give no reason, and the motives for this final and supreme effort to conquer the league of circumstances which hemmed her in were obscure. She did not even ask what they were. She knew only that she was in trouble, and yet it was to the cause of her distress that she addressed herself. Blindly she turned to her husband; and all the woman in her roused itself, girded itself, called up its every resource in one last test, in one ultimate trial of strength between her and the terrible growing power of that blind, soulless force that roared and guttered and sucked down, there in the midst of the city.

She alone, one unaided woman, her only auxiliaries her beauty, her wit, and the frayed, strained bands of a sorely tried love, stood forth like a challenger against Charybdis, joined battle with the Cloaca, held back with her slim hands against the power of the maëlstrom that swung whole nations in its grip.

In the solitude of her room she took the resolve. Her troubles were multiplying; she, too, was in the current, the end of which was a pit—a pit black and without bottom. Once already its grip had seized her, once already she had yielded to the insidious drift. Now suddenly aware of a danger, she fought back and, her hands beating the air for help, turned toward the greatest strength she knew.

"I want my husband," she cried, aloud, to the empty darkness of the night. "I want my husband. I will have him; he is mine, he is mine. There shall nothing take me from him; there shall nothing take him from me."

Her first opportunity came upon a Sunday soon afterward. Jadwin, wakeful all the Saturday night, slept a little in the forenoon, and after dinner Laura came to him in his smoking-room, as he lay on the leather lounge trying to read. His wife seated herself at a writing-table in a corner of the room, and by and by began turning the slips of a calendar that stood at her elbow. At last she tore off one of the slips and held it up.

"Curtis."

"Well, old girl?"

"Do you see that date?"

He looked over to her.

"Do you see that date? Do you know of anything that makes that day different—a little—from other days? It's June 13. Do you remember what June 13 is?"

Puzzled, he shook his head.

"No—no."

Laura took up a pen and wrote a few words in the space above the figures reserved for memoranda. Then she handed the slip to her husband, who read aloud what she had written.

"'Laura Jadwin's birthday.' Why, upon my word," he declared, sitting upright. "So it is, so it is. June 13, of course. And I was beast enough not to realize it. Honey, I can't remember anything these days, it seems."

"But you are going to remember this time, aren't you?" she urged. "You are not going to forget it now. That evening is going to mark the beginning of—oh, Curtis, it is going to be a new beginning of everything. You'll see. I'm going to manage it. I don't know how, but you are going to love me so that nothing—no business, no money, no wheat will ever keep you from me. I will make you. And that evening, that evening of June 13 is mine. The day your business can have you, but from six o'clock on you are mine." She crossed the room quickly and took both his hands in hers and knelt beside him. "It is mine," she said, "if you love me. Do you understand, dear? You will come home at six o'clock, and whatever happens—oh, if all La Salle Street should burn to the ground, and all your million bushels of wheat with it—whatever happens, you—will—not—leave—me, nor think of anything else but just me, me. That evening is mine, and you will give it to me, just as I have said. I won't remind you of it again. I won't speak of it again. I will leave it to you. But—you will give me that evening if you love me. Dear, do you see just what I mean? . . . If you love me. . . . Now—no, don't say a word, we won't talk about it at all. No, no, please. Not another word. I don't want you to promise, or pledge yourself, or anything like that. You've heard what I said—and that's all there is about it. We'll talk of something else. By the way, have you seen Mr. Cressler lately?"

"No, no," he said, falling into her mood; "I haven't seen Charlie in over a month. Wonder what's become of him?"

"I understand he's been sick," she told him. "I met Mrs. Cressler the other day, and she said she was bothered about him."

"Well, what's the matter with old Charlie?"

"She don't know herself. He's not sick enough to go to bed, but he don't or won't go downtown to his business. She says she can see him growing thinner every day. He keeps telling her he's all right, but for all that, she says, she's afraid he's going to come down with some kind of sickness pretty soon. I can see she is worried about him."

"IT IS MINE," SHE SAID, "IF YOU LOVE ME"

"Say," said Jadwin, "suppose we drop around to see them this afternoon? Wouldn't you like to? I haven't seen him in over a month, as I say. Or telephone them to come up and have dinner. Charlie's about as old a friend as I have. We used to be together about every hour of the day when we first came to Chicago. Let's go over to see him this afternoon and cheer him up."

"No," said Laura decisively. "Curtis, you must have one day of rest out of the week. You are going to lie down all the rest of the afternoon, and sleep if you can. I'll call on them to-morrow."

"Well, all right," he assented. "I suppose I ought to sleep if I can. And then Sam is coming up here by five. He's going to bring some railroad men with him. We've got a lot to do. Yes, I guess, old girl, I'll try to get forty winks before they get here. And, Laura," he added, taking her hand as she rose to go—"Laura, this is the last lap. In just another month now—oh, at the outside six weeks—I'll have closed the corner, and then, old girl, you and I will go somewheres, anywhere you like, and then we'll have a good time together all the rest of our lives—all the rest of our lives, honey. Good-by. Now I think I can go to sleep."

She arranged the cushions under his head and drew the curtains close over the windows, and went out, softly closing the door behind her. And a half-hour later, when she stole in to look at him, she found him asleep at last, his tired eyes closed, and the arm, with its broad, strong hand, resting under his head. She stood a long moment in the middle of the room, looking down at him; and then slipped out as noiselessly as she had come, the tears trembling on her eyelashes.

Laura Jadwin did not call on the Cresslers the next day, nor even the next after that. For three days she kept indoors, held prisoner by a series of petty incidents: now the crippling of one of her carriage horses, now the delay in the finishing of her new gowns, now by the excessive heat, now by a threat of rain. By Thursday, however, at the beginning of the second week of the month, the storm was gone and the sun once more shone. Early in the afternoon Laura telephoned to Mrs. Cressler.

"How are you and Mr. Cressler?" she asked. "I'm coming over to take luncheon with you and your husband if you will let me."

"Oh, Charlie is about the same, Laura," answered Mrs. Cressler's voice. "I guess the dear man has been working too hard, that's all. Do come over and cheer him up. If I'm not here when you come, you just make yourself at home. I've got to go downtown to see about railroad tickets and all. I'm going to pack my old man right off to Oconomowoc before I'm another day older. Made up my mind to it last night, and I don't want him to be bothered with tickets or time cards or baggage or anything. I'll run down and do it all myself. You come right up whenever you're ready and keep Charlie company. How's your husband, Laura child?"

"Oh, Curtis is well," she answered. "He gets very tired at times."

"Well, I can understand it. Lands alive, child, whatever are you going to do with all your money? They tell me that J. has made nearly a hundred millions in the last three or four months. A man I was talking to last week said his corner was the greatest thing ever known on the Chicago Board of Trade. Well, good-by, Laura; come up whenever you're ready. I'll see you at luncheon. Charlie is right here; he says to give you his love."

An hour later Laura's victoria stopped in front of the Cresslers' house, and the little footman descended with the agility of a monkey, to stand, soldierlike, at the steps.

Laura gave orders to have the victoria call for her at three, and ran quickly up the front steps. The front entrance was open, the screen door on the latch, and she entered without ceremony.

"Mrs. Cressler!" she called, as she stood in the hallway drawing off her gloves. "Mrs. Cressler! Carrie, have you gone yet?"

But the maid, Annie, appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Mrs. Cressler has gone out, Mrs. Jadwin," she said. "She said you was to make yourself at home, and she'd be back by noon."

Laura nodded, and standing before the hat-rack in the hall took off her hat and gloves and folded her veil into her purse.

As she entered the "back library" she was surprised to see Mr. Cressler there, seated in his armchair, his back turned from her.

"Why, I didn't know you were here, Mr. Cressler," she said as she came up to him.

She laid her hand upon his arm. But Cressler was dead; and as Laura touched him the head rolled upon the shoulder and showed the bullet hole in the temple, just in front of the ear.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Philadelphia Anachronism

PHILADELPHIA has been the victim of so many chronological references and comparisons that it ought to be able to stand one more. During the present winter a well-known woman was asked to read a paper before the organization that stands for a large part of the culture of the Quaker City. She pronounced the name slowly and then said:

"What an anachronism! A Contemporary Club in Philadelphia!"

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Important Notice to Readers

☞ February 1st the subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will be doubled and the magazine will be made better and larger. Until February 1st you can have it a whole year — 52 weeks — for only one dollar. After February 1st the price will be $2.00 the year.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶The best way to get even is to forget.

¶Imaginary trouble is the real thing, after all.

¶More people try to learn by talking than by listening.

¶Fearlessness burns its bridges behind; fear, the bridges before.

¶Man thinks more of the cigar thrown in than of the box he pays for.

¶It is natural that the man who gives himself away should feel cheap.

¶A postponed task more toil begets and borrowed money pays no debts.

¶Every wise man has a parachute of prudence attached to his balloon of enthusiasm.

¶Some people get credit for broken hearts when they have simply lost their nerve.

¶The man who makes wagers may show good judgment, but better judgment is usually shown by the man who doesn't bet.

¶It has required much more time for many a man to toil up the stairway of fame than it has for him to slide down the banister of obscurity.

¶There are men who attempt to obey the injunction of Holy Writ by not letting their right hands know that their left hands never do anything.

¶Many an aspiring young poet is convinced that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an editor to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

¶"Look up and not down" is good advice, but it won't do for the man who has to descend into the cellar every day to see how much longer his coal supply will last.

The Lorenzes of the World

EVERYBODY was interested the other day in the progress of the great Austrian surgeon Lorenz through the country, when scores of poor crippled children were brought to him at every halt in his journey. A wrench, a skillful kneading of the poor little bones by his hands, and the babies were sent back cured for life.

While here he told a story as significant as his work: how when he was a very little, very poor boy he found one day a glove — fine, embroidered, the glove of a gentleman — the sign to him of an upper, unknown life where the best men and women lived. He wore it proudly, quite unconscious of his rags and bare feet.

One day his mother said to him sadly: "It will be long before you can earn the other glove, my son." Then came the history of hard struggle and defeat. After thirty years, when his profession was almost open to him, the outbreak in his blood of a terrible eczema closed its doors to him.

"There seemed," he said in his quaint English, "nothing left to me but to blow out the brains. Gentlemen, I have known what is despair."

But this was twenty years ago — twenty years of indomitable work. Now, famous as a great surgeon throughout two continents, and followed by the prayers and blessings of legions of poor mothers — he has found the other glove!

The story of Lorenz reminds us of that of a poor Portuguese knight who lived centuries ago. He was starving in Lisbon one winter when he was seized with smallpox and was driven to the fields to herd with lepers, according to the usage of the times. When he recovered he had but one thought — to save other men from the want and loathsome agony that he had undergone. He carried two lepers from the streets to his clean garret and begged food and medicine for them. Soon two more followed, then other two. Then rich, kindly neighbors looked into the matter and hired the whole house for his lepers and smallpox patients. The story of his work spread. Other knights took it up for the love of Christ; houses were given to him in several cities of Spain and France. He nursed, he begged, he prayed, until he grew old and white-haired, and, still working, died. He was the founder of the first hospitals in Europe.

Surely this old Portuguese San Juan and this modern surgeon, though centuries apart by birth, were twin brothers at soul!

The air suddenly fills with crowding shapes claiming to belong to the same family. Father Damien and the black-masked Brothers of the Misericordia and the trig visiting nurses of American cities; the mighty corps of hospital workers, the doctors next door to us who give their skill and time to paupers free of charge; or it may be you who read helping some helpless neighbor with your whole heart in the work. It is the army of these who love their brother man, and the Nazarene is their leader.

It may be that it is the Christmas season which has summoned this enchanted legion to our view. It is not a dream. Its work will last when the doings of Kings and Trusts are forgotten.

Things that are Worth While

ONLY a few weeks ago Andrew D. White, then Ambassador to Germany, was pointing a Berlin audience to seventy millions given by Americans within the year for education and philanthropy as proof conclusive that they are not materialists but idealists. Yet since he spoke the sum has been increased by scores of large gifts, one of them providing for the expenditure of fifty millions. The fact is, there never was a nation of true idealists until ours. We were founded politically and socially not upon loyalty to some man-made institution or some royal family, but upon the ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity; and we have lived in a progressively exalted atmosphere of abstractions.

If ever there was a work of the imagination, a work of creative and constructive genius, it was the conquest of this continent from the wilderness. Look closely at the so-called idealist ages of the past, and you find beneath a thin veneer of highfalutin profession coarse and base passion contending in sordidness and selfishness. Look closely at the civilization that has risen within two generations upon this continent, and you find beneath a veneer of dollar-hunting materialism a splendid and humane imagination planning miracles and executing them for the sake of principle, for the sake of posterity. An Indiana historian, Doctor Ridpath, dedicated one of his books "to my father and mother, who on the rough frontier of civilization toiled and suffered and died that their children might inherit the promise." That tells the story. Is it not more inspiring than any embodied in the beautiful art creations of Europe paid for by "munificent," art-patronizing rulers with blood and tears wrung from their peasants?

To a truly cultured mind there is more idealism in any one of several hundred homely, humble colleges founded in our wilderness by poverty-pressed pioneers than in all the monuments Old-World genius has built to tyrants and butchers and gilded nobodies and cynical statesmen playing the game of maintaining the serfdom of the masses of mankind. And the ideas taught in those little colleges — ideas of freedom and manhood, of independence and self-reliance, of the dignity of labor and the dishonor of parasitism, and the right of every man to work out his own destiny without hindrance — where in Europe, monarchical, socialistic, artistic, is their like to be found?

It is well to acquire what may be called the wisdom of the senses that is so highly developed in the Old World — the keen appreciation of painting, sculpture, architecture and music. But we ought never to forget that our own idealism, our spiritual idealism, our passion for the things not made by hands, not bought and sold, not capable of being materialized for the grosser perceptions of sight and touch and hearing, is finer and nobler than any idealism which the most artistic civilization of Europe could give us. We should be poor, indeed, if we lost our own, or learned to think less highly of it, in reaching out for theirs. As for Europe's political and social ideals — Germany's kind of socialism and England's kind of trade unionism, both frank copies of despotism that denies individual rights — we cannot afford to coquette with them.

As the direct result of this spiritual idealism of ours which has been overlooked by those who can appreciate only the things of the senses, we have these vast outpourings of wealth for mental and moral development, for the making of a wiser and better race. We always gave, never more liberally than in the days of our poverty. We give now of our abundance, but not more generously.

It is important that the spirit of these givings shall be maintained. It is important that, in acquiring the culture, the refined senses which constitute the education imported from Europe, we shall not lose our own original higher idealism. That is indeed a badly educated American who learns to value any culture of the senses, any views of past civilization, any survivals of the old order with its "right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne," as at all comparable with the teaching of America's culture of the mind and heart of man. That culture expresses itself not merely in marble or paint or cunningly wrought metals and stuffs or in "concord of sweet sounds," but in ever more and more millions of manly men and womanly women.

It would be a sorry use of these gifts to education, and we should soon find the sources of them drying up, if we should educate ourselves out of our profound idealism into Europe's veneer of idealism.

America has given a new meaning to the word Character. It must give a new meaning to the word Culture.

A Trade Wind from the Caribbean

IT'S an ill wind that blows nobody good. The bleak gale that has been whistling over Venezuela of late bids fair to be a particularly balmy breeze to the United States. For some time before the Anglo-German fleet began giving lessons in "courtesy" by sinking gunboats and blowing up forts the feeling of Latin America toward this country had been growing distinctly chilly. The little republics had been growing restive under the guardianship of the big one. They did not like our interference to preserve order on the Isthmus of Panama; they were disturbed by our proceedings in Cuba, and they suspected us of all sorts of imperialistic designs imperiling their independence. They began to question the value of the Monroe Doctrine. After all, they asked, was not the Yankee peril the real danger they had to fear? Would it not be best for them to draw closer to Europe and declare their independence of the United States?

The Germans and English have obligingly answered all these questions in our favor. Latin America, from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn, again recognizes the United States as its indispensable protector, and the Monroe Doctrine as the priceless charter of its liberties. In view of the proceedings of the allies at La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, nobody can doubt for an instant that if this Republic had not stood in the way the European Powers would have undertaken to wipe Venezuela from the list of nations. They would have made Castro a fugitive like Kruger and divided his country like Poland. And every Latin American state realizes again, as it has realized on similar occasions in the past, that its own national existence depends on the same protection that is saving Venezuela.

No doubt this realization has helped to smooth the way of the Panama Canal treaty with Colombia and of the reciprocity treaty with Cuba. Its effects will be felt in many other ways, especially in the matter of trade. The boycott of German and British goods in Venezuela is likely to spread in a greater or less degree throughout South America. Italy, Spain and the other European Powers that have associated themselves for the coercion of Venezuela will all feel the effects of Spanish-American ill will. A small republic may not think it prudent to give armed assistance to a neighbor in distress, but no country is too small or too weak to trade where it pleases. The Kaiser's mailed fist cannot compel an Argentine merchant to give an order to a German drummer when he prefers to deal with somebody else.

All this must work to our advantage. Our national manners are not always pleasing to the South Americans, but, after all, they are beginning to realize that they can trust us; and that counts for a good deal in these days.

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MEN AND MEASURES

By Charles Emory Smith

THE rapidity with which the changing kaleidoscope sometimes shifts the scenes is strikingly illustrated in the swift transformation of interest at Washington within a period of two weeks. Congress met with all eyes fixed on the President's message and its questions. Before it was cold all eyes were turned to Venezuela. The sudden developments had filled the horizon with foreign complications. For the hour trusts and tariff and Cuba were all remanded to the background.

With this change the White House and State Department became the focus of attention, instead of the Capitol. Senators and Representatives debated Statehood, but thought and talked about Venezuela. The turn freshly exemplified how completely the executive side of the Government controls foreign questions. This is inherent in our American system, with its sharply defined division of executive, legislative and judicial functions. A legislative body cannot conduct diplomacy. The Senate has its voice when it comes to the ratification of treaties, but the real management of foreign issues must be in the hands of the President, and it marks the broad distinction from the parliamentary system where the government is the embodied parliament.

This executive power is far-reaching. The Monroe Doctrine, which from its announcement has been the pivotal and dominant law of the Western Hemisphere, was simply an executive declaration. All the issues growing out of the Spanish war were practically within the control of the President. It was his judgment which decided whether the nation should enter upon expansion or not. He determined that we should take the Philippines and how we should handle Cuba. An obstructive and hostile Congress might perhaps have embarrassed his policies, but the President can so far commit the nation that it is really constrained to accept and follow his counsel.

The question which arose over Venezuela was simple in its form but complex in its possibilities. English and German subjects had claims of various kinds against Venezuela—partly financial obligations for loans or services, partly indemnity for alleged injuries. The Venezuelan Government was a delinquent debtor. At the best it was never either very able or very willing to meet its obligations. Revolutionary conditions and shifty rulership had clouded both its ability and its disposition. The English and German Governments took up the matter on behalf of their complaining subjects and proceeded to joint coercive measures. They dispatched their fleets to the Venezuelan coast, sent identical ultimatums to the Venezuelan Government, shotted their guns, kicked and cuffed the little delinquent with accidental or incidental violence, instituted a blockade and demanded a settlement at the cannon's mouth.

Our Attitude Toward the Powers

In this controversy the attitude of the United States was from the first plain and unequivocal. First of all it could not permit any infraction of the Monroe Doctrine. Neither England nor Germany nor any European Power could be allowed to make any acquisition of territory on this continent or even to engage in any extended occupation. They could not be suffered to levy on Venezuelan territory. The reason for this prohibition on our part was not that such a seizure would be a wrong to Venezuela—though it might be—but that it would be an affront to the United States. It would be an infringement upon the Monroe Doctrine which we have established for our own protection and security. According to the popular cartoon, the Monroe Doctrine is a live wire which it is not safe to step on.

On the other hand, the United States cannot stand up for delinquent debtors. It cannot allow the Monroe Doctrine to become a shield for any improvident or reckless American nation in repudiating or resisting just claims upon it. If we are tenacious in insisting that no European nation shall extend its political power on this continent, it is the more incumbent upon us not to encourage any of the weaker American Governments to incur obligations and attempt to evade them under cover of that position. The United States is primate of the American continent and its rights must be respected; but it cannot act either as a sheriff, or as a debt-collector, or as a guarantor, or as a passive and complacent accessory.

The position of our Government was made the easier by the frank and unreserved assurances of the European Powers. Before taking any step they advised the United States of what they proposed to do and asked if it had any objection. They explicitly disclaimed any design of acquiring or permanently occupying Venezuelan territory. There is no reason to doubt their good faith. Their assurances were entirely in harmony with all their later professions. A year ago England, Germany and other European Powers were engaged in an active rivalry as to which was the better friend of the United States.

HOW THE VENEZUELAN AFFAIR AND THE OMNIBUS STATEHOOD BILL HAVE OVERSHADOWED THE TWO SERIOUS QUESTIONS OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

They are all sedulously cultivating the good feeling and good will of the great Republic. They have fully accepted the Monroe Doctrine in all its length and breadth. To suppose that they would now willfully and deliberately transgress it and challenge the United States is to assume that all their professions are a sham and that they would wantonly provoke a conflict.

The attitude of the United States, then, was simple and direct. To let the creditor nations use rightful measures to effect a settlement; to let the delinquent debtor take care of himself and ward off legitimate punishment for illegitimate contumacy, if he could, by paying up or promising to pay up; to hold both within the proper ground of settling disputed claims—this was the rôle of the United States as the friend of all parties. At the same time, when there is a heap of chips lying around no one can tell what spark will start a conflagration. If a war was begun, was it certain where it would end? If the creditor Powers went ashore to seize the custom houses, was it clear how soon they would again go aboard? If little Venezuela—needful as it might be to teach her a lesson—were pressed too hard, was it plain how far the resentment would spread through South America?

There were dangerous possibilities which it was better to eliminate. The United States was neutral, but she is the *amicus curiæ*. She is the friend of all. On every ground she preferred a peaceful settlement. With this view she suggested and urged arbitration within the appropriate limits of her relation as not being a party in interest; and her position is so commanding and her moral influence so great that her counsel prevailed. The application of the principle of arbitration is of the first importance. The form and the method are secondary. With its adoption, whatever details remain to be adjusted, the acute stage of the controversy has passed and it is in process of peaceful solution.

The diplomatic stroke of England and Germany in meeting the President's proposal of The Hague tribunal as the arbitrator with the counter proposal that the President himself should arbitrate the dispute was exceedingly clever. Naturally it was both tempting and repellant. It attracted in its implications and opportunities and it excited doubt in its responsibilities and possibilities. It is difficult to blend the functions of defender of the Monroe Doctrine, adviser of the sister Republics of America and the adjudicator of their equivocal disputes, and to be the impartial judge and at the same time keep a free hand is a delicate matter. But better this than no arbitration or long delay. At the present writing it is undetermined whether the President will act or will induce the consent of the contending parties to an acceptable alternative, and the question is one of great interest and of large significance in its bearings on the future.

The only issue of the session thus far has been the Omnibus Statehood bill. It was the last gasp of the long session and it is the first legacy of the short session. The House passed it last year without any consideration, doubtless assuming that it would be buried in the Senate, and in the Senate it arouses one of the closest and sharpest fights of years. The struggle is for and against the admission of each of the remaining Territories, Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Indian Territory as separate States. The antagonists of the scheme oppose the admission of Arizona and New Mexico, and favor uniting Oklahoma and Indian Territory and admitting them as one State.

Senator Quay is the leader of the Omnibus forces, and he leads with characteristic boldness and audacity. He is full of nerve, fertility and resource. If he were readier in debate, with the accessories of parliamentary equipment, he would be a powerful leader. But he is a strong partisan chief, and he makes up in part for the lack of parliamentary dexterity and debating facility by his force and his adroitness in general management. The battle columns are drawn, not entirely but nearly, along party lines. The great body of the Republican Senators and all of the recognized strong men, except Quay and Foraker, are against the Omnibus bill. Behind Quay are a few straggling Senators from the Rockies and the bulk of the Democrats.

Senator Quay has thrown himself into the fight with all his aggressive energy and determination. He wages the battle much as he waged the tariff fight, in which he coolly and calmly brought forth his barrel of inexhaustible manuscript whenever he wanted a concession or objected to a rate, and proceeded complacently to read away until his adversaries in sheer desperation yielded as the price of relief. He is a warrior who uses every weapon. A letter turns up in which he advises that Arizona shall go Democratic in order to influence the Democratic Senators, and he sheds it as a duck sheds rain. The point is made that his particular friends have interests to be promoted, and he answers that it is his pleasure to serve his friends. That is a kind of warfare which it is hard to combat.

The leadership of the opponents of the Omnibus bill devolves on Senator Beveridge as chairman of the Committee on Territories. He engages in the contest with all his ardor and earnestness. His position in the Senate is steadily advancing. He came there with a high reputation as an orator, but with the challenge which faces a new member. He encountered the prejudice directed against his youth, and the inquisition aroused by his undisguised purpose to achieve a place and make an impress. But with his ability, his studious industry, his patriotism, his high ideals, his unselfish devotion to the public interests, he disarmed the challenge and has rapidly gained in the esteem of his associates. He has not made the mistake of speaking too often in the Senate, but he has been a power on the stump, and the range, elevation and cogency of his speeches have commanded respect and confidence.

In fighting the Omnibus bill Senator Beveridge will have the help of Senators Aldrich, Allison, Spooner, Hanna, Hale, Lodge, Platt of Connecticut, and practically all of the recognized Republican leaders. Senator Quay started with an undoubted majority of the Senate. But the array on the other side is a powerful force to stand up against. Under ordinary circumstances it would be irresistible. The indications now are that it will win this battle. It has already picked off a man here and there from Senator Quay's column, and all the influence it can exert will be put forth until the fight is ended.

It has the argument of the obvious unfitness of Arizona and New Mexico for admission, their scanty population, their alien character, their illiteracy, the aridness of the land, the hopelessness of any material advance, the recognized mistake of premature admissions heretofore made, and various other considerations amplifying and enforcing these. The objections to giving these two Territories, with all their manifest disabilities, a power in national legislation equal to that of New York and Pennsylvania put together, for they would have an equal vote in the Senate, seem conclusive. But it will be a hard and vigorous struggle, and though the present signs point to the defeat of the Omnibus bill that result is not yet fully assured.

The Trusts and the Tariff

The overshadowing interest of the Venezuela question and the absorption of the Senate in the Statehood contest have put the two leading points of the President's message, the trusts and the tariff, to one side for the hour. But with the resumption of the session after the holiday recess they will reappear—reappear only in the case of one of them to be hung up without any immediate and definite action. It is plain that nothing can be done with the tariff at the short session. Any real consideration would consume at least three months, probably much more, and only two months remain. The most that can be undertaken is to instruct the Ways and Means and Finance Committees to take up the tariff for examination and review with a view to future action.

The suggestion of a commission of outside experts, to which the President is inclined, is not likely to be adopted. There is, indeed, very much to be said in its favor. Such a body, judiciously constituted, could make a more searching and scientific investigation of the tariff than the committees of Congress. Approaching the subject from the two standpoints of maintaining the protective principle and of applying it intelligently and fairly in the best interests of general business, the commission could readjust the schedules on the most equitable basis in the light of present conditions. When

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the committees frame them it is more a matter of give and take. But Congress is jealous of commissions. It is unwilling to commit its power to an outside body. If it created a commission it would not follow the report, but would make a new investigation and a new measure of its own. Under these circumstances it will be disposed to keep the question in its own hands, and the most it will do at this session is to direct an inquiry as to the basis of legislation in the future.

The question of trust legislation is in a different position. The President is pressing it as more immediate, and in every way it is more easily handled. It is complex in its elements, but limited in its range. It is intricate in its problems and methods, but direct and restricted in its objects. Unlike the tariff, which covers a great variety of interests, each requiring its own special study, it is addressed to the one subject of Federal regulation of corporations engaged in interstate commerce. But though simple in form trust legislation is exceedingly difficult in essence and in substance. Though capable of being compressed into two or three printed pages, it will perplex the deepest wisdom to frame it so that it will be effective without being injurious and practical without being unconstitutional.

No man has yet framed it. The Sherman anti-trust law was prepared and passed thirteen years ago, before the trust problem had reached its present proportions. Just how much virtue it possesses has never been fully tried. It was long dormant, and its recent revival and application have yet to pass the judicial test. But, however sound within its scope, it falls short of present needs as demonstrated by the later trust developments. How to supplement and complete it with additional legislation is the problem, and no man has yet solved it.

One of the most interesting announcements of the day is that Senator Hoar is preparing such a measure. He is chairman of the Judiciary Committee and recognized as a profound lawyer. He was the real author of the essential and vital part of the Sherman Act, and has expressed the conviction that this law does not exhaust the constitutional power of Congress on the subject. One of the most penetrating and suggestive speeches on the question of trusts and their regulation was that which was made by Senator Hoar during the late campaign. He has no demagogic spirit; he is impelled only by the highest devotion to the public welfare; and his utterances are the fruit of deep reflection.

If any trust legislation shall pass at this session it will be because the President insists on it, and if he can carry a well-considered measure it will be a great tribute to his influence and his leadership. Nothing short of his earnest force will secure it. Such a project will naturally and honestly excite divisions and occasion debate. It would be quite remarkable if, with the novelty of the subject and the difficulties which surround it, a satisfactory law could be perfected in a single short session, and it will not be surprising if it goes over.

The Poets at a House-Party

By CAROLYN WELLS

[A modern mortal having inadvertently stumbled in upon a house-party of poets given on Mount Olympus, being called upon to justify his presence there by writing a poem, offered a Limerick. Whereupon each poet scoffed, and the mortal, offended, challenged them to do better with the same theme.]

The Limerick

A scholarly person named Finck
Went mad in the effort to think
  Which were graver misplaced,
  To dip pen in his paste,
Or dip his paste-brush in the ink.

Omar Khayyam's Version

Stay, fellow-traveler, let us stop and think,
Pause and reflect on the abysmal brink;
  Say, would you rather thrust your pen in paste,
Or dip your paste-brush carelessly in ink?

Rudyard Kipling's Version

Here is a theme that is worthy of our cognizance,
  A theme of great importance and a question for your ken;
Would you rather—stop and think well—
Dip your paste-brush in your ink-well,
  Or in your pesky pasting-pot immerse your inky pen?

Walt Whitman's Version

Hail, Camerados!
I salute you,
Also I salute the sewing-machine, and the flour-barrel, and the feather-duster.
What is an aborigine, anyhow?
I see a paste-pot.
Ay, and a well of ink.
Well, well!
Which shall I do?
Ah, the immortal fog.
What am I myself
But a meteor
In the fog?

Chaucer's Version

A mayde ther ben, a wordy one and wyse,
Who wore a paire of gogles on her eyes.
O'er theemes of depest thogt her braine she werked,
Nor ever any knoty problemme sherked.
Yette when they askt her if she'd rather sinke
Her penne in payste, or eke her brushe in inke,
"Ah," quo' the canny mayde, "now wit ye wel,
I'm wyse enow to know—too wyse to tel."

Henry James' Version

She luminously wavered, and I tentatively inferred that she would soon perfectly reconsider her not altogether unobvious course. Furiously, though with a tender, ebbing similitude, across her mental consciousness stole a re-culmination of all the truths she had ever known concerning, or even remotely relating to, the not-easily fathomed qualities of paste and ink. So she stood, focused in an intensity of soul-quivers, and I, all unrelenting, waited, though of a dim uncertainty whether, after all, it might not be only a dubitant problem.

Swinburne's Version

Shall I dip, shall I dip it, Dolores,
  This luminous paste-brush of thine?
Shall I sully its white-breasted glories,
  Its fair, foam-flecked figure divine?
Or shall I—abstracted, unheeding—
  Swish swirling this pen in my haste,
And, deaf to thy pitiful pleading,
  Just jab it in paste?

Eugene Field's Version

See the Ink Bottle on the Desk! It is full of Nice Black Ink. Why, the Paste-Pot is there, Too! Let us watch Papa as he sits down to write. Oh, he is going to paste a Second-hand Stamp on a Letter. See, he has dipped his Brush in the Ink by Mistake. Oh, what a Funny Mistake! Now, although it is Winter, we may have to Endure the Heated Term.

Stephen Crane's Version

I stood upon a church spire,
A slender, pointed spire,
And I saw
Ranged in solemn row before me,
A paste-pot and an ink-pot.
I held in my either hand
A pen and a brush.
Ay, a pen and a brush.
Now this is the strange part;
I stood upon a church spire,
A slender, pointed spire,
Glad, exultant,
Because
The choice was mine!
Ay, mine!
As I stood upon a church spire,
A slender, pointed spire.

Mr. Dooley's Version

"I see by th' pa-apers, Hennessy," said Mr. Dooley, "that they've a question up for dee-bate."

"What's a dee-bate?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, it's different from fish-bait," returned Mr. Dooley, "an' it's like this, if I can bate it into the thick head of ye. A lot of people argyfies an' argyfies to decide, as in the prisint instance, whether a man 'd raythur shtick his pastin'-brush in his ink-shtand, or if he'd like it betther to be afther dippin' his pen in his pashte-pot."

"Thot," said Mr. Hennessy, "is a foolish question, an' only fools wud argyfy about such a thing as thot."

"That's what makes it a dee-bate," said Mr. Dooley.

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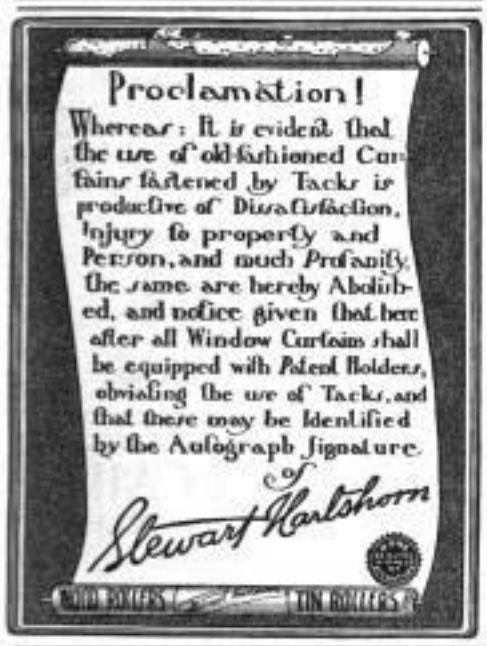

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The Reading Table

To Him that Hath

BERNARD N. BAKER has become one of the richest men in the South. Five generations of his family have lived in Baltimore. He graduated from Yale and returned to his city. He had ideas and he proceeded to work them out. Baltimore had an interesting commerce, but it was capable of development. First he formed a lighterage company. A small steamship was chartered. Then another ship was added. Next the Atlantic Transport Company was organized, and it had its trials, but through them all its president, Mr. Baker, was never discouraged. He constantly increased the line until he had regular services from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Prosperity came, and a few months ago he placed orders in American yards for some of the finest ships ever designed.

When the new trust cut out some of the Baltimore offices, Mr. Baker gave two years' salary to those who lost their places through this change and one full year's salary to all the other employees, thus distributing among his young men—they were nearly all under forty—the comfortable total of $350,000.

A man who visits Baltimore tells a story about Mr. Baker, whom he admires. "Eight years ago," he said, "I was down there and met a friend, and in the course of conversation said something of a complimentary sort about Baker. I noticed my friend was silent, and I asked him what was the matter. 'Oh, nothing,' he replied, 'only a man isn't always big because he thinks million-dollar ideas on stockholders' money.' I was in Baltimore the other day and I met the same friend. He was as happy as a clam at the high tide of prosperity, for he had profited largely from Mr. Baker's success, and I mentioned Baker's name again, which was hardly necessary, when everybody was speaking it. 'Baker is a wonder,' said my friend. 'He has the genius of foresight, and it does a few of us a mighty lot of good to feel that we had confidence in him all the way along.' I could not help recalling the little conversation of eight years previous, and my friend very properly flushed. 'Well,' he said finally, 'to tell you the honest truth, when I said that the stock wasn't paying any dividend and nobody wanted to buy it.'

"I always tell this little story," concluded the man, "when I hear about the old fellows who blow over their confidence in a man after the man has won. As a matter of fact, Baker pushed through extraordinary difficulties, and he succeeded because he is a most remarkable man, with real American grit."

IMPERTINENT POEMS

By Edmund Vance Cooke

(VIII) DIAGNOSIS

YOU have a grudge against the man
Who did the thing you couldn't do.
You hatched the scheme, you laid the plan,
And yet you couldn't push it through.
You strained your soul and couldn't win;
He gave a breath and it was easy.
You smile and swallow your chagrin,
But, oh, the swallow makes you queasy.
I know the illness, for, you see,
The diet never pleases me.

Your dearest friend has made a strike,
Has placed his mark above the crowd,
Has won the thing which you would like,
And you are glad for him and proud.
Your tongue is swift, your cheek is red,
When some one speaks to his detraction,
And yet the fact the thing is said
Affords you half a satisfaction.
I see the workings of your mind,
Because my own is so inclined.

You tell me fame is a hollow squeak,
You say that wealth is carking care;
To live care-free a single week
Is more than years of work and wear.
Alexander weeps his highest place,
Diogenes is happy sunning:
What matters it who wins the race,
If one has had the joy of running?
And yet, you covet prize and pelf—
I know it, for I do myself.

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GOLDEN FLEECE

(Continued from Page 3)

The night before they landed she and Frothingham sat on deck late, her father dozing in a chair at a discreet distance. Both were depressed—the sense that they were once more about to plunge into the whirlpool of life made each sad. Honoria was remembering the past; Frothingham was brooding over the future. If he had dared he would have proposed to her. "She'd make a satisfactory wife," he said to himself. "She's just enough English to understand me and to make my people like her. She wouldn't get on their nerves. And she doesn't talk through her nose except when she's excited. She's a little too clever—but a steady goer, once the harness is on. If I could get her it would be good business, good swift business."

"You're a queer sort," he said to her suddenly. "Most girls are full of getting married. But I don't believe you give it a thought."

"I sha'n't ever marry," she replied.

He laughed. "Oh, I say, that's nonsense. Every girl must marry. You may as well make up your mind to it, close your eyes, shut your teeth and dash in."

"You might not think it," she said after a pause, "but I'm like you English—I'm horribly, incurably sentimental. I know it's foreign to my bringing up, but——" Her jaw set, and her eyes fixed upon something visible only to her in the blackness beyond the rail. "My bringing up was all wrong and rotten," she went on presently. "I don't know just how or where, but I know it's so. I began to feel it dimly when I visited my aunt in America four years ago. My mother died when I was a baby, and I was trained by my father and governesses—governesses that suited him. My father—— But I needn't tell you, and you probably don't sympathize with me. His one idea in life is social position. It seems to me a contemptible ambition for a man. With women—there's some excuse for it. We're naturally petty. And, so far as I can see it, as the world is made up, if we haven't got that we haven't got anything. We can't have any other ambition—it's the only one open to us. Well, I haven't got even ambition. I want—that is, I wanted——"

She paused again, resisting the mood that was urging her on to confidence. "By Jove," thought Frothingham, "it wouldn't be hard for a man to love her."

"No matter what it was I wanted," she went on, "I didn't get it—and sha'n't, ever." She turned her face toward him. "You may misunderstand me—may think I'm in love and hopelessly disappointed—there's a story of that kind going round. But I'm not in love. I was—but I'm not now."

"Do you think one ever gets over it?" he asked absently.

She did not answer.

"I'm afraid not—at least, not thoroughly," he answered himself. There were two faces out there in the blackness into which they were staring, but each was seeing only one.

"One ought to get over it—one must," she said slowly, "when one finds that the person one cared for is a bad lot. But"—she sighed under her breath—"I might marry, yes, would, if I needed a home or money. But I don't. So I shall be much better contented alone. I'll never believe deeply in any human being again."

"You mustn't take life so seriously," he said gently. "You'll change before you're twenty-five."

"So my father thinks." She looked at Frothingham with a mischievous, audacious smile. "He thinks I shall change immediately—and marry—you!"

Frothingham gasped.

"How funny and fishlike you look," she said, laughing at him. "You're in no danger. Do you suppose I'd have said that if I'd had you on my list? No, I like you, *but—but!*"

"You may change your mind," he recovered himself sufficiently to say.

"No—you're safe. I spoke out because I wish to be friends with you. I don't especially admire your purpose in going to America. But at least you're frank about it."

"I? Why, Miss Longview—I——" Frothingham began to protest, pushing at his dislodging eyeglass.

"Don't prevaricate. You wouldn't do it well. As I was about to say, I wish to be friends with you. And it's impossible for a woman and a man to be friends when either is harboring matrimonial designs against the other, or fancies the other is harboring them."

"I certainly have to marry somebody," said Frothingham mournfully.

"Yes—I know. Father explained about you. He's up on every titled family in England above the baronet. And he's determined that I shall be a countess at the very least. He says he has the money to buy it—and possibly he has. But"—she was intent upon the blackness again—"I shall never go back to England," she said. "I shall stay in America—with a visit to Paris and the Riviera now and then."

"That'll cheer your father when he hears it," drawled Frothingham. He coughed and stammered and added in an embarrassed, apologetic tone, "And I don't like to hear a girl as young and attractive as you are talk in that ghastly way."

She looked at him with a teasing smile.

"You'll make some woman a good husband," she said. "Selfish and flighty, perhaps, but on the whole good. I'll be glad to help you—with some other girl. In fact, I've one in mind—an acquaintance in New York—we call each the other friend, and I'm fond of her, as that sort of thing goes with women."

He began to stammer again and she saw that he was still hanging hopefully over her father's plan. "If I were a marrying woman and ambitious," she went on, "I'd think seriously of having a cast at you. But I'm neither, so I can appreciate your assets quite impartially."

"I've got nothing," he said, "nothing but debts."

"Debts are an asset—if contracted in a way that would seem romantic to a girl. Then, there's your title. That's a big asset either in England or America. And you've got a fairly good disposition and nice manners, and you pretend indifference charmingly, assisted by your eyeglass. And your character is not too bad. Not too good, either. I've heard one or two rather thick stories of you. If I were your wife I'd keep an eye on the money—you *will* gamble. But your character is well up to the average for our kind of people."

"I've been rather bad, I'm afraid," he said, in the shallowly penitent tone in which human beings glory in the sins they are proud of. "I've been as bad as I knew how to be."

"All of us are that, I fancy," replied Honoria, rising. "I sha'n't trouble you to confess to me. Save it for—her. Good-night." She put out her hand friendlily. "I think we shall be friends."

Frothingham looked after her as she went with her father down the deck toward the main companionway. "She *is* a queer lot," he muttered. "I suppose that's American. Well, if it's a fair specimen, I certainly sha'n't be bored in America."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Why Tears are Salt

RECENT announcements of scientists as to the wonderful properties of salt and saline solutions in sustaining and renewing life have directed much attention to this substance.

"It is curious when you come to think of it," said a chemist in the Smithsonian Institution, "that salt is the only mineral we use as an article of diet.

"Indispensable as it now is, however, it is an acquired taste. Aborigines that lived by the chase did not salt their meat. Many nomadic tribes still refuse to use salt.

"The tribes of Arctic Russia and Siberia devour decayed fish with great relish. The Russian Government seeking to improve their food supply issued a mandate that their fish should be salted. The inhabitants obediently complied with the order, but as the ukase did not include any order about eating the fish thus salted, the tribes continued to live on their unsalted and reeking diet.

"Tribes in Africa, however, and in other lands depending on vegetable diet naturally take to salt. In America agricultural or sedentary tribes have gone to war for the possession of saline springs.

"With the progress of civilization and the use of a mixed diet salt has become so universal a condiment that it has permeated the whole human system. The blood is saline in taste, human tears are salty, and every tissue of the body is bathed and cleansed by salt.

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"ROMANCES OF THE WORLD'S GREAT MINES"

AN ARTICLE in one of the December magazines tells of the fortunes produced by a few famous mines. We hear of the great successes and "strikes," but seldom of the heart-breaking failures. The best-known gold mine in America, and perhaps in the world, was once traded for a mule. The owner either did not have money or energy enough to develop his hidden wealth. A company was subsequently formed to work the property and only after the hardest of struggles against indifference and unbelief were the promoters able to raise enough money to barely start the enterprise. That mine is to-day pointed to everywhere as an ideally safe investment. Modern mining is not a business in which a poor man or a small company can succeed once in a hundred times. Crushing plants, smelters, concentrators, cyanide tanks and the ore hoisting and carrying plants involve vast expense before the modern mine is properly equipped to earn money for its owners. Trace the history of any great mine and you will go back to the day when its stock sold for but a fraction of its present market value, or almost went begging.

OUR first impulse in offering stock of the "Majestic" is always to simply state a few facts about the vast mineral wealth of this splendid combination of copper, gold, silver, lead, zinc and iron mines. If we stated here what we actually believe and what we actually know about this combination of riches, not one reader in ten thousand would believe our statements. In presenting our claims to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST we make but two requests: First, send for our book, "Above and Below the Surface," by return mail; Second, if it is possible for you to do so, join one of the parties which we are sending out to personally inspect the mines. Private cars and dining car direct to the mines and return. Unimpeachable references are required, for each member of the party must be above reproach. As our largest subscriptions have been received from persons who have seen and examined the property, we shall send investors to see for themselves whenever it is possible. **We can and will prove** every statement we make in our book, "Above and Below the Surface," by actual development work already completed.

What We Offer

The "Majestic"

Combination of Copper, Gold, Silver, Lead, Zinc and Iron Mines

This vast property, located in Beaver County, Utah, embraces eight groups of mines:

1. O. K.
2. Old Hickory
3. Vicksburg
4. Harrington-Hickory
5. Larkspur
6. Hoosier Boy
7. Copperfield
8. Treasure

Of 2,400 acres in area; also hundreds of acres included in Smelter Site and New Town Site, more water than needed, brick and lime on property. Upwards of 20,000 feet of actual underground development work — shafts, drifts, cross cuts, winzes, etc. An excess of 100,000 tons of available ore on the dumps, estimated by experts to be worth between **$1,000,000 and $2,000,000.**

What Capitalists Say Who Have Visited the Mines

E. H. HOTCHKISS, of Hotchkiss Bros., Lumber Dealers, Torrington, Conn. — "I am impressed with the Majestic much more favorably than I anticipated, and to such an extent that I am agreeably surprised. While the reports given out regarding the Majestic by Messrs. Chapman, Mucklow & Bosson regarding the holdings of the Company were, by a good many, considered as being overdrawn, I am fully convinced that the full truth regarding these properties has not been told. In my opinion the Majestic, in point of value and promise, ranks among the best in the West."

HON. D. N. MORGAN (Ex-Treasurer of the United States), Bridgeport, Conn. — "All of the statements made to me of the values of the Majestic Mining and Smelting Company's properties have been fully verified by personal examination. Corroboration of these statements have been the unqualified opinions of eminent experts and others who have for years made a study and inspection of the mining industry of the United States. I believe that the Company has a wonderful future before it."

JOHN M. DICK, Hartford, Conn. — "I had heard many strong words in favor of the Majestic as an investment that would bring large returns, and, on the strength of some investigation covering a period of six months, I secured quite a good holding of the Company's stock, which, I considered, must be my limit. My impressions, since personally going over the property, are such that I feel that I must double my holdings, and have decided to do so."

SIDNEY E. PACKARD, Box Manufacturer, Brockton, Mass. — "My impressions were favorable before coming, and they are now more than confirmed by what I have seen. I believe that the management is honest and able, and I shall increase my holdings in the stock of the Company."

GEORGE E. KEITH, Shoe Manufacturer, Brockton, Mass. — "I had but little knowledge of the Majestic before making this trip, but I am very favorably impressed with its value; so much so that I will take a much larger block of the stock of the Company upon my return home. Am fully satisfied that this is a good investment. Have never seen anything in the mining line that will compare with the Majestic."

We Hold The World's Record

For High-Grade Ore

We have sent to the public smelters 1,200 tons of ore from the O. K. mine, which holds the world's record for high-grade copper ore. The actual result for 1,200 tons was:

40.9 per cent. Copper
$5.00 per ton Gold
$3.00 per ton Silver

EVERY TON WAS WORTH $100 NET

Many thousands, and tens of thousands, of tons of the same quality ore are in sight for our smelters, which are now being erected by the Colorado Iron Works Company of Denver. There are, of course, enormous quantities of low-grade ore in addition to the high grade. Yet all this is a "mere bagatelle." Still it is more than enough (without further development) to pay back the total capitalization of the Majestic Company.

And the "O. K." is only one of the eight great mines in the "Majestic" combination.

FEATURES

The great need of the Majestic property is an adequate smelter. Two months' operation of the 350-ton plant in process of construction, and which will shortly be in operation, will put the Majestic property in an absolutely independent position.

A handsome dividend is expected during the year 1903, and only a delay in the erection of the smelter can prevent this dividend. The contractors assure us it will be completed on time, January 25, 1903. Remember we have over a million dollars' worth of ore mined and on the dumps ready for the smelter.

MANAGEMENT

Mr. William A. Farish, one of the best-known mining experts in the country, has made a contract to act as General Manager for the Majestic Company for three years, and is now devoting his whole time to the development of the property.

The small block of stock we have for sale at $7.50 per share (par value $10.00) is being subscribed for so rapidly that we reserve the privilege of withdrawing this price without notice. An investigation is invited from the most conservative investors in stocks and bonds. The stock will be listed on the leading mining exchanges. Send your name and address on postal, or if more convenient, fill out blank, and copy of "Above and Below the Surface," a handsome 44-page illustrated book, will be sent free by return mail.

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Between the Lines

The Pursuit of Happiness

"YOU will find here nine stories," writes Dr. Henry Van Dyke in the foreword of The Blue Flower *(Scribners)*. . . . "I wished to bring them into one book because they seemed to me like parts of the same story—the story of the search for happiness, which is life." And so the author with his delicate and fragrant art has wrought out these tales. For the most part their atmosphere is legendary or idyllic. This is the literature of the ideal, rare enough in these latter days. It is the literature of sentiment and, as it were, of allegory, and there may be those who will grow impatient at the elusiveness of The Blue Flower, those who would prefer the search for happiness to be realized abruptly and concretely in the unearthing of the buried pot of gold. But this is not life, nor is it happiness. It is an artist, an artist of imagination and delicate perception, who has idealized the quest for happiness in sometimes evasive and always charming pictures which will not lack appreciation.

Marion Crawford's New Novel

The practiced hand of F. Marion Crawford has given us a most readable story in his new novel of modern Rome, Cecilia *(The Macmillan Company)*. The friendship of Damon and Pythias, the betrothal of the modern Vestal Cecilia to the one friend, the mystical affiliation between Cecilia and the other, the loyalty of the latter, the defeat of intrigue, and the final unraveling of the tangle, with happiness on one side and renunciation on the other, provide the elements of a tale which will be read with sustained interest and satisfaction. Mr. Crawford knows his craft. The short-story motive is never called upon to maintain the weight of the novel, but there is always a thorough construction and continuous development with a constant interplay of motives and of interest.

Bishop Potter on Social Questions

The text of Bishop Potter's Yale lectures, The Citizen in his Relation to the Industrial Situation *(Scribners)*, is the brotherhood of man. By this, it is hardly necessary to say, is meant a brotherhood moral and religious, something far removed from a socialistic state. With the sanity and common-sense and catholic sympathy characteristic of this eminent public teacher, Bishop Potter holds the balance even. He condemns the prejudiced socialist and he points the finger of reprobation at the unjust employer and the dishonest capitalist. His book offers a plea for equity and the practical application of the teachings of Christ.

In these times of readjustment of social and economic questions it furnishes much food for thought.

A Sentimental Journey

The dog reappears as the central character of Alfred Ollivant's Danny *(Doubleday, Page & Co.)*. Now John Brown's classic Rab was a tale of true sentiment. The story which introduced Mr. Ollivant's Bob, Son of Battle, is described by his title. The author's second story is a tale of sentimentality. Danny was the pet of the child-wife of a dour Laird, who is plagued by an evil hag whose husband he had slain and her half-idiot son. Danny is taken to the hearts of the Laird and his eccentric old servants, and he seems to reduce them to a state of semi-hysteria which culminates in his suicide after he has been banned by the Laird on a false charge invented by the malicious Simon. The folk-talk is often piquant, but the author's straining for effect leaves the reader with an impatient longing for greater simplicity and directness.

Gray Days in New England

Mr. F. J. Stimson, lawyer, novelist and writer of excellent short stories, furnishes two strong novelettes in the volume called Jethro Bacon and The Weaker Sex *(Scribners)*. The first is the bleak but vigorous story of the Cape Cod cranberry farmer who leads a double life, and the second a tale of urban submerged life and a woman's sacrifice for love. They are not cheerful studies, but they are convincing as regards the author's power and art.

Backwoods School Life

Ralph Connor's Glengarry Schooldays *(Revell)* is another wholesome tale of Scotch, Irish and English settlers in the backwoods

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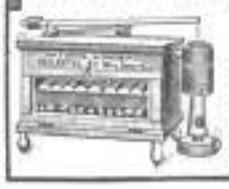

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of Ontario. The "district school," with its varying fortunes in sympathetic and brutal masters, and the incidents of spelling-bees and wood life, are described with the sturdy wholesomeness and distinct moral trend characteristic of a writer whose popularity is certainly not due to any meretricious aids.

Concerning Your Boy

To what degree Mr. Nathaniel C. Fowler's book, The Boy: How to Help Him Succeed (*The Oakwood Publishing Company*), will be profitable his own test of experience will demonstrate; but that it is interesting—interesting to men who have failed or who have succeeded, to men who are balancing between success and failure, to men who have been boys themselves and now have boys of their own to bring up, to educators, economists, moralists, and to practical men of affairs concerned in the development of their aids and subordinates—most interesting, cannot be doubted.

Mr. Fowler, starting with the supposition that success is "the best possible at its time," that "in the arithmetic of life ability plus opportunity equals success," and may, without too much weighing of values, be defined as "the favorable and profitable termination of the thing attempted, the satisfactory issue of effort, the ending corresponding with the aims and desire entertained," felt himself concerned with the shortest and easiest part of that desire, whether of the boy himself or of his parents and advisers. Cautioned by the wise saw that "opinionists are afraid of experience," he resolved to form his own opinions only after experiment. He sent out a series of twenty-five questions to bankers, merchants, manufacturers, chemists, engineers, college presidents, doctors, lawyers—to everybody except beggarman, thief. To these he received in all three hundred and twenty-one answers. The first seven chapters and one hundred and twenty-eight pages of the book contain the doctrine of conduct drawn from these answers. The remaining two chapters are, respectively, a tabulated analysis of the answers as ayes, qualified ayes, noes, qualified noes, and non-committals; and the textual reply, in full, of each individual, given over his signature.

Questions and answers make most suggestive reading. Should a boy go to college? Should he stick to the country or try the cities? Should he embark on business for himself, if he sees a fair chance? Or should he stay with the house that employs him, for a larger salary? What should he read? Is strict honesty necessary to business success? What vices of character bring about the largest number of failures? Such is the main trend of the inquiry.

One reads at large in the answers that a boy should go to college no matter what his plans may be for later life, but that he never should be forced into college; that he should try the cities if he is ambitious; that he should go into business for himself when he may—even, on the whole, with borrowed capital; that the Bible and Shakespeare should be his reading (one author modestly specifies his own works); that honesty is overwhelmingly the best policy; and that lack of ability, lack of judgment, lack of perseverance, lack of application are the defects, and bad habits and extravagance—the two go hand in hand—the vices of character that wreck the machine. It is significant that where extravagance is mentioned thirty-three times as an element contributive to failure, bad luck is mentioned once and adverse circumstances twice.

President Eliot, of Harvard, to the question, Which, in your opinion, contributes the more to success—ability or experience? answers ability—*ability will get experience.* Mr. Paul Dana asks pertinently enough of the question, In choosing a trade, business or profession, would you advise the boy to enter the one for which he has a decided preference? *Why not?* Why not, indeed! It is worth while noting, however, in this connection, that the consensus of opinion is that a man may win success by application in even the most distasteful work. So, when the question of honesty comes, a strong minority regretfully holds with Machiavelli that honesty in small matters is essential and the *appearance* of it in larger matters—a stand which it is very hard to attack empirically, but which Mr. Dana, again, exposes morally with his Parthian reply: *Is the safe-cracker who gets away successful?*

It is possible here to quote briefly only. Careful examination of the questions and replies in full, with the tabulated analysis as a corrective for individual bias, will prove much more satisfactory. The book is one of those rare combinations sure to interest both the thoughtful and the shallow.

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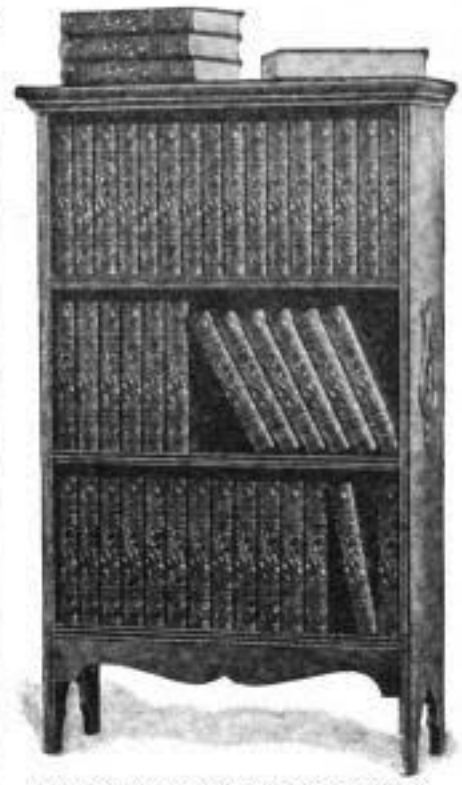

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A PECULIAR PEOPLE

(*Continued from Page 9*)

peopled by Quakers, all agents for the Underground Railway to Canada. Hence the only slaves we had were those who were too comfortable and satisfied with us to run away. We knew "the institution" at its best, and usually listened to the furious attacks on it with indifferent contempt.

There was one family, newcomers, who were accused of being emissaries of Garrison. I do not know how truthfully. They were illiterate, noisy radicals, believers in spiritualism, in divorce, and in woman's rights. They lived in a little farmhouse on the edge of the borough. In the spring of 1859 a tall, gaunt old man visited them, who came into the town sometimes, stalking up and down the streets with his eyes fixed and lips moving like a man under the influence of morphia. After he had disappeared it was told that he was a poor farmer from the West who was insane on the question of slavery, and that he had brought a quantity of huge pikes and axes to the house of our new neighbors, with which the slaves in town were to kill their masters whenever there should be an uprising.

I remember how we all laughed at the story. The children used to tease the old black aunties and uncles to show them how they meant to stab them with pikes or behead them with axes when the day came. We thought it a very good joke. But five months later, when the old farmer died at Harper's Ferry, on that bright October day, the whole world looking on with bated breath, the pikes were brought out of hiding by his friends, who declared that they never had meant to give them to the negroes to use, and had thought the old man mad.

The race for whom he had made the pikes certainly never would have used them. They are not a cruel nor malignant people. During the Civil War the women and children of the South were under the protection of their slaves, and I never have heard of a single instance in which they abused the trust.

I married during the Civil War and came to live in the North, where I met many of the men and women who had kindled the fire under the caldron.

In the flush of victory their motives and oddities came out more plainly. I will tell you of some of them another day.

Editor's Note—The second paper on A Peculiar People will appear next week.

With Lincoln's Indorsement

"IN 1853 I went to Springfield to study law," said Senator Cullom, "and one of my first friendships there was with Abraham Lincoln.

"Shortly after I began practice I saw an opening to make an investment, but $1000 was a necessary preliminary, and that amount or anything like it was utterly beyond me.

"My inclination was to go forthwith to Lincoln and ask him to lend me that amount, but I soon satisfied myself that he, too, had no bank account. Nevertheless I went to him.

"'Mr. Lincoln,' I said, 'I wish very much that I had $1000.'

"He looked at me good-humoredly.

"'My boy,' he remarked, 'I thought from the first that we were kindred spirits.'

"Then Lincoln asked me seriously what he could do for me, and when I had stated my case he said: 'You just make out your note for $1000 and I'll indorse it and we'll go over to the bank and get the money.'

"I confess," continued Senator Cullom, "that I was staggered. But I underestimated then the economic value of unassailable integrity.

"The cashier glanced at the note, turned it over, and with a pleasant word or two counted out the money.

"Years afterward I asked the banker how he happened to advance the amount on an unsecured indorsement.

"'Simply because it was worth $1000 to us in our standing in Springfield and throughout the State,' he replied, 'to have it known that "Honest Abe" was doing business with us. His signature was regarded in Illinois as gilt-edged security.'

"When I first came to Congress, a few months before Lincoln's assassination," continued Senator Cullom, "I again had need of an indorser and I ventured to go to the President.

"'Yes, I'll indorse your note gladly,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'but you must not be surprised,' he added merrily, 'if they refuse you, for you see they know me better now than they used to when I was in Springfield.'"

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The Rubber Industry in South America

RUBBER is the elastic material that ties the world together. Those who first discovered a commercial use for rubber two hundred years ago in India — hence the name India rubber — little thought that there would come a time which historians would chronicle as the rubber age. That age is the present time; for rubber is unquestionably foremost in importance, in a certain sense, in the commercial progress of the world. This is called also the electrical age, but it is rubber that makes possible the manifold applications of electricity. For example, if the Pacific cable were to be built within the present year, its construction would consume the entire available supply of rubber in the United States to-day.

Comparatively little use was made of rubber before Goodyear was led by his genius to the discovery of a scientific treatment of the crude product which gave to the world a new commercially available product of extraordinary value in advancing the arts of modern civilization. Rubber has now become a vital necessity, its production assuming vast proportions and its consumption a dominant factor in a great number of industries.

Every day a new use is found for rubber. Manufacturers separate the products into five divisions: (1) Foot-wear; (2) Mechanical Goods; (3) Clothing; (4) Druggists' Sundries; (5) Hard Rubber. Over thirty per cent. of all these manufactured rubber goods is represented by boots and shoes, this branch of the industry giving employment to twenty thousand workmen who produce annually forty million dollars' worth of rubber footwear. Altogether the rubber factories of the United States use yearly over sixty million pounds of rubber, turning it out again in thousands of different useful articles. Horses and human beings alike are clothed with rubber and wire is covered with it. The carriage wheel is tired with it, and the vehicle that has not a rubber tire is called old-fashioned. Miles of rubber hose are used in gardens, railroad cars, and a hundred other places where water, steam and gas are used. Then comes rubber belting and matting. Notice the rubber mats on floors and stairs and aboard ship, and the mats under ice pitchers, the mats on the cigar stand for change! Typewriter manufacturers need rubber in immense quantities for the rollers; a quarter of a million dollars is put in billiard tables; and there is one hundred thousand dollars' worth of rubber used in the carpet sweepers made annually. The tiny pieces of rubber sunk into lead pencils for erasers would weigh tons if collected in one pile. The rubber rings on preserve jars represent a huge fortune, one company alone using several hundred thousand pounds of rubber a year in such rings. There are immense values in rubber in the shape of rubber stamps, atomizers, air-cushions, water bottles, harness trimmings, inkwells, rulers, penholders, and fittings for pipes. Baseball and football players alone use a million dollars' worth of rubber every year.

The manufacture of all these rubber commodities has created a demand for rubber that is simply insatiable. Rubber, indeed, ranks third among American imports, being exceeded in quantity and value only by sugar and coffee. Whence comes this vast quantity of crude rubber? What are the facts relating to the world's rubber supply?

Rubber comes from South America, from the Central American States, from Western Africa, India, and the Indian Archipelago. The best rubber, however, as all the world knows, comes from just one region — and that is the region of the Amazonis, embracing a certain part of Southern Venezuela and the borders of the Amazon in Brazil. In his book on South America, Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, the distinguished traveler who made a twenty-five thousand mile journey in search of industrial information, says: "Amazon rubber is the best of all rubber; it furnishes the bulk of the product and the nations of the earth pay tribute to Para." Para, it should be explained, was until recent years the capital of the rubber world. The importance of this city in the rubber industry, however, has declined of late and Manaos is now known as the greatest of rubber shipping cities. Seventy-five per cent. of all the rubber produced in the world is shipped via these two places, from either one of which ships leaving for New York often carry cargoes of rubber valued at two million dollars or more. Manaos has gained its importance as a rubber port because of its nearness to that section of the Amazonis which scientists have discovered to be the world's greatest rubber country. The country referred to is a certain strip between the Rio Orinoco and the Rio Negro in Venezuela — all of which territory has been acquired by a company of American capitalists — but that is a story that will keep until later on.

It is a significant fact that the greatest of rubber regions is now conceded to be within the borders of a country toward which the whole world is looking as the great new industrial Eldorado — Venezuela. At this present moment England and Germany have concentrated fleets of warships off the coast of that country; the ships form material evidence of the fact that England and Germany are engaged conjointly in a dispute with Venezuela. A dispute over what? Our own Monroe Doctrine would not permit England or Germany to acquire territory in Venezuela; hence is it not obvious that that which these two European nations wish most of all of Venezuela is a commercial foothold? The natural resources of that South American Republic, indeed, have aroused the cupidity of European commercial nations, and this is the real cause of the presence of the fleets of two great nations to-day off the coast of Venezuela.

As United States Minister to Venezuela, Francis B. Loomis, said: "The resources of Venezuela are by no means confined to gold. Within a few months capitalists in command of large fortunes have been making a close study of possibilities in Venezuela. They are also seeking to acquire large tracts of land for the purpose of exploiting the rubber products which they contain."

According to Minister Loomis, then, rubber is one of the greatest natural resources of Venezuela, and it is the valuable rubber forests of that country that have been acquired by the American capitalists before referred to — a circumstance which forms the theme of this story.

Before giving the reader a glimpse of this rubber region, however, it is necessary to state one or two facts concerning other rubber regions. In the Central American States, for example, and in Peru and even in Brazil, the natives cut down the rubber trees ruthlessly instead of merely tapping them, with no regard for the future. But rubber in its crude state is a sap, and should be gathered as is maple sugar sap, by tapping the tree, not by destroying it. A much larger amount of sap of course can be gathered from a given tree by cutting it down than by tapping it. But it is evident that the method pursued by the Peruvians and the Central Americans and to some extent even the Brazilians in gathering the rubber is very much like killing the goose to get the golden egg.

As the future production of rubber in the tropics is threatened by the excessive tapping, as well as the felling of the wild rubber trees by the rubber hunters, American rubber manufacturers sometimes anxiously inquire how it will be possible to supply the enormous demand in the immediate future. It is claimed that one remedy for the destruction of the wild tree is the fostering of the cultivated rubber tree. Those who have traveled in the rubber country, however, and have studied conditions there, dispute this claim. Mr. Carpenter, the traveler before referred to, says: "It takes from fifteen to twenty years after the planting before rubber trees will produce enough sap to pay for gathering it." Scientists who have studied the conditions add that it is not possible to plant and cultivate rubber trees here, there or anywhere, with any degree of commercial success, any more than it is possible to raise oranges in Maine or coffee in Montana. The fact remains, then, that the rubber industry for many years to come must depend entirely upon the wild trees.

These wild trees grow along the borders of rivers, and the particular series of streams involved in the rubber industry are the Amazonis before mentioned, the greatest rubber producing section of this greatest of rubber regions being that bordering both sides of the Rio Casiquiare, between the Rio Orinoco and the Rio Negro in Venezuela — the region, in short, acquired by the Para Rubber Plantation Company. The territory thus acquired is larger than the State of Rhode Island. It is one hundred and seventy-five miles long and eight miles wide, with the Rio Casiquiare forming a natural canal flowing almost directly through its centre. The total area is fourteen hundred square miles, an area greater than that of Rhode Island by more than two hundred square miles. To put these figures in another way, the property embraces one million acres, the number of rubber trees averaging six to an acre, making at least six million wild rubber trees now matured and ready to yield their valuable sap.

Let us journey into this region and see what the greatest of rubber countries looks like. Tracing the location first of all on the map, we come to Para and later to Manaos, the two rubber shipping centres of the world. In these towns live the proprietors of many of the rubber plantations in the Amazon region and officials representing Companies who have capitals of millions, and who manage their rubber properties after modern business methods. In these cities also live many other individuals interested in the gathering and selling of rubber. It is said, indeed, that the whole of the great South American rubber region is owned by the Companies represented by the chief citizens of these cities. Para itself is a city of one hundred thousand people, many of the inhabitants having grown rich either by actually dealing in rubber, or in supplying necessaries to the camps.

In both Para and Manaos the most prominent feature of industrial life is the shipment of rubber, just as the shipment of tobacco is most prominent in Havana. All the exporting sections of the cities are occupied by packing houses where the rubber is packed for export. To these packing houses the crude rubber is brought in lumps that very much resemble hams, though if you happen to drop one of these lumps of rubber you will realize that it is not the ham it seems to be, but a very elastic substance, since as soon as it touches the ground it bounces up and down after the manner of a heavy rubber ball. In the warehouses each lump of rubber is carefully weighed, and is then packed in boxes, three hundred pounds in each box, ready for shipment.

The traveler will be welcomed as a passenger on one of the boats that bring the crude rubber to the warehouses of the Para Rubber Plantation Co. at Manaos, and after a short sail the boat will land the passenger in the heart of the rubber country. The territory was purchased in fee simple by the Company from the Venezuelan Government. This is the region that is destined to supply not only the best, but the bulk of the rubber used throughout the world for many years to come.

Scientific men explain that rubber is a product obtained by proper treatment of the milky sap or "latex" of such tropical trees as siphonia elastica and siphonia braziliensis, belonging to the genus distributed thoughout the section of South America now under discussion. The last United States Census report says that although rubber may be produced from any plant such as common milkweed, having a milky sap, still it can be obtained in commercial quantities only from tropical countries and from rubber trees. The census expert adds that like other vegetable products rubber differs in quality according to the place of derivation; and that the best rubber is shipped from Para and Manaos in South America. We have then the fact of Government recognition of the superiority of rubber coming from the territory here brought to the attention of the reader.

Let us see how operations in this rubber country are conducted. Let us see how the Indians, native to the region, gather the rubber. In the first place the rubber tree resembles ordinary forest trees, such as the English Ash. The reader probably supposes that rubber comes from the rubber plant which ornaments his home, or which he has seen in conservatories, but that plant produces gutta percha, and not rubber.

In the rubber forest the rubber hunter does most of his work in the forenoon, when the sap runs most freely. He begins by tapping the tree as high up from the ground as he can reach, neither boring the tree with an auger as we do our maple trees, nor scarifying the tree as we do our turpentine pine trees of the South. The rubber gatherer taps the tree with a tomahawk or hatchet, which has an inch wide blade. He makes only a slight gash in the bark with his hatchet, taking care not to cut the wood beneath the bark. Immediately a fluid, as thin and as white as milk, oozes forth. The gatherer now fastens a small cup into another cut made below the gash, thus catching the fluid as it runs down. He makes three or four similar gashes in each tree, fastening the cup under each gash. About noon-time he goes from tree to tree and empties the milk from the cups into a bucket. He has only a certain number of trees allotted to him, and as there is a tablespoonful of fluid in each cup when he gathers it at noon-time, each tapper has about a gallon of sap to show for his morning's work.

The rubber forests are divided into what are known in the rubber regions as paths. These consist of from sixty to one hundred trees each, the paths leading in and out of the woods and crossing streams. One such path is allotted to each of the native workers who tap the trees and gather the rubber. The size of a plantation is known by its number of paths; hence, the size of the plantation owned by the Para Rubber Plantation Company is known as a plantation of about 75,000 paths, making this plantation of a size that renders even our great cotton plantations or wheat farms insignificant by comparison. As two thousand laborers will soon be at work, over eleven hundred now being actually employed on the Company's property, the reader will understand that eleven hundred paths are being worked. The Company expects to add extra workers at the rate of at least two thousand a year.

After the gathering, the next process is that of smoking, referred to in a previous paragraph. As the sap coagulates on exposure to the air, it is necessary to smoke it the day it is gathered. By following this rule the best rubber is obtained. Under the influence of the smoke the sap hardens. The fuel that makes the fire that makes the smoke is covered with ordinary palm nuts, which, when fired, give forth a dense smoke. In this smoke the worker holds the lump of sap or rubber on a kind of wooden paddle, turning it round and round until the operation is finished.

The lump of rubber is accumulated upon the end of the wooden paddle by first dipping it in the sap or milk, and then holding it in the smoke. After turning it round and round rapidly as described for a minute, the milk hardens. The worker again thrusts the paddle into the bowl of milk, and again he holds it in the smoke, repeating this process until a ball of crude rubber of the regulation size has been gathered. The Para Rubber Plantation Co. will ship thousands of these rubber hams, as we may call them, from Manaos. On the Company's property every tree is scrupulously cared for, and it is a fact known to science that if a rubber tree is not abused it will produce milk in abundance continuously for thirty or forty years.

The purposes of this Company are those of exploitation, trade and the opening up of their rubber lands. In the matter of exploitation, it is impossible to prophesy, for who can say what will be the limit of the natural resources of this vast tract of virgin rubber forest? In the matter of trade, the Company has this two-fold advantage: It has the opportunity to pay for labor in commodities, and for making a large profit on those commodities. This, of course, will result in lowering the cost of production. Even after labor is paid, it is a known fact that the cost of production of rubber is less than that of any other product save gold. Trading conditions are such, therefore, that the Rubber Company now under consideration can make handsome profits. Let one of the Company's ships take down, for example, one thousand dollars' worth of commodities, consisting of calicoes, flour, jewelry, beads, and factory-made clothing. This cargo of one thousand dollars' worth of commodities can be traded for many thousand dollars' worth of rubber or labor. The natives, indeed, would rather be paid in this way than in cash, as it suits them better, for of what avail is money in a region where there is nothing to buy?

The Company will establish stores for trading purposes, and at these stores the rubber gatherers will do their trading. Thus, while the laborer will receive a fair recompense, taking his pay in supplies purchased from the Company's stores, the system will afford a large profit for the Company, as no other traders can come within a competing distance. This is precisely the system that made the great Hudson Bay Trading Company the greatest Fur Company in the world; it was just this method of trading that laid the foundation of the great Astor fortune when John Jacob Astor, the first, established himself at Astoria.

What are the other conditions that promise a great future and profit for all interested in the rubber industry? First of all, there is a market for every pound of rubber that can be brought into this country or into Europe. Rubber never has to go a-begging. A million pounds, arriving unexpectedly any day, would find immediate sale without lowering the market price. Para rubber sells for 88 cents a pound, with immediate prospect of further advance, and by Para rubber is meant the product that comes from the Rubber Company in Venezuela as well as the rubber regions adjoining. And while Para rubber sells for 88 cents a pound, Central American and all other rubber brings only 50 cents. To produce this rubber it costs the Para Rubber Plantation Company less than 35 cents, so that the profit on each pound may be estimated at about 100 per cent. As already stated, the Company owns about six million trees. Each of these produces about five pounds of rubber, which would make for the entire property thirty million pounds a year — all of which facts convey some idea of the future for all who are interested in rubber, when that interest comes through a Company whose plans are on lines similar to those of the great Hudson Bay Trading Company. As for markets, even if the demand of American manufacturers should be entirely supplied at a given time, the manufacturers of Europe would at once outbid each other to secure the raw material. And as for the profits on rubber made through European channels, there is no better known instance of a fortune made than that accumulated by the King of the Belgians through his ownership of rubber forests in the Congo region in Africa.

With the foregoing outline of what the rubber industry is, and what relation the Para Rubber Plantation Co. bears to the rubber industry, it is the purpose of this article to inform the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that a fortune has been spent in the preliminary operations by the Company. This money has been spent in the acquiring of the property and the establishment of camps and trading posts, and it is now the purpose of the Company to sell a limited amount of its treasury stock for further exploitation. The capital stock of the Company is $5,000,000, of which only a limited amount will be sold to the public. The stock will be sold at its par value of $10.00 a share, and application will be made to list it on the exchanges.

In view of the foregoing the officers of the Company feel that they are very conservative in assuring investors that present prospects warrant their looking forward to a dividend of at least 6 per cent. from the first year's earnings, and it will be seen at a glance that the natural available resources of the Company are such that this dividend should be immediately and largely increased.

We desire to emphasize that the above calculation of a 6 per cent. dividend is based on the employment of but two thousand men, but this number can be doubled and trebled, and the Company owns sufficient territory for the employment of forty thousand laborers. Two thousand laborers net 6 per cent., and there is room for the constant employment of forty thousand. The forty thousand are available. It is unnecessary to say more. The great immediate prospective value of the stock is apparent at a glance.

The officers of the Company are: PRESIDENT, JOHN CUDAHY, of the John Cudahy Company, Chicago; VICE-PRESIDENT, ALLEN T. HAIGHT, President Manhattan Terrace Company of New York; TREASURER, ELMER B. MARTIN, S. K. Martin Lumber Co., Chicago; SECRETARY, F. M. CRAWFORD, 52 Broadway, New York.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 31, 1902.

NOW at last I am a really, truly Member of Congress. I have sworn at the Speaker. Don't look shocked. In company with the other men who were elected last month to fill vacancies, I stood in front of Speaker Henderson's desk, and while our right hands were uplifted we heard him say something that sounded like: "You do solemnly swear to defend and support the Constitution." Each of us said, "I do," and that made us Members of Congress. Before, we were only members-elect; now we are members and may rightfully have M. C. put after our names.

Yes, I will admit I felt nervous, but no more so, you may be sure, than the others. There were three or four of us standing in what is called "the well," the open space in front of the Speaker's desk. There was General Henderson looking down at us from his heights as if he had nothing but supreme contempt and supreme disgust for the kindergarten class; if he had ordered us put in chains and carried off to jail I shouldn't have been at all surprised. But they tell me the Speaker is a "good fellow," overflowing with the milk of human kindness and Scotch wit, and perhaps some night before the end of the session I'll be fortunate enough to be at a dinner when the Speaker is in good trim, and I shall hear him sing his famous song, "There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea." It's worth while coming all the way from the Pacific Coast just to hear that one song, I am told.

I can't keep to my text because I've got so many things to tell you. I started out to give you an idea of how it feels to be sworn in, and here I've rambled off to dinners and songs. Well, to get back to the House. There was the Speaker looking very solemn, and on a tier below him were the clerks, and still below them the official stenographers. All around us were the members, chattering like a lot of schoolboys when the teacher has been called out of the room. Some of them were reading and some were writing, and there was a big bunch around "Joe" Cannon, who was evidently telling a funny story, because they were all laughing as if they enjoyed it immensely. "Uncle Joe," as most people call him in Washington, will be the next Speaker, and a Speaker's stories, like Royalty's jests, must always be laughed at.

The Press and the Pygmy

I looked at the galleries and saw them crowded with men and women; and over the Speaker's head was the press gallery full of men. Talk of avenging angels! I can now understand how a man feels at the judgment seat.

You remember meeting Senator Graham at the State convention? The day after I arrived I went to call upon the Senator. "Turner," he said, in his sarcastic way, "I suppose you think you're going to save the nation and that the country is sitting up nights waiting to hear your views. Well, whenever you feel an attack of that kind coming on just take a glance at this; you can have it; better have it framed and hung up in your room where you can see it every morning when you get up." The old man chuckled sardonically as he put in my hands a newspaper.

There was a cartoon of a very big and "chesty" man striking a grandiloquent attitude and saying to an insignificant creature at his feet: "I decline to be interviewed, but the Banner may state my position on the tariff," and underneath was the inscription: "The new member the day after election; fancy pictures the press at his feet." Below this was another picture—a big man with a big notebook, with the supercilious and haughty look of a hotel clerk at a fashionable summer resort, and bowing and cringing to him the Member of Congress, who is saying: "Please, Mr. Correspondent, dear, good, kind Mr. Correspondent, won't you be so kind as to put my name in the Banner," and underneath this was the inscription: "The new member the day after arriving in Washington; he learns the power of the press."

I guess Senator Graham knows.

Here I am still standing in "the well." I must make a short job of it and come to the surface right away. The member of the kindergarten class next to me was Captain A. P. Gardner, of Massachusetts, who succeeds

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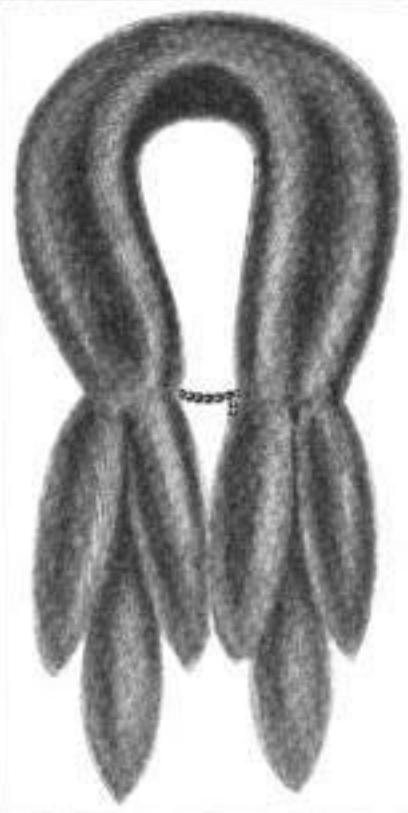

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Mr. Moody, who resigned to enter the Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. Captain Gardner is one of the lucky new members. He is young, immensely wealthy and the son-in-law of Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, and Senator Lodge is pretty nearly the whole thing in Washington since his bosom friend, Theodore Roosevelt, became President. Senator Lodge rides and drives and walks with the President; when he isn't dining at the White House the President is dining at his house. They say that Mr. Lodge has more influence with the President than any member of the Cabinet or any other Senator, and that all Mr. Lodge has to do to get a place for a friend is simply to ask for it, as the President refuses him nothing. This has made some Senators frightfully jealous, I am told. It seems strange, doesn't it, to think that great men, our statesmen, the men who rule the country, can be so small and petty? But when a man gets to be a Member of Congress, like an actor he wants to occupy the centre of the stage all the time, and is always suspicious that some other member of the cast will be given too much "fat."

Every politician wants to go higher. Every Representative wants to be a Senator, every Senator wants to be President. Washington is just bubbling over with pure patriots, willing to sacrifice themselves on their country's altar whenever the altar is erected in the White House. We are the most unselfish set of men you ever saw, or ever dreamed of. We love our country so dearly that we are always willing to serve it (when we can serve it in Congress, the Cabinet or the White House) at somebody's else expense. I wonder whether at one and the same time a man can be a patriot and draw a salary? Senator Lodge, they say, expects to be made the President's political heir. Pleasant talk this, as you can imagine, for Senator Fairbanks, Secretary Shaw and the other men who have hopes.

Now consider me sworn in and back in my seat in the last row. I suppose you think now that I am a Member of Congress I have made a speech, and that the whole House listened to what I had to say with rapt attention. Another illusion shattered!

You remember when we read Balzac together how interested we were in A Distinguished Provincial at Paris and Lost Illusions. When I come home next spring we will write a novel which I shall name The Lost Illusions of a Distinguished Pacific Coaster in Washington (I like the title for its brevity!), in which we shall show how different the real thing is from the imaginary. I have looked so often at that engraving in father's library of Henry Clay making his great speech that I imagined when a Member of Congress spoke every other member was as quiet as if he were in church. As a matter of fact no one cares a continental what any one says, and no one pays the least attention. Members sit at their desks and read or write (just as I am doing now), or swap yarns, and when they get tired of that they go off into the cloak-rooms and smoke and tell more stories. It's only a great man on a great occasion whose speech is listened to. All the rest, the small fry, simply talk for the benefit of their constituents so that they can get their names in their home papers and have their speeches reported in the Congressional Record, copies of which they can send to the people at home. I haven't been able to do that yet, I am sorry to say.

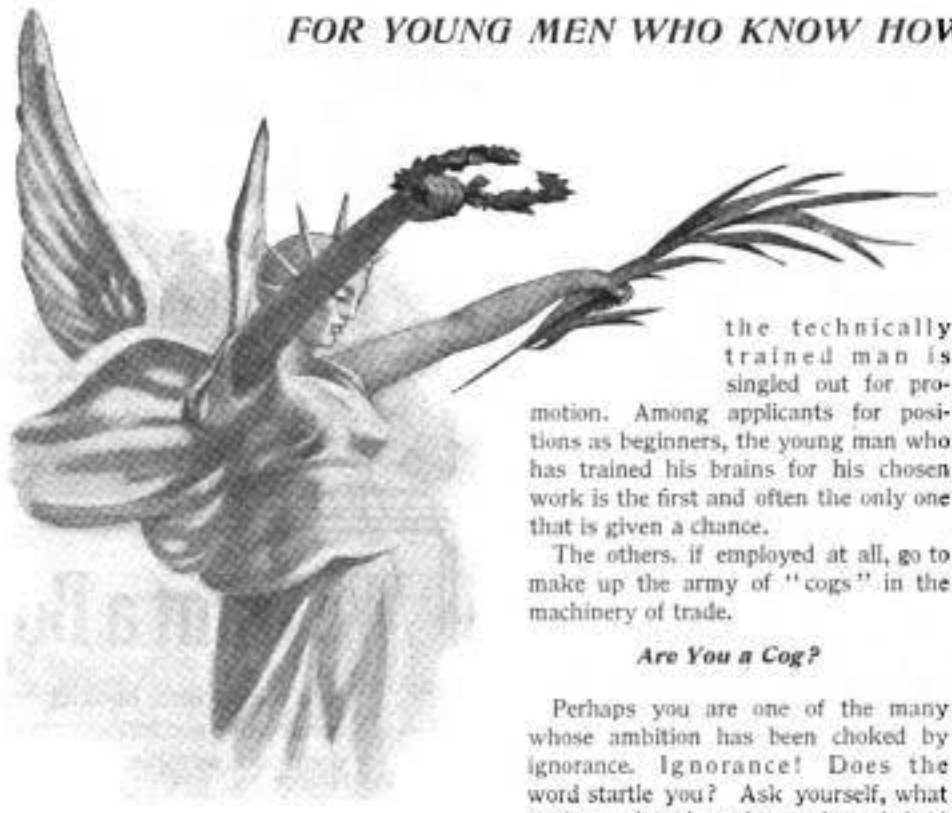
How the Congressional "Plebe" Likes It

In Washington speeches as well as kisses go by favor. I thought it would be easy enough to get up and say my say whenever I felt like it, but I am wiser now. Before a member can speak he must be "recognized" by the Speaker or have an arrangement with the chairman of the committee having charge of the measure under consideration. A new member isn't of much account in Washington. He is a good deal of a fellow in his own district, especially immediately after election, because there is only one of him at a time, and his constituents really think he has something to say about making the laws and ruling the country, but down here in Washington there's a whole heap of him, and a man must be well up to the top to count for anything. We new fellows are like the plebes at the Military Academy. We've got to say "sir," and salute our superiors and old members, and how they do love to make us feel our inferiority!

I thought I should have a chance to make a speech when I introduced my bill to establish a uniform system of divorce in all the States of the Union. You know how much time I gave to the preparation of that bill, how we talked it over with Judge Weston and Doctor

The Hour of Opportunity

FOR YOUNG MEN WHO KNOW HOW TO DO THINGS



There is a tide in the affairs of men.
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
—*Shakespeare.*

TODAY is full of possibilities for the man of character and initiative. Never before in the history of this "Land of Opportunity" has the demand for brains and executive ability been so great—or so unsatisfied. In every department of the world's work *men* are wanted—men young, if not in years, in energy and enthusiasm, men who are filled with the strenuous spirit of the times, men prepared to *do something* and to do it *now*.

The demand for such men is unsatisfied, not because of a lack of willing workers, but because too few possess the special qualifications required nowadays, of those in authority.

Special Training, the Key to Success.

The world-supremacy of American manufactures and commerce is due to the work of trained specialists, under the direction of men, who by long experience and unremitting study of their work, have become recognized experts. But the supply of such specialists has not kept pace with the need for them. A prominent builder of machine tools, in a letter requesting the Students' Aid Department of the International Correspondence Schools to help him secure the services of some technically trained men, wrote in part: "There is not much difficulty in obtaining average talent—but we must have men of superior ability. We find that the time to get a good man is when he presents himself, because when you really want him it is very difficult to find him." The condition existing in the broad field of mechanical engineering is typical of that prevailing in all other lines of industry. Too many depend wholly on "rule-o-thumb" methods and their own experience. Such men are debarred from advancement above the hundreds of their fellows of equal experience and ability.

In engineering or in business, when positions of responsibility become vacant, the technically trained man is singled out for promotion. Among applicants for positions as beginners, the young man who has trained his brains for his chosen work is the first and often the only one that is given a chance.

The others, if employed at all, go to make up the army of "cogs" in the machinery of trade.

Are You a Cog?

Perhaps you are one of the many whose ambition has been choked by ignorance. Ignorance! Does the word startle you? Ask yourself, what is the cash value of your knowledge? Ability to read and write and calculate, honesty, willingness to work, etc., are not passes to promotion, but prerequisites for employment. Do you know anything that is not the common knowledge of all? Can you do anything that others cannot do?

If you do not know and cannot do what the world is bidding for, are you not essentially ignorant?

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No other single agency in the whole country has contributed so much to the success of the American people as has this institution. During the eleven years since its inception over half a million men and women have eagerly grasped the opportunity it offers for escape from low-waged toil. Each month ten thousand more join this army of ambitious workers.

Will you?

The I. C. S. is ready and able to help you if you will help yourself.

How the I. C. S. Helps.

To illustrate how the International Correspondence Schools are helping ambitious people, consider these cases, selected at random from among hundreds of others:

John C. Tibbetts, a telegraph operator, became dissatisfied with his work and aspired to become an architect. When he enrolled in the I. C. S. he "knew nothing of drawing or the profession of architecture." The Schools not only taught him architectural drawing and the principles of building design and construction, but placed him in touch with a well-known architect, who offered him a partnership. Mr. Tibbetts accepted, and became one of the firm of Lyons & Tibbetts, Architects, Fairmount, W. Va.

Robert W. Brodman, of 22 Second Ave., College Point, N. Y., tells his story very clearly and convincingly in the following letter to the Schools:

"When I took up the I. C. S. training in electrical engineering I was an apprentice in an electrical instrument-making establishment. As I proceeded with my studies, I advanced in my work and soon raised myself to be instrument maker. Later, I accepted a better paying position as a designer of arc lamps. Here I advanced very rapidly and was soon put in charge of the testing room. I left this place to accept a position as electrician on the Long Island Railroad's trolley line at Rockaway Beach, and a month later was placed in charge. *My salary is now seven times as much as when I enrolled.*"

It will be noted that while Mr. Tibbetts was dissatisfied and changed his occupation, Mr. Brodman stuck to his original line of work and steadily advanced to the top. The conditions varied greatly, but the I. C. S. showed each his opportunity and helped him win.

One more very interesting experience was that of M. E. Hoag, a dentist, of Maxwell, Iowa. Not content with the limitations of his practice, he determined to cultivate his mechanical talents, so enrolled in the I. C. S. for instruction in drawing. While studying he earned considerable money making mechanical drawings for local concerns. About the time he completed the Course, the Schools secured for him the position of chief draftsman with the Smith Metallic Packing Co., 861 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill., at a salary of $100 per month and expenses. He writes: "I believe that any man who will take up a Course with the I. C. S., and will follow instructions, will have no trouble in doing the work, and will better his position in a short time. Any one of ordinary intelligence can succeed."

What Position Do You Want?

The business of the I. C. S. is to *help* people advance. What help do you need? If you desire expert advice on the best method of increasing your earning power the I. C. S. can give it, without cost to you. The value of this advice can be judged by reading the experiences of over a thousand successful students, as set forth in a booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," sent on request.

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EAT SLOW

Means Chew Fast, Fine and Hard but Swallow Slow

"Across the table sat a young man," remarked an old gentleman from New Albany, Ind., recently, "with a sickly face, who was slowly chewing in a fashion which led me to believe that his teeth were all in such condition that if he should forget himself and bite a little bit harder, off would fly the top of his head. Finally I remarked:—

'You have to be very careful of them?'

'Yes, indeed,' he replied, 'I have no stomach. My doctor told me to eat slow. No odds what your hurry may be,' said he, 'eat slow.'

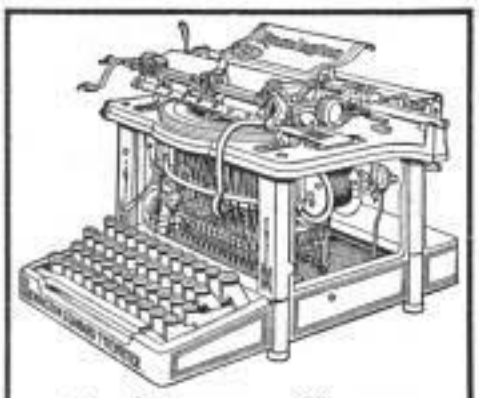
'You misunderstood him,' said I, 'what the doctor meant was to chew fast, fine and hard but to swallow slowly. Now you are actually committing suicide, the doctor meant for you to use your teeth. Are your teeth all right?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I can bite through sole leather. I wonder if the doctor did mean that I should chew hard instead of slow?'

Then I told him of my experience in the food line. I'm a pretty old man now but, like a good many other people, my stomach went back on me one time and I commenced to study food and the requirements of the body. After experimenting a good deal I came across Grape-Nuts and was soon convinced that this food met all the requirements of health and as a daily diet is indispensable.

I am not a doctor but it is easy to understand that the great change from my former condition to my present good health and ability, at the age of 67, to walk 25 miles a day, if so inclined, is due solely to Grape-Nuts and the proper nourishment my body has received from this valuable food.

The crispness of Grape-Nuts gives the teeth sufficient action to keep them in good condition; its taste is delicious and the way it is prepared corrects any digestive trouble a person may have. I know my lease of life has been renewed for a term of years by its use." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



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Lawton, who showed it to some of the other pastors, who all said that it was exactly the kind of legislation Congress ought to pass, and ever so much better than wasting its time talking about the tariff and the trusts. You remember Judge Weston said there could not be a single legal objection raised, and that he should be very much surprised if Congress did not pass the bill without changing it in the least particular. That encouraged me and I prepared a speech, my maiden speech, that I believed would make the House understand that we men of the West have given some thought to the great questions of the day.

Judge Lancaster is the senior member of our delegation, and I asked him how I should go about it to get my bill before the House and make my speech. He is chairman of the Committee on Interstate Divorce, which is the committee to which my bill has been sent, and Gaines, of West Virginia, who is a good fellow and serving his first term, which makes him have some sympathy for a man as new as I am, put me up to the dodge of seeing the chairman of the committee.

"I tell you what it is, Turner," he said, "you can't do anything here unless you stand in with the chairman of your committee. Let's see, who's your chairman?" and then we went to consult a Congressional Directory.

"Whew," he whistled as he turned over the pages and his eye fell on the name he was looking for.

I didn't like that whistle. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," said Gaines laughing; "I just had a funny thought."

I could see his "funny thought" had something to do with my bill, so I pressed him, and finally he said:

The Most Unpopular Member

"Well, I'll tell you a story that seems to fit your case. You remember Holman, of Indiana, who was in Congress long before our day? Marsh, of Maryland, who served with him, told me the story last session and he declares it to be true. Holman, you know, was called 'the Watch-Dog of the Treasury' and 'the Great Objector,' because he always objected to the passage of bills that appropriated money, which made him the most unpopular man in the House, but Holman didn't seem to care in the slightest about that, and if he couldn't kill a bill in one way he could in another. There was a young fellow from Illinois serving his first term who knew he was going to have a terrific fight for renomination, and whose only chance was to secure the passage of a bill for the erection of a public building at the county-seat. Half a dozen times he had attempted to pass the bill only to meet with the stereotyped 'I object' from Holman. It got to be very near the end of the session and the man from Illinois was desperate.

"Then one evening he called on Holman. He frankly told him that unless he got that public building he might just as well go right out and leave his order with the undertaker.

"The old man looked dreadfully sympathetic. Although he chewed tobacco he rarely expectorated, but he kept up a constant movement of his lips and punctuated every second word by pressing his tongue against his lips as if he were expelling the air, which made a sound like 'tph.' 'Afraid you'll be—tph—beaten; too bad, too bad—tph—wouldn't have that—tph—tph—happen for the world—tph,' and then he went on to tell him that out of the goodness of his heart he would offer the bill himself next morning. The man from Illinois went away rejoicing.

"Next morning the man from Illinois went to the House early. There was Holman chewing and 'tphing' as usual.

"'Good-morning, Mr. Holman,' said the man from Illinois timidly, 'I hope——'

"'That's all right, young man—tph—tph; I sha'n't forget your bill.'

"When the proper time came, up got Mr. Holman and asked for the passage of the bill.

"The House could scarcely believe its eyes or its ears. Holman asking for the passage of a public building bill! It was incredible. Then it suddenly dawned upon the members that it was a bill for a building in Holman's district and here was a chance to get even, and the bill could be held up until Holman ceased his objections to other bills; so from all parts of the House came a chorus of:

"'I object.'

"'*I object.*'

"'I OBJECT.'

"'Mr. Speaker,' began Holman, but the Speaker cut him off curtly with, "Objection is made,' and that was the end of it. That was one way of helping a friend and killing a bill."

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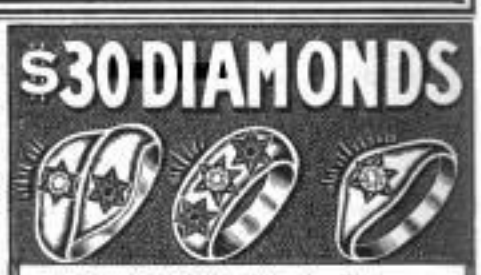

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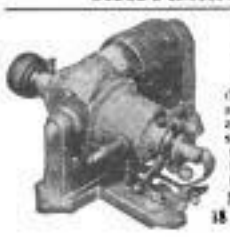

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I will not only be able to sell it,—sometime—but will be able to sell it quickly. I am a specialist in quick sales. I have the most complete and up-to-date equipment in the world. I have branch offices throughout the country and a field force of 2500 men to find buyers.

I do not make any money through the various side lines carried by the ordinary real estate agent. I MUST SELL real estate and lots of it, or go out of business. I can assure you I am not going out of business. On the contrary, I expect to sell twice as many properties during 1903 as I did during 1902, but it will first be necessary for me to "list" more properties. I want to list YOURS and SELL it. It doesn't matter whether you have a farm, a home without any land, or a business; it doesn't matter what it is worth or where it is located. If you will fill out the blank letter of inquiry below and mail it to me to-day, I will tell you how and why I can quickly convert your property into cash, and will give you my complete plan (free) and terms for handling it. The information I will give you will be of great value to you even if you should decide not to sell. You had better write to-day before you forget it.

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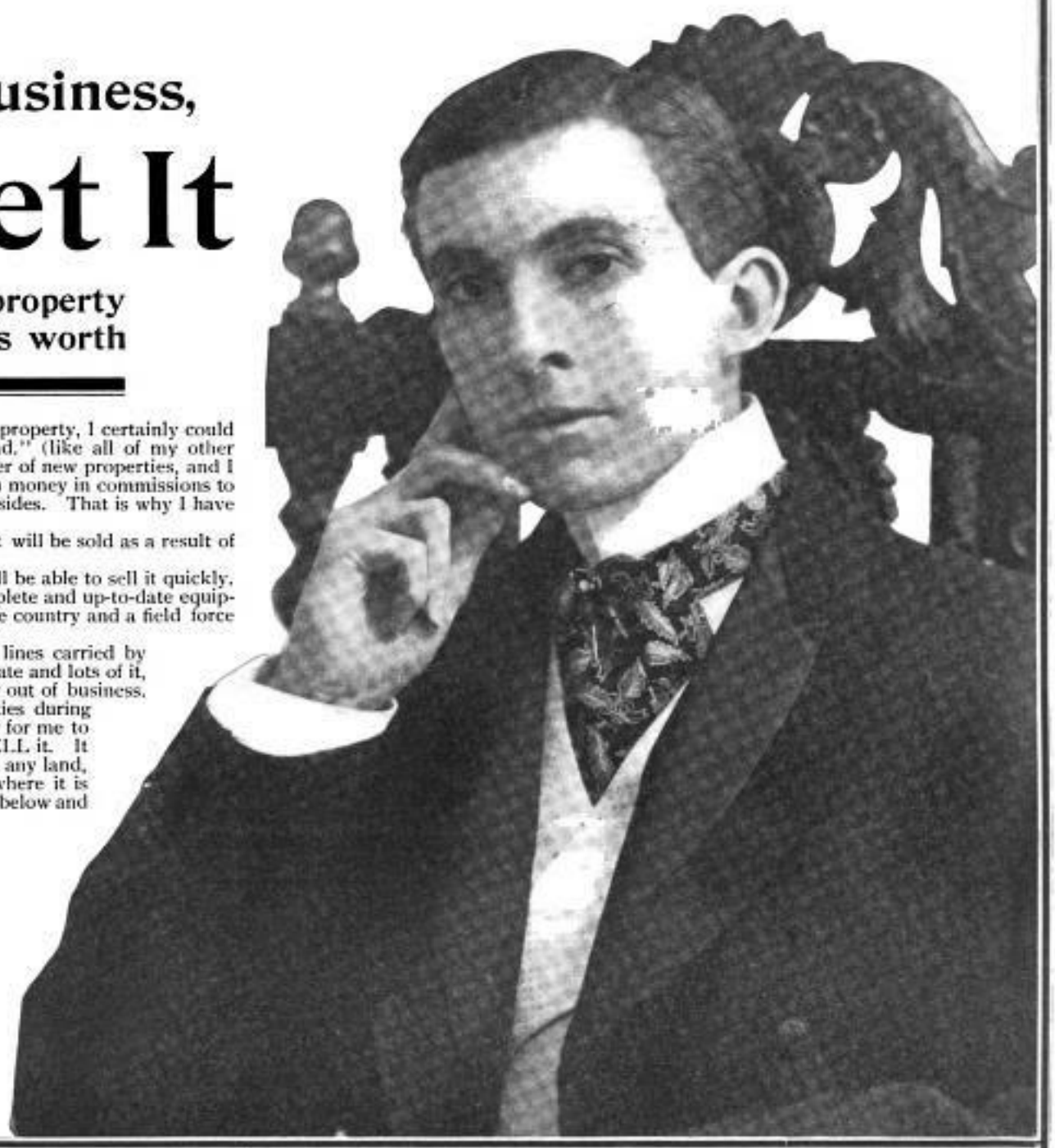

W. M. OSTRANDER

Suite 1421 North American Building
Philadelphia

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.....190

W. M. OSTRANDER, 1421 North American Bldg., Philadelphia.

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which consists of.....

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in the town or city of.....

County of.....*and State of*.....

and which I desire to sell for $.....

The plan is to be based upon the following brief description of the property:

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Name.....

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With a view of buying, I desire information about properties which correspond approximately with the following specifications:

Kind of property.....

Size.....*State*.....

City or County or part of State preferred.....

The price must be between $.....*and $*.....

I will pay.....*down, and the balance*.....

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Name.....

Address.....

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If you are not convinced from my previous advertising that my system of Physiological Exercise will do all that I claim for it, the fault is in the advertising and not in the system itself.

What is so strong as the testimony of others?

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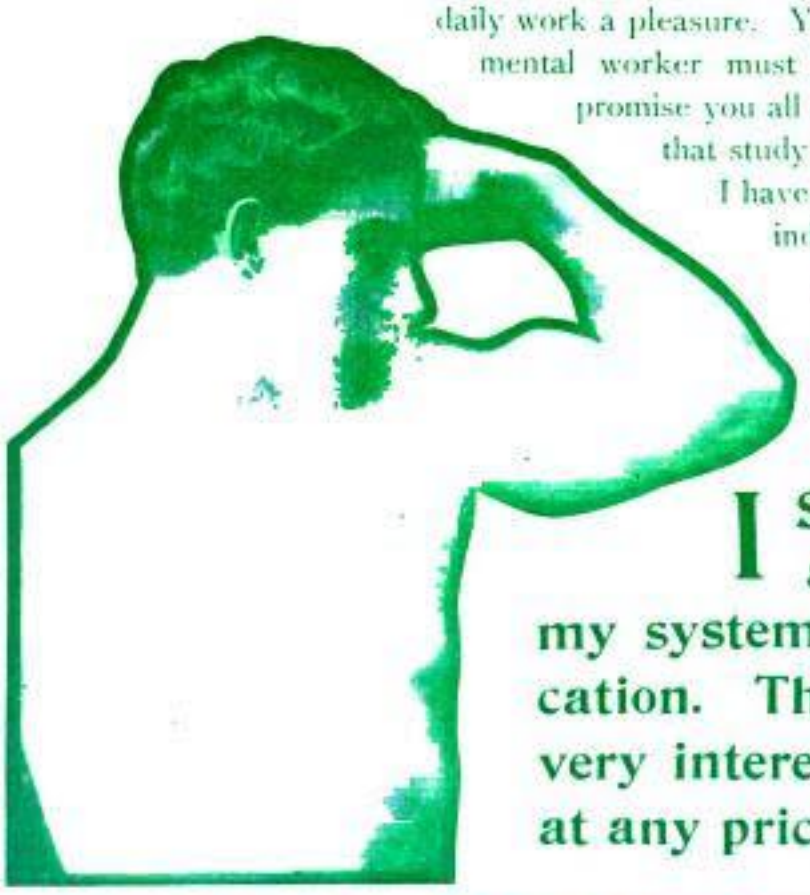

I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My System is for each individual; my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil. It is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

I SHALL be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, upon application. This information which I furnish free is very interesting and cannot be secured elsewhere at any price. Write at once.

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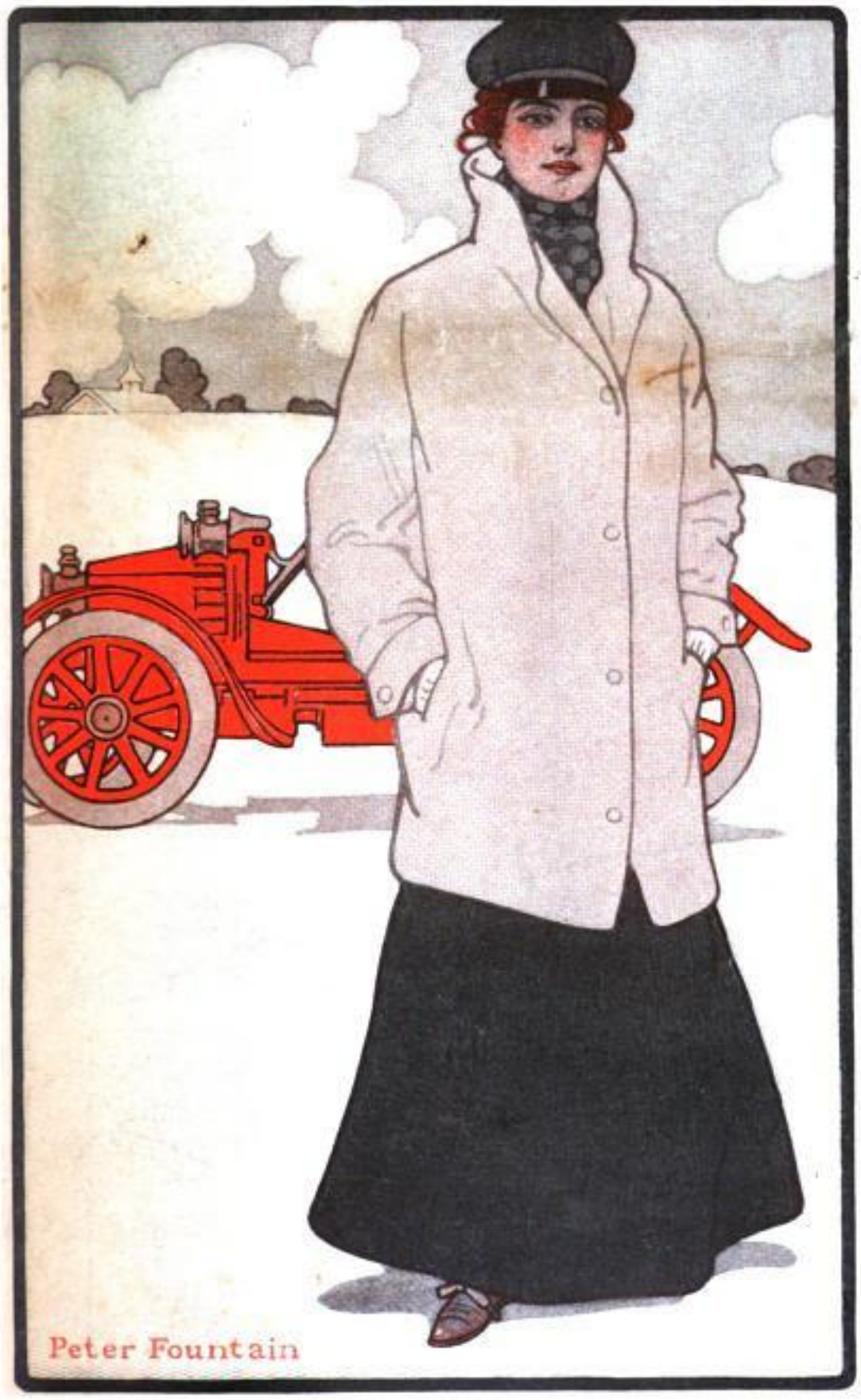
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JANUARY 17, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



PAUL C. CLEVERLY, Agent,
The Saturday Evening Post,
No. 23 MILL STREET,
LEOMINSTER, MASS.

Beginning

A Woman's Washington

By The Congressman's Wife

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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FAIRBANK'S GLYCERINE TAR SOAP

Chapped Hands

are the bane of the little tot's existence—and sometimes of older folks. Wintry winds raise havoc with tender skins.

FAIRBANK'S GLYCERINE TAR SOAP first cleanses the skin of all impurities, then heals, soothes and keeps it soft and velvety.

It makes a rich, creamy lather and has pronounced antiseptic qualities.

Removes grease and dirt like magic, and lathers in hard or soft, hot or cold water. Each cake is wrapped and packed in separate carton.

Ask for FAIRBANK'S GLYCERINE TAR SOAP at your grocery or drug store. If you fail to find it, send us name and address for free sample. It has an odor

"Like a Breath from the Pines"

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Don't judge of the quality by the price—

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D: 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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VOLUME 175 — PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 17, 1903 — NUMBER 29

A Woman's Washington

THE BELGIAN MINISTER

COLONEL BINGHAM (IN UNIFORM)

THE ARGENTINE MINISTER AND HIS WIFE

By The Congressman's Wife

JUSTICE HARLAN

MORE fully convinced every day of my life that we human beings have existed in some previous state and that the Slocums, Robert and I, far back in a primitive age must have been homing pigeons. I am led to this belief from the remarkable similarity of our rapid and unerring flight each year from Spruce City back to Washington, and furthermore, no one of the feathered tribe could feel more delight at the home stretch than I when I catch my first glimpse of the dome of the Capitol as we round the curves of the track this side of Bennings.

It is said that Jupiter laughed for seven days after he was born, and I have a fellow-feeling for him, for I have laughed for seven days after getting back here, and finally even Robert was sufficiently distracted from his concern over the Statehood bill and his plans for reforming the tariff to remark:

"Well, Agatha, in your beatitude you no doubt would echo the blessing which the Reverend Dick Harlan pronounced at the gala dinner given to his father the other night."

"Indeed I would," said I, not having an idea what that blessing was, although Robert, who had attended the dinner, had told of all the other brilliant sayings and doings.

"Usually," said Robert, "one is deadly afraid of the invocations and of the tendency to 'slop' over, but the Reverend Dick arose and said, 'For good health, good friends, good cheer, Good God, make us ever truly thankful,' and sat down."

"He should have had a medal. Didn't they applaud?" I asked, feeling that that blessing would have been my own.

"They wanted to, and Judge D—— said to me, 'It is evident that Justice Harlan did not keep all the brains in his family.'

"I tell you what, Agatha," Robert continued, "that dinner was a rattling occasion. I never heard such speeches in my life, beginning with the President's with his tribute to the South, and ending with Mr. Perry's speech for the Washington Bar. When Brewer spoke, for he is a wag, you know, he said: 'Harlan never goes to bed without having one hand on the Bible and the other on the Constitution,' and Judge D—— interpolated loud enough to be heard:

"'And with his golf sticks under his pillow.' You should have heard the laugh that went up from our end of the room."

"Well, Robert," I said impressively, feeling that my time had come to speak of what lay so near my heart, "a town that can bring together continually so many brilliant men and women is the town for the Slocums to live in permanently. I want to build a marble palace here, one something like Mrs. Scott T——'s famous French one, which everybody admires. You see, Robert," I hurried on, for I saw signs of stress on Robert's face, "I speak of this house because it is one of the great signs of progress in the town."

I pronounced progress as though it were spelled with a big P. Robert groaned out:

"What's the matter with the house we've got? I had been in hopes, Agatha, that when we turned our backs on our tanneries, and had a seat in the United States Senate, a French cook and a new diamond fender, that you would be contented for a year or two, but——"

Robert would persist in calling my new diamond tiara a fender because it was shaped something after the pattern of a nursery fender.

"But, Robert," I protested, "our befluted Schneider house has already filled its mission. If we are to keep up with the holiday procession in this greater Washington, and if we are to live up to the newly bedizened White House, with the trend of the Administration and the smart set generally, we must have a marble palace of our own. We must progress with the rest——"

"Bother," said Robert testily; "progress is a disease in America; if we don't find the germ and kill it, it will kill us. I wonder you don't say you want to copy the Patent Office and done with it——"

I knew in my innermost heart that Robert's own idea of a fine dwelling was the one General Corbin has just built and which looms up in the northwestern section of the town much as an ocean liner looms up on the crest of a wave. I knew, moreover, that, in reality, Robert is deadly afraid to build a home here, in spite of the successful example of Senators Hale and Foraker, for he is fully persuaded that his constituents might take it into their heads to cut off his Senatorial toga close under his chin, just as Senator Van Wyck's was cut off some years ago because he elected to live in a corner house in a swagger section of the town, instead of going to a boarding-house on Capitol Hill.

I am going to suggest to our old friend Senator P—— the advisability of introducing a bill in Congress for supplying each seat in both Houses with a dwelling, to be built upon the classic lines of an adobe hut. This would forever allay the suspicions of, and heartburning among, Congressmen, and would make a fitting companion picture to the rows of tombs once in the Congressional Cemetery, which I am told were designed for, and do actually contain, defunct statesmen.

The truth is, I have drunk more deeply than Robert has of the "drowsy syrup" which renders one captive in this city. Indeed, it is commonly understood to be a condition that befalls nearly every one who comes here. As an instance of this, the first person we met on getting back was Captain J——, who to a certainty, when Congress adjourned last June, had been ordered to sea. Yet here he was still a landlubber. I said in surprise:

"What are you doing here? I thought you had been ordered, like Dickens' little Joe, to 'move on.'"

"I *was* told to 'move on,'" he laughed, "but I made out a strong case to the Secretary and persuaded him that I was more earnestly needed at the Bureau of Navigation than at sea. The correct reading of the situation is, Mrs. Slocum, that we old sailors cannot bear to leave Washington. It is a veritable Fiddler's Green to us."

"Fiddler's Green," echoed I, "and what might Fiddler's Green be?"

"Oh, you just ask any old salt what Fiddler's Green is, and he'll know even if he cannot tell you its origin. It is the sailor's Elysium. A land of perpetual mirth, music, dancing and tobacco—a sort of land o' the leal."

This chimed in exactly with my own feeling, and I was glad to fall in with Captain J——, for man though he was he would be likely to have most of the news of the town at his tongue's end; for who, save a deaf mute, could belong to both the Metropolitan and the Army and Navy Clubs, to say nothing of the Navy Department, and not be, like old Samuel Pepys, a "prince of gossips"?

"What's the news?" queried I with eager interest.

He stroked his chin thoughtfully and said:

"Firstly, you know we have lost Wu?"

"Yes, I knew he had been recalled," I said regretfully.

"Before he went he gave some of us an impromptu dance at the Legation, with spirited illustrations of his recent visit to a medium, where Chinese spooks appeared to him and wrote him spook letters in Chinese, which he thought was the most wonderful of all the things that he had seen Americans do. I asked him if he really believed it?

"'Ah,' he said, looking wise and mysterious. 'The American goes ahead of the Chinese in some things, and we have an old proverb in my country that says, "One needs a long spoon to eat with the devil."'"

Robert and I were much amused at this thrust from the Orient. Captain J—— continued:

"And Mr. Merou, the Argentine Minister, was making a study of our voting methods at the polls over in Baltimore, election day, and summed it up thus:

"'Your system is much like the system in my country. Perhaps we use more of the pistol than you do, and have more slain at the end of the day than you have votes, but in the main it is much the same.'

"And the Belgian Minister, Baron Moncheur, has set quite a new fashion in pets. He has just purchased at the recent

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SENATOR HALE

SENATOR FORAKER

cat show here a handsome yellow tiger cat, which his secretary has installed at the Legation, and which has caused the Persian Minister, Isaac Kahn, to tell his famous cat story of the cat of Kashan that nearly broke up his nation, and——" Captain J—— paused to think.

"Oh, yes, Director Roberts, of the Treasury Department, has scored a triumph. After months of search he has at length found the profile view of the President's face, and the usual Presidential medal of bronze is to be struck. This will complete the Presidential medals. They each sell for two dollars, save John Adams', which goes at one fifty——"

As he stopped I spurred him on.

"But the White House, what's been going on over there?"

"Nothing but its almost total destruction," he said tersely, "and the efforts of officials who have the work in hand to hatch that handsome, dubious egg which George Eliot calls 'Possibility.' Been over there yet, Mrs. Slocum?"

"Yes, and I saw all of Aladdin's wonders, even Aladdin's palace windows. You know, of course, about Aladdin's windows?" I asked, raising my eyebrows.

"Yes," responded the Captain. "They were set around with diamonds, weren't they? Did you see the Red Room?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Well?" There was challenge in this interrogative.

"Well," I echoed, trying to think of a comparison. "That room seemed to me to be a regular conflagration in still life. I could think of nothing but our prairie land out West when it is all on fire. It is a room that would bring joy to an Apache Chief, and with all those red velvet walls and that red leather furniture will surely make every woman who enters it wonder if she is not, after all, a descendant of poor Lo!"

"And for the rest?" the Captain went on.

"Oh, for the rest," said I seriously, "I could only take comfort by remembering that 'It is to live twice when one can enjoy the recollections of former things.'"

"I think," said the Captain with the first tone of approval he had shown, "that the State dining-room as it now is is a fine room, with its old English oak paneling, its tapestries, and——"

"And," said I interrupting, "I verily believe that whoever put those tapestries there knew that the President's guests would spend most of their time trying to decipher the four-line texts in old English. I could not make out one syllable, and I am going to ask Colonel Bingham if he had them hung there designedly. But," said I, "honestly, it was something of a shock to me, this new White House. There is not a familiar object, nor a familiar outline left. There are now bare open spaces where once were solid walls, and doors and windows that are surprises. It is all new varnish, gilding and buff frescoing. I sighed for the old Tiffany screens and for the old tubs of palms that used to stand like sentinels in the corridor, and I could have embraced the Milton shield if I could have found it anywhere——"

"Pshaw," broke in Robert, "all the changes in the mansion are nothing to the misfits over in the new executive offices. I've been over there and already sampled the sitting qualities of the furniture in the reception-room, and it isn't a patch on that old sofa with the sunken springs that used to be up in the corridor, you remember, Captain?"

The Captain nodded appreciatively.

"And, by George," continued Robert with gusto, "there are so many entrances and exits that a chap doesn't know where he came in nor where he is going out, and the surprise is continual of finding one's self suddenly out in the cold world, for every door seems to open outward. I'll be hanged if I see how the newspaper men are going to get along this winter. They won't have any way of knowing who comes or goes, and they won't be sure even that the President is there half the time. I asked Dave B——, of the Firmament, how they meant to manage.

"'Dogged if I know,' he said with a weary smile, 'unless we play a sort of game of ring-around-the-rosy about the entire building whenever any big job is on, and even then, ten to one we'll miss our man.'

"Oh, it will be a grand old game of hide-and-seek this session," laughed Robert, who has no particular ax to grind, and nothing this winter on hand but his usual solicitude for the Constitution and his desire to tinker the tariff, and therefore could afford to laugh at the newspaper fraternity.

"Poor Bingham has had his hands full," said Captain J—— commiseratingly. "He hasn't had a minute's peace since all this building and remodeling began, and all this fall every time he has tried to settle down to work comfortably a telephone message would go vibrating all over town:

"'We can't find the eight long mirrors that belong in the East Room. Ask Colonel Bingham if he knows where they are.'

"Or, 'Does anybody know where the malachite clock is?' Or, 'We've mislaid the vases sent by the Mikado of Japan during President Arthur's administration; please ask Colonel Bingham where they were stored.'"

"And did they find all these things?" I asked with the instinct of the housekeeper.

Captain J—— shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Presumably! I have an idea, however, that some of those things will remain mislaid forever more. I know for a certainty that some of the old stuff has gone to the junk shops. One interesting thing turned up when the workmen were knocking out the wall of the old State dining-room: they came upon partly charred blocks of wood, to which door jambs had once been nailed. These charred blocks told the tale of the burning of the White House by the British in our War of 1812."

"I wonder," said I speculatively, "whether all the old portraits of the past Presidents are among the things that have gone to the junk shops?"

"Oh, no," the Captain began to laugh, then went on with his narrative of relics.

"The other day when I was passing the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Mr. M——, the artist, who is a great lover of a joke, beckoned me to come into the gallery. He asked me if I'd ever seen their Chamber of Horrors. Of course I had not nor ever heard of any outside Madame Tussaud's and the Eden Musée, but I went in. Mr. M—— noiselessly and mysteriously unlocked one of the rooms downstairs and I tiptoed in, for I fully expected something creepy, but lo! there in a long line on the floor, minus their frames, were all the dead and gone Presidents that had been sent over from the White House to the Corcoran Gallery for safe-keeping during the summer. Of course, I had to laugh when I appreciated the situation. There was that awful old portrait of George Washington with his feet drawn together in a regular one, two, three dancing-school attitude, and his mouth drawn up as though he were just about to whistle. And the one of Abraham Lincoln, the worst of the whole bunch, where he is represented grasping a chair, as though he would topple over if he did not hang on. The only really good portrait among them is the one of Martin Van Buren, by Healey——"

"But," I interrupted, "you are forgetting the one of General Washington by Gilbert Stuart."

"True, Mrs. Slocum, but did you never know that that particular portrait is only a copy of the original one done by Stuart? This one was painted from the original by Stuart's daughter Jane. Gilbert Stuart made only two portraits from life of Washington. One of these two was sent to England and the other was sent to the Boston Athenæum. I don't know whether it is still there or not. There are thirty-five copies of the famous original portrait, and all of them were done by Jane Stuart, though none of their possessors to-day can be persuaded of that fact."

This was news to me, and I recalled the many times I had been shown genuine Gilbert Stuart portraits of Washington. I asked:

"What are they going to do with these old portraits from the Chamber of Horrors?"

"Mrs. Roosevelt is going to have them hung somewhere in the White House; but it will be a case of 'though lost to sight, to memory dear.'"

"But surely," said I, "some voter will come and will resent their position."

"Oh, no, for Mrs. Roosevelt will diplomatically hang her own new portrait by Chartran among them, and the voter will be disarmed and——"

"Ah," said Robert, "a carrying out of the idea that criticism was meant originally as a standard of doing well?"

"Exactly," said the Captain, and he continued, "as for the picture of Watts' Love and Life, about which there is such a howl, I think the President is right to order it back to the White House, though the Director of the Corcoran Gallery is heart-broken at losing it. He said to me prophetically:

"'Just wait till these women begin to clamor around the President's ears and to make his life a burden, then perhaps we'll have it back again. Oh, I shall live in hopes of seeing Love and Life back here again.'"

"If the women should really bother the President about this picture," said Robert, "he might let it be known on the quiet that if they come around the White House in delegations, armed with petitions, he has prepared himself by taking a course of 'Jim Jitsu,' the Japanese method of self-defense, in which they say he is an adept."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Oh," broke in the Captain, "it is only a gentle way they have in Japan of taking a person by the coat collar and throwing him over one's head."

Mistaking the Person

By WILLIAM MATHEWS

ONE of the most common and yet one of the most dangerous practices in social intercourse is that of speaking publicly in censorious terms to a stranger of a person whom one has never seen. What can be more awkward or trying than, after you have been denouncing or ridiculing some public man or private citizen—racking the vocabulary, perhaps, for invective or satirical epithets—to learn accidentally, either on the spot or afterward, that the victim of your obloquy or sarcasm is the very person you have been addressing? In such a situation has many a careless talker, to his inexpressible confusion and mortification, found himself, who has never learned or acted upon the sage advice of a modern bard:

If your lips you'd save from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

An amusing story used to be told of Benjamin Kennicott, D. D., a learned canon of Christ Church, Oxford, who died in that city in 1783. In 1776 he published a Hebrew Bible, in the preparation of which he, with able assistants, collated sixteen Samaritan and over six hundred Hebrew manuscripts. Soon after he began his labors he was traveling one day to Oxford in public stage-coach, when the conversation of the other passengers chanced to turn upon his critical labors. "What success are they likely to have?" asked one. "Not much," replied a second; "what can you expect from the son of a cobbler?" "I beg your pardon," said Kennicott, to the no small astonishment and confusion of his critic, who had never seen him before; "my father was always reckoned a good shoemaker, and never *cobbled* his work." This incident reminds us of Dr. William Carey, the celebrated Orientalist and missionary to India, Professor of the Sanscrit, Bengalee and Mahratta languages in the College of Fort William. Dining with the British Governor one day he overheard an officer at the table ask in a low tone if Mr. Carey did not begin life as a shoemaker. "No, sir," quietly observed the latter; "I began as a cobbler."

A barrister once extolled Edmund Kean to his face, saying many things which tickled the ears of the great actor, especially the praises of his comic personations. When the

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barrister spoke of his circuit, Kean asked: "Pray, were you ever at the theatre in Exeter?" "Yes," was the reply, "and I saw there an ugly, croaking little wretch of an actor, playing the very part in which you so much excel." "That actor, sir," said Kean, "was your humble servant." Here was a most awkward situation; but with the presence of mind, readiness and adroitness of a veteran practitioner, the barrister extricated himself by exclaiming: "Is it possible, sir, that you should have improved so much, in every particular, in so short a time?" Reynolds, the dramatist, tells that once when he was witnessing the performance of his own tragedy, "Werter," in the theatre, a gentleman in the adjoining seat turned to him and said: "Did you ever hear such wretched stuff? If you will help to hiss and damn the play you shall have my hearty support."

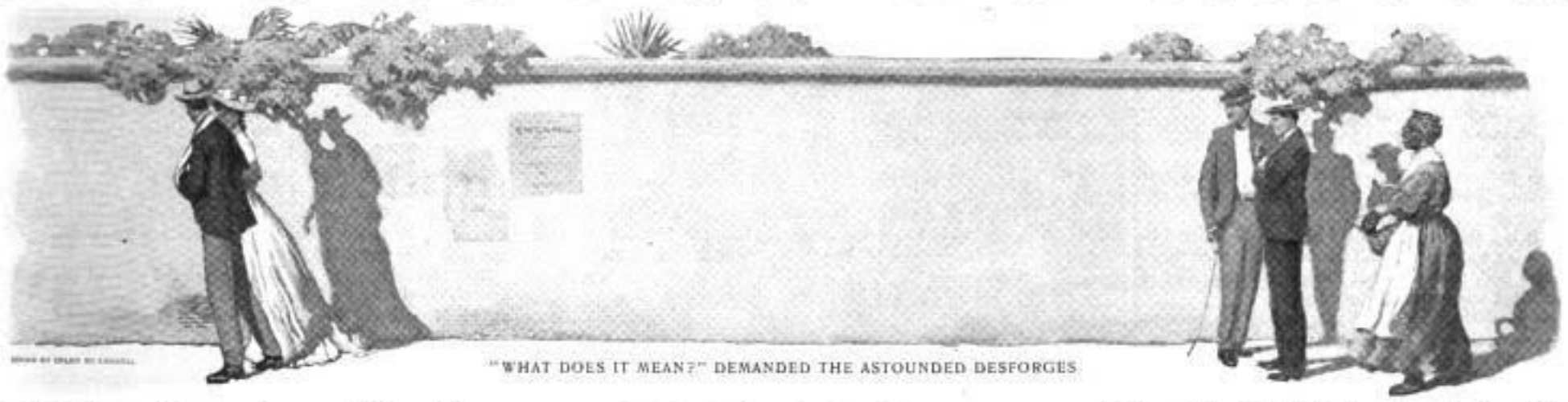
Charles Dickens tells of an amusing incident in his experience, which shows how dangerous it is to affect a knowledge of famous persons when they are alive to contradict you. He rode in a railway train with a clergyman, who discoursed a long time to his fellow-passengers upon the novelist's weaknesses and failings. "Dickens is an atheist, sir, as I happen to know. He is a gambler also, and, I regret to say, drinks." "Dear me, how sad," said the person thus traduced. "Have you ever *seen* him drunk?" "Well, not exactly drunk; but certainly overtaken by liquor." "Have you ever seen him sober?" "Well, that is too much to say—Oh, yes; I have seen him sober." "Often?" "Yes, often." "No, sir, only once," responded the novelist. "You see him now for the first time."

Many persons who are familiar with Washington as it was fifty years ago will remember the National Hotel in that city when it was under the management of Mr. Guy, who had also a hotel in Baltimore. Guy resembled in physiognomy and general appearance Lewis Cass. General Cass was one of Guy's guests. The landlord not only looked singularly like General Cass, including his wart, but dressed like him. One day a Western gentleman, who was a patron of the National, entered the hotel and stepping into the office encountered General Cass quietly standing there. Mistaking the Senator for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed: "Well, old fellow, here I am. The last time I hung up my hat in your shanty one of your clerks sent me up to the fourth story; but now I insist on a lower room."

Astonished at this startling salute, the General, who was a very dignified personage, coldly replied: "You have committed a mistake, sir. I am not Mr. Guy; I am General Cass, of Michigan." Thereupon he turned angrily away. Of course the Western man was shocked at his unconscious rudeness; but, before he had recovered from his mortification at the blunder, his victim, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when, again mistaking him for Guy, the Westerner faced him and said: "Well, here you are, at last! I have just made a terrible mistake! Will you believe it?—I met old Cass, and mistook him for you, and I am afraid the Michigander has gone off mad." What General Cass would have replied to this second assault is not easily imagined; but, fortunately for the offender, the real Guy now approached and rescued him from any wrathful explosion of the twice-angered statesman.

A severe reproof was once administered to an Englishman by a Dutchman whom, on account of his facility in speaking English without the slightest foreign accent, the former had mistaken for a countryman of his. Asked what he thought of Holland, the Englishman replied: "I felt, on quitting it, very much like exclaiming with Voltaire: '*Adieu, canaux, canards, canaille!*'" "Do you know another sarcastic saying of Voltaire about the English?" retorted the Dutchman. "He says, 'Les Anglais ont toute la dureté de leur acier, *sans le poli.*'"

AT L'APPEL DU MATIN



"WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" DEMANDED THE ASTOUNDED DESFORGES

By M. E. M. Davis

A STORY OF OLD NEW ORLEANS IN WHICH EVERY ONE WAS BLIND BUT LOVE

THERE were, it is true, other young ladies of the French Quarter who had been honored with a request from Père Moriguet to *faire la quête* at the Cathedral St. Louis that Sunday morning after mass. But public interest was unquestionably focused upon Mademoiselle Alixe Colombe. For this there were several reasons: Mademoiselle Colombe was high-born, she was young, she was rich—though this indeed counted for little among the spectators—she was charming—which counted for much, and she was beautiful. Notwithstanding all these, the chief reasons were, and had been from the very first—Felix Chavannes and Allard De Gruy.

A group of young men gathered without the entrance to the church discussed the situation in subdued but animated tones.

"She will choose Felix," declared Desforges with conviction; "that sees itself as plainly as the spire on the cathedral, or General Jackson yonder on his war-horse."

"Nonsense!" cried Le Beau. "Let Felix go drown himself in the Mississippi! He has about as much chance as Bergeron here has of squeezing through the gates of Paradise!"

"I wish I were as sure of a welcome from St. Peter as I am of Chavannes' success," retorted Bergeron.

"Aha? Then, what will you bet?" demanded Raynal, whipping notebook and pencil out of his pocket.

A hushed babel of intermingling exclamations stirred the air. "A supper at Antoine's against ——"

"Done!"

"A stall at the French Opera for next season."

"Taken!"

"A box of bonbons for Mademoiselle Alixe."

"A breakfast at Lake Ponchartrain."

"A *fête champêtre* at the Jockey Club in honor of Mademoiselle Colombe."

"Two to one on Allard!"

"Odds in favor of Felix!"

The disputants laughed, gesticulated, and even swore a little, good-naturedly, under breaths. Suddenly a bell tinkled within the church—a clear, small, insistent sound that clove the confusion like a simitar. Instantly all heads were bared and a respectful silence fell upon the wranglers.

The morning was at its prime; the towering spires and the gray old façade of the Cathedral St. Louis were bathed in the golden sunshine of early April; the great Pontalba buildings flanking the Place d'Armes flamed crimson against a turquoise sky; the low roofs of the French Market beyond shimmered silver-green in the dazzling light; the Square itself was a mass of glowing color—hollyhocks, bluets and poppies abloom in the prim beds, roses trellising the borders, children in gay frocks and nurses in multi-colored tignons dotting the white-shelled walks; in the midst of all, General Jackson erect on his bronze steed fringed about with Russian violets.

The church, inside, crowded with worshipers, was in accord with this scheme of light and color; the sunlight pouring through the tall stained-glass windows interlaced the dusky aisles with streamers and gonfalons of red, purple and blue; the chancel was starred with myriads of lighted candles and bright with the kaleidoscopic movements of bishop, priest and altar-boy in gorgeous vestments: all this seemed to blend with the stately fresco in the wall above—a part and parcel of the magnificent Court of St. Louis the Crusader.

The congregation, too familiar with all these details to note them even with careless eyes, craned eager heads forward at the close of the sermon. The fateful moment had arrived!

For several months the *beau monde* of the French Quarter had been assisting at what might be called a joust-at-arms between Felix Chavannes and Allard De Gruy. The combatants so far had been equally matched. If the one sat in the opera-box of Mademoiselle Colombe last night, the other assuredly would thread with her to-night the mazes of a mid-winter cotillon; if the white roses of Monsieur Chavannes filled at a Tuesday soirée her whiter arms, the red roses of Monsieur De Gruy at a Wednesday matinée musicale smiled up from her lap at her redder lips; if she cut daintily the leaves of a volume of poems sent in this forenoon by Allard, this afternoon with the same inscrutable smile she untied the ribbons from about Felix's box of marrons glacées. The wagers offered and taken but now at the church door were not the first by many which had been freely exchanged among the friends of these popular *beaux garçons*. The Quarter was aquiver with interest; the slightest uplift of Mademoiselle Colombe's silken eyelashes had become a matter of speculation; De Gruy's cravats, the swish of Chavannes' cane were subjects of vital importance! Now, the feeling was general that the truncheon was at last to fall, the tourney to end, the victor to receive his prize.

A pretty custom has prevailed from time immemorial at the Cathedral St. Louis. Two or more young women—demoiselles of high degree—are designated or appointed by the good curé in charge to pass about among the congregation after the sermon on certain Sundays in the year and *faire la quête*—in plain English, take up the collection—for the poor of the parish. Each fair alms-gatherer is allowed the privilege of inviting as her escort on this pious round some young man of her acquaintance—a selection always fraught with import. On this occasion it was charged with solemn meaning; the unspoken understanding, even on the part of the aforesaid jousters themselves, being that the choice of Mademoiselle Colombe would be at least a presage of the wedding-bell. The defeated knight was tacitly pledged to withdraw definitely from the arena.

His sermon ended, the white-robed Dominican father descended the winding stair of the pulpit. There was a second of breathless suspense; then, from somewhere in the neighborhood of the sacristy, the Suisse stepped into view.

The Suisse at the Cathedral St. Louis is a perennial joy to the parish. The tall, soldierly figure in the scarlet uniform of the Papal Guard—cocked hat, silver-laced coat, belt and sword—seems at each appearance to have stepped out of some lost page of history or romance. The fierce twist of the old man's gray mustachios, his eyes ambushed behind grizzly overhanging brows, keen to discover and annihilate unwary urchins, his majestic stride, the metallic ring of his tall staff tap-tapping the pavement—these never fail to send through even the dullest a thrill of emotion. The wonted murmur of admiration greeted him. Looking neither to right nor left, he paced forward a few steps, then stopped and waited, rigidly expectant, upon that lettered slab, beneath which repose the mortal remains of Don Andres Almonester y Roxas, founder of the Cathedral St. Louis.

Behind him, near the altar of St. Francis, stood shoulder to shoulder Felix Chavannes and Allard De Gruy. These men were singularly handsome—both of the accepted Creole type, slim, dark and wiry, with dark eyes and mobile features. But a keen observer would have detected a subtle difference in their quality; there were sensual lines about the mouth of Chavannes, the older by several years of the two, and signs of dissipation in the uncertain, fatigued eyes, which were entirely absent from the open countenance and the frank eyes of his avowed rival. Both on this occasion were outwardly calm, dilating nostrils and uneven breathing alone betraying inward agitation. But a sudden involuntary tremor stirred both when Mademoiselle Colombe stepped out of her family pew, preceded by her two companion-mendicants. These latter flushed rosily under the momentary glance of hundreds of eyes; from rose they went to scarlet as they made their predetermined selection of attendant cavaliers from the front row seats. Alixe was pale, her eyes were downcast, her lips compressed; the dusky hair falling low on her white forehead shaded a slight frown. She carried in her two hands a shallow silver bowl; as she advanced composedly her white sleeve brushed De Gruy's elbow; she made an almost

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imperceptible pause, and lifting her eyelids shot him an enigmatical glance which in the space of a single second raised him to rapture and reduced him to despair. Then she turned with a graceful gesture to his companion. "Will Monsieur Chavannes," she demanded in a low, clear voice, "do me the honor to accompany me on my *tour de charité?*"

An audible murmur passed from the fortunate occupants of the front pews to those less happily situated, conveying the news of Mademoiselle Colombe's choice. De Gruy, with a courteous inclination of the head, moved back—his face as white and as impassive as marble; Chavannes, literally treading on air, stepped forward and took his place beside the *quêteuse principale;* the Suisse sounded a double tap with his staff upon the tesselated floor and strode off at the head of the small procession. For the space of fifteen minutes, or thereabouts, no sound was heard throughout the great chapel save the droning of the organ in the loft, the sonorous tap-tap of the official rod, and the clink of coins rattling into the silver bowls of the alms-gatherers. At the turn beyond the middle aisle near the railed baptismal font Desforges and his friends stood waiting. The name of the victor in the famous contest had already reached them, and more than one among them had begun to figure out the cost of the victory to himself. But even these joined in the involuntary burst of admiration which greeted the approach of the well-matched couple. A color had flamed into Alixe's face; her dark eyes were like luminous wells of light; her white garments enveloped her like a mist, a smile parted her lips. Desforges and Raynal quarreled in a whisper over this smile.

"WILL MONSIEUR CHAVANNES DO ME THE HONOR?"

"It is a smile of supernal happiness," insisted the one.

"It is a smile of infernal triumph," growled the other. And though both confessed that the question admitted of no solution a bet was instantly recorded.

As for Felix, he was radiant; he saw his boon companions as it were through the golden round of a wedding ring; his face wore a proud air of possession. The pair were so harmoniously handsome that even the grim face of the Suisse relaxed—though that may have been at hearing behind him the tinkle of the silver shower which rained continuously into Mademoiselle's bowl!

Monsieur Chavannes handed the *quêteuse principale* into her carriage; she lingered for a moment listening to the congratulations of the gallants crowded about the carriage-door; she was waxen pale again and her beautiful eyes showed signs of fatigue.

"You have achieved a triumph, Mademoiselle," declared De Gruy, bowing gravely; "the poor of the parish will pray for you—or dance at your wedding."

She avoided his eye. "Both, I trust, Monsieur," she replied gayly.

"Would that you could be induced to *faire la quête* for me!" exclaimed Le Beau in a plaintive voice. "For if by chance I should decide to pay my debts——"

"Which you are bound to do, you know," interrupted Desforges, giving him a significant dig in the ribs. "A stall at the French Opera costs—let—me—see——"

"Then I shall have to put on the green bonnet," concluded Le Beau mournfully.

"As for this lucky Felix, *ma cousine*—" began Raynal with a mock indignation in which mingled a tinge of real feeling. The red flamed once more to her cheek—"he shall give us our revenge for so outdistancing us all!"

"Do not make him pay too dearly for a doubtful honor, I beseech you," she laughed as the carriage rolled away.

"The very least that you can do at the present moment, Felix, my boy," cried Desforges, seizing the fortunate knight by the arm, "is to come over to L'Appel du Matin and treat us all to coffee."

"Coffee!" echoed Le Beau; "he ought to treat the world in general to nectar and ambrosia, and ourselves in particular to champagne!"

"Make yourself easy, Le Beau," Bergeron hastened to remark. "The champagne will flow like the Gulf Stream at the supper you owe me!"

Le Beau made a wry face as he linked his arm in that of the speaker, and they all moved across the Square in the direction of the French Market. De Gruy and Chavannes found themselves by accident bringing up the rear, side by side. The former, though sore at heart, said, with a friendly touch on his companion's shoulder, "*Eh bien*, Felix; accept my congratulations. To be the choice of Mademoiselle Colombe—even for a *tour de charité*——"

"Two to one that this same *tour de charité* ends in a wedding tour. Who takes me?" The incorrigible Desforges, catching the end of Allard's phrase, had stopped short and produced his betting-book.

Chavannes smiled fatuously; what mortal man, indeed, would not have smiled at the vision thus conjured up! But the blood rushed to De Gruy's cheeks. "Monsieur Chavannes will certainly not permit Mademoiselle Colombe to be made the subject of such a wager," he said. Desforges colored, and making a gesture of apology, slipped the book back into his pocket.

"It is a prize worth striving for," interposed Le Beau amicably. "And truly," he added with a touch of malice, "Felix has striven—hard."

"Oh, as to that," said Chavannes, nettled, "woman, if you only knew it, my friend, is alike the world over. Foolish is the man who strives"—his tone became contemptuous—"for there comes a moment when of her own accord the woman—any woman—drops like a ripe peach into his outstretched hand."

A murmur of incredulous astonishment ran through the group.

"Are you speaking of Mademoiselle Colombe, Monsieur?" demanded De Gruy hotly.

"Mademoiselle Colombe is a woman like any other. As you will, Monsieur," returned Chavannes flippantly.

"Then you are a liar, a scoundrel and a coward," cried De Gruy, advancing upon him. Interposing hands drew them apart. "Are you mad, that you drag her name into an open quarrel!" whispered Raynal in the younger man's ear.

"The name of womanhood itself——"

"*Chut!*"

The excitement subsided before the promenaders thronging the Place knew that anything unusual had taken place among the elegant idlers drifting through their midst.

"Monsieur De Gruy," said Felix blandly, "I trust you will honor me by taking a cup of coffee with me at L'Appel du Matin."

"Willingly, Monsieur Chavannes." Allard's tone was equally bland. "The coffee at L'Appel du Matin I hear is excellent."

And without further reference to the scene—which had taken place near the tall iron gates guarding the Square on Rue Ste. Anne—the young men strolled on, the late antagonists walking as before, side by side.

A moment later they turned into one of the low sheds of the French Market. Making their way between the fruit-stands glowing with an equatorial warmth of color, and the fringe of vegetable stalls beyond, garlanded with garlic, they presently came to the open flagged space where half a score of stolid Chacta women squat above their baskets of *filé* and their bundles of sassafras. Here they paused to scatter a handful of coins which the brown fingers of an Indian baby closed greedily over while with small beadlike eyes he gazed impassively at the givers.

"*Ma foi!*" cried Le Beau; "what an anti-climax! After Mademoiselle Alixe and her bowl——"

"And her eyes!" interrupted Bergeron.

"The grimy fist of a naked Chacta brat! Put up your book, Desforges. It is all one to me whether the money goes for beads or for fire-water."

A few steps brought them to the famous coffee-stall known as L'Appel du Matin. The reverse of the signboard bearing this legend (in blue and gold) explains to possible English-speaking guests its meaning: The Morning Call. But no translation is needed for the comprehension of the amber-hued liquid which has been served by generations of Vauthiers, fathers and sons, to customers of all nations and all creeds. Thackeray himself, who came to the Old Town by the River "in the springtime, just when the orchards were flushing over with peach-blossoms and the sweet herbs came to flavor the juleps," sat, it is whispered, upon one of the high wooden stools at The Morning Call and sipped his cup (the flaky crumbs of the Vauthier cake lodging in the creases of his ample waistcoat), the while he viewed with kindly spectacled eyes the scene about him and emitted from genial lips the axiom that this was "the city of all the world where you could eat the most and suffer the least." Jenny Lind, moreover, and Lafayette, and Henry Clay—the tale is almost endless!

Chavannes invited his guests with a wave of the hand to be seated. A breeze swept in from the river hard by, bringing confused sounds from the levee; the air was heavy with the smell of pineapples, mangoes, and all manner of tropical fruits. A faint familiar perfume mingled with it from the blossoms adorning the stall.

—BOTH OF THE ACCEPTED CREOLE TYPE

Allard had fallen into a revery; he saw as in a vision a slim white hand uplifted to pluck a cluster of red roses; the sleeve fallen away to the elbow left bare the dainty wrist; once more, as last night in the moonlit old courtyard of the Colombe mansion, a moment of delirium seized him; he caught in his the slim white hand, he felt for a single instant the fluttering pulse of the wrist under his lips; and he stood again terrified but rapturous, watching the flying white-clad figure disappear up the winding stair.

A nudge from Raynal's elbow aroused him. Chavannes was speaking in a slow, deliberate voice. "I have twice reminded Monsieur De Gruy that he does not empty his cup. True, the coffee Vauthier is detestable."

Allard picked up the heavy cup before him and blew off the foam which whitened the dark surface of the beverage within. He touched the thick rim with his lips. "I am usually in accord with Monsieur Chavannes," he said, setting down the cup. "On this occasion, however, I beg leave to differ with him. I find the coffee Vauthier—and the company"—he bowed airily around—"admirable."

"I repeat, sir," interrupted Chavannes without a trace of emotion in his tone, "that the coffee of L'Appel du Matin is detestable."

"And I maintain," returned De Gruy, tapping with his teaspoon on the marble, "that the coffee of The Morning Call is the best that is made—ab—so—lute—ly."

"Then, allow me to offer you another sip," said Chavannes coolly. As he spoke he dashed the contents of his own cup at his rival.

"Thanks, Monsieur." De Gruy wiped the liquid from his shirt-front and rose to his feet. "I am in debt to you for the sip," he continued. "Mr. Raynal here is my banker; he will settle with yours the terms of payment."

"*Ma foi!*" muttered old Vauthier, passing a wet cloth over the discolored marble and watching his late customers stroll lazily away; "they are a hot-blooded lot—like their fathers and grandfathers before them." He shook his white poll. "But, I wonder me, what devil of a shrimp kicked in that cup! The coffee Vauthier indeed! As if zpp! *mes beaux garçons!* As if the brain Vauthier did not know that there was a woman under the cape!"

Underneath a giant live-oak toward the rear of the quiet, bird-haunted City Park stands—fast crumbling to ruin—the old family tomb of the Allard family. The flower-bordered aisles, the grassy slopes and the magnificent trees that surround it, once formed a part of the fine old Allard plantation. Later, the place, abandoned, gloomy and weed-grown, became known as The Oaks, the famous dueling-ground of the old régime. The sod now flaunting the scarlet of petunias, and the crimson of geranium and verbena, has in its day and time been watered with the reddest blood of the *vieux carré*. It is a lonely-looking spot still; the mouldy bricks lie scattered about the yawning mouth of the tomb, whence, long before any living Allard can remember, the bones of his forebears were removed to a more fitting resting-place; the path leading off with a bit of moss-hung wood is bordered with unmolested wild-flowers; a ribbon of golden brown and purple fleurs-de-lis marks in springtime the winding turns of the hollow hard by.

In the misty gray of early dawn on the morning after the *quête* at the Cathedral St. Louis and the cup of coffee at The Morning Call, Allard De Gruy crossed the dewy sward and paused beside the old tomb of his family. He was accompanied by Raynal and Le Beau and a boyish-looking surgeon with a leather case under his arm. He stooped and gazed into the open, cob-webbed vault, the funereal moss from an overhanging limb of the oak brushing his bared head. "If I——" he began whimsically, still peering into the gloom.

"But you won't, you know!" cried Raynal, taking the word out of his mouth. "Chavannes is a fine shot, but his hand is not so steady as it was. Here they are."

Chavannes, followed by Desforges and Bergeron, came hurrying in his turn across the dewy turf.

An ineffectual attempt was made by the seconds to adjust the quarrel; the preliminaries were quickly arranged; Le Beau and Desforges scribbled furtively in their betting-books; the principals drew off their coats and tossed them on the old tomb; the ground was paced off and they took their places.

The afternoon of the same day Raynal strolled into his cousin's boudoir. She was sitting by an open window with a trayful of rose petals, mingled red and white, on her knee. She looked up as he entered, and returned his significant glance with a saucy smile.

"Still wearing both colors?" he said. "I thought your War of the Roses had ended!"

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She lifted the leaves intended for the rose-jar with her white fingers, still smiling at him, but made no reply.

"Why did you do it, Alixe?" he asked seriously.

"Do what?" Mademoiselle Colombe's eyebrows were elevated in innocent curiosity.

"Why did you choose Felix Chavannes yesterday for the *quête?*"

"Impertinent! And why should I *not* have chosen Monsieur Chavannes?"

"Poor Allard!"

"Poor Allard, indeed!" Alixe's tone took on sudden indignant energy. "Monsieur De Gruy does not strike me as a subject for pity. His presumption is unpardonable."

Raynal wondered at her, being unaware of the vision which swam before her eyes—of a man and a maid in a moonlit court—of his swift, impassioned, unwarranted grasp of her hand—of the warm pressure of his lips on her wrist——

"Poor Allard!" he repeated with an insistence which startled her into inquiring with impatience what he meant.

He watched her narrowly. "Chavannes and De Gruy fought a duel this morning at daylight," he announced abruptly.

She trembled from head to foot. "Was—was Monsieur Chavannes hurt?" she faltered.

Raynal turned angrily on his heel. "No, coquette!" he shouted from the doorway. "But Allard has paid with a shot in his arm for his quixotic defense of—the coffee Vauthier."

"Oh, is that all!" Her fingers were again busy with the rose-leaves. "Come, tell me about it." And having with feminine adroitness coaxed the alleged reasons for the quarrel out of her cousin, and listened without a shudder to his graphic account of the duel itself, she leaned back and remarked nonchalantly: "Do you know, *mon cousin*, I find your friend Monsieur De Gruy as inept as he is presumptuous. I have myself tasted the coffee Vauthier. I found it atrocious."

"You are utterly heartless, Alixe," exclaimed Raynal, manlike noticing the smile and not the grayish pallor that had crept into her face.

A fortnight later, on a Sunday morning, Allard De Gruy found himself, in company with Raynal and Le Beau, once more seated on one of the high wooden stools at The Morning Call. His arm was still in a sling, and he was a trifle thinner than usual, but otherwise he showed no trace of the inexplicable accident which had been the talk of the town. As on a former occasion, he had fallen into a revery—induced doubtless by the faint familiar perfume of the roses at his elbow. His foam-capped cup remained untasted before him. He had lost her forever—*that* he had realized at the moment she had made her choice for the *quête*. He acknowledged himself vanquished, but for the life of him he could not help going back again and again with bitter-sweet rapture to that never-to-be-forgotten night, when——

This time it was a silvery voice which aroused him. "Good-morning, messieurs." He sprang to his feet and faced about.

Mademoiselle Colombe had approached unawares. She had, it appeared, taken it into her pretty head to "make the marketing" as the phrase goes in Frenchtown; the waddling negress at her heels carried a heaped-up basket.

At the same moment, by one of those strange chances which are utterly incomprehensible, Felix Chavannes, with his two cronies, had come up from the opposite side and paused, with a formal greeting to his late adversary. He placed himself near the young girl with an air of ownership, which Allard could not but admit was justifiable, but which, in the light of Chavannes' estimate of woman, was intolerable to himself. He returned her quick glance with a smile and stood aside.

Neither had seen her since the memorable *quête;* she had been, it was understood, making her annual retreat at the Convent du Sacré Cœur. She was more radiant than ever.

"Am I asked to have a cup of coffee?" she demanded gayly. "Thanks, messieurs." Amid a chorus of delighted exclamations she fluttered to the stool just vacated by De Gruy. Old Vauthier, well-nigh dazed by such an apparition, made haste to set before her a freshly filled cup, and under the admiring gaze of half a dozen pairs of eyes she carried it to her lips.

"I find the coffee Vauthier the best that is made—ab—so—lute—ly," she remarked carelessly, putting the cup into the saucer and tapping the marble with her spoon.

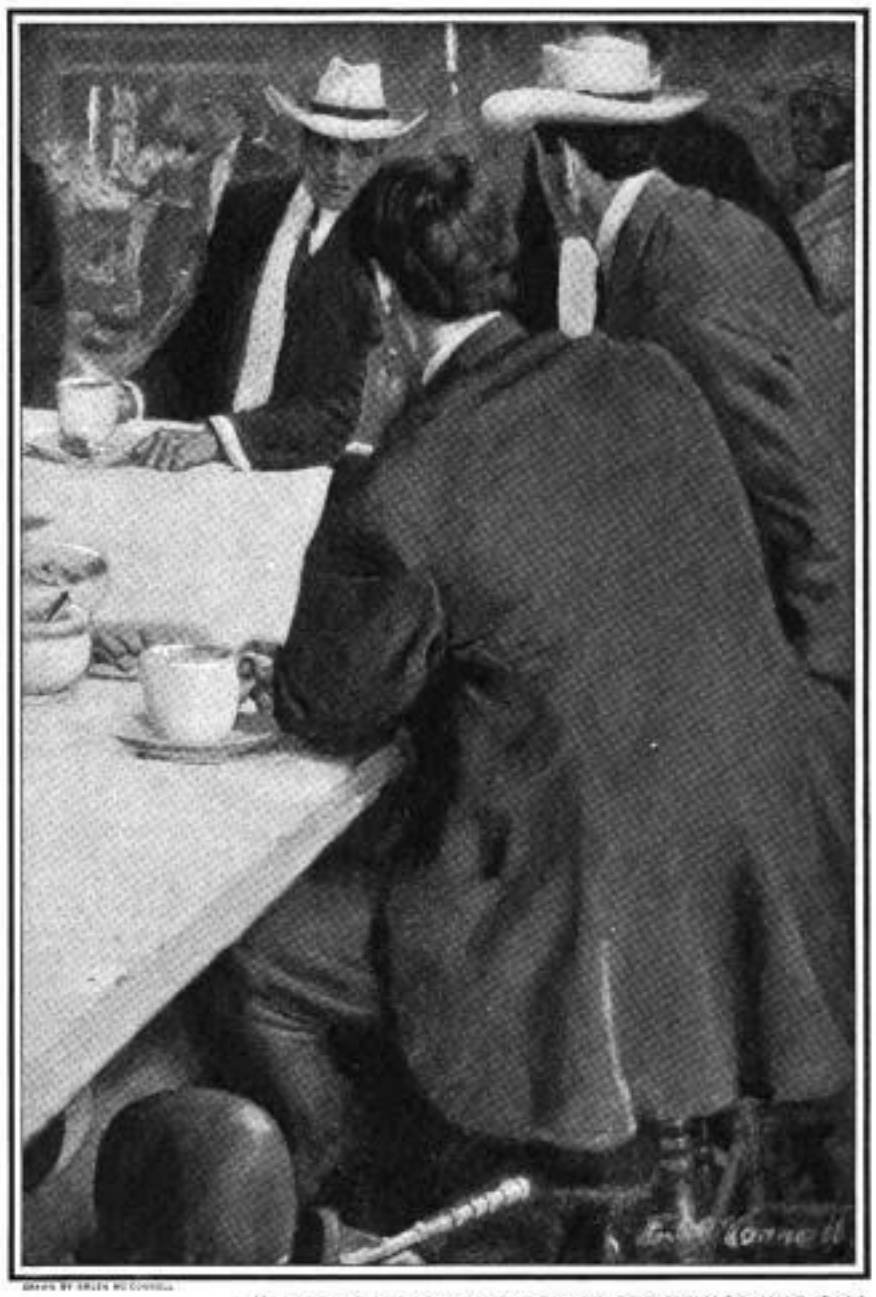
Was this intentional? Or but a chance shot? Even Raynal was puzzled. Her lovely eyes were bent on Chavannes with an expression so charmingly innocent that involuntarily he put out his arm, as if to claim his bride then and there: his face glowed with unconcealed triumph.

There was a moment of rather embarrassed silence. "I smell orange-blossoms," observed Le Beau with pretended irrelevance.

"Impossible," said Bergeron in a matter-of-fact tone. "The orange trees ceased blooming a month ago, and more,"

"Nevertheless there are a few belated flowers on the tree in the cathedral garden," said Desforges. "I saw them as I came along. Perhaps," he added with a meaning glance at Chavannes, "if Mademoiselle Colombe has immediate need of orange-blossoms, the old Suisse might be persuaded to give her a handful—enough at least for a certain coronet."

Alixe flushed scarlet to the roots of her hair, but she bowed graciously to the audacious speaker as she rose to her feet. "*Merci*, Monsieur," she said; "I will go at once to the cathedral garden. Monsieur De Gruy"—she leaned forward and laid her ungloved hand on Allard's bandaged arm—"will you *faire la quête*—for orange-blossoms—with me?"



—"I MAINTAIN THAT THE COFFEE OF THE MORNING CALL IS THE BEST THAT IS MADE—AB-SO-LUTE-LY"

"What does it mean?" demanded the astounded Desforges as the pair passed arm in arm down the dim aisles of the Market.

"It means," chuckled Raynal, "that everybody has been blind—except Love!"

The Language of the Wire

By EDWARD LEGGETT KEEN

Ld 3—Kevy ws saik tsp by an unkn
ank wo, ixr, im afw ckx. Gx.

THIS is not Russian nor "pidgin" English. Neither is it printers' pi nor a doctor's prescription. It doesn't look very easy to the average citizen, but it is perfectly intelligible to any telegraph operator familiar with the handling of press copy. The operator in a newspaper office who, receiving such an item over the press association wire, should fail to sing it out or demolish three or four chairs getting it to the telegraph editor's desk, would surely lose his job. Assuming that he has heard this message ticking its way over the wire from New York, he has already taken it down on his "machine" in understandable English—and by this time he is probably listening to the bawling of the newsmongers in the street below: "Wuxtre-e-e! All about the horrible assassination of King Edward!"—while the startled public is reading from the still damp sheet:

> London,——3—King Edward VII was shot and instantly killed this afternoon by an unknown anarchist who, it is reported, immediately afterward committed suicide. Great excitement.

This is an exact translation of the alphabetical jumble recorded above. The message was sent in what is known in telegraph circles as the Phillips Code. As transmitted it contained forty-two letters; as translated, one hundred and forty-four letters. It was sent over the wire, therefore, in less than one-third the time that would have been required to tick it off in plain language.

Another example:

> T Scotus tdy dcdd 5 pw f Potus dz n xtd to t Pips, ogt all pst Cgsl xgn q sj is uxl.

This also would be startling if true, and doubtless would create a sensation or two in the editorial and composing rooms, for it conveys the heartrending information that:

> The Supreme Court of the United States to-day decided that the power of the President of the United States does not extend to the Philippines, on the ground that all past Congressional legislation on the subject is unconstitutional.

The code was compiled some twenty years ago by Colonel Walter L. Phillips, sometime General Manager of the now defunct United Press. Since then it has been enlarged and improved until it now contains more than two thousand expressions. These expressions vary in length from one letter, or figure, to groups of five letters. They stand for one word or for phrases composed of as many as eight or ten words. The system was devised for the purpose of both saving time and increasing the capacity of the wire. Its utility for press work became evident upon the introduction of the typewriter. An average operator sending uncoded matter can crowd the very best receiving operator taking it in manuscript; but most any typewriter operator can take that kind of "stuff" with ease and have time to read his morning paper between words. The use of the code brings the speed of the sender more nearly up to that of the receiver, now that press work is almost universally taken on the typewriter. The examples given above are coded more closely than the ordinary press message. The time actually saved in practical work is about one-third over that consumed in sending the same matter in an unabbreviated language.

For almost all the code expressions employed there is an apparent reason for existence, orthographic or phonetic—or otherwise. Thus, "ofs" is easily understood to mean "office." The phrases, "shot and instantly killed," "it is reported," "Supreme Court of the United States," and "President of the United States" are coded by using the first letter of each word; but just why "ckx" should indicate "committed suicide" does not appear. There are some other arbitrary signs in the code, such as "hag" for "in consequence of" and "kaw" for "adjourned sine die," but these are quite limited in number. The code is arranged generally with a view to burdening the memory as little as possible. Expressions for words having the same root vary only as to termination. For instance, "receive" is coded "rc." Naturally, then, "receiving" is "rcg"; "received" is "rcd" and "reception" is "rcn." Thus also, starting with "oj" for "object," we have "ojd, ojg, ojn, ojv, ojt" for "object-ed, -ing, -ion, -ive, -ionable."

Nearly every letter in the alphabet is employed singly as a code expression; thus, "f" for "of the," "g" for "from the," "j" for "by which," etc. The figure "4" means "where"; "5," "that the"; "7," "that is."

The doctrine of expansion is observed in the code. As a system it keeps pace with the times, and new expressions are added as they become necessary. When Dewey discovered the Philippines, and thus a new word was incorporated into current geographical nomenclature, a contraction therefore had to be invented. What could be more euphonious than "Pips"? "Porto Rico" became "Pxo" and "Porto Ricans," "Pxons." Upon the accession of King Edward VII the operators were able to save nine letters by nicknaming His Majesty "Kevy." This can scarcely be considered quite so irreverent, however, as "Sow" for "Secretary of War."

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GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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—ACCEPTED WALLINGFORD'S INVITATION TO WALK IN THE FRESH NIGHT AIR TO HIS CLUB

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS — Arthur Gordon-Beauvais, Earl of Frothingham, is on the verge of hopeless financial ruin, and something must be done about it. There seems to be encouragement in the example of his friend and neighbor, George, Duke of Surrey, who has succeeded in capturing an American heiress, and, bolstered up with borrowed courage by his sister Evelyn, he takes his leave of England and the girl he really loves — Lady Gwendoline Ridley, Surrey's sister. On the steamer he meets two American types — Longview, a tuft-hunting nonentity, recently naturalized an Englishman, and Barney, a flamboyant example of sudden wealth. Both have daughters and both have fortunes, but Miss Barney is still in Chicago, and Honoria Longview is much too wide-awake a young woman to make any mistake in understanding Frothingham's errand.

III

NEW YORK, November 6.

My Dear Eve:

I'm just sending you off the newspapers with the accounts of George's wedding. Don't show them about, please, as he's frightfully cut up over them. He swears he'll never set foot in this country again or let his Duchess come. You'll be tremendously amused as you read. You'll never have seen anything so frank and personal. And the illustrations! We've done nothing but dodge cameras when we weren't dodging reporters. I don't agree with George — I think it's great fun.

They let me off easy, as you'll see, and some of the pictures of me are not half bad. But I don't wonder that George is furious. Just read the descriptions of his looks — and really he's looking horribly seedy. And don't neglect the accounts of the new Duchess' papa and how he came by his cash. He must be a gory old vulture — though really he don't look it, and except when he gets to going it hard his English is fairly good, of the nosey, Yankee kind.

George came down to the dock to meet me. He was in a *blue fury*. It seems the newspapers had been making a fearful row over him from the moment he left the other side. And then by illustrated accounts of his houses, his property, his family and himself, not to speak of what they printed about the Dowies' past and present, they set the crowds to collecting at his hotel and to following him around the streets. They published even what he ate and drank, and the size of the tips he gave the servants. And after the engagement was announced the excitement became something incredible. He couldn't poke his nose out of his rooms that somebody didn't collect the crowd by shouting, "There's his Dooklets, there's the little fellow" — and you know Georgie is a *bit* sensitive about his size.

Well, the newspapers published everything — his height and weight, the tooth he has out on the left side, every rag in his boxes, pictures of 'em, everything in Miss Dowie's trousseau — columns and columns. And how he *did* hop round when he found that the Dowies had actually hired a fellow and a woman to give out facts to the press! What do you think of that for a Yankee notion?

You can't imagine the presents. You'd have thought the crown princess was marrying. The newspapers say they alone were worth a million and a half, American money. I and Cleggett went over 'em, and we decided they'd fetch more. You know Cleggett — he's Georgie's solicitor — is over here looking after the settlements. He simply had to put the screws on to old Dowie. I got a good many hints from him on how to deal with these beggars in money matters. Dowie's a shrewd chap. He and Cleggett did all the money talk. Georgie was supposed to know nothing about it. But maybe he wasn't in a blue funk when it began to look as if the whole business were off at the last minute. I had to work hard to keep him up to the mark. Cleggett won out, though — got a hundred thousand pounds more than Georgie expected.

To go back to the presents, her uncle — one of the ha'penny rags here said he's been in the penitentiary, but I hear it's not true — he gave her a yacht, a regular ocean steamer. You'll admire the necklace her aunt sent her — it can't have cost less than fifty thousand, our money. It makes me ill to see these beggars wading and wallowing in money. By the way, I notice that while they talk of spending money, they talk of making it as much as they talk of spending it, if not more.

Wallingford, a fellow I've met here, said to me at dinner the other night, a few minutes after the women had gone: "Shall we stay here with the men and discuss making money, or shall we go up to the women and discuss spending it?"

But to go back to Georgie and his coming down to meet me. I saw him on the pier, his face like a sunset and his arms going like mad. He was haranguing a crowd in which there were several cameras. I shouted to him — I and Miss Longview and her father were at the rail together. As soon as I shouted the crowd looked at us and the cameras were pointed at us. Miss Longview darted away and her father pulled at me.

"Come, come!" he said, all in a flurry and a sweat. "They'll take your picture if you stay."

"Who?" said I. "And why should they take my picture?"

"The reporters," he answered, dragging at me. "You don't understand about American newspapers." I let him drag me away; then he explained. "They know you are coming to the wedding," he said, "and they'll photograph you and interview you and print everything about you — insulting, impudent things. There's no such thing as privacy in this horrible country. Didn't I tell you they haven't the faintest notion what a gentleman is or what is due a gentleman?"

Barney — I'm sure I told you about him in the letter I wrote you on the way over — Barney was standing near us. He burst in with, "I think your friend is unduly alarmed, Earl." (He always calls me Earl. He says he'll be blanked if he'll call any man lord.) "*You* haven't committed a crime or done what you'd be ashamed to see in print. No *honest* man objects to having his face published or anything else about him that's true." And he glared at Longview, who sniffed and walked away. Barney sent a jeering laugh after him and said, "The scrawny little chipmunk!"

"What's a chipmunk?" said I.

"A kind of squirrel," said he, "only littler and even easier to scare."

We went to the rail, and there was George with his crowd pushing and jostling him. As soon as the gangway was let down he rushed aboard, the crowd with the cameras on his heels. At the top he turned like Marius, or whoever it was, at the bridge. And he shouted to the officers in a funny, shrill voice, "Drive those ruffians back!" But the officers were smiling at him and only pretended to restrain the reporters and photographers. On they came, reaching us about as soon as George did. They poured round and between us and began to ask me questions. I must admit they were polite, in the Yankee way, and friendly, and good-natured.

I said to one of 'em: "I say, my good fellow, can't you give me time to get my breath?"

"No, I can't, Lord Frothingham," he said, laughing. "What would you do if you were I, and your paper were going to press in ten minutes and you were five minutes from a telephone?"

I got on famously with them. I didn't in the least mind. They must have liked me, as you'll read. But Georgie! *How* they have been dishing him up!

It wasn't until we got into the carriage that I and he had a chance at each other. "Did you ever see or hear of anything like it?" he said. His hands were shaking and the sweat was rolling down his cheeks. "They act like a lot of South Sea savages when a whale comes ashore. They *are* savages. I had heard it was a beastly country, but ——" And he actually ground his teeth.

You know, George is very touchy on his dignity and has old-fashioned ideas of what's due a Duke from his inferiors. It seems he got into a huff when he first came because they treated him in an offhand fashion, as they treat everybody. And he tried to snub them. And when they snubbed back, only they had illustrated newspapers to do it in, he went wild and has been making matters worse and worse for himself. Some of the papers have had leaders pitying Miss Dowie and predicting that she'll have him in the divorce court for brutality shortly — think of it — Georgie, quiet Georgie! Every one is hating him, for he assumed that even Miss Dowie's friends were like the newspapers that had slated him, and he snubbed right and left.

He took me to his hotel. He had an apartment that costs him fifteen pounds a day — ain't that 'cruel? But he said he didn't propose that these savages should sneer at his poverty — they're doing it anyhow, and they hint that the Dowies are paying his hotel bill or will have to pay it. However, I think he did well to spread himself. There's something about this country that makes you ashamed to seem poor. You spend money and pretend you've got plenty of it. They call it "throwing a bluff," or "making a front."

George had taken an apartment at a tall price for me, but I wouldn't have it, as I wouldn't saddle him with the expense — he hadn't her money in hand then. Besides, I knew that as soon as he was gone I'd have to come down, and that would have looked bad. After I was installed in a very comfortable little apartment thirteen floors up — think of that! — at three pounds a day, we drove to Dowie's. A crowd saw us off at the hotel, people pointed and stared at us all the way up the street, and there was a crowd waiting for us at Dowie's. They live in a huge graystone castle — there is no end of smart houses here, but a queer jumble — samples of everything. I hadn't known old Dowie an hour before he told me that the house and ground and all cost him six hundred thousand, our money.

The girl — but you'll judge her for yourself. I rather fancied her. Affected, of course, and trying to act a duchess out of one of Ouida's novels. Rather fat, too, and her hair is thin and a *mussy* shade of yellow. I think she'll waddle in about five years. Still she's sensible and quick, and dresses well. All the women here do that. But the money! It's heartrending to see it parade by. And they seem to be throwing it away, but they don't. Everything is horribly dear here. I must look sharp or I sha'n't last long.

The newspapers will give you all you want to know about the wedding — it was quite a show — perhaps vulgar and overdone, but really gorgeous. I like America and I like the people. They're jolly good-natured, and the nice ones here are much the same as nice people anywhere else. The Longviews have taken a big furnished house and I'm staying with them. Next week a friend of Miss Longview — a Miss Hollister who lives here, but her people are still in the country — is coming to visit her. Her (Miss Hollister's) father owns a lot of railways and mines, and is no end of a financial swell. I'm too sleepy to write another word except

ARTHUR.

How is Gwen? Be good to me, Evelyn — with love — A.

BARNEY

IV

HONORIA took Frothingham to the Grand Central Station to meet Catherine, and he liked the very first glimpse of her as she came striding down the platform. She was tall and narrow, and she wore dresses and wraps that emphasized both these characteristics. She had a long, thin neck and a small, delicately-colored

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face which she knew how to frame most fascinatingly in her hair, with or without the aid of her hat. She had dreamy young eyes, long and narrow, and her red lips and her slender, nervous fingers made it clear that she lived in her senses rather than in her intellect—that she would neither say nor think anything brilliant, but would feel intensely, and could be powerfully appealed to through her imagination. She was wearing a light brown, brightly-lined coat that trailed to her heels; and she was holding up from the dust and close about her many folds of soft, fine materials, cloth and silk and linen and lace. In her wake came a maid and a porter, each laden with her belongings, an attractive array of comforts and luxuries of travel.

"I'm glad you brought a closed carriage," she said with a shiver as they started for home. "It's raw and the sky seems to weigh upon one's shoulders and head. This is a day to hide in the house, close by an open fire."

Frothingham was surprised by this fairy-princess delicateness in so robust a creature. He thought the day mild, and as for the sky, why bother about anything that far away so long as it sent nothing down to bother one?

"You forget we are English," said Honoria. "We call this good weather. I must confess the closed carriage was a happy accident."

"So like you, Honoria! Isn't it, Lord Frothingham?" Catherine gave him a sweet smile. "She never permits one to keep agreeable illusions. Now, I was loving her for being so thoughtful for me."

As Frothingham only stared, shy and stolid, through his eyeglass, the two girls began to talk each to the other—they had not met in two years, not since Catherine and her mother visited Honoria at Longview's place in Bucks.

"What a beautiful place it was," said Catherine. "I often dream of it. But then, I love England. It is of such a wonderful, vivid shade of green and everything is so cultivated, and refined, and—and—like a fairy garden. Don't you find the contrast very great, Lord Frothingham? We are very new and wild."

"I've seen only people since I've been here. I must say the people—at least those I've met—remind me of home, except that they speak the language differently. As for the city, it's not at all as I fancied. It's much like Paris—more attractive than London, not so gloomy."

"Paris!" Catherine smiled with gently reproachful satire. "Oh, you flatter us."

"I like it better," insisted Frothingham. "It's Paris with English in the streets—I hate Frenchmen."

"No, they're not nice to look at—the men," admitted Catherine. "But I adore what they've done. What would the world be without France?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Frothingham with his cynical enthusiasm-discouraging drawl. "They're hysterical beggars, always exploding for no reason. It makes me nervous. I like quiet and comfort."

"Lord Frothingham isn't so sensible as he pretends," put in Honoria. "He's really almost as sentimental and emotional as you are, Catherine."

"Oh, but I'm neither," replied Catherine. "I don't dare to be. If I find myself the least bit enthusiastic I catch myself up and look all round, frightened lest somebody may have noticed. I'm such a liar—we all are over here. Don't you like sincerity, Lord Frothingham?"

"I—I suppose so." Frothingham looked vague. "What do you mean?" Catherine's "intensity" confused him.

"I mean being true to one's self and not ashamed to show one's self as one is, and never afraid to tell the truth."

"But all of us do that, don't we?" said Frothingham. There was a twinkle in his eye—or was it only the reflection of light from his glass?

Honoria gave him her "candid friend" look. "Nobody does," said she. "That is, nobody who has temperament enough to lead any sort of life above an oyster's."

"But I can see at a glance that Lord Frothingham has temperament." Catherine looked at him with intensely sympathetic appreciation. "Yes, men can be sincere and truthful. But women must always repress their real selves."

Frothingham looked stolid and hopeless. Whenever conversation turned on abstractions he felt like a man fumbling and stumbling about in a London fog. "Really?" he said. "Really, now?"

"I don't know why women fancy they must be liars," said Honoria. "Do you mind dining at Sherry's to-night?" Catherine in her psychological moods bored her. She sometimes ventured on aerial flights, but had no fancy for aerial flounderings.

"Sherry's? That will be delightful! I like dining at restaurants—I'm very American in that respect."

"But so do I," said Frothingham. "That is, in your restaurants here. The people are interesting, and they talk a lot, and loud enough so that one hears every word and isn't annoyed by missing the sense. And how they do waste the food!"

"Food!" Catherine repeated the word with a smile that was half humorous, half pleading. "Please don't use that word, Lord Frothingham. Is always makes me shiver. It sounds so—so animal!"

Frothingham put on the blank look behind which he habitually sheltered himself when he did not know what to say or to do or to think. Honoria was disgusted with him and with Catherine. "They're not going to like each other, not even enough to marry," she said to herself. "And it's a pity, as they're exactly suited. If Catherine only wouldn't pose!"

She was, therefore, somewhat surprised when, immediately she and Catherine were alone, Catherine burst into rhapsody on Frothingham. "What a fine, strong face! So much character! What a sincere, sensitive, pure nature. He's a splendid type of true gentleman, isn't he, Nora? How well he contrasts with our men! Doesn't he?"

Honoria smiled to herself. "She wants to marry him," she thought, "and she's building a fire under her imagination. I might have known it. She's the very person to weave romance over a title and imagine it all gospel. What a poser!" To Catherine she said: "He's a decent enough chap, Caterina. And you'll admire him more than ever when you've read him up in Burke's Peerage and looked at the pictures he's given me of Beauvais House."

"How do you spell it? B-e-v-i-s?"

"No, that's the way you pronounce it. You spell it B-e-a-u-v-a-i-s."

"Isn't that interesting? It's so commonplace to pronounce a word the way it's spelt, don't you think?"

"I never thought of it, my dear. Why not marry him?"

"You are so abrupt and—and practical, Honoria," said Catherine plaintively. "But you are a dear. I should never marry a man unless I loved him."

—HE LIKED THE VERY FIRST GLIMPSE OF HER

Honoria looked faintly cynical. "Certainly not. But surely you can love any man you make up your mind to marry. What is your imagination for?"

At Sherry's that night, besides Honoria, Catherine, Longview and Frothingham, there were at Longview's table Mrs. Carnarvon, of the hunting set, and Joe Wallingford—he hunts and writes verse, both badly, and looks and talks, both extremely well. Honoria devoted herself to Wallingford and so released Catherine and Frothingham each upon the other—she listened for a few seconds now and then to note their progress.

"It's a go," she said to herself with the matchmaker's thrill of triumph, as the cold dessert was served. She saw that Frothingham had ceased to listen and so had ceased to puzzle; his eyeglass was trained steadily and sympathetically upon Catherine's fascinating beauty—why weary the brain when it might rest and enjoy itself through the eyes? Catherine was talking on and on, quoting poetry, telling Frothingham of her emotions, telling him of his emotions—he did not have them, but she was so earnest and convinced that he half believed he did.

"When you said this afternoon that you liked things quiet and comfortable," she said, "I felt that it was splendidly in keeping with your character. I saw that you hated all this noise and display, that you like to get away in your own corner of your beautiful England and live grandly and quietly—near Nature."

If Catherine had not been beautiful and rich he would have said to himself, "What rubbish!" But, as it was, he thought her profound and spiritual. And he said, trying to touch bottom and get a firm stand upon firm earth, "I think you'd like Beauvais."

"I'm sure I should," replied Catherine with enthusiasm. "Honoria was showing me the photographs of it. I admire the great, stately old house. But I liked best of all the picture of the woods and the brook. It reminded me of those lines of Coleridge's—they are so beautiful!—where he speaks of the brook—

> 'In the leafy month of June
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune.'

Don't you think those lines fine? Do I quote them right?"

"Yes—I think so—that is," stammered Frothingham, "it's a jolly brook, but we call it a river." Then to himself: "What an ass she'll think me!" But the starting sweat stayed, for she asked him no more questions; and he, freed from the anxiety of having to try to soar with her, was able to sit quietly and enjoy her beauty and the murmurous rush of her low, musical voice—"It's like the brook that brute she quoted wrote about," he thought.

He did not drive home with his party but accepted Wallingford's invitation to walk in the fresh night air to his club. "Your American women are tremendously clever," he said, as they were strolling along. He was feeling dazed and dizzy from the whirl of his emotions, the whirls and shocks Catherine Hollister had given his brain.

"Yes, they're clever," replied Wallingford, "but not in the way they think they are. Take Kitty Hollister, for example. She's all right when she wants to be. She thinks sense. But what a raft of fuzzy trash she does float out when she gets a-going. I pitied you this evening. She laid herself out to impress you. You're staying in the house with her, aren't you? I suppose she whoops it up whenever you're round?"

"I find her very clever—and interesting," said Frothingham somewhat stiffly.

"Of course she is. I've known her for seventeen of the nineteen years she's gladdened the earth—and I ought to know her pretty well. But she's like a lot of the women in this town. They haven't any emotions to speak of—nothing emotional happens. But they think they ought to have emotions such as they read about, and so they fake 'em. Then, they've got the craze for culture. They haven't the time to get the real thing—they're too busy showing off. Besides, they're too lazy. So they fake culture, too. Oh, yes, they're clever. And they look so well that you like the fake as they parade it better than the real thing."

"We have that sort in London," said Frothingham.

"So I've observed. But it's done rather better there—they're older hands at it. If you weren't an Englishman, I'd say it fitted in better among the other shams. I suppose you've noticed that many people here are imitation English or French? You've seen the tags 'Made in England,' 'Made in France,' 'Made in England, finished in France'?"

(Continued on Page 20)

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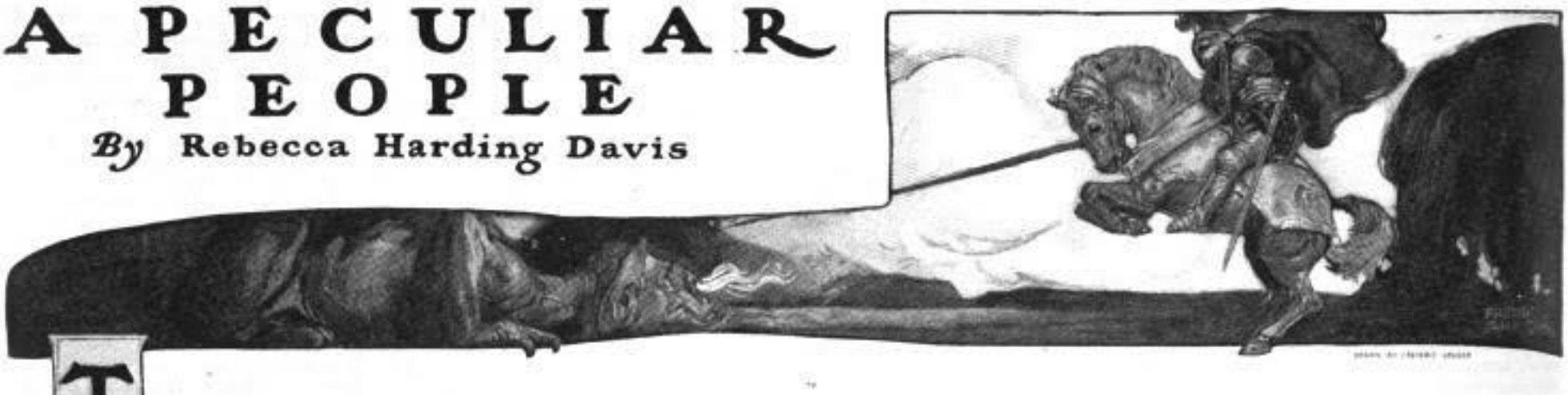
A PECULIAR PEOPLE

By Rebecca Harding Davis



THE most vehement Abolitionist that I ever saw flamed into our horizon one July morning in '62. No other words will convey the breathless heat of that man's zeal.

I must remind you that by that time the border States were one vast armed camp. The few men here and there who had cried out for arbitration or peace were either dead, or dumb from fear. The whole country now was given over to blood and fury. During the first year of the war there had been a good deal of terrified but friendly scuttling to and fro across the border. Local politicians made journeys to "use their influence on the other side." Southern children were hurried home from Northern schools; helpless women sought shelter with far-off kinsfolk.

But now the lines between the Northern and Southern States were closed and ramparted from end to end by armed men. No passes could be obtained from either Government. The man who tried to steal across the line, no matter what his purpose, was either shot on sight or hung as a spy.

You can imagine my dismay then, when, one sultry morning, I received a letter from an Abolition leader in Boston, saying:

"My friend, M. d'Almeida, of Paris, a man eminent in the scientific world of Europe, has come to this country to aid the slave in gaining his freedom. He is eager to reach the South and begin his God-appointed work. I have sent him direct to you, hoping that your family will use their influence with some of the Southern leaders to enable him to travel safely through the seceded States. If this is not practicable will you assist him to creep through the lines in disguise? No doubt courtesy will be shown to a foreigner on both sides."

Courtesy?

I remember that at that moment terrified cries rose on the street. Some pretty young girls had been arrested for strumming Dixie on their pianos and were being led to jail.

For martial law had been declared in our quiet old town at the beginning of the war. The division of Virginia was planned there and the little city promptly was made the capital of the new State. Nowhere in the country probably was the antagonism between its sections more bitter than in these counties of Virginia which the North thus wrested from the South—"for keeps." Federal troops were hurried into Wheeling. The stately old dwelling across the street from our house was now the headquarters of the Mountain Department, under General Rosecrans. Some of our friends who were secessionists were in an old theatre just in sight which had been turned into a jail. Others were in a prison camp on a pretty island in the river. The change in the drowsy town was like that made in those little vine-decked villages on the flanks of Vesuvius after the red-hot flood of lava had passed over them. Nothing but gloom and suspicion and death were real to us now. The range of mountains just out of sight was alive with rebel guerillas, quite as little minded to peace and mercy as our guards.

And I was asked to send a foreign slave-stealer safely through them!

A Crusader in Distress

At that moment his card was brought up. I found in the drawing-room a large, bearded man, who, in one excited minute, in a torrent of broken English and breathless French, told me that he had come from his own country to the help of mine, that he "had thoroughly mastered the situation in the North and now threw himself upon my compassion, trusting to my hands to open the gates of the South to him." He pulled out packages of commendatory letters from Horace Greeley, Sumner and Lovejoy. It was in vain that my father, whom I called to my help, assured him that if one of these papers were found on him in the South he would be hung to the nearest tree. He laughed complacently.

"Ah! I have my plan!" he cried excitedly. "Zere ees a little river near here—ze Kenny-wah. I go to its shores. I dress in ze costume of ze paysans. You will kindly have taught me zere patois. I buy a bateau. I row. I sing ze chanson of Dixie loudly. Zey welcome me to zeir houses."

Argument was useless. For two days M. d'Almeida fumed and planned. Then one of our friends—a rebel and slave-owner, by the way—took pity on him.

"I am going home to St. Louis, Monsieur," he said. "If you choose to come with me I think you can make your way into the South. The lines are not so tightly drawn in Missouri as here. But I will not answer for your safety when you pass them."

They started for St. Louis together. M. d'Almeida sent his letters back to Boston, assuring us loudly that he would "be silent and wary as a serpent!" He was promptly arrested the day he crossed the lines and spent a year in Southern prisons and camps, but at last was exchanged and sent to a military hospital in Washington. There Lord Lyons, who was appealed to, found him, worn out with want and disease and disappointment. He hurried home to France and sent back grateful souvenirs to every one who had aided him. But he came no more to the land of Freedom.

Frémont the Paladin of His Party

The incarnation of the chivalric and noble side of Abolitionism was John C. Frémont. (It had, like every cause, more sides than one.)

Frémont had the ardent blood of a Frenchman and a South Carolinian. He made of Freedom a religion. I don't know that he had any especial liking for the negro—very few Abolitionists, by the way, had that. But the slavery of the black man—of any man—was abhorrent to him. He fought for the freedom of the negro as he would have fought for the Holy Sepulchre, or for liberty with Kosciusko, or Kossuth, or Garibaldi.

He was so completely the Paladin, the ideal knight, in his figure, his face and his manner, that you took a certain comfortable satisfaction in knowing that he was in the right niche. One man, at least, had the work in hand for which he was born.

His party clung to him with a passionate loyalty.

"My creed is short," I once heard Sidney Gay, the editor of the Tribune, say: "I believe in Almighty God, His Son, and John C. Frémont."

He meant no irreverence. In that time when Americans were dying daily for each other and for ideas their words were apt to be few and hot with meaning.

If the great Pathfinder was the incarnation of the chivalric spirit of his cause, Horace Greeley embodied as fully its exaggerated ridiculous phases.

I saw him first when I was a schoolgirl in a little town in Pennsylvania.

The Lecturer was then in the height of his career; he was the new-found Educator of the whole country: every village waited breathless for him to come and waken its sleeping intellect. He came, incessantly. One week Holmes read poems to us; the next Saxe gave us puns; again we plunged into the mysteries of buried Nineveh. On this night the little church was crowded to the doors and all of the kerosene lamps blazed and smoked joyfully. Every man in the town took the New York Tribune and accepted it as gospel, and Horace Greeley was believed to write the whole of it, down to the death notices.

And now there he was himself, the great Northern prophet and leader! He stood down in front of the pulpit near to us. He bore a dreadful, unspeakable likeness to Humpty Dumpty. Deny it to yourself in horror if you chose—it was there! His head was a round, shining ball, the few hairs struggled wildly over it, his blue, round eyes were those of a baby, his voice was a shrill squeak. He was vehement from the first word. He meant to help these young people and this was his one chance in life to do it. His legs and arms wobbled continuously as though every joint were unhinged. At last, in the height and paroxysm of his argument, when he had clenched you, wrestling with your reason as for life, he suddenly stopped, and taking out a huge yellow bandanna handkerchief held it at length by the two corners, and stooping down sawed it energetically in silence across his legs. That was the end. And yet, so passionate was his appeal, so fine and high the truth which he had forced on us that nobody laughed. The audience dispersed in an awed silence. As you went out of the hall something choked your throat, and the hot tears stood in your eyes.

Anecdotes of Horace Greeley's absurd, childish doings circulated widely during his life. Any vulgar scribbler or cartoonist could point them out with giggles and hisses. Only those who worked under him or knew him well understood how great and sincere was the soul beneath them. It belonged to his temperament to be sensitive and easily hurt as a child. There is no doubt that the malignant ridicule heaped upon him during the campaign in which he was a candidate for the Presidency shortened his life.

After all, as far as the Abolition party was concerned, the war was very like the tourney in Ivanhoe. One famous leader after another came to the front—Frémont, Beecher, Greeley—to be unhorsed by their own party and carried from the field. Frémont, with his chivalric notions and gallant presence, was, let us say, the Disinherited Knight, and the great Plymouth preacher might well take the part of burly Front de Boeuf.

I never saw a human being with a personality more aggressive than that of Henry Ward Beecher. No matter how crowded the room might be you were conscious only of this huge, lumbering man in it who was so oddly unconscious of himself. He had too big a nature for vanity. His brain was eager and grasping. Whether the talk turned on a religion or a bonnet he caught the subject with impatient force and crushed the whole meaning out of it. He was, too, more than other people—human. He was indifferent to nothing. Every drop of his thick blood was hot with love or hate. He was an Abolitionist not so much from love of Freedom as love of the poor black man himself. His humor was that of Dooley, not Lamb. He had the voice of a great orator; if you did not know the language he spoke, the magnetism in it would make you laugh or cry.

He had an enormous following of men and a few women.

But, back of the heavy jaws and thick lips and searching eyes swathed in drooping lids, back of the powerful intellect and tender sympathy, there was a nameless something in Mr. Beecher which repelled most women. You resolved obstinately not to agree with his argument, not to laugh or cry with him, not to see him again.

Perhaps it is ungracious in me to tell this. But I cannot give the impression he made without it. He was always Doctor Fell to me, in spite of his strength and the wonderful charm of his sympathy with every living creature.

I met him first at a large dinner-party in New York. He knew me only as a young girl from the hills in Virginia, a friend of his friends. But he heard me speak of certain forgotten old hymns of which I was fond.

"Bring her to Plymouth Church next Sunday," he whispered to my hostess.

There was an immense audience in the great church that Sunday. The seats rose as in a circus up from the pulpit; they were all full and the aisles were packed with men standing; at the back were the organ and choir. During the service that great congregation sang, one after another, the old hymns that I loved. The vast volume of sound rose to Heaven as one soft, pleading voice. I never shall forget that morning.

When I met Mr. Beecher again he came up to me eagerly. "Well? well? Yes, I knew what it would be to you!"

It shows the tact, the eagerness to be kind, of the man.

The Personal Charm of Wendell Phillips

Wendell Phillips had precisely that indefinable personal dignity and charm which Horace Greeley lacked; perhaps he had a little too much of it for an orator. You were so pleased with the man that you forgot the cause that he urged.

I saw him first when he came to Philadelphia during the war to fan the zeal of the Quaker wing of his party to fiercer heats. The audience was small, mostly made up of gentle, attentive women Friends, who in their white caps and dove-colored garments seemed to make a band around him of moderation and calm—virtuous but stifling. His brief, fiery sentences fell into it and went out as barbed arrows shot into a cushion. When he ended with a passionate appeal they looked mildly at each other, nodded and smiled, and a low "Um—um-m" of approval breathed through the hall.

When the next speaker rose Mr. Phillips found his way to the corner where we sat with the "world's people."

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"Did you ever hear," he said abruptly, "of Sarah Siddons' first appearance in Edinburgh? She had heard that the Scotch were a lethargic folk and put forth all her powers to move them. Lady Macbeth was so terrible that night that she shivered with horror at herself; but her audience sat calm and dumb. In the sleep-walking scene she was used, in London, to see the whole house rise in terror; men would shriek and women be carried out fainting. But now there was unbroken silence until an old man in the pit chuckled and said aloud to his neighbor: 'Aweel, Sandy, that's nae so bad!'

"But the Philadelphians," he added with a forced laugh, "do not commit themselves as far as that!"

The Headquarters of the Underground Railroad

Yet these identical dove-colored women had lighted the torch which set the country on fire. The headquarters of the Abolition party was among the Philadelphia Quakers. Here for years was the Northern station of the famous secret Underground Railroad by which thousands of flying slaves escaped. The agent here was William Still, a grave, shrewd negro who died only last year, leaving a large fortune which he had amassed in trade.

The fugitive slaves came to him in every kind of disguise and were hid until they could be sent on to Canada. He published an account of it all after the war was over. No tragedy ever was more dramatic than these records set down from day to day. The slaves always gave him an account of themselves, their masters, their families. One evening came a couple of gray-haired old men, brothers, who had escaped from Alabama. They told him they had been sold when boys by their master in Maryland. Their mother and her baby were not sold. They never had seen or heard of either of them again.

"What was your Maryland master's name?" asked Still. They told him. He waited until the room was clear.

"I am your brother," he said. "*I* was the baby. But our mother is dead."

Another negro prominent in those days among the Abolitionists was a Mrs. Frances Harper, an able, ambitious woman, who lectured with a strange, bitter eloquence.

Charles Sumner was often in consultation with these Philadelphia leaders, but I never happened to see him. Whittier also came, and James Russell Lowell, whose first wife was a Philadelphia Friend. But Lowell's politics and poetry were, as a rule, kept inside of his books. He himself in every-day life was so simple, so sincere, so human, that you forgot that he had any higher calling than that of being the most charming of companions.

Mr. Whittier, on the contrary, was always the poet and the Abolitionist. He did not consciously pose, but he never for a moment forgot his mission. He was thin, mild and ascetic, looking like a Presbyterian country minister. He gave his views of slavery and the South with a gentle, unwearied obstinacy, exasperating to any one who knew that there was another side to the question.

William D. O'Connor was the most vehement of these reformers. He was a little man who wore a high hat and walked on tiptoe and talked loudly, always in superlatives, and hurled defiance at the Slave Power with every breath. He wrote a novel called Harrington, which he hoped would rout and vanquish it utterly.

After the war was over he took a brief for Bacon *vs.* Shakespeare, compiled a book which was an altar to Walt Whitman, but subsided at last into the Life-Saving Service Department, and did much quiet good work in the world.

An Efficient Band of Women Workers

Then there were many Quaker women, honest of heart, sweet of face, soft of speech and narrow in their beliefs, as only your gentle, soft woman can be. Chief among them were Mary Grew and Elizabeth Burleigh, who for many years lived and preached and worked together, close as a pair of Siamese twins.

It never occurred to any of this cult that they had come into the world for any other purpose than to reform it.

I remember that I was with Mary Grew and her friend when the news came of the final passage of the Fifteenth Amendment. The hope of their lives was accomplished. But they were silent for a long time.

"What will thee and I do now?" one said to the other drearily. "There is prison reform? Or we might stir up women to vote?"

They could hardly wait until the next day to begin.

The queen bee of this buzzing swarm was Lucretia Mott, one of the most remarkable women which this country has ever produced. Fugitive slaves, lecturers, reformers, everybody who wanted help and everybody who wanted to give help found their way to her quiet little farmhouse on the Old York Road; some were checked and some urged onward, but all were cared for and helped. No man in the Abolition party had a more vigorous brain or ready eloquence than this famous Quaker preacher, but much of her power came from the fact that she was one of the most womanly of women. She had pity and tenderness enough in her heart for the mother of mankind, and that keen sense of humor without which the tenderest of women is but a dull clod.

Even in extreme old age she was one of the most beautiful women I ever have seen. She was a little, vivid, delicate creature, alive with magnetic power. It is many years since that charming face with its wonderful luminous eyes was given back to the earth, but it is as real to me at this moment as ever.

I remember that once a Southern woman met Mrs. Mott at our house. With all slave-holders she had been taught to abhor her as the modern Borgia—the planner of war and murders. When she caught sight of her as she came into the room she gasped out, "Why! she looks like a saint!"

She talked much to her during the evening, and after she had gone said earnestly: "I believe that that woman *is* one of the saints of God!"

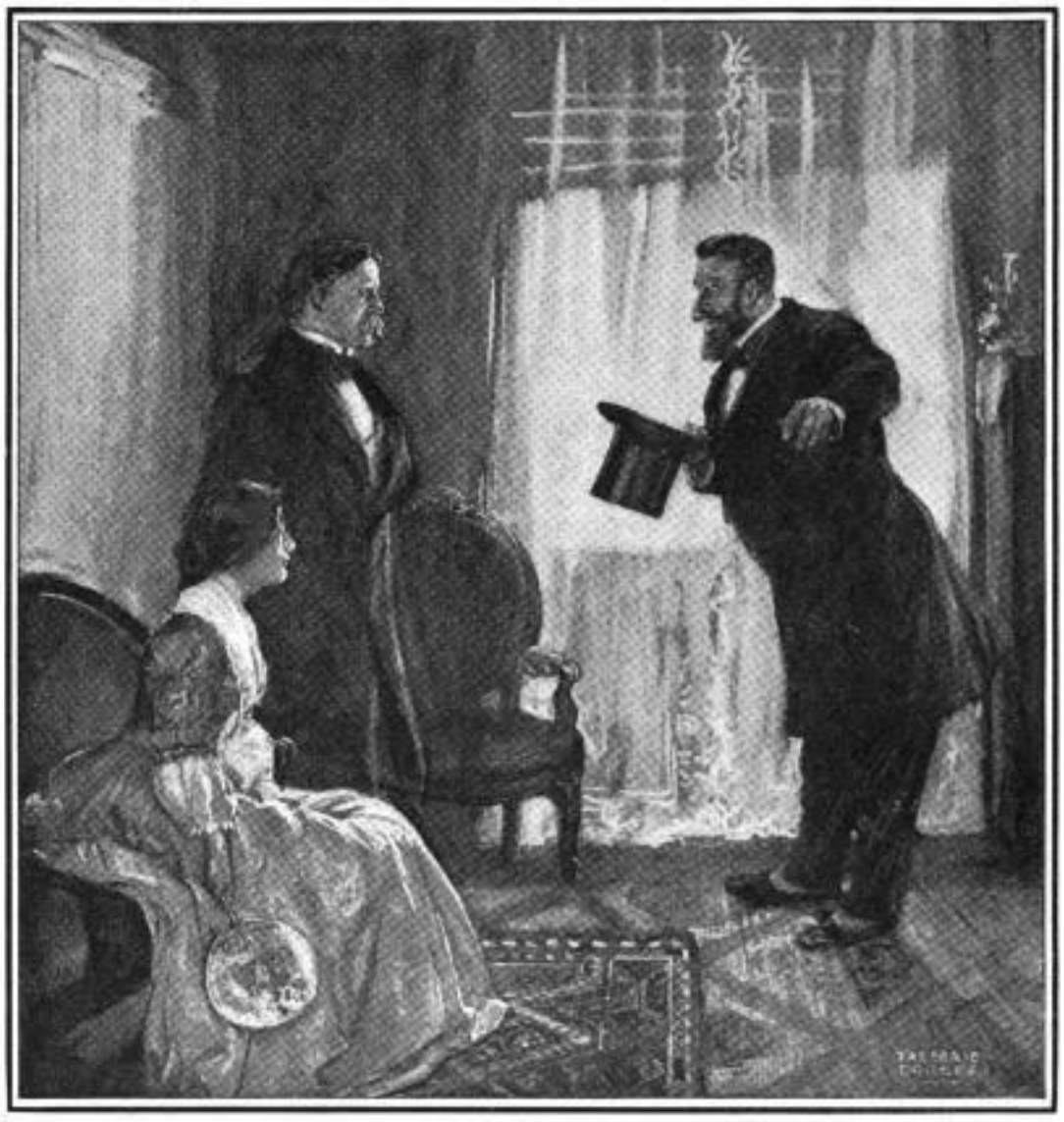
When you were with Mrs. Mott you were apt to think of her as the mother and housekeeper rather than as the leader of a party. She came from Nantucket, and until the day of her death kept up the homely, womanish habits of her youth. She might face a mob at night that threatened her life, or lecture to thousands of applauding disciples, but she never forgot in the morning to pick and shell the peas for dinner. Her fingers never were quiet. She knitted wonderful bed-spreads and made gay rag-carpets as wedding gifts for all of her descendants.

She had, oddly enough, the personal charm, the temperament, the hospitable soul of a Southern woman. I used wickedly to wish that she had been born "on the other side." How they would have appreciated her down there! How they would have exalted her and her memory long after she was dead!

And she——? Would she have preached Abolitionism if she had been born in Virginia?

The question is not foolish. I have known Southern women who abhorred slavery as much as did Lucretia Mott. They said little, they led no party, but they freed their slaves and made themselves poor for life.

We native Americans are all of one kin, whoever we may be. Scratch the skin of the Abolitionist or the slave-holder and you find the same blood—and good, honest, red blood it is!



—ASSURED HIM THAT HE WOULD BE HUNG TO THE NEAREST TREE

Tom Reed on Roosevelt

REPRESENTATIVE John Fletcher Lacey, of Iowa, is a staunch supporter of Civil Service standards. In his fidelity to that policy he has the earnest backing of President Roosevelt, who is an admirer of the Iowa statesman.

The acquaintance of the two men began in an interesting way. A few days after Lacey took his seat in the Fifty-first Congress he met the late Thomas B. Reed in the Capitol cloak-room standing before a map of the United States and tracing the outlines of the States with a big cane.

"Figuring out your inevitable majority in the Speakership contest?" asked the Iowan good-naturedly.

"No," said Reed. "A young constituent of mine who has just failed in a Civil Service examination claims that a competitor passed safely by bribing the Examiners to give him a list of the questions in advance. I didn't believe my young friend and have sent him to the headquarters of the Civil Service Commission to tell his story there. While awaiting his return I have been figuring out on this map that if, say, Columbus, Ohio, represented too per cent. in a Civil Service table of markings, my constituent would come out somewhere about Jamaica, Long Island."

"I was amused," continued Representative Lacey, "by Reed's quaint way of stating his belief in his constituent's inability to pass the examination. While we discussed the subject of Civil Service in a general way in walked the young man who had failed and had gone to unburden his conviction to the Civil Service Commission that a rival had been successful through connivance with an agent of that service.

"'Well, what happened when you told your story?' Reed asked.

"'Why,' faltered the youth, 'a very emphatic fellow in charge there whipped out $100 in bills, laid them across his knee and exclaimed:

"'"I'll pay you $100, young man, if you can prove that a single syllable of what you say of corruption is true." That's all the satisfaction I got.'

"'And that's all you deserve,' added Reed.

"Then, turning to me," continued Mr. Lacey, "Reed said: 'We've got an American of blood and iron—a coming man—on the Civil Service Commission. I tell you, Lacey, you want to watch that Civil Service Commissioner, for he's a New World Bismarck and Cromwell combined. He'll be President some day.'

"'What's his name?' I asked.

"'Theodore Roosevelt,' replied Reed.

"Of course I had heard vaguely of Roosevelt, but, never having had any occasion to meet him," continued Mr. Lacey, "I had formed no definite opinion of him. Reed's characterization aroused in me the greatest curiosity to see this Roosevelt. The next day I called and introduced myself, and took the liberty to repeat what the young man had brought back about the $100 guarantee that no turpitude on the part of the Examiner in question existed.

"'I have resolved to purify the Civil Service system,' was Mr. Roosevelt's reply, 'and to that end have placed in charge men whom I trust with my whole heart, and I stand ready, therefore, to pledge my fortune and my honor to the sacredness with which they respect the trust I repose in them.'

"I have never forgotten the thrill of delight that manly utterance gave me," added Mr. Lacey.

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THE PIT

By FRANK NORRIS
Author of The Octopus

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PAGE TOOK HER SEAT, AND LOOKED DOWN INTO THE WHEAT PIT

CHAPTER XVIII

THE suicide of Charles Cressler had occurred on the tenth of June, and the news of it, together with the wretched story of his friend's final surrender to a temptation he had never outlived, reached Curtis Jadwin early on the morning of the eleventh.

He and Gretry were at their accustomed places in the latter's office, and the news seemed to shut out all the sunshine that had been flooding in through the broad plate-glass windows. After their first incoherent horror, the two sat staring at each other, speechless.

"My God! my God!" groaned Jadwin, as if in the throes of a deadly sickness. "He was in the Crookes' ring, and we never knew it—I've killed him, Sam. I might as well have held that pistol myself." He stamped his foot, striking his fist across his forehead. "Cressler—my best friend—Charlie—Charlie Cressler! Oh, I shall go mad if this—if this——"

"Steady, steady does it, J.," warned the broker, his hand upon his shoulder; "we got to keep a grip on ourselves to-day. We've got a lot to think of. We'll think about Charlie later. Just now, . . . well, it's business now. Mathewson and Knight have called us for margins—twenty thousand dollars."

He laid the slip down in front of Jadwin as he sat at his desk.

"Oh, this can wait," muttered Jadwin. "Let it go till this afternoon; I can't talk business now. Think of Carrie—Mrs. Cressler, I——"

"N—no," answered Gretry reflectively and slowly, 'ooking anywhere but in Jadwin's face. "N—no, I don't think we'd better wait. I think we'd better meet these margin calls promptly. It's always better to keepour trades margined up."

Jadwin faced around.

"Why," he cried, "one would think, to hear you talk, as though there was danger of me busting here at any hour."

Gretry did not answer. There was a moment's silence. Then the broker caught his principal's eye and held it a second.

"Well," he answered, "you saw how freely they sold to us in the Pit yesterday. We've got to buy, and buy and buy, to keep our price up; and look here, look at these reports from our correspondents; everything points to a banner crop. There's been an increase of acreage everywhere because of our high prices. See this from Travers"—he picked up a dispatch and read: "'Preliminary return of spring wheat with two Dakotas, subject to revision, indicate a total area seeded of sixteen million acres, which, added to area in winter-wheat States, makes total of forty-three million, or nearly four million acres greater than last year.'"

"Lot of blamed sentiment," cried Jadwin, refusing to be convinced. "Two-thirds of that wheat won't grade, and Europe will take nearly all of it. What we ought to do is to send our men into the Pit and buy another million, buy more than these fools can offer. Buy 'em to a standstill."

"That takes a big pile of money, then," said the broker. "More than we can lay our hands on this morning. The best we can do is to take all the Bears are offering, and support the market. The moment they offer us wheat and we don't buy it, that moment—as you know yourself—they'll throw wheat at you by the train load, and the price will break, and we with it."

"Think we'll get rid of much wheat to-day?" demanded Jadwin.

By now it had become vitally necessary for Jadwin to sell out his boldings. His "long line" was a fearful expense; insurance and storage charges were eating rapidly into the profits. He must get rid of the load he was carrying, little by little. To do this at a profit he had adopted the expedient of flooding the Pit with buying orders just before the close of the session, and then, as the price rose under this stimulus, selling quickly, before it had time to break. At first this had succeeded. But of late he must buy more and more to keep the price up, while the moment that he began to sell the price began to drop; so that now, in order to sell one bushel, he must buy two.

"Think we can unload much on 'em to-day?" repeated Jadwin.

"I don't know," answered Gretry slowly and thoughtfully. "Perhaps—there's a chance—— Frankly, J., I don't think we can. The Pit is taking heart, that's the truth of it. Those fellows are not so scared of us as they were a while ago. It's the new crop, as I've said over and over again. We've put wheat so high that all the farmers have planted it, and are getting ready to dump it on us. The Pit knows that, of course. Why, just think, they are harvesting in some places. And that Government report yesterday showed that the growing wheat is in good condition."

"Nothing of the sort. It was a little over eighty-six."

"Good enough," declared Gretry; "good enough so that it broke the price down to a dollar and twenty. Just think, we were at a dollar and a half a little while ago."

"And we'll be at two dollars in another ten days, I tell you."

"Do you know how we stand, J.?" said the broker gravely. "Do you know how we stand—financially? It's taken pretty nearly every cent of our ready money to support this July market. Oh, we can figure out our paper profits into the millions. We've got thirty, forty, fifty million bushels of wheat that's worth over a dollar a bushel, but if we can't sell it we're none the better off—and that wheat is costing us five or six thousand a day. Now, old man, where's the money going to come from? You don't seem to realize that we are in a precarious condition." He raised an arm and pointed above him, in the direction of the floor of the Board of Trade.

"The moment we can't give our boys—Landry Court and the rest of 'em—the moment we can't give them buying orders, that Pit will suck us down like a chip. The moment we admit that we can't buy all the wheat that's offered, there's the moment we bust."

"Well, we'll buy it," cried Jadwin through his set teeth. "I'll show those brutes. Look here, is it money we want? You cable to Paris and offer two million at—oh, at eight cents below the market; and to Liverpool, and let 'em have twopence off on the same amount. They'll snap it up as quick as look at it. That will bring in one lot of money, and as for the rest I guess I've got some real estate in this town that's pretty good security."

"What—you going to mortgage part of that?"

"No," cried Jadwin, jumping up with a quick, impatient gesture, "no; I'm going to mortgage all of it, and I'm going to do it to-day—this morning. If you say we're in a precarious condition, it's no time for half-measures. I'll have more money than you'll know what to do with in the Illinois Trust by three o'clock this afternoon, and when the Board opens to-morrow morning I'm going to light into those cattle in the Pit there so as they'll think a locomotive has struck 'em. They'd stand me off, would they? They'd try to sell me down; they won't cover when I turn the screw! I'll show 'em, Sam Gretry. I'll run wheat up so high before the next two days that the Bank of England can't pull it down, and before the Pit can catch its breath I'll sell our long line, and with the profits of that I'll run it right up again. Two dollars! Why, it will be two fifty here so quick you won't know how it's happened. I've just been fooling with this crowd until now. Now I'm really going to get down to business."

Gretry did not answer. He twirled his pencil between his fingers and stared down at the papers on his desk. Once he started to speak, but checked himself. Then at last he turned about.

"All right," he said briskly. "We'll see what that will do."

"I'm going over to the Illinois Trust now," said Jadwin, putting on his hat. "When your boys come in for their orders tell them for to-day just to support the market. If there's much wheat offered they'd better buy it. Tell them not to let the market go below a dollar twenty. When I come back we'll make out those cables."

That day Jadwin carried out his program so vehemently announced to his broker. Upon every piece of real estate that he owned—and for its full value—he placed as heavy a mortgage as the property would stand. Even his old house on Michigan Avenue, even the "homestead" on North State Street was encumbered. But he did more than this. The time was come, he felt, for the grand coup, the last huge strategical move, the concentration of every piece of heavy artillery. Never in all his multitude of operations on the Chicago Board of Trade had he failed. He knew he would not fail now; Luck, the golden goddess, still stayed at his shoulder. He did more than mortgage his property; he floated a number of promissory notes. His credit, always unimpeachable, he taxed to its farthest stretch; from every source he gathered in the sinews of the war he was waging. No sum was too great to daunt him, none too small to be overlooked. Reserves, van and rear, battle-line and skirmish outposts he summoned together to form one single vast column of attack.

It was on this same day while Jadwin, pressed for money, was leaving no stone unturned to secure ready cash, that he came across old Hargus in his usual place in Gretry's customers' room, reading a two-days'-old newspaper. Of a sudden an idea occurred to Jadwin. He took the old man aside. "Hargus," he said, "do you want a good investment for your money, that money I turned over to you? I can give you a better rate than the bank, and pretty good security. Let me have about a hundred thousand at—oh, ten per cent."

"Hey—what?" asked the old fellow querulously. Jadwin repeated his request.

But Hargus cast a suspicious glance at him and drew away.

"I—I don't lend my money," he observed.

"Why—you old fool," exclaimed Jadwin. "How is it—more interest you want? Why, we'll say fifteen per cent., if you like."

"I don't lend my money," exclaimed Hargus, shaking his head. "I ain't got any to lend," and with the words took himself off.

One source of help alone Jadwin left untried. Sorely tempted, he nevertheless kept himself from involving his wife's money in the hazard. Laura, in her own name, was possessed of a little fortune; sure as he was of winning, Jadwin none the less hesitated from seeking an auxiliary here. He felt it was a matter of pride; he could not bring himself to make use of a woman's succor.

But his entire personal fortune now swung in the balance. It was the last fight, the supreme attempt, the final, consummate assault; and the thrill of a victory more brilliant, more conclusive, more decisive than any he had ever known vibrated in Jadwin's breast as he went to and fro in Jackson, Adams and La Salle Streets all through that day of the eleventh.

But he knew the danger—knew just how terrible was to be the grapple. Once that same day a certain detail of business took him near to the entrance of the floor. Though he did not so much as look inside the doors, he could not but hear the thunder of the Pit; and even in that moment of

"I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE HELD THAT PISTOL MYSELF," GROANED JADWIN

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confidence, his great triumph only a few hours distant, Jadwin, for the instant, stood daunted. The roar was appalling, the Niagara was again unchained, the maëlstrom was again unleashed. And during the briefest of seconds he could fancy that the familiar bellow of its swirling had taken on another pitch. Out of that hideous turmoil, he imagined, there issued a strange, unwonted note; as it were, the first rasp and grind of a new avalanche just beginning to stir, a diapason more profound than any he had yet known, a hollow, distant bourdon as of the slipping and sliding of some almighty and chaotic power trembled in the air.

It was the Wheat, the Wheat. It was on the move again. From the farms of Illinois and Iowa, from the ranches of Kansas and Nebraska, from all the reaches of the Middle West, the Wheat, like a tidal wave, was rising, rising. Almighty, blood-brother to the earthquake, coeval with the volcano and the whirlwind, that gigantic world-force, that colossal billow, nourisher of the nations, was swelling and advancing.

There in the Pit its first premonitory eddies already swirled and spun. If even the first ripples of the tide smote terribly upon the heart, what was it to be when the ocean itself burst through, on its eternal way from West to East?

For an instant came clear vision.

What were these shouting, gesticulating men of the Board of Trade, these brokers, traders and speculators?

It was not these he fought. It was the Wheat; it was—as Gretry had said—the very Earth itself. What were those scattered hundreds of farmers of the Middle West who, because he had put the price so high, had planted the grain as never before? What had they to do with it? Why, the Wheat had grown itself; demand and supply, these were the two great laws the Wheat obeyed.

Almost blasphemous in his effrontery, he had tampered with these laws, and had roused a Titan. He had laid his puny human grasp upon creation, and the very Earth herself, the Great Mother, feeling the touch of the cobweb that the human insect had spun, had stirred at last in her sleep and sent her omnipotence moving through the grooves of the world, to find and crush the disturber of her appointed courses.

But Jadwin hurried away from the sound of the near roaring of the Pit. No, no. Luck was with him; he had mastered the current of the Pit many times before—he would master it again. The day passed and the night, and at nine o'clock the following morning he and Gretry once more met in the broker's office.

Gretry turned a pale face upon his principal.

"I've just received," he said, "the answers to our cables to Liverpool and Paris. I offered wheat at both places, as you ordered, cheaper than we've ever offered it there before."

"Yes—well?"

"Well," answered Gretry, looking gravely into Jadwin's eyes—"Well, . . . they won't take it."

On the morning of her birthday—the thirteenth of the month—when Laura descended to the breakfast-room she found Page already there. Though it was barely half-past seven her sister was already dressed for the street. She wore a smart new hat with a red feather, and as she stood by the French windows looking out she drew her gloves back and forth between her fingers with a nervous, impatient gesture.

"Why," said Laura, as she sat down at her place—"Why, Pagie, what is in the wind to-day?"

"Landry is coming," Page explained, facing about and glancing at the watch pinned to her waist. "He is going to take me down to see the Board of Trade—from the visitors' gallery, you know. He said this would probably be a great day. Did Mr. Jadwin come home last night?"

Laura shook her head, without speech. She did not choose to put into words the fact that for three days—with the exception of an hour or two, on the evening of that horrible day of her visit to the Cresslers' house—she had seen nothing of her husband.

"Landry says," continued Page, "that it is awful—down there, these days. He says that it is the greatest fight in the history of La Salle Street. Has Mr. Jadwin said anything to you? Is he going to win?"

"I don't know," answered Laura in a low voice; "I don't know anything about it, Page."

She was wondering if even Page had forgotten. When she had come into the room her first glance had been toward her place at table. But there was nothing there, not even so much as an envelope; and no one had so much as wished her joy of the little anniversary. She had thought Page might have remembered, but her sister's next words showed that she had more on her mind than birthdays.

"Laura," she began, sitting down opposite to her, and unfolding her napkin with laborious precision—"Laura—Landry and I—— Well, . . . we're going to be married in the fall."

"Why, Pagie," cried Laura, "I'm just as glad as I can be for you. He's a fine, clean fellow, and I know he will make you a good husband."

Page drew a deep breath.

"Well," she said, "I'm glad you think so, too. Before you and Mr. Jadwin were married I wasn't sure about having him care for me, because at that time—well——" Page looked up with a queer little smile. "I guess you could have had him—if you had wanted to."

"Oh, that," cried Laura. "Why, Landry never really cared for me. It was all the silliest kind of flirtation. The moment he knew you better, I stood no chance at all."

"We're going to take an apartment on Michigan Avenue, near the Auditorium," said Page, "and keep house. We've talked it all over, and know just how much it will cost to live and keep one servant. I'm going to serve the loveliest little dinners; I've learned the kind of cooking he likes already. Oh, I guess there he is now," she cried, as they heard the front door close.

Landry came in, carrying a great bunch of cut flowers and a box of candy. He was as spruce as though he were already the bridegroom, his cheeks pink, his blond hair radiant. But he was thin and a little worn, a dull, feverish glitter came and went in his eyes, and his nervousness, the strain and excitement which beset him, was in his every gesture, in every word of his rapid speech.

"We'll have to hurry," he told Page. "I must be down there hours ahead of him this morning."

"How is Curtis?" demanded Laura. "Have you seen him lately? How is he getting on with—with his speculating?"

Landry made a sharp gesture of resignation.

"I don't know," he answered. "I guess nobody knows. We had a fearful day yesterday, but I think we controlled the situation at the end. We ran the price up and up and up till I thought it would never stop. If the Pit thought Mr. Jadwin was beaten, I guess they found out how they were mistaken. For a time there we were just driving them. But then Mr. Gretry sent word to us in the Pit to sell, and we couldn't hold them. They came back at us like wolves; they beat the price down five cents in as many minutes. We had to quit selling, and buy again. But then Mr. Jadwin went at them with a rush. Oh, it was grand. We steadied the price at a dollar and fifteen, stiffened it up to eighteen and a half, and then sent it up again, three cents at a time, till we'd hammered it back to a dollar and a quarter."

"But Curtis himself," inquired Laura, "is he all right—is he well?"

"I only saw him once," answered Landry. "He was in Mr. Gretry's office. Yes, he looked all right. He's nervous, of course. But Mr. Gretry looks like the sick man. He looks all frazzled out."

"I guess we'd better be going," said Page, getting up from the table. "Have you had your breakfast, Landry? Won't you have some coffee?"

"Oh, I breakfasted hours ago," he answered. "But you are right. We had better be moving. If you are going to get a seat in the gallery you must be there half an hour ahead of time, to say the least. Shall I take any word to your husband from you, Mrs. Jadwin?"

"Tell him that I wish him good luck," she answered, "and—yes, ask him if he remembers what day of the month this is—or no, don't ask him that. Say nothing about it. Just tell him I send him my very best love and that I wish him all the success in the world."

It was about nine o'clock when Landry and Page reached the foot of La Salle Street. The morning was fine and cool. The sky over the Board of Trade sparkled with sunlight, and the air was full of fluttering wings of the multitude of pigeons that lived off of the leakage of grain around the Board of Trade building.

"Mr. Cressler used to feed them regularly," said Landry as they paused on the street corner opposite the Board. "Poor, poor Mr. Cressler—the funeral is to-morrow, you know."

Page shut her eyes.

"Oh," she murmured, "think, think of Laura finding him there like that. Oh, it would have killed me, it would have killed me!"

"Somehow," observed Landry, a puzzled expression in his eyes—"Somehow, by George! she don't seem to mind very much. You'd have thought a shock like that would have made her sick."

"Oh! Laura," cried Page. "I don't know her any more these days, she is just like stone—just as though she were crowding down every emotion or any feeling she ever had. She seems to be holding herself in with all her strength—for something—and afraid to let go a finger, for fear she would give way altogether. When she told me—about that morning at the Cresslers' house—her voice was just like ice; she said, 'Mr. Cressler has shot himself. I found him dead in his library.' She never shed a tear, and she spoke, oh, in such a dreadful monotone. Oh! dear," cried Page, "I wish all this was over, and we could all get away from Chicago, and take Mr. Jadwin with us, and get him back to be as he used to be, always so light-hearted and thoughtful and kindly. He used to be making jokes from morning till night. Oh, I loved him just as if he were my father."

They crossed the street, and Landry, taking her by the arm, ushered her into the corridor on the ground floor of the Board.

"Now, keep close to me," he said, "and see if we can get through somewhere here."

The stairs leading up to the main floor were already crowded with visitors, some standing in line close to the wall, others aimlessly wandering up and down, looking and listening, their heads in the air. One of these, a gentleman with a tall white hat, shook his head at Landry and Page as they pressed by him.

"You can't get up there," he said, "even if they let you in. They're packed in like sardines already."

But Landry reassured Page with a knowing nod of his head.

"I told the guide up in the gallery to reserve a seat for you. I guess we'll manage."

But when they reached the staircase that connected the main floor with the visitors' gallery it became a question as to whether or not they could even get to the seat. The crowd was packed solidly upon the stairs, between the wall and the balustrades. There were men in top hats and women in silks; while mixed with these one saw the faded and shabby wrecks that perennially drifted about the Board of Trade, the failures who sat on the chairs of the customers' rooms day in and day out reading old newspapers, smoking vile cigars. And there were young men of the type of clerks and bookkeepers, young men with drawn, worn faces, and hot, tired eyes, who pressed upward, silent, their lips compressed, listening intently to the indefinite, echoing murmur that was filling the building.

For on this morning of the thirteenth of June the Board of Trade, its halls, corridors, offices and stairways were already thrilling with a vague and terrible sound. The trading would not begin for another half-hour, but even now the mutter of the whirlpool, the growl of the Pit, was making itself felt.

(Continued on Page 18)

"NO," CRIED JADWIN, . . . "NO; I'M GOING TO MORTGAGE ALL OF IT"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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Important Notice to Readers

☞ February 1st the subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will be doubled. Until February 1st you can subscribe for the magazine for a whole year—52 weeks—for only one dollar. After February 1st the price will be $2.00 the year.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

℄No man is a hero to his press agent.

℄A banknote's beauty depends upon its figure.

℄When people are absolutely certain, doubt smiles.

℄Man's supreme vanity is his belief that he is less vain than woman.

℄Some hunt trouble; some go to law, and some buy on the installment plan.

The Last Inch

THE difference between ordinary and extraordinary men is not so considerable as many think. The *great* are only a little greater than their fellows.

Two students in an American university were rivals for the headship of their class. One had a grade of 98.4 and the other 98.5. It was a small difference, only one-tenth of one. At last the student who lacked that necessary tenth to be the equal of his competitor watched the other's window at night. He put out his light and still watched the window. He saw that his opponent studied fifteen minutes longer than he did on the morrow's lessons. He waited until that window was dark, and then lighting his own lamp he studied thirty minutes longer. This he did, night after night, watching the window, and studying only a little longer than he had studied before, and at the close of that semester received a grade of 99.6. He won by virtue of that *little more*.

It has been said, "The world pays a big price for the last two or three inches." A poet puts it:

A little *more*, and how much it is;
A little *less*, and what worlds away!

It is not always a matter of time and application. It is sometimes a question of natural capacity. The great man has been endowed with a little more wisdom, a little more foresight, a little more genius than most men; so he leaves them behind in the race. But in a large number of instances it is a matter of industry, of enthusiasm, of persistence. Many who fail stop only a *little* short of all that is needed to succeed.

A Sure Investment

AND now comes a professor in a Western university with the glad tidings that humanity's ages-old dream of independence is within reach of every man because under modern conditions $200 a year will keep one fed, clothed and lodged, and leave something over for amusement. And, as if to confirm this good cheer, we have the President of the Steel Trust saying that he has tried living on five hundred a year and on five hundred thousand, and was better off on five hundred.

It is no discredit to the advice to these worthy men to point out that the professor is not living on two hundred a year, but on not less than six times two hundred, and that the President of the Steel Trust is still pushing the work on his three—or is it four?—million-dollar house overlooking the Hudson in New York City. Many's the preacher whose frailties of flesh prevent him from obeying the maxims of mind. If we accepted truth only from those who exemplify it we should not be able to believe even ourselves.

But is it true that a man would be wise to live on two or five hundred dollars a year if he could earn enough to live better than that? Isn't there something wrong with the Western professor's idea of independence? Isn't there something wrong with the President of the Steel Trust's idea of happiness? Would a man, who from choice lived on a few hundred dollars a year and was happy, be desirable as a friend, a father, a brother, a son, a husband, a citizen, a human being?

There is no question that the first aim of every sensible man is to achieve independence; and that undoubtedly means sacrifice to lay by something for the rainy days and the enforced rest of extreme old age. But——

For most of the days of the years of a man's life from twenty until seventy, or, if he takes good care of his health, eighty even, independence does not consist in a bank account or in property of any kind. It consists in a well-trained brain and well-trained hands and good health. Other kinds of capital are subject to countless perils, to endless fluctuations in value. There is never a moment, good times or bad, when the capable brain and capable hands are not in demand. If anything, they are more in demand in bad times than in good. Good times bring employment to all, regardless of capacity; and often the good worker of whatever kind is then relatively least benefited. In bad times the capable man is master of the situation, for he alone can save it from ruin.

The mere "nest-egg" kind of independence has its greatest charm for the lazy fellow who longs to quit work and is always afraid he'll be invited to do so. If an intelligent, capable, energetic man, in the pursuit of that kind of independence, should stint himself body and brain, should follow the miserly prescriptions of the parsimony-preaching professor, where would be his gain? He would go through this fair world like the fellow who rides on the trucks of the car-wheels to save himself the expense of a railway ticket. He would be the man who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Instead of expanding, his nature would be ever contracting. Instead of learning, he would be ever fighting against learning—if he should learn, he might acquire expensive tastes and so increase expenses. Friends, wife, children, social connections, he would have none of them—all such are costly. And they would have none of him. He would better go hang than adopt the professor's prescription.

In a day when the greatest capitalists tremble before the superior brain of a man who despises money, what nonsense to dream of independence in any true and noble sense through skimping and skinflinting and starving and self-degradation for the sake of a nest-egg that may be stolen or stale or rotten when the time comes to use it.

As for the Steel President's eulogy of the superior days of five hundred a year, possibly he would not have uttered it had his notion of happiness been a little more respectful of his nerves and his stomach. True, a man who has nothing is in no danger of overeating. But that does not constitute an argument for starvation, nor does it impair the truth that a man who has more than enough is not absolutely bound to try to eat it all at once.

It is easier to refrain from unwise pleasures on five hundred a year than on five hundred thousand. But it is not difficult so to spend five hundred thousand a year that one's own happiness will be great—great especially in the happiness and prosperity of those whom that five hundred thousand, judiciously invested, usefully and honorably employs.

Your Pet Superstition

MR. WISTER proposes to follow his Virginian with a novel centring about the belief in vampires which, he has discovered, survives in its ancient vigor "within sound of New England express locomotives."

At first blush this survival seems astounding. But when Mr. Wister's novel starts the discussion, as it doubtless will, we shall probably learn that there is no part of the country, not even the precincts of our colleges and universities, without its superstitions full as absurd if not so quaint as the belief in vampires. The fact is, science is too new, too modern, to have made the impression upon credulity we commonly credit to it.

Andrew Jackson believed all his life that the world was flat. In his earlier period he believed it aggressively; in later years even his stern moral fibre yielded to dread of ridicule, and he received an assertion that the world was round with a sullen, angry silence almost as eloquent as speech. Beyond question the demonstrations of science have not convinced thousands of intelligent people who have Jacksonian discretion as to concealing their disbelief or are constrained by fear of ridicule to hypocritical profession of belief. If this is true of scientific matters, how much wider-spread must be credulity in matters with which science deals only indirectly. Fortune-tellers, palmists, shell-gazers, mediums, soothsayers do a smashing business—and all of us know that their customers are among our friends, and not among the illiterate. Indeed, how many of us have not a lingering belief, or at least an absence of a clear and positive disbelief, in regard to some superstition—dreams, or ghosts, or posts, or numbers, or ladders? Are you sure that you yourself are convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt of the truth of science's basic theory—the law of causation? Do you understand, as you understand why two and two are four, why palmistry and fortune-telling and thirteen at table and the like are nonsense—are of a piece with the child's belief in Santa Claus and Cotton Mather's belief in witches and King Edward's belief in the Evil Eye?

Of all peoples we are the least superstitious—partly because we have been so long and so far away from the folk-lore of Europe, chiefly because we are the best-educated people in the world in the education of modern science. Yet there is by no means so much difference as there should be between our day and that of the assassination of "Great Julius," when—

The sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

The reason is—imperfect education. Perfect education makes one not only know but also know why he knows. It trains the mind to reason. It takes the child with "why?" ever on its lips and develops its mind naturally by answering its "why?" by encouraging it to reason out the answer. And the result is that to learn becomes a pleasure. Reason is the knife and fork with which proper education cuts up the mass of knowledge into bits that can be digested and assimilated. But unfortunately our education has too much of the quick lunch about it. It rests on the notion that knowledge is the end and aim, whereas the truth is that knowledge is a mere means of developing the reasoning faculty which will enable the man or woman to meet and solve the varied problems life presents to the mind.

When we think how little time is spent in teaching a child to reason, how often its "why?" is "sat upon," we no longer wonder that so many children begin bright and grow steadily less inquiring, less fond of knowledge; and we understand why superstitious credulity dies hard even among the so-called educated, if indeed it be dying. The startling neglect of the simple yet vital science and art of reasoning is wholly responsible for those amazing differences of opinion about matters as to which reasonable people cannot disagree. It explains why so many are ready to believe almost anything, why so few of those who believe right have a clear notion of the grounds of their beliefs. It explains, perhaps more fully than we suspect, the moral vagaries of those who apparently ought to know better—children of educated, affectionate, exemplary parents.

Teaching a child to reason should be as much a matter of course as teaching it to walk or to read and write.

The Passing of the "Strenuous Life"

STRENUOSITY has palled. We have heard so much of it that we skip the phrase just as we grew wearied of the word crank or of the apt innocuous desuetude. Within the present year five college presidents made speeches from the same platform. All but one mentioned the strenuous life. Four Cabinet officials opened the campaign. All were true to the strenuous. But there was so much of it that audiences began to smile, and when ridicule begins strenuosity quits. Even President Roosevelt in one of his latest speeches dropped strenuosity and pleaded eloquently for the simple life, which is only another phrase for the practical life.

Change and not idleness is the only true rest. Edison reads novels. Morgan loves art. District Attorney Jerome is a first-rate carpenter. Lord Salisbury is an expert chemist. President Cassatt is the best road-builder in the United States. In literature—the clearing-house of ability—astonishment is frequent that the best books are not written by professional writers. In the recent unprecedented irruption of fiction there are many business names, and they will increase with the years. We investigate and we find that all great work can be traced back to business and its discipline. The living principle of constant work is based on business. With the experience and variety it gives comes the broader understanding of life and character. When this gets upon the printed page it is real; when it is expressed in dollars and cents it counts mightily; when it shows in men and women it makes for higher and better living; when it is summed up in all its relations it exhibits the credit totals of society and civilization.

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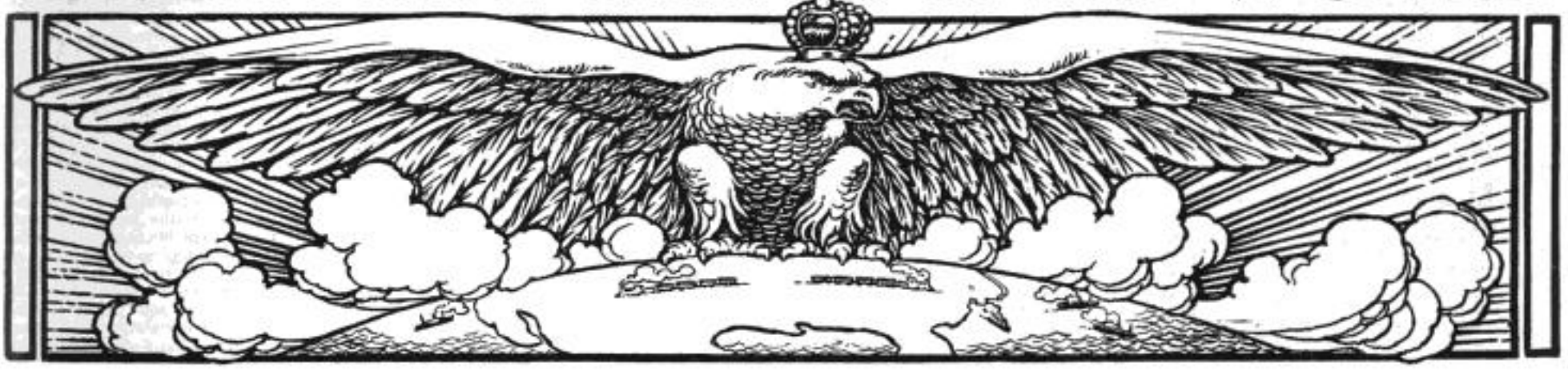
The MONEY KINGS of the WORLD



By WILLIAM T. STEAD

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan

THE last time I saw Mr. Pierpont Morgan was in St. Paul's Cathedral. It was at the funeral service of Cecil Rhodes. Mr. Morgan had arrived in London only the previous day and I hardly expected that he would be able to be present to pay the last tribute of respect to his great predecessor. There he was, however, sitting in the most conspicuous stall in the choir, and looking down upon the sea of faces which filled every nook and corner of the vast cathedral. As Edward VII attended as chief mourner the obsequies of Queen Victoria, so Mr. Pierpont Morgan was properly conspicuous when the last solemn rites were paid to the African Colossus. Cecil Rhodes was dead and Pierpont Morgan reigned in his stead.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan, unlike many of the Money Kings of the present day, was born in the purple. He was the son of a famous banker, in the line of financial succession, an heir-apparent from his birth, whereas most of the Money Kings, like Cecil Rhodes, have forced their way to the front ranks from the outside, as American Presidents have made their way from log cabin to White House. Physically Mr. Morgan bears some resemblance to Mr. Rhodes in that both were men above the average stature and of commanding physique. But there the resemblance ceased. Pierpont Morgan, although sixty-five years of age, is a man of physical vigor and robust vitality. Cecil Rhodes died of heart disease before he reached his fiftieth year. If Mr. Morgan, like Mr. Rhodes, had died before he had completed his half-century his name would long ago have been forgotten. Before then he was merely a banker in a good way of business, intelligent, trustworthy, with a wide range of interests outside Wall Street. But that was all. His present commanding position in the world was achieved after he had passed his sixtieth year. In this he differs from most of his countrymen, whose signal victories have often been achieved at an age when a European considers that his career is only beginning.

The Achievements of the Great Amalgamation

Mr. Rhodes' great financial reputation arose from his skill in amalgamating the various diamond companies which now form the colossal trust known as the De Beers Consolidated Mines. Mr. Pierpont Morgan has consolidated nearly every kind of business in the world excepting the mining for diamonds, in which he has up to the present shown little interest.

But, whereas Mr. Rhodes used his financial amalgamations chiefly, if not solely, for the purpose of acquiring political power, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, like the proverbial cobbler, sticks to his last. His domain is in the world of business. His operations necessarily involve political questions, but indirectly. We have as yet no indication that the American Money King, when he has consolidated his financial position, will use it as a throne from which to influence the policy of nations. Mr. Rhodes for many years was regarded, even by his intimate associates, as a mere financier and millionaire. It was only those in his intimate confidence who were aware of the far-reaching designs which he cherished in the inner recesses of his secret mind. It may be the same with Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who may yet carry out on a vaster scale projects which, although based on finance, will be distinctly political. This, however, is merely a speculation. No such horrifying idea has yet dawned on the sluggish imagination of the Englishman. He is quite sufficiently scared already by the spectre of Pierpont Morgan as the master of the financial resources of the world. If he were seriously to contemplate the idea of Mr. Morgan following in Mr. Rhodes' footsteps and using his wealth for political ends, his existence would become a waking nightmare. Even as it is, Mr. Morgan is regarded in the Old World as the uncrowned King of America. His personality overshadows even that of the masterful occupant of the White House, and it struck no one with surprise that Mr. Roosevelt did not succeed in bringing about a settlement of the coal strike until Mr. Morgan intervened, and by inducing the operators to consent to arbitration saved the Atlantic seaboard from the imminent horrors of a coal famine in the depths of winter.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper on this subject by Mr. Stead. The next will appear in an early number.

Mr. Rhodes, it used to be said, thinks in continents. But his successor, it might be said with equal justice, seems to meditate in hemispheres. Mr. Rhodes was the Colossus of Africa; Mr. Pierpont Morgan is the Colossus of two worlds. With the right foot planted in Wall Street, the left in Capel Court, he bestrides the Atlantic, and prepares for the economic conquest of the world. Such is, at least, the vision of Mr. Morgan which affrights and fascinates the imagination of dwellers on one side of the Atlantic.

Last summer Mr. Gates declared that Mr. Morgan was but in his infancy, and that what he has done is nothing to what he means to do. His schemes, according to Mr. Gates, embrace the entire world. Whether this be so or not Mr. Morgan has realized sufficient of his schemes to satisfy the ambition of a financial Napoleon. It is not the place here to enter with detail into the great financial combinations by which he has dazzled everybody. The financial assistance he has rendered from time to time to the American Government does not differ materially from that which the Rothschilds have rendered to other governments. His fame broadly rests upon three great achievements. The first was the great amalgamation of the railroads, the second the great combination known as the Steel Trust, and the third, and by far the most sensational from the European point of view, is the great combination of the Atlantic steamship lines. Around these three great "Things Done" in the career of the great Amalgamator there are crowded an infinity of minor undertakings, any one of which would have made the fortune of an ordinary man, but which constitute a mere background of detail important only as showing up in broader relief the great achievements of his life. I shall not trouble the readers of this sketch with elaborate statistics as to the number of dollars controlled by this or that combination which Mr. Morgan has brought into being. If, as I have said, Mr. Morgan meditates in hemispheres, the figures of his financial operations need to be stated in figures which are usually reserved for describing the distances between the fixed stars.

Morgan's Nine-Billion-Dollar Kingdom

People talk a great deal about millions, but none of us realizes what is a million, much less a billion. Even the possessor of a million has but a vague realization of the amount of his investments. To attempt a catalogue of all the enterprises which Mr. Morgan has touched with his Midas finger would occupy all the space of this article, and the only effect of a rapid summary of all the capital of the various trusts and combinations with which Mr. Morgan has been concerned would be to confuse the mind by a vast jumble of figures. What with millions here and millions there and billions round the corner the reader feels as bewildered as Alice in Wonderland. He is hopelessly lost. He acquires only a vague sense of vast resources all centring in Mr. Morgan's office in Wall Street, and stretching out to infinity. Suffice it to say that, according to the statement current at the time when Mr. Morgan intervened to settle the coal strike, the associated capital of the enterprises with which he was connected in one shape or another was stated to have mounted up to $9,000,000,000, a sum which is easily written down on paper, but whose full meaning transcends the human imagination. To invert Mr. Carlyle's phrase concerning the man who owns sixpence being the master of the world to the length of that sixpence, Mr. Morgan's monarchy and mastery may be measured by the nine thousand million dollars over which he exercises more or less control. That may be regarded as the limit of his kingdom.

It is not generally believed that Mr. Morgan is himself a very rich man when compared with such a Crœsus as Mr. Rockefeller. As one of his friends declares, if he is allowed to boss the show he does not care who gets the money—a statement that is true only with limitations. That he is a multi-millionaire in his own right is, of course, admitted; but the millions over which Mr. Morgan has the right of ownership are as nothing compared with the millions he is able to influence by the ascendency which he has obtained over the imagination of mankind, and the confidence with which he is regarded by the millionaires of London and New York. Just as the German Emperor is King over the comparatively small area of Prussia, but possesses more or less sovereign rights over the wider area of the German Empire, and is able by virtue of his alliances to control the whole naval and military resources of Austria-Hungary and Italy, so Mr. Morgan, from the nucleus of his own fortune as a banker, exercises over other fortunes power in very much the same way as that wielded by the German Emperor in varying degrees over different properties.

A Comparison with the German Kaiser

If the position of Mr. Morgan resembles that of the German Emperor in the varying degrees of control which he exercises in the one case over territory and in the other case over capital, there is also considerable similarity between the two men. Yet if current report may be believed the Kaiser was considerably disappointed in Mr. Morgan owing to his lack of interest and total indifference to such a phenomenon as the growth of modern Socialism.

"Try as I could," the Kaiser is reported to have said, "his conversation failed to reveal to me that he had any clear comprehension of the vast harmonies and conflicts of the commercial universe. I was amazed to find him not well informed regarding the historical and philosophical development of nations. His political economy leaves him unconcerned regarding Socialism, which undoubtedly will soon constitute the most stupendous question everywhere. Mr. Morgan confessed that he had never been sufficiently interested to study into exactly what Socialism means."

Although the Kaiser has fêted Mr. Morgan almost as a brother monarch he has always regarded him somewhat askance. Some two or three years ago, meeting a party of French tourists in Norway, the Kaiser expressed grave misgivings as to the impalpable, unassailable power which Mr. Morgan might exercise in the control of the mercantile marine of the world. Mr. Morgan's exploit in securing the lion's share of the transatlantic shipping was not calculated to diminish the uneasiness with which he is watched by his contemporary sovereign. The old saying of Frederick the Great that there could be no war between England and Prussia because it was impossible for a lion and a whale to fight, as they are creatures of different elements, may be applied to this case, for it is still more impossible for the Kaiser with his millions of trained soldiers to fight Mr. Morgan who dwells in the empyrean of finance. The men are quite sufficiently akin in temperament to understand each other. Both are distinctively men of the century, vibrating in keenest sympathy with all the excitements and sensations of their time. Both are active and energetic, constantly in evidence, touching life at a thousand points. The Kaiser is always making speeches, and Mr. Morgan makes none, but both live continually in the glare of publicity. The fierce light which beats

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upon a throne in Europe is nothing to the light of publicity which the American newspaper throws upon the master of many millions. The Kaiser is ambitious, and his ambitions point, like those of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, to the acquisition of power upon the sea. But it is probable that the older man entertains vaster schemes than any of those in which the Kaiser dares to indulge. The Continental monarchies are confined within their rigid limits, and the range of their activity for good or for evil is necessarily very circumscribed. In the world of finance the Money King knows no frontiers. He can roam at will over the whole planet.

But therein, in the absence of limitation, is the great temptation which may yet lure Mr. Morgan as it has lured others to destruction. When Verestchagin exhibited his pictures of the retreat from Moscow at Berlin the Kaiser is said to have remarked to the artist after going through his gallery, "And yet, notwithstanding this, men dream of universal empire." Therein the Kaiser put his finger upon one of the sins which most easily beset human beings when from any cause they are exalted above their fellows. Swelled head was the malady to which both Napoleon and Cecil Rhodes succumbed. Happy will be Pierpont Morgan if he escapes from the delusion which has been the ruin of all world-conquerors. Mr. Rockefeller is credited or debited with having made the remark that "Mr. Morgan had bitten off more than he could chew," and financiers, like empires, may perish of indigestion.

At present, however, the star of Mr. Pierpont Morgan appears to be in the ascendent — as a millionaire friend of his remarked, "Mr. Morgan's friends are more numerous than man ever had before. He makes money for them all"— which is indeed a very solid foundation for friendship, gratitude and loyalty. Looked at from that distance which lends enchantment to the view, Mr. Morgan appears in a much more attractive light than some of his great compeers in the world of finance. He has striven for peace, for the consolidation of mutual interests which were endangered by ruinous rivalry. He has never been a wrecker, but has evolved from the wreckage of warring interests a great and prosperous combination which so far has never deceived its shareholders or oppressed the public. 'Tis excellent to have a giant's strength but tyrannous to use it like a giant, and so far Mr. Morgan has not been tyrannous. Temptation, however, is always present with power. Absolute sovereignty has usually depraved its possessors, and it is difficult to contemplate with serene complacency the ascent of any human being to a position in which his will or caprice may be the ruin of millions of his fellow-men, who would neither have chance of remedy nor hope of appeal.

A Good Instance of the Morgan Method

To observers in England Mr. Morgan's attitude in business affairs is as eminently reasonable and conciliatory as his personal manners are brusque, if not rough. Like Mr. Rhodes he ever preferred a dicker to a fight. His dealings with the British Government with regard to the Atlantic traffic supply admirable illustrations of what may be called the Morgan method. He first secured his position so as to be ready for war or peace with the companies that were left out of the great combine. Then, finding that the British Government was disposed to back up his rivals, he promptly hauled down the signal for battle, and entered into an arrangement with Great Britain with which both parties profess themselves to be entirely satisfied. He had previously disarmed the opposition of the German Emperor by the arrangement which he made with the two great German steamship companies. If Mr. Morgan were to die now it is possible that a future historian might idealize him into the great peacemaker of his time, the man who, like a more fortunate Falkland, was continually "ingeminating peace." His great maxim to unite in order to conquer, and its related saying that competition is criminal which deprives shareholders of their dividends, might lead him after a time to be regarded as the John the Baptist of a new and happier era in which cooperation will take the place of opposition, and the social millennium will dawn upon the world.

That Mr. Morgan sees himself in this light is very much to be doubted. He is a shrewd business man, a banker who saw the capital of his friends and customers wasted by a policy of cut-throat competition on the part of the various industrial concerns in which they were engaged. In order to check this he came forward as the advocate of the principle of combination and coöperation, and so far he has unquestionably achieved a great success. He was the first banker who leaving his counting house went to his clients, and instead of merely consenting to receive and invest their money, suggested to them methods by which they could employ it to better advantage than they were doing. It was he who approached Mr. Carnegie and induced him to make the deal which led to the foundations of the great Steel Trust. He has been described as a glorified commission agent, the greatest in the world, who is constantly on the look-out for business, not for the sake of money so much as for the joy of action and the consciousness of power.

Mr. Morgan is distinctly a survival of the old-time Americans. He is said to be a thorough-going American of the newest school, believing in the Americanization of the world, but he is almost as much European in his culture as American. Though he was born in 1837 in Connecticut, he finished his university career in Germany. He went into business about the same time as Lincoln was elected to the Presidency of the United States, and soon established his reputation as a man of great intelligence and financial ability. Ten years later he became a member of the firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co. In 1878 Drexel dropped out, and Mr. Morgan became head of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. in London and New York. Although he has handled almost every kind of business, and is solidly interested in all manner of undertakings all over the world, he has stuck to his own profession. He is a banker and a commission agent. He is at the head of railroads, steamship companies, and all manner of enterprises, but he is personally concerned with the management of none. In England he has not yet made any appearance in the political arena, and no one knows what view he takes of the questions which divide English parties. In the United States his only effective intervention so far as it was visible arose when he used his influence, and used it decisively, in favor of the gold standard. This, however, might be regarded as a legitimate exercise of money-power in politics, the financier employing his resources in order to secure the defeat of a party which threatened to depreciate the value of his securities. This principle, however, might carry a man very far.

The Legitimate Direction of His Ambition

In foreign politics and international relations Mr. Morgan has not yet loomed before the world as one of the new Great Powers which must be reckoned with in the redistribution of territory and the making of war. Various rumors are current as to his intentions as to the Isthmus and in South America, and his interests in the Trans-Andean Railway which is to connect Valparaiso with Buenos Ayres may lead him to take as keen an interest in South American politics as Mr. Rhodes took in the politics of South Africa. This, however, is doubtful, for South America can never be more than a mere subsidiary interest in the vast sum of Mr. Morgan's enterprises. But if Money Kings are subject to the same laws as those which govern other sovereigns nothing will be more easy than for him to find himself involved in a dispute in some outlying region in which he has only a minor interest. This might compel him to use all his resources to vindicate his position, though the game might not be worth the candle.

The great political rôle which seems reserved for Mr. Morgan, if he lives and his star does not begin to wane, would seem to be the promotion of a great coubine between the British Empire and the American Republic. Very few men are better placed than he for undoing the results of the folly of George III. Mr. Morgan has already taken in hand the financial annexation of the old country. He is behind the great Electrical Trust which is endeavoring to control the street railways of Great Britain, and for that end is waging war against the development of municipal Socialism. He aspires to supply London with quick transit, and is believed, probably without reason, to be behind a great movement for transforming the Upper Thames into a gigantic dock. As he bought up the British steamships, and then entered into an arrangement with the British Government for the joint working of the remaining vessels, so he may go on buying up controlling interests in British and Colonial railways until at last he is in a position to compel the Governments at London and Washington to enter into a combination corresponding in the political sphere with those which he has already engineered in the world of finance. A combine of the whole English-speaking world would be an enterprise worthy even of the American Napoleon.

It is a curious illustration of the extent to which the personality and achievements of Mr. Morgan dominate the English imagination that the English papers some time ago published a curious story to the effect that Mr. Morgan, who is well known as a devout member of the Episcopalian Church, was meditating schemes of Christian reunion on a scale which would dwarf all the puny efforts that have heretofore been made in that direction. Being himself a very liberal-minded man he has never concealed his admiration for the work of the Roman Catholic Church as a factor making for morality and progress. It was said that he did not see why there should not be a great Christian Combine, in which the Pope on the one hand and all the Protestant Churches on the other might form a trust for the Christianizing of the world. I do not suppose that Mr. Morgan ever entertained such a scheme, but to the shrewd, practical, business instincts of the American financier the formation of such a trust would seem to be inevitable if the Christian Churches were as keen for salvation of souls as business men are for dividends.

Unlike many Money Kings who atrophy all their faculties by their exclusive concentration upon the pursuit of money, Mr. Morgan has always been, and remains to this day, a very human man. He enjoys the material pleasures of life, and plunges eagerly into all manner of pursuits. Whether he is breeding fancy dogs at his famous kennels, taking the collection on Sunday, sitting among the Bishops in conference of the American Episcopal Church, entertaining Sir Thomas Lipton after the defeat of Shamrock as Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, buying pictures on which he is said to have spent $5,000,000 this year, or whether he is cruising all alone on his yacht, The Corsair, he is intensely alive. "I have seen Mr. Morgan many times," said a friend, "under all sorts of circumstances and in many varying moods, but I never saw him calm. He is always more or less excited about something, and always tremendously in earnest about whatever he may happen to be doing."

Considering Mr. Morgan's qualifications for the great part which he is playing in the world it must be admitted, even by himself, that he has one fatal defect. The man who aspires to be the great Amalgamator of the world, and who has set himself to establish dominion over all the great industrial and financial interests of the planet, ought not to be sixty-five years of age. His expectation of life is too short to justify the belief that he will be able to consolidate the dominion to which he is believed to aspire. Supposing Mr. Morgan were to die — who would succeed? The Rothschilds founded a dynasty, but the Rothschilds of to-day bear little resemblance to the shrewd and energetic founder of the family. Sufficient, however, to the day is the evil thereof, and while Mr. Morgan lives we must well make the most of him, and after he is gone remember him with respect, possibly with gratitude, as a man of supreme financial genius, who used his talents for the purpose of avoiding strife and of promoting peace, and whose fame is not sullied by a resort to any of the methods by which some of his contemporaries built up their great fortunes on the ruin of their fellow-citizens.

Like Another Carlyle

"I WENT to President Roosevelt recently," said a man of some prominence, "and submitted to him a problem in my career which had all but discouraged me. A few minutes in the presence of the President, who is a philosopher as well as man of action, rekindled my determination to conquer in spite of every obstacle.

"The President told me that whenever he heard of any one inclined to shrink from obstacles or to sink under catastrophe he liked to call attention to a case which came to his notice when he was a member of the Civil Service Commission.

"It was in regard to General W. W. Duffield, formerly chief of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. For a quarter of a century, the President informed me, that scientist had been engaged on a formidable and immensely valuable mathematical work devoted to ten-place logarithms.

"These calculations of half a lifetime filled about five thousand pages of foolscap. The intricate and exhaustive tables and equations were of such value and the prospect of their publication of such a constant hope to their author that he carried them about with him in an old-fashioned carpet-bag.

"The scientist's obvious concern on all occasions for his carpet bag finally attracted the attention of professional thieves, who suspected that it contained a hoarded fortune in bills and bonds. Watching their opportunity one of the criminals engaged the venerable scientist in conversation while a confederate decamped with the bag. To the thief the contents were doubtless regarded as worthless. Nothing was ever heard of the manuscript.

"It was a tragic blow to the scientist, and would have been a serious loss to mathematicians in general had General Duffield given up. On the contrary, he did not waste a day in despair but grimly set to work at once reproducing his tables.

"They were finally published by the Government in a volume of 800 pages. In astronomy and in the daily calculations of actuaries in the United States Treasury and other large financial institutions it is regarded as indispensable.

"The history of this book was a mighty instructive lesson to me," added the narrator, "and I am grateful to the President for calling my attention to it."

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THE LITERARY SENSE

The Second Best—By E. NESBIT

THE letter was brief and abrupt. "I am in London. I have just come back from Jamaica. Will you come to see me? I can be in at any time you appoint."

There was no signature, but he knew the handwriting well enough. The letter came to him by the morning post, sandwiched between his tailor's bill and a catalogue of Rare and Choice Editions.

He read it twice. Then he got up from the breakfast-table, unlocked a drawer and took out a packet of letters and a photograph.

"I ought to have burned them long ago," he said. "I'll burn them now." He did burn them, but first he read them through, and as he read them he sighed more than once. They were passionate, pretty letters, the phrases simply turned out, the endearments delicately chosen. They breathed of love and constancy and faith, a faith that should move mountains, a love that should shine like gold in the furnace of adversity, a constancy that death itself should be powerless to shake. And he sighed—no later love had come to draw with soft lips the poison from this old wound. She had married Benolick, the West Indian Jew. It is a far cry from Jamaica to London, but some whispers had reached him. The kindest of them said that Benolick neglected his wife, the harshest that he beat her.

He looked at the photograph. It was two years since he had seen the living woman. Yet still, when he shut his eyes, he could see the delicate tints, the coral, the rose, and pearl, and gold that went to the making of her. He could always see these. And now he should see the reality. Would the two years have dulled that bright hair, withered at all that flower-face? For he never doubted that he must go to her.

He was a lawyer; perhaps she wanted that sort of help from him, wanted to know how to rid herself of the bitter, bad bargain she had made. Whatever he could do he would, of course, but ——

He went out at once and sent a telegram to her.

"Four to-day."

And at four o'clock he found himself on the doorstep of a house in Eaton Square. He hated the wealthy look of the house, the footman who opened the door, and the thick carpet of the stairs up which he was led. He hated the soft luxury of the room in which he was left to wait for her. Everything spoke—decorously and without shouting, but with unmistakable distinctness—of money, Benolick's money: money that had been able to buy all these beautiful things, and, as one of them, to buy *her*.

She came in quietly. Long, simple folds of gray trailed after her; she wore no ornament of any kind. Her fingers were ringless, every one. He saw all this, but before he saw anything else he saw that the two years had taken nothing from her charm, had indeed but added a wistful, patient look that made her seem more a child than when he had last seen her.

The meaningless contact of their hands was over, and still neither had spoken. She was looking at him questioningly. The silence appeared silly; there was, and there could be, no emotion to justify, to transfigure it. He spoke.

"How do you do?" he said.

She drew a deep breath and lifted her eyebrows slightly.

"Won't you sit down?" she said. "You are looking just like you used to." She had the tiniest lisp—once it had used to charm him.

"You, too, are quite your old self," he said. Then there was a pause.

"Aren't you going to say anything?" she said.

"It was you who sent for me," said he.

"Yes."

"Why did you?"

"I wanted to see you." She opened her pretty child-eyes at him and he noted, only to resent bitterly, the appeal in them. He remembered that old appealing look too well.

"No, Madam," he said inwardly, "not again! You can't whistle the dog to heel at your will and pleasure. I was a fool once, but I'm not fool enough to play the fool with Benolick's wife." Aloud, he said, smiling:

"I suppose you did, or you would not have written. And now what can I do for you?"

She leaned forward to look at him.

"Then you really have forgotten? You didn't grieve for me long! You used to say you would never leave off loving me as long as you lived."

"My dear Mrs. Benolick," he said, "if I ever said anything so thoughtless as that I certainly *have* forgotten it."

"Very well," she said, "then go!"

This straight hitting embarrassed him mortally.

"But," he said, "I've not forgotten that you and I were once friends, for a little while, and I do beg you to consider me as a friend. Let me help you. You must have some need of a friend's services or you would not have sent for me. I assure you I am entirely at your service. Come, tell me how I can help you ——"

"You can't help me at all," she said hopelessly; "nobody can, now ——"

"I've heard—I hope you'll forgive me for saying so—I've heard that your married life has been—hasn't been ——"

"My married life has been hell," she said, "but I don't want to talk about that. I deserved it all."

"But, my dear lady, why not get a divorce—or at least a separation? My services—anything I can do to advise or to ——"

She sprang from her chair and knelt beside him.

"Oh, how *could* you think that of me? How could you? He's dead—Benolick's dead. I thought you'd understand that by my sending to you. Do you think I'd ever have seen you again as long as *he* was alive? I'm not a wicked woman, dear; I'm only a fool."

She had caught the hand that lay on the arm of his chair, her face was pressed on it, and on it he could feel her tears and her kisses.

"Don't," he said harshly, "don't." But he could not bring himself to draw his hand away otherwise than very gently, and after a decent pause. He stood up and held out his hand. She put hers in it, he raised her to her feet and put her back in her chair, and artfully entrenching himself behind a little table, sat down in a very stiff chair with a high seat and gilt legs.

She laughed. "Oh, don't trouble! You needn't barricade yourself like a besieged castle. Don't be afraid of me. You're really quite safe. I'm not so mad as you think. Only, you know, all this time I've never been able to get the idea out of my head ——"

He was afraid to ask what idea.

"I always believed you meant it—that you always would love me, just as you said. I was wrong—that's all. Now go! Do go!"

He was afraid to go.

"No," he said, "let's talk quietly and like the old friends we were before we ——"

"Before we weren't—well?"

He was now afraid to say anything.

"Look here," she said suddenly, "let *me* talk. There are some things I do really want to say, since you won't let it go without saying. One is that I know now you're not so much to blame as I thought, and I *do* forgive you. I mean it, really, not just pretending forgiveness. I forgive you altogether ——"

"*You*—forgive *me*?"

"Yes; didn't you understand that that was what I meant? I didn't want to *say* 'I forgive you,' and I thought if I sent for you you'd understand."

"You seem to have thought your sending for me a more enlightening move than I found it."

"Yes—because you don't care now. If you had you'd have understood."

"I really think I should like to understand."

"What?"

"Exactly what it is you're kind enough to forgive."

"Why—your never coming to see me. Benolick told me before we'd been married a month that he had got my aunt to stop your letters and mine, so I don't blame you now as I did then. But you might have come when you found I didn't write."

"I did come. The house was shut up and the caretaker could give no address."

"Did you really? And there was no address. I never thought of that."

"I don't suppose you did," he said savagely; "you never *did* think!"

"Oh, I *was* a fool! I was!"

"Yes."

"But I have been punished."

"Not you!" he said. "You got what you wanted—money, money, money—the only thing I couldn't give you. If it comes to that, why didn't *you* come and see *me*? I hadn't gone away and left no address."

"I never thought of it."

"No, of course not."

"And besides, you wouldn't have been there ——"

"I? I sat day after day waiting for a letter."

"I never thought of it," she said again, and again he said:

"No, of course you didn't; you wouldn't, you know ——"

"Ah, don't—please don't. Oh, you don't know how sorry I've been ——"

"But why did you marry him?"

"To spite you—to show you I didn't care—because I was in a rage—because I was a fool! You might as well tell me at once that you're in love with some one else."

"Must one always be in love then?" he sneered.

"I thought men always were," she said simply. "Please tell me."

"No, I'm not in love with anybody. I have had enough of that to last me for a year or two."

"Then—oh, won't you try to like me again? Nobody will ever love you so much as I would—you said I looked just the same ——"

"Yes, but you *aren't* the same."

"Yes, I am. I think really I'm better than I used to be," she said timidly.

"You're *not* the same," he went on, growing angrier to feel that he had allowed himself to grow angry with her. "You were a girl, and my sweetheart. Now you're a widow—that man's widow! You're not the same. The past can't be undone so easily, I assure you."

"Oh," she cried, clenching her hands, "I know there must be something I could say that you would listen to—oh, I wish I could think what. I suppose as it is I'm saying things no other woman ever would have said—but I don't care—I won't be reserved and dignified—and leave everything to you, like girls in books. I lost too much by that before. I will say every single thing I can think of. I *will!* Dearest, you said you would always love me—you don't care for any one else. I *know* you would love me again if you would only let yourself. Won't you forgive me?"

"I can't," he said briefly.

"Have you never done anything that needed to be forgiven? I would forgive you anything in the world! Didn't you care for other people before you knew me? And I'm not angry about it. And I never cared for him."

"That only makes it worse," he said.

She sprang to her feet. "It makes it worse for me! But if you loved me it ought to make it better for you. If you had loved me with your heart and mind you would be glad to think how little it was, after all, that I did give to that man."

"Sold—not gave ——"

"Oh, don't spare me! But there's no need to tell *you* not to spare me. But I don't care what you say. You've loved other women. I've never loved any one but you. And yet you can't forgive me!"

"It's not the same," he repeated dully.

"I *am* the same—only I'm more patient, I hope, and not so selfish. But your pride is hurt, and you think it's not quite the right thing to marry a rich man's widow. And you want to go home and feel how strong and heroic you've been, and be proud of yourself because you haven't let me make a fool of you."

It was so nearly true that he denied it instantly.

"I don't," he said. "I could have forgiven you anything, however wicked you'd been—but I can't forgive you for having been ——"

"Been a fool? I can't forgive myself for that, either. My dear, my dear, you don't love any one else, you don't hate me. Do you know that your eyes are quite changed from what they were when you came in? And your voice, and your face—everything. Think, dear, if I am not the same woman you loved, I'm still more like her than any one else in the world. And you did love me—oh, don't hate me for anything I've said. Don't you see I'm fighting for my life? Look at me. I am just like your old sweetheart, only I love you more, and I can understand better now how not to make you unhappy. Ah, don't throw everything away without thinking. I *am* more like the woman you loved than any one else can ever be. What shall I say to you! Oh, God help me!"

She had said enough. The one phrase, "If I am not the same woman you loved, still I am more like her than any one else in the world," had struck straight at his heart. It was true. What if this—the second best—were now the best life had to offer? If he threw this away would any other woman be able to inspire him with any sentiment more like love than this passion of memory, regret, tenderness, pity—this desire to hold, protect and comfort, with which, ever since her tears fell on his hand, he had been fighting in furious frenzy? He looked at the huddled gray figure. He must decide—now, at this moment, he must decide for two lives.

But before he had time to decide anything he found that he had taken her in his arms.

"My own, my dear," he was saying again and again, "I didn't mean it. It wasn't true. I love you better than anything. Let's forget it all. I don't care for anything now I have you again."

"Then why ——"

"Oh, don't let's ask each other questions—let's begin all over again at two years ago. We'll forget all the rest—my dear—my own!"

Of course neither has ever forgotten it, but they always pretend to each other that they have.

Her defiance of the literary sense in him and in her was justified. His literary sense—or some deeper instinct—prompted him to refuse to use Benolick's money. But her acquiescence in his decision reversed it. And they live very comfortably on it to this day.

The odd thing is that they are extremely happy. Perhaps it is not, after all, such a bad thing to be quite sure, before marriage, that the second-best happiness is all you are likely to get in this world.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three stories, each complete in itself—three examples of attempts to order life by the sense of artistic fitness. The next will appear in a February issue.

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That very old proverb about reaching the heart of a man is best exemplified with

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LETTERS BY THE WAY

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of A Man of Putty, Etc.

ON THE ROAD.

Dear Reader: Don't you feel sorry for the man who attracts babies? I do. Not that there isn't something very alluring in a nice, clean baby, but as a general thing, when a benignant bachelor goes along the aisle and a baby stretches out his hands and cries "Papa" and "goos" at him, the baby is covered with cracker-crumbs and is not pleasant to handle. And as a matter of fact the man so addressed seldom handles the baby, but retires precipitately into the smoker, not realizing what a great compliment has been paid him.

Then there's the man who is very neat, not to say Miss Nancyish, and who detests babies. It is often his fate to sit in front of a stupid baby who does not realize that the man in front is opposed to all babies in general and any baby in particular, and when the moist hands clutch his immaculate collar, or sticky up his hair with candy, he, too, flees to the smoker, that haven of refuge.

But once in a while there is a real father of a family who enters a train and the babies in all parts of the car rise up and call him "Papa," and he takes them into his arms one after another and acts on them like valerian on a cat. He is not abashed at the paternal term, for he is a father to everything that can say "la," nor do social conditions nor even a certain amount of dirt affect his affection. It does one's heart good to see the way of such a man with a babe, although most of us are perfectly willing that he should do the fathering and baby-holding quite unaided.

But after all what is nicer than a nice, clean, rosy little baby with blue eyes and golden hair and a bubbling laugh and clutchy little hands—unless it's a kitten or a puppy? The latter are more responsive and intelligent, but your baby isn't to be sneezed at by any means. Still there's no excuse for the cracker-crumb kind of infant as long as handkerchiefs are so cheap and mothers have hands.

Have you ever noticed the passenger who takes every one into his confidence? There was one who got on the cars the other day at Schenectady and when we reached Utica he said, so loudly that every one in the car could hear: "I guess I'll get out and stretch my legs."

I don't know whether he expected some one else to offer to stretch his legs for him or just what his motive was. For the matter of that, there wasn't a leg in the car that didn't need stretching, but there was no one else in the car who gave voice to his desires.

When he came back a baldheaded old man in the front seat—how natural that sounds, by the way—said, "Well, did you stretch 'em?"

Everybody in the car knew what he meant excepting the communicative man, and he said in a mystified tone, "Stretch what?"

"Your legs," said the baldheaded man.

"Oh, yeah," laughed the other, "I stretched 'em, and I had a cup of coffee that went to the right spot. My doctor says that I ought to stop drinking coffee and take one of the substitutes, but I'd rather live while I live than make believe live with all these infernal substitutes for food and drink. Next thing they'll be giving us artificial sleep." Every one in the car heard him and he knew it, but it seemed to come natural to him to take all into his confidence, and not a soul resented it.

Along about the time that we came to Rochester and every one had forgotten all about him, for he had been reading a Utica paper and keeping quiet, he suddenly slapped his leg and said, "Jerupiter! If I didn't come away without a change of linen!" Then he went on reading, but he had added to the gayety of the car. We didn't know which to admire more—his frankness or his patent ejaculation. It is respectfully offered to the laborious gentlemen who are collecting artificial swear-words. Jerupiter—seems to be a portmanteau word.

Just as we were coming into Buffalo our friend broke silence once more with another confidence addressed to no one in particular, but addressed with unusual distinctness: "If we were half an hour earlier I believe I'd go to see some play, but this getting to a play late isn't what it's cracked up to be. I'm sure I don't know what I'll do with myself till bedtime."

I hope that there were no bunco-steerers on the train, because I think that they would have done something with the old gentleman after such an exhibition of naiveté.

I was sorry he left us at Buffalo and I've often wondered whether he always took people into his confidence wherever he was. I couldn't quite make up my mind whether his confiding way came from an arrogant superiority to the common herd or a childlike simplicity. He looked like a keen business man, but it isn't the habit of keen business men to say, as he did when he left the car:

"Well, good folks, I wish you were all going to stop off here if you hate traveling as much as I do. Good-night."

To the credit of human nature every man in the car and at least half the women said "Good-night" in return, and there was no touch of mockery in it. I guess he was genuine or they wouldn't have answered him.

Did you ever get into a sleeper at a way station, a sleeper that was not due to leave for an hour or two? Well, did it make you angry? If you've been there you know what happened. They waited until you were undressed and anticipating two hours of blissful repose before the train started and then the fun began.

Luckily I had my head on the pillow or it would have been knocked off my shoulders. The car was bumped by a locomotive and set rolling about fifty feet, and then the engine tugged it in the opposite direction. Well, as soon as I saw what the game was I just sandwiched my head between two pillows and defied 'em to do their worst. And they did it. They waltzed that car all over the yard. Up this siding and down the other and bump into this car and bunk into another until the engineer tired of the sport.

But he *couldn't* get me angry. I got so that I knew which way he was going to lunge, and I'd lunge the other way and so neutralize the shock, and I believed I slept the better when sleep did come for the rough and tumble horse-play—or rather locomotive play—of that engine-driver. I suppose some hot-headed, choleric old fellows rush out in their pajamas and address words to him, and he is tickled to death, for that's what he's after; but I never turned a hair although I nearly turned a somersault several times before he quieted down.

Did you know that that rustling that wakes you up in the morning about two hours before you've reached your destination is deliberate? Well, I'm told it is. I used to suppose that a porter happened through the car and that his portly or porterish form accidentally brushed the heavy curtains and produced the *frou-frou* that acts like an alarm clock, but I am reliably informed that the porter walks back and forth on purpose to waken every one betimes, as he wants to get the beds all made up good and early. Of course, now that you know it is done with *malice prépensé*, you can give your subconsciousness a pointer and sleep serene through it all. But if you dare to sleep too long, a hand, a dusky hand, will come and clutch your ankle, and that will waken you, I'm sure.

When I was setting out on this journey I crossed the Hudson River by one of the numerous ferries, and half-way over there was a great commotion in the cabin. People ran to the windows and peered with wide eyeballs at something that was happening in the river.

It proved to be a sailboat that had upset and dumped its four occupants into the icy water.

When it happened we were so near that we could have almost thrown a life-line to them, but for some reason our boat did not stop; probably because a more serviceable and manageable tug was seen approaching.

The excitement on our boat was at first quite intense. Several women wore very white faces and one or two hands worked convulsively: for those people in the water were in danger of their lives. They grabbed the slippery keel with numbing fingers and their faces showed abject fear. They were plainly not watermen.

As help came nearer and nearer we steamed farther and farther, and at last we were so far from them that it was only the keenest-eyed among us who were able to say positively that now one and now another was being rescued.

If we had kept close by I think there is no doubt that the rescue of each man in turn would have been greeted with a cheer, but as soon as they became pin-pricks on our vision our sympathy became as small as pin-pricks, and when by the sudden chuffing of the tug

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We carry a large stock of top-grade, elegant, massive beds and furniture to please the most genteel, refined tastes—the same qualities or better than sold by "art" dealers and minus only their fancy profits. In our business of many million dollars a year, large profits on single sales are not necessary. Our mammoth purchases direct from manufacturers at spot cash figures, and our large sales direct to consumers, saving agents' and dealers' profits, make possible our extremely low prices for first quality goods.

We offer here a massive, heavy post bed made from solid brass tubing (not covered iron tubing ordinarily used in this pattern of bed). It is finished in a superior manner with English lacquer and with the proper care will last a life-time. Has a 2-in. post, filling ⅝-in., top rods ¾-in., knobs 3¼-in. Height at head, 63 in., height at foot, 43 in. Is carefully wrapped in flannel and boxed for shipment so as to insure perfect delivery. Can be furnished in four widths: 3 ft., 3½ ft., 4 ft. and 4½ ft. Is 6½ ft. in length. Weight, boxed for shipment, 200 lbs.

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we knew that all had been saved our passengers calmly walked back into the cabin and took up their papers or their conversation where they had left off.

Now if that scene had taken place in a novel what a wild huzzaing there would have been, and how some of the women would have fainted, and the hero would have plunged into the water with his overcoat on and would have rescued each man in turn with wild cries from his friends on the ferry-boat. But the real thing brought not a suggestion of heroics. Of course the people on the tug may have strained each man to their hearts when he came up the side, over the side, but I fancy that as a matter of fact the captain used genuine swear-words for having had to interrupt his work to rescue four duffers who ought never to have been trusted with a boat in such crowded waters.

But I must say that I was disappointed. I was getting my fingers ready to pull off my hat and wave it, and I was inflating my lungs to cheer, because I do like an honest bit of sentiment either on the stage or—on a ferry-boat, but these prosaic people were too far off actually to see the rescue, and they had not heart and imagination enough to wax enthusiastic over a thing that they could scarcely see.

Johnny's cut finger before your eyes is a far worse affair than the engulfing of a whole population in the Indian Ocean, and it is well it is so or our tears would give us no time for laughter.

What a pity it is that we do not know the histories of the people we pass. It would save the reading of books and thus save the printing of them, and that would give the printers lots more time with their families. So it would be a good arrangement all round. Because there is no boatload nor yet any carload of passengers that does not contain more than one person whose life history would push the very latest best-book-of-the-century for interest.

We'll call the place Perry, Illinois. Anyway, it was the name of a naval hero. When our train stopped there I hopped off to stretch my legs, like the gentleman for Buffalo, and a man came up and offered me buttered popcorn at five cents the package.

Beyond the fact that he was rather well dressed I did not notice anything unusual in him, and I bought a package and came back to eat it and promptly forgot what manner of man he was.

But in a few minutes the brakeman, who had also bought a bag of the engrossing stuff, came into the smoking compartment and said, "Notice that fellow who sold you the popcorn?"

"Not particularly," I said.

"Well, last year he was one of the engineers on this road, but he had his head hurt in an accident and lost his job, and now he's suing the company for $15,000. For ten years he's been drawing his $200 a month, and now the poor chap is peddling popcorn."

I wished then that the train would back down a few miles and let me have another look at this man who had shifted so readily from the sublime to the ridiculous. His popcorn took on a new relish.

Pop goes the engine and suggests a new form of livelihood to the honest engineer. May he win his suit.

A Double Blunder

THERE are persons in every community who in the social circle have an astonishing talent for saying and doing the wrong thing. One of these unfortunate gentlemen, at a reception in London, once said to Lord North, "Who is that uncommonly ugly lady opposite to you?" "That uncommonly ugly lady, sir, is my wife." "No, my lord," said the querist, "I mean the one at her right." "That, sir, is my daughter."

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The securities of the Consolidated Company are in the form of bonds in denominations of $500 and in FIRST MORTGAGE SINKING FUND GOLD NOTES in denominations of $5 each. You can invest in one of two ways: on the monthly payment plan or for cash. If you can afford to pay $5 per month for any luxury you are now enjoying, you can afford to buy one of these bonds. Let us tell you how.

Suppose you subscribe for one bond on the monthly payment plan. For each $5 you put in, you receive a FIRST MORTGAGE GOLD NOTE bearing 6 per cent. interest, which is secured by a first mortgage given to the International Trust Company, of Boston, by the Consolidated Ubero Plantations Company on all the assets of the Company, real and personal, including developed properties, pineapple canneries, starch mills, bank, warehouses, tin-can factories, general store, merchandise, live stock, machinery, buildings, etc., *amounting to over one million dollars. Aside from this, the mortgage covers the Company's coffee harvests and distributing station in the United States, together with all moneys on deposit, both in the United States and Mexico.* (Cash balance January 1st, 1905, $100,000.)

The International Trust Company pays 6 per cent. interest on these notes, payments being 3 per cent. semi-annual, payable on July 1 and January 1. Money invested begins to draw interest from date of purchase. When you have accumulated $500 in gold notes, they can be exchanged for a $500 bond (drawing 6 per cent. interest) and at the same time $500 of the capital stock will be paid as a bonus.

Seventy (70) per cent. of the net earnings each year are deposited with the International Trust Company for the redemption of these notes and bonds, which it is believed can be done in ten years or less. Thus you should receive 6 per cent. interest on all the money you put in, plus whatever your stock earns, which should give back your entire principal in about ten years, and still allow you to have your investment represented by holdings of stock that have cost you nothing. *The stock should earn and pay a large dividend each year on each bond purchased, so that the saving of a few dollars each month will go toward securing you a regular income as long as you hold the Ubero securities.* On the other hand, if you buy for cash you pay $500 for each bond. You receive in addition to your bond or bonds an equal amount of capital stock for each bond purchased. 6 per cent. yearly interest on the bond and the earnings of the stock, which you receive as a bonus, should in ten years or less, pay you back your entire original investment. The cash purchaser receives a special privilege, as he obtains his capital stock immediately, and receives dividends equal in amount to those received by the purchaser on the monthly payment plan—*only he receives them more quickly.*

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It is a positive fact that many tailors charge $25 to $30 for suits no better in material, fit or style than the one we here describe. We **guarantee** to satisfy you—**your money back if we don't.** Our credit and reputation are unquestioned. Our large business, giving employment to nearly 1000 cutters and tailors, our purchase of materials direct from the mills at large quantity and spot cash prices and our mammoth business direct to consumers which does not necessitate a large profit on each individual sale, are the factors which make our extra values possible.

One of the most popular fabrics this season is our V 168, Fancy Scotch Mixed Unfinished Worsted. The ground is a mixture of dark brown and gray with broken stripes of gray about ¾-inch apart, and an overplaid of green and brown, barely discernible, blending nicely with the mixture, producing a beautiful pattern of a dark effect for genteel business or semi-dress. We will save you more than one-third on a suit of this material. Order V 168, any style sack or cut-away frock suit.

Made to Order $18.00

Our Special Catalogue VR contains a sample of this number, also a great variety of other patterns from $11.00 to $25.00. Directions for measuring and full information as to what well dressed men are wearing, are also contained in our Special Catalogue VR. We mail it free upon request. Write for one TODAY.

Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago

ESTABLISHED 1872.

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The above is briefly the experience of a Michigan man who saw the possibilities for advertising two articles that were not in themselves new. His case is typical of the many we see about us of men who are rapidly building up big fortunes through advertising, which has come to be the dominant factor in the commercial world today.

And specialists who make advertising a profession are becoming more and more in demand. Business men who are investing their money in advertising must have the services of professional advertising men who will see that their money is well spent, and they must pay well for such services, either in salaries or in fees.

With this in view, the Chicago College of Advertising was organized with a corps of instructors, themselves experienced specialists, who have drawn and are still drawing large fees for their advice to big advertisers. The College affords an opportunity for a young man to fit himself under this expert instruction by mail for a new profession which seems to have the biggest financial future before it of any profession existing today.

Write in for details of the plan of instruction.

Chicago College of Advertising

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Stafford's $21.00 Desk

No. 20

Finished golden **polished, fine quartered oak front, built up panels and writing bed,** double deck top, nickelled stiles, automatic locks, 2 legal blank drawers, letter file, 6 all wood file boxes, supply drawer, **hang over front,** center drawer, document file, **card index drawer with cards,** back paneled and polished, 40 in. long, 20 in. wide, 46 in. high. **Sent to any responsible person on approval.** Ask for catalogs with factory prices:

Office Furniture, No. 95. Typewriters, all makes, "F." *Home Furniture, No. 94.*

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PATENT SECURED or FEES returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for our Guide Book and What To Invent, finest publications ever issued for free distribution. Patents secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE. **EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.**

THE PIT

(Continued from Page 11)

The eddies were gathering; the thousands of subsidiary torrents that fed the cloaca were moving. From all over the immediate neighborhood they came, from the offices of hundreds of commission houses, from brokers' offices, from banks, from the tall, gray buildings of La Salle Street, from the street itself. And even from greater distances they came; auxiliary currents set in from all the reach of the Great Northwest—from Minneapolis, Duluth and Milwaukee. From the Southwest, St. Louis, Omaha and Kansas City contributed to the volume. On the Atlantic seaboard, New York and Boston and Philadelphia sent out their tributary streams; London, Liverpool, Paris and Odessa merged their influences with the vast world-wide flowing that bore down upon Chicago, and that now began slowly, slowly to centre and circle about the Wheat Pit of the Board of Trade.

Small wonder that the building to Page's ears vibrated to a strange and ominous humming. She heard it in the distant clicking of telegraph keys, in the echo of hurried whispered conversation held in dark corners, in the voice of rapid footsteps, in the trilling of telephone bells. These sounds came from all around her; they issued from the offices of the building below her, above her and on either side. She was surrounded with them, and they mingled together to form one prolonged and muffled roar, that from moment to moment increased in volume.

The Pit was getting under way, the whirlpool was forming, and the sound of its courses was like the sound of the ocean in storm, heard at a distance.

Page and Landry were still half-way up the last stairway. Above and below the throng was packed dense and immobilized. But, little by little, Landry wormed a way for them, winning one step at a time. But he was terribly anxious; again and again he looked at his watch. At last he said:

"I've got to go. It's just madness for me to stay another minute. I'll give you my card."

"Well, leave me here," Page urged. "It can't be helped. I'm all right. Give me your card. I'll tell the guide in the gallery that you kept the seat for me—if I ever can get there. You must go. Don't stay another minute. If you can, come for me here in the gallery when it's over. I'll wait for you. But if you can't come, all right. I can take care of myself."

He could but assent to this. This was no time to think of small things. He left her and bore back with all his might through the crowd, gained the landing at the turn of the balustrade, waved his hat to her and disappeared.

A quarter of an hour went by. Page, caught in the crowd, could neither advance nor retreat. Ahead of her, some twenty steps away, she could see the back rows of seats in the gallery. But they were already occupied. It seemed hopeless to expect to see anything of the floor that day. But she could no longer extricate herself from the press; there was nothing to do but stay where she was.

On every side of her she caught odds and ends of dialogues and scraps of discussions, and while she waited she found an interest in listening to these as they reached her from time to time.

"Well," observed the man in the tall white hat, who had discouraged Landry from attempting to reach the gallery—"Well, he's shaken 'em up pretty well. Whether he downs 'em or they down him he's made a good fight."

His companion, a young man with eyeglasses, who wore a wonderful white waistcoat with queer glass buttons, assented, and Page heard him add:

"You know what they say Calvin Crookes has done? They say he's been going round to every one of his friends and telling 'em to sell wheat to Jadwin. Crookes says to them he knows Jadwin is going to bust, and he, just to show he knows what he's talking about, he lets each of his friends have his check for twenty-five thousand, provided they'll sell July wheat. If they win, of course they're all right, and if they lose their twenty-five thousand, why, they've got Crookes' money to reimburse them."

Jadwin's name was upon every lip. On all sides Page heard it.

"Big operator, that Jadwin."

"They're doing for him now, though."

"I ain't so sure. He's got another fight in him."

"He'll pull through."

"Well, I hope so—by Jingo! I hope so. Say, by the way, how did you come out?"

The MAN and the HOUR meet by the time of an

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My old Aunt Sophia says most of these girls are in a fix. If they don't use rouge they're pale, if they do use it they're beyond the pale. And so there they are. Well anyway lots of famous beauties didn't have a mite of color and what's the difference so long's they had a nice clear complexion. Any girl can have that if she uses BORAX.

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"Me! Ho! Say, my boy, the next time I get into a wheat trade you'll know it. I was one of the merry paretics who believed that Crookes was the Great Lumtum. I tailed on to his clique. Lord love you! Jadwin put the knife into me to the tune of twelve thousand dollars. But say, look here, aren't we ever going to get up to that blamed gallery? We ain't going to see any of this, and I —hark! —there goes the gong. They've begun. Say, say, hear 'em, will you! Holy Moses—say —listen to that! Did you ever hear—*Lord!* I wish we could see—could get somewhere where we could see something."

His friend turned to him and spoke a sentence that was drowned in the sudden vast volume of sound that all at once shook the building.

"Hey—what?"

The other shouted into his ear. But even then his friend could not hear. Nor did he listen. The crowd upon the staircases had surged irresistibly forward and upward. There was a sudden outburst of cries. Women's voices were raised in expostulation, and even fear.

"Oh, oh—don't push so!"

"My arm! oh!—oh, I shall faint; . . . . please."

But the men, their escorts, held back furiously. Their faces purple, they shouted imprecations over their shoulders.

"Here, here, what you doing?"

"Don't crowd so!"

"Get back, back!"

"There's a lady fainted here. Get back you! We'll all have a chance to see. Ain't there a policeman anywheres?"

"Say, say! It's going down—the price. It broke three cents just then at the opening, they say."

"This is the worst I ever saw or heard of."

"If Jadwin can only hold 'em."

"You bet he'll hold 'em."

"Hold nothing!—oh, say, my friend, it don't do you any good to crowd like that."

"It's the people behind; I'm not doing it. Say, do you know where they're at on the floor? The wheat, I mean. Is it going up or down?"

"Up, they tell me. There was a rally; I don't know. How can we tell here? We—hi, there they go again. That must have been a smash. I guess the Board of Trade won't forget this day in a hurry. Heavens, you can't hear yourself think!"

"Glad I ain't down there in the Pit."

But at last a group of policemen appeared. By main strength they shouldered their way to the top of the stairs, and then began pushing the crowd back. At every instant they shouted:

"Move on now; clear the stairway. No seats left!"

But at this, Page, who by the rush of the crowd had been carried almost to the top of the stairs, managed to extricate an arm from the press and hold Landry's card in the air. She even hazarded a little prevarication:

"I have a pass. Will you let me through, please?"

Luckily one of the officers heard her. He bore down heavily with all the mass of his two hundred pounds, and the majesty of the law he represented, to the rescue and succor of this very pretty girl.

"Let the lady through," he roared, forcing a passage with both elbows. "Come right along, Miss. Stand back, you, now. Can't you see the lady has a pass? Now then, Miss, be quick; I can't keep 'em back forever."

Jostled and hustled, her dress crumpled, her hat awry, Page made her way forward, till the officer caught her by the arm and pulled her out of the press. With a long breath she gained the landing of the gallery.

The guide, an old fellow in a uniform of blue, with brass buttons and a visored cap, stood near by, and to him she presented Landry's card.

"Oh, yes; oh, yes," he shouted in her ear after he had glanced it over. "You are the party Mr. Court spoke about. You just came in time. I wouldn't 'a' dared hold your seat a minute longer."

He led her down the crowded aisle between rows of theatre chairs, all of which were occupied, to one vacant seat in the very front row.

"You can see everything now," he cried, making a trumpet of his palm. "You're Mister Jadwin's niece. I know, I know. Ah, it's a wild day, Miss. They ain't done much yet, and Mr. Jadwin's holding his own, just now. But I thought for a moment they had him on the run. You see—my, my, there was a sharp rally. But he's holding on yet."

Page took her seat, and leaning forward looked down into the Wheat Pit.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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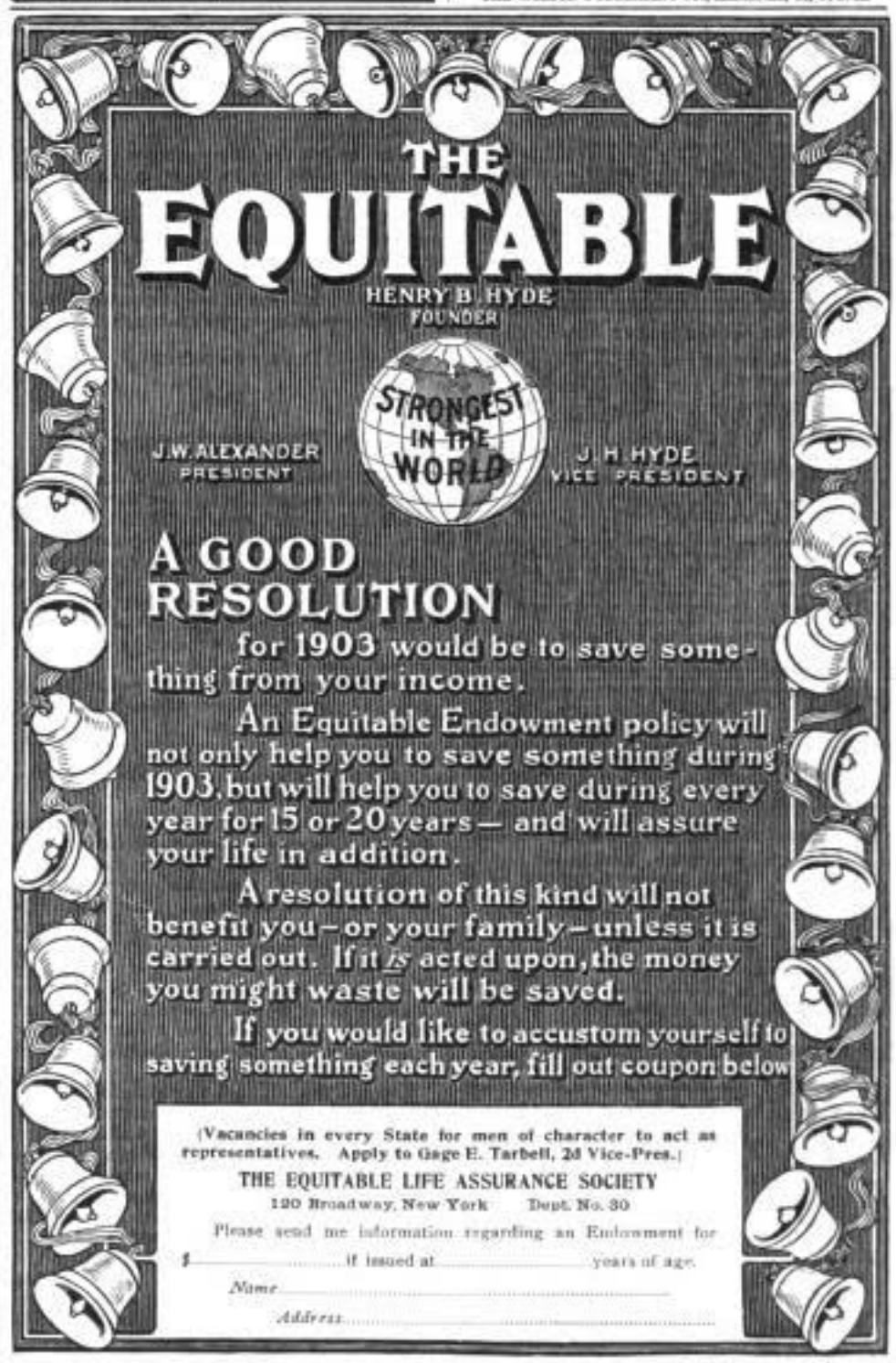

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Send 6 cents for catalogue.

GOLDEN FLEECE

(*Continued from Page 7*)

"I've noticed similarities," replied Frothingham tactfully.

"It's all imitation stuff—the labels are frauds. We over here don't know how to be gracefully idle and inane, as your upper classes do. It's not in us anywhere. We haven't the tradition—our tradition is all against it. Whenever we do produce a thoroughly idle and inane person, he or she goes abroad to live or else loses all his money to some sharp, pushing fellow, and drops out of sight. All this aristocracy you see is pure pose. Underneath, they're Americans."

"What is an American?" asked Frothingham. "Every time I think I've seen one, along comes some native and tells me I'm wrong. Are you an American?"

"Underneath—yes. On the surface—no. I used to be, but now I'm posing with the rest of 'em. You'll have to get out of New York to see Americans. There are droves of 'em here, but they're so scattered in places you'll never go to that you couldn't find them. You'd better go West if you wish to be sure of seeing the real thing."

"It's very confusing. How shall I know this American when I see him?"

"When you see a man or a woman who looks as if he or she could do something honest and valuable, who looks you straight in the eyes, and makes you feel proud that you're a human being and ashamed that you are not a broader, better, honester one—that's an American." And then he smiled with his eyes so queerly that Frothingham could not decide whether or not he was jesting.

At the club Wallingford introduced him into a large circle of young men, seated round two tables pushed together and covered with "high balls" and bottles of carbonated water and silver bowls of cracked ice. He said little, drank his whisky and water and listened. "It's the talk of stock-brokers and tradesmen," he said to himself. "Yet these fellows are certainly gentlemen, and they don't talk business in the least like our middle-class people. It's very confusing."

After he left the others were most friendly and even admiring in their comments upon him.

"He's monotonous, and poor, and will never have anything unless he marries it," said Wallingford. "If he were a plain, poor, incapable, rather dull American, is there one of us that would waste five minutes on him?"

There was silence, then a laugh.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Thirsty Sapsucker

DOCTORS Beal and Judd, of the Department of Agriculture, have been studying woodpeckers with results valuable to farmers. Six varieties of these birds came under detailed inspection. Five of them were found to be undeserving of the maledictions that have been hurled at the woodpecker family.

But the damage wrought by the sixth is so great that the virtues of the other birds of his feather have been ignored.

This offending bird is the yellow-bellied sapsucker (*sphyrapicus varius*), of which Maurice Thompson sang:

I heard the sapsucker sing;
I turned and looked out of the window,
And lo! it was spring.

No tribute of verse can atone for its depredations. The Washington scientists have been making observations from year to year of the assaults of sapsuckers upon an apple orchard near Mount Vernon. During a period of three hours one bird took thirty drinks of sap; another forty-one.

The result of such a drain upon the vitality of the apple trees is that most of them are dying. A strip of bark seven inches long and two inches wide torn from a dead tree disclosed eighty-four sapsucker drills, an average of six to the square inch.

Even if the thirst of these birds for fruit-tree sap was not in itself sufficient to destroy orchards, the openings they make for flat-headed apple-borers and other beetles would fully warrant all the denunciation heaped by farmers upon this variety of woodpeckers.

It was hoped by the ornithologists that the sapsuckers engaged on apple-tree trunks would soften suspicion by feeding on ants and other insects running over the bark. During all the time these birds were under inspection, however, only one seized an ant. Another snapped once at a beetle.

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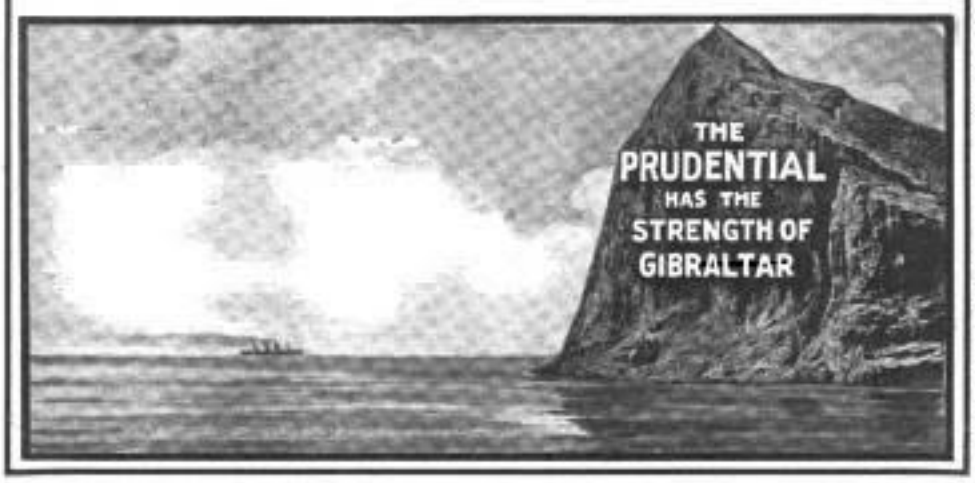

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Tales of a Country Town

The Identification of "Bronco Jim"

By GEORGE ADE

JAMES TIBBETTS went away from Musselwhite in 1873 as a well-behaved agriculturist, seeking the cheap lands and boundless opportunities advertised in the railway stations. He came back in 1883 as "Bronco Jim," wearing the white hat of the Western cavalier. For nearly twenty years thereafter he picked out the soft spots in Musselwhite and sat upon them, sighing for the wild life of the West.

Except for the ten years during which he was the scourge of the border, James Tibbetts' career was an open book to all of Musselwhite. He had grown up in the hazel brush away back in the muskrat days. He had a war record, to which he seldom reverted, inasmuch as there were remaining in Musselwhite three men who distinctly recalled the circumstances under which he was drafted. The story was one that shed no glory upon the name of Tibbetts. It ran to the effect that Jim, by happy coincidence, went fishing on the very day that drafting began at the court-house. Fishing was so good that he remained in the woods for a week. When they finally sought him out, in order to give him an opportunity to serve his country, he was found in an improvised teepee two miles above the Sewell ford, subsisting on catfish and blackberries. Some people were sufficiently cruel to say that Jim tried this aboriginal mode of life in order to harden himself for his Indian fighting, which came along some ten years later.

His brief service at the front, which won for him the title of "hospital inspector," and his uneventful years in and about Musselwhite were matters of record, but his ten years in the West were enveloped in mystery, which Jim sometimes sought to deepen rather than dispel. It was known that during the greater period of his absence the Weekly Messenger had been mailed to a town in Northern Nebraska, but Jim explained that this town was merely a starting point for numberless excursions fraught with danger—a base of supplies, as it were, from which he radiated in all directions at the stern call of duty.

The tantalizing part of it was that no one in Musselwhite could successfully contradict any of the tingling narratives with which Jim whiled away the long winter evenings and the long summer days at Talbot's store. There was no denying that Jim had been "out West" somewhere for ten years and that he came back with a white hat and a revolver of prodigious size, and immediately installed himself as chief story-teller. It was well enough for the envious to suggest that he had bought the hat and the revolver at a Chicago department store on his way back, but they had no proof to back up their doubts.

HE WAS THE SCOURGE OF THE BORDER

For fully a month after his return, in 1883, "Bronco Jim" chafed and champed for the open range, the swish of the lariat and the cheerful bark of the six-shooter. He felt himself confined and cramped in Jefferson County, for there was a fence every half mile or so, and the clumps of soft maple trees shut out the sweep of horizon which, at the best, would have shown as a ragged fringe of cornstalks. No doubt the nomad of the plains would have returned to the hunting-grounds had it not been for two large and restraining circumstances. He was called home to assist in the settlement of his father's estate. In the division of the property he found himself possessed of a good quarter-section. Then he married a quarter-section owned by the Widow Evans. The revenues from three hundred and twenty acres were sufficient guarantee of a living that would be free from toil or worry. So he moved into the Widow Evans' cottage and became one of the fixtures of Musselwhite, a domesticated warrior who dwelt musingly upon the dangers that he had encountered in gulches and foothills, holding the younger generation spellbound for hours at a time.

Sometimes the fever would get into his blood and he would have to go into the vacant lot back of the Fredericks' livery stable and shoot at a mark. This blazing away at inanimate objects was but a poor imitation of the royal sport of killing redskins, and usually he went at it with an apologetic and half-hearted lack of enthusiasm. To the boys on the fence it had the semblance of real warfare, inasmuch as "Bronco Jim" would make believe, in order to revive happy memories, that the target was a skulking Indian.

Very often he would say to the line of admirers perched behind him, "Boys, s'posin' that door was a Sioux." Then he would fire six shots in rapid succession at the inoffensive door propped up about fifty feet distant, each shot taking immediate effect.

Only the fervid imagination of a small boy could transform a discarded door into a painted savage, yet this dramatic performance had a wonderful charm for the boys of Musselwhite. They, at least, were free from the doubts and small jealousies which pervaded the adult portion of the community. Every one of them believed that Jim Tibbetts had left his full quota of chiefs mouldering on the plains, while his half-guarded and rather modest admissions as to the taking of life suggested many harrowing adventures in which he had taken part, but which, for some mysterious reason, he did not choose to relate.

Conceding that he may have left much untold, there is no denying the fact that what he told, in detail and fortified by the records at Washington, if they could be examined, made up a series of perilous events worthy of being put together in an epic poem. For instance, think what it must be to win the passionate affection of a chief's daughter, thereby incurring the deadly hatred of the chief, and being compelled to make a desperate ride for life right through the hostile country with bullets zipping all about!

Could any one blame "Bronco Jim" for repeating many times certain words spoken to him by Nelson A. Miles: "I want this here dispatch to git through on time, Jim, and you're the only one I can trust to git 'er through."

Those who sought to belittle the achievements of "Bronco Jim" said that he claimed to have been present at every engagement during the 'seventies with the exception of the Custer massacre, and the only reason he missed that was that all the whites were killed. However, it came out at Talbot's store one evening that he had warned Custer. Sitting Bull he had known intimately, but he had always mistrusted him, and whenever he had an interview with him, in the Sioux language, he invariably sat with his back to a tree and his faithful Winchester laid across his knees. Bill Gunning, who had the gift of cross-examination, wanted to know what he did if there was no tree handy. "Doc" Clevison volunteered an explanation—no tree, no interview.

MERELY A STARTING POINT FOR NUMBERLESS EXCURSIONS FRAUGHT WITH DANGER

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One name studded most of the narratives—the name of Choctaw Bill. Jim did not say that he and Choctaw Bill had slept under the same blanket every night for five years, but that such a degree of intimacy existed was to be inferred from the easy and familiar manner in which he made reference to the famous scout. As, for instance: "Whenever I started out on a ticklish job, it allus made me easier in my mind if I could have Bill along, an' Bill didn't much care to tackle anything out o' the ordinary unless I'd agree to stay by him."

Jim had purchased from a traveling agent Choctaw Bill's book, sold by subscription only, entitled Personal Recollections of Life on the Border. He had made marginal notes all through the work, mostly corrections. He did this in no spirit of carping criticism, but with a friendly desire to make the book accurate. For instance, Choctaw Bill, in telling of the massacre at Butler's ranch, writes: "The Indians approached from the east just at sunrise, in full paint and feathers, chanting their battle-song." Jim had underlined this passage and then written on the margin, "Wrong, Bill; they come from the west." It was a small point, to be sure, but why not get everything right while you're about it. So argued James Tibbetts.

When Jim was not present at the daily gathering in Talbot's store or on the store boxes in front, "Doc" Clevison, the town homœopath, frequently would express the conviction that Jim was a liar. Not an ordinary garbler of facts, but a colossal liar, all of whose operations were in the realm of pure fiction. "Doc" Clevison remarked upon the fact that "Bronco Jim" often told of the breaking of Indian ponies that went ten feet into the air at every buck, and yet no one in Musselwhite had ever seen him riding horseback. Jim told of desperate missions right into the heart of the hostile territory, and yet the Grand Army veterans were witnesses to the fact of his eating soap the day before Chancellorsville and being carried to the hospital, groaning audibly. He loved to tell about hitting a silver dollar two times out of three at a hundred paces, and yet when he indulged in target practice back of Fredericks' livery barn, he invariably selected the old door as a target.

"Doc" Clevison had but few ambitions in this life. One of them was to expose "Bronco Jim"—to show him up to all of Musselwhite as a fraud and a pretender. This desire was somewhat actuated by an intense personal jealousy. "Doc" Clevison had a private stock of narratives. He had killed two hundred brant and geese in one day with a common muzzle-loader and he had landed the largest blue cat ever taken out of the Kankakee River. But what were fishing and hunting stories when measured alongside of scalpings and tomahawkings? Why should a company listen to duck stories when it could get bear stories from a man who was willing to remove most of his clothing, if necessary, in order to show the scars?

On various occasions "Doc" Clevison had tried to trip up Jim and cover him with confusion. One evening (again at Talbot's store), after Jim had concluded a story regarding Rain-in-the-Face, "Doc" Clevison looked across at him seriously and asked, "Jim, did you ever run across a Sioux chief by the name of Blue Thunder?"

"Never knew him very well," replied Jim. "Saw him once or twice in the Snake River country. I bought a buckskin pony once from Blue Thunder for eight dollars and afterward sold it to Cap Dillon for forty."

"What kind of a lookin' fellow wuz he?" asked Doc.

"Tall and light-complected," said Jim. "I think he wuz a half-breed."

"It's funny that you'd remember him so well," said "Doc" deliberately, "becuz there never wuz any chief of that name. I thought the name out myself."

A painful silence ensued, with "Bronco Jim" looking very hard at "Doc" Clevison.

"There *wuz* a chief by that name an' I knew him as well as I know you," said Jim; "but he wuzn't a Sioux—he wuz a Brule."

How was "Doc" Clevison to demonstrate, being put upon the defensive, that there never had been a chief named Blue Thunder? The victory lay clearly with "Bronco Jim."

At last "Doc" Clevison's opportunity came. Choctaw Bill's Wild West Show and Traveling Exposition of Life on the Plains was billed to appear at Logansport. Excursion rates were being offered on all converging railway lines. "Doc" Clevison's plan was to take Jim Tibbetts into the presence of Choctaw Bill and demand verification and corroboration. When Jim learned that Choctaw Bill was to appear in Logansport and that the Pan Handle had made a round-trip rate of $1.50, including a ticket for the grandstand, he did not manifest the keen enthusiasm that might have been expected of one who had the opportunity to renew hallowed associations.

"Goin'?" asked Bill Gunning.

"Nope—don't believe I will," replied Jim. "It's an old story to me. Besides, it's a mighty poor imitation of what we went through out there. I don't see no particular fun in gallopin' around in front of a lot of women and children, an' breakin' glass balls an' so on."

"Won't Choctaw Bill be expectin' you?" asked "Doc." "He knows you live here, don't he?"

"Last time I saw Bill we had a few words," said Jim; "nothin' very serious, but I don't know as I'd care to make up with him unless the first move come from him."

"Jim, he'd be tickled to death to see you," said "Doc." "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay your way over an' take you into the show if you'll agree to go."

"I'll think it over," said Jim cautiously; and that evening, for the first time in years, he seemed disinclined to tell of Choctaw Bill and life in the Indian country.

By diplomatic persistency, "Doc" induced Jim to promise to go to Logansport. But when the fateful morning came and "Doc" stopped in to get Jim and escort him to the station, the veteran scout and trapper was found to be indisposed, with a sort of a dizzy feeling and a strong conviction that it was duty to remain at home and "take it easy."

"Git out! You're all right!" exclaimed "Doc," hitting him on the back. "Never seen you lookin' better. Le' me examine you." The examination showed that pulse and temperature were normal and digestion unimpaired. Jim put on his Sunday suit, as in a waking dream, and permitted "Doc" Clevison to lead him to the station. Jim made no outward sign of being happy. Not even when he arrived at the station platform and was loudly greeted by Bill Gunning and Henry Talbot and Baz Williamson, all of whom seemed to be in a condition of almost hysterical gayety. They were overjoyed at the prospect of being witnesses to the meeting of "Bronco Jim" and "Choctaw Bill." Jim stood apart from them and gazed meditatively at the long line of freight cars on the siding. He had the appearance of a man who lacked a plan of campaign.

Fortunately for James Tibbetts he had a nephew—a ripening attorney with a local reputation for shrewdness and the deft use of the English language. Some of his more hopeful friends were predicting that he would develop into a Beveridge or a Voorhees. Homer Tibbetts was at the station to take advantage of the excursion rate. He overheard the gleeful comments of the conspirators and saw the unmistakable look of gloom on his uncle's face and understood the situation.

All the way to Logansport "Bronco Jim" evinced a pensive interest in the growing crops, but was in no mood for conversation. They arrived at eleven o'clock and the show did not begin until two.

At 11:30 the great Choctaw Bill, seated in his private tent, received the card of Mr. Homer Tibbets, attorney-at-law. He suspected that Mr. Tibbetts wanted two free tickets, but he consented to see the gentleman.

The future U. S. Senator seated himself on the camp-stool pointed out by the remarkable character with the overflow of hair and the eagle eye.

"I'll come right to the point," said Homer Tibbetts. "Did you ever know a man named Jim Tibbetts?"

"Tibbetts? Tibbetts?" repeated Choctaw Bill. "It seems to me that a fellow by that name used to work on my ranch in Nebraska."

"He's my uncle Jim and he knows you a good deal better than you know him. He has talked you up for years and he sleeps every night with your book under his pillow. I don't suppose that any other man in the United States has given you half the free advertising that you've got out of my Uncle Jim. We will admit, Mr. Choctaw Bill, that my uncle is the infernallest liar that ever drew the breath of life. But he has been a good liar—a consistent liar, and in all of his lies you have appeared to advantage. Well, he's up here today and he's got with him a lot of doubting Thomases who expect to bring him around to see you and thereby show him up. So I'm appealing to you to be a good fellow. I want you to recognize him when you see him. Call him by name. Recall a few incidents of the Sioux war and then offer to give him a ticket to the show. It's all right. He's got his ticket."

Choctaw Bill smiled a grim and sympathetic smile.

"I never went back on a friend," he said.

"Uncle Jim is getting on in years," continued Homer. "His whole future as a liar is now in your hands. You can save him from disgrace and humiliation."

"Give me a few pointers," said Choctaw Bill, picking up a pad of paper.

While Homer was giving the renowned scout and buffalo-killer a few hitherto unsuspected facts concerning his own career, "Bronco Jim" was standing in front of a large billboard, making a most important discovery. He was gazing at a colored three-sheet poster of "Choctaw Bill" and shaking his head doubtfully.

"'Doc,' do you know what," he asked, "I don't believe this is the real Choctaw Bill at all. The one that I seen out West had a knife-mark down one side of his face an' allus wore a goatee."

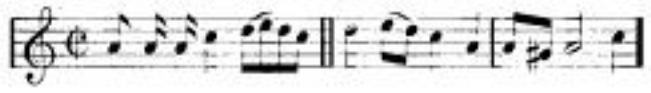
"Well, if this one's a fake, you ought to face him and tell him so," said "Doc." "But I don't believe he is. Anyway, we'll go out and hunt him up."

They loaded "Bronco Jim" on to a trolley-car and he rode out to the show lot, overburdened with the dull

(Continued on Page 21)

A Ballad of White Water Men—By HOLMAN F. DAY

A Driving Camp "Deacon-Seat Come-All-Ye"



COME all ye good White Water Men, come listen unto me,
'Tis all about Mike Corrigan, as ye shall plainly see;
'Tis all about thot Blue-Nose chap they call Mike Corrigan,
Who made his fame and got the name of the best White Water Man.

(Yis, sor, I do think I can make so bold as to say thor' worn't a man bechune Caucomgomoc and Sunkhaze thot would take to white water like thot same P. I. (Prince Edward Islander), Mike Corrigan. The boss he says when Mike hired, "And be ye a white water man?" "Yis, sor," says Mike; "at t'ree ye'r old I lived in Pugwash and I wor doin' drivin' stunts wid clothes-pins in the soapsuds where me mither wor washin'. I've been in white water iver since.")

I tell ye now and I tell ye true, thor' niver wor a hitch
Or dam or jam he wouldn't ram in a freshet drivin' pitch.
He'd take his pick-pole in his hands, his life bechune his teeth,
And down he'd go in the hullabaloo churned white by the rocks beneath.
He broke the jam at Sourd-as-hunk and he done it with a saw—
A cross-cut gashin'-fiddle that he yanked ur-r rick, ur-r raw!
The jig he played with that rusty blade it worn't no op'ry tune,
But a bustin' bind-log's good to hear when behind ye's Drouth and June.

(Yis, sor, I do figger that Mike saved the comp'ny from havin' the whole drive hung up right thor' in Sourd-as-hunk Rips. Wouldn't no one else take the chances thot Mike did. How did he git back to shore, do ye ask? He had us bend down a big ash tree, clear over to the ground. The rope thot wore hitched to Mike's waist wor hitched to the top of the tree. When the jam busted we let the tree go whish-h-h! Snapped Mike right up into the air more'n a hundred feet.)

Now listen, all White Water Men, oh, have ye ever heard
Of how Mike played he beaver once, then went to playin' bird?
He ris' so high he jabbed the sky and scratched across the blue
With the old pick-pole thot saved his soul when down to ground he flew.
He braced himself right out arms' length and speared the solid ground,
The pole stuck slantin'-dicular and Mike went whizzin' round—
A-whizzin' round and round and round until The Old Cat Died—
And Mike's red hair it scorched the air till hunks of wind were fried.

(Yis, sor, and after all he'd done for the comp'ny, when the boss come to settle with Mike, as soon as the drive wor down, he see'd thot Mike wor slow in figgers like ither men that take leanin's to great doin's. He charged Mike with t'ree pair of rubber boots from the wangan store. "And I niver had but the one pair, bless ye," said Mike. "Thin ye admit the one pair ye had?" said the boss. "Yis," says Mike. "Well, thot's one pair and we'll set down the figger right here where ye can see it. Then there's the pair ye didn't have, ain't there?" "Yis," says Mike, "there was thot pair." "There's another figger t for them. Then there's the pair as ye's ought to have had, eh? Ye can't deny it." "No more can I," says Mike. "Well, there's three ones, and, me good man, iv'ry schoolbye knows thot three ones make three. Ye owe for three pairs of rubber boots, 'cause figgers don't lie.")

Oh, 'twor all on Ambejejus Falls where the waters they be wild,
And a pile of hemlock jack-strawed up wor criss-crossed, slewed and piled,
And thor' worn't no man but Corrigan would take the job to do,
For he was the best White Water Man e'er sawed a bind-log through.
He left his pole and his peavy too, and he only took his ax,
And smooth and slick he chopped thot stick with a dozen hefty whacks,
We 'lowed he wor caught and we diver thought we'd see Mike any more,
But he took and he kicked a bubble up and he rode all safe to shore.
So it's whoop, men, all for Corrigan—he wor the kind for me;
He always spent his season's pay in one night, good and free.
Of all the boys thot bucked the broth the best White Water Man
Wor the Blue-Nose who had grit for two—(*final words are always spoken*)—the brave Mike Corrigan.

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How Roosevelt Got His First Second-Term

THEODORE, why don't you go into politics?"

This question marks the literal beginning of a political career which has brought Mr. Roosevelt, still in what Victor Hugo calls "the old age of youth," to the Presidency, and to extraordinary popularity with the masses of the people, irrespective of party. It was addressed to him at a man's dinner at the house of one of his friends in Madison Avenue, New York City, in the first week of September, 1881. He was not yet twenty-three years old; graduated from Harvard in 1880 he had been writing a book—his History of the Naval War of 1812, which was about to be published; he had not chosen a profession, but was strongly inclined to historical writing and had invested a part of his small inheritance in a publishing house.

The conversation at that dinner had been on politics. One of the young men was assisting William Waldorf Astor to manage his campaign for Congress, and Roosevelt was interested in and amused by the description of the methods of that famous canvass which was to end in Mr. Astor's ludicrous failure after weeks of abhorrent self-degradation to handshaking and backslapping with all manner of low persons. Finally, the young campaigner, having told how easy it was to "break into" politics if one had the right sort of "pull," put the question which begins this article.

Young Roosevelt shook his head. The profession wasn't alluring, he said; he didn't like the methods or the early associations. New York City was overwhelmingly Democratic; there were local and legislative conditions of hopeless yet black corruption; besides, he had no "pull." No, he would not go into politics—at least, not just yet.

If the conversation had turned to other subjects, in all human probability, as will presently appear, Roosevelt would never have been President. But his friend persisted, no doubt having seen in his earnestness of thought, look and speech a valuable aid to Mr. Astor's canvass, should he consent to take part in the campaign. The upshot of a long talk was that Roosevelt promised to go with Mr. Astor's lieutenant to the headquarters of the assembly district in which he lived—called the "Diamond-back district" because it included the residences of the richest New Yorkers of that day.

Roosevelt went to the Republican headquarters in Fifty-ninth Street near Lexington Avenue, was introduced to the leader, Jake Hess, and "the boys," liked them, was liked by them. They were casting about for a candidate for the Legislature who might have a chance against the Tammany candidate. Roosevelt was of an old New York family of excellent reputation—that meant "silk stocking" votes; he was a natural democrat and "mixer"—that meant votes from the "plain people"; he had ideas of purifying politics and public affairs, and talked as if he believed what he said—that meant support from the independents, whom the rascality of both machines had made numerous. The hard-pressed Republican heelers went over the situation thoroughly and at last offered him the forlorn hope—the Republican nomination for the lower house of the Legislature—the Assembly.

He took it; he made a "strenuous" house to house, "liquor store" to "liquor store" campaign; he was elected by 1528 plurality, though Astor lost that district.

If there is one public position that more than another is likely to discourage a young aspirant for a political career and drive him from politics in disgust, it is member of the lower house of a Legislature. And in those days in New York State, although they were the days before the Bosses, the conditions were much worse than to-day. The corruption, instead of being concentrated, secret and adroitly disguised as it is now, was open and shameless and personal. Now, corrupting corporations traffic with the Boss for the delivery of the majority *en bloc* to the support of a measure, and the Boss divides the "campaign contribution," less his liberal "rake off," among his followers; at that time each legislator sold his own vote for a flat bribe, paid by a lobby. A majority of the members of the Assembly to which Roosevelt was elected were baldly for sale—enough Republicans easily purchasable to piece out the purchasable Democrats into a majority. And the venal members "sold out" cheap—a lot of piffling rogues. But they were, most of them, good-natured withal, full of natural wit and the spirit of mutual helpfulness, and curiously unconscious of their own depravity; and they liked Roosevelt and he liked the many decent qualities there were in the least repulsive of them. It is not hard to guess why he was put on the Militia Committee—in the photographs of him in those youthful days he looks much as he looks to-day.

There came before that Assembly in March, 1882—less than three months after he took his seat—the opportunity for him to be President of the United States twenty years later.

The inside ring of New York City's elevated railroad company had in the summer and fall of 1881 perpetrated a flagrant criminal swindle with the aid of the Attorney-General of the State and a Justice of the Supreme Court. The facts were notorious and included such corrupt audacities as the Attorney-General's deliberately arranging a suit so that the inside ring of the railroad company could not but win it, and as the Judge's holding court in bedrooms and in the offices of the ringsters there to legalize and bulwark their corrupt acts. Every one in the State who took the slightest interest in public affairs or in New York City's conspicuous financial gamblers was talking of the scandal, was wondering whether there was really any decency or respect for decency left in the State's administration, any limit to the impudence or the power of rich rascals.

What Roosevelt Did When the Assembly Yawned

Up from New York City came a delegation of indignant citizens with all the facts properly arranged to back up their formal demands that the accused Attorney-General be punished and that the Assembly impeach before the Senate the Judge who not merely had smirched the ermine but had worn it while he wallowed in the mire. Some Assemblymen yawned over petition and petitioners, some laughed, some said that the scandal was infamous but shrugged their shoulders. And it did look as if to attempt to punish the judicial tool of the ring would be more futile than throwing straws at the wind. The Assembly was corrupt, naturally sympathetic with all corruption; the ringsters were powerful with the machines of both parties and had silenced or discouraged all the influential newspapers; both of the officials involved were Republicans. The petition was "referred"—that is, was sepulchred in the mortuary pigeonholes of the Judiciary Committee; the petitioners went sadly home. The "incident" seemed closed.

Young Roosevelt waited and watched and wondered. In his simplicity, in his newness to politics, he was amazed by such dealing with grave, practically undisputed charges against a judge. Every day he talked privately of the matter, insisted that the committee must and would report, that the Assembly must and would act. It seemed to him that if the Judiciary could be openly corrupt with impunity, the dissolution of society was at hand. When he saw that none of the older members purposed doing anything, that the leaders of his own party were resolutely for suppression, he announced to his acquaintances that he himself was going to make a fight.

Without an exception his friends begged him to be silent. "You will accomplish nothing," they said, "except your own certain destruction. Nobody will listen to your speeches—you won't even get newspaper notoriety. And you will be quietly dropped from public life because you attacked men high in your own party. Don't touch it, Teddy; it's loaded!"

This was obviously the counsel of experienced wisdom. So far as the clearest judgment could see it was not the moment for attack. Indeed, it looked as if attack would strengthen the hands of corruption by exposing the weakness of the opposition to it. Never did expediency put a temptation to conscience more insidiously.

It was on April 6, 1882, that young Roosevelt took the floor in the Assembly and demanded that Judge Westbrook, of Newburg, be impeached. And for sheer moral courage that act is probably supreme in Roosevelt's life thus far. He must have expected failure. Even his youth and idealism and ignorance of public affairs could not blind him to the apparently inevitable consequences. Yet he drew his sword and rushed apparently to destruction—alone, and at the very outset of his career, and in disregard of the pleadings of his closest friends and the plain dictates of political wisdom.

That speech—the deciding act in Roosevelt's career—is not remarkable for eloquence. But it is remarkable for fearless candor. He called thieves thieves regardless of their millions; he slashed savagely at the Judge and the Attorney-General; he told the plain, unvarnished truth as his indignant eyes saw it.

When he finished the veteran leader of the Republicans rose and with gently contemptuous raillery asked that the resolution to take up the charges be voted down. He said he wished to give young Mr. Roosevelt time to think about the wisdom of his course. "I," said he, "have seen many reputations in the State broken down by loose charges made in the Legislature." And presently the Assembly gave "young Mr. Roosevelt time to think" by voting not to take up his "loose charges."

Ridicule, laughter, a ripple—apparently it was all over, except the consequences to the bumptious and dangerous young man which might flow from the cross set against his name in the black books of the ring.

It was a disheartening defeat—almost all of his own party voted against him; the most earnest of those who ventured to support him were Democrats; perhaps half of those who voted with him did so merely because their votes were not needed to beat him.

That night the young man was once more urged to "be sensible," to "have regard to his future usefulness," to "cease injuring the party." He snapped his teeth together and defied the party leaders. And the next day he again rose and again lifted his puny voice and his puny hand against smiling, contemptuous corruption. And day after day he persevered on the floor of the Assembly, in interviews for the press; a few newspapers here and there joined him; Assemblymen all over the State began to hear from their constituents. Within a week his name was known from Buffalo to Montauk Point, and everywhere the people were applauding him. On the eighth day of his bold, smashing attack the resolution to take up the charges was again voted upon at his demand. And the Assemblymen, with the eyes of the whole people upon them, did not dare longer to keep themselves on record as defenders of a Judge who feared to demand an investigation. The opposition collapsed. Roosevelt won by 104 to 6.

On that day, April 13, 1882, his fame was established beyond the power of machine politicians to discredit it.

For the next six weeks the main matter of public interest was the investigation of the charges by a Legislative Committee—Francis Lynde Stetson, then a young Assemblyman, afterward Mr. Cleveland's law partner, laid the foundation of his reputation by his keen, merciless cross-examination of the witnesses. The revelations were shocking, were discussed everywhere, were the means of ending open corrupting and corruption of the Judiciary in the State of New York. And when corruption which has been open is driven to secrecy a great moral victory has been achieved; for, though secret corruption is dangerous, open corruption tolerated is mortal, rotting public conscience at its very roots.

The testimony triumphantly vindicated young Roosevelt. The Assembly Committee and afterward the Assembly half-heartedly whitewashed the men he accused. Nominally, the final vote was a defeat for him; actually it was a triumph. For, although the corrupt majority of the Assembly voted as its owners commanded, it visibly writhed with shame and guilt under the scathing denunciations he and his lieutenant poured upon it; and the next morning's newspapers showed that Roosevelt was the hero of the hour.

An early start, and a good one. It is worth recalling to a short-memoried public that thinks Roosevelt dates from San Juan four years ago, or from Civil Service Reform ten years ago. It is worth recalling to a generation of politicians that has forgotten the lesson of Cleveland and preaches and practices the gospel of expediency.

Indeed, it can do Mr. Roosevelt himself no harm vividly to recall it in these days of longing for a second term. For it got him a second term in the Legislature in a year when the Republican party was split in twain and was overwhelmingly defeated, losing the Twenty-first Assembly District except for member of the Assembly.

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THE ADMIRABLE TINKER

By Edgar Jepson

Tinker's Foundling

THERE was on the face of Hildebrand Anne Beauleigh a sad, far-away look which gave him more than ever the air of a strayed seraph. It seemed to him that his wits had come to a standstill; for three days no new mischief had come the way of his idle hands, and his regular, daily mischievous practices had grown so regular as almost to have acquired the tastelessness of duties. The peculiar brightness and gayety of Monte Carlo life had begun to pall upon him. Loneliness was eating into his soul, for of the French boys who paraded the gardens of the Temple of Fortune he could make nothing. Their costumes, which were of velvet and satin and lace, revolted him; their lack of spirit, their distaste for violent movement, their joy in parading their revolting costumes filled him with wondering contempt. As for the little French girls, he was at any time uninterested in girls; and these spindle-shanked precocities walked on two-inch heels, and tried to fascinate him with the graces of mature coquettes. His politeness was hard put to it to conceal his distaste for them. Possibly he was hankering after a healthier life, but, at any rate, he who was generally so full of energy had mooned listlessly about all the morning.

During his mooning about he had passed several times a little girl who looked English. She sat on a seat in the far corner, a strange, shy, timid child, watching with a half-frightened wonder the strikingly-dressed women and children who strolled up and down chattering shrilly. He gave her but indifferent glances as he passed; but thanks to his father's careful training of his natural gift of observation the indifferent glance of that child of the world took in more of a fellow-creature than most men's careful scrutiny. He saw that she was frail and big-eyed, that her frock was ill-fitting and shabby, her hat shabbier, her shoes ready made, that she wore no gloves, and that her mass of silky hair owed its unsuccessful attempt at tidiness to her own brushing. He summed her up as that archetype of patience, the gambler's neglected child.

Just before he went to his *déjeuner* he saw that she was sitting there still. He took that meal with his father, Sir Tancred Beauleigh, and Lord Crosland; and instead of hurrying off directly he had eaten his dessert to some pressing and generally mischievous business, he sat listening to their talk over their coffee and cigars and only left them at the doors of the Casino. He strolled along the terrace moody again and disconsolate, able to think of nothing to amuse him, and as he came to the end of the gardens he saw a group of French children gathered in front of the seat on which the little girl was sitting, and coming nearer he heard jeering cries of "*Sale Anglaise! Sale Anglaise!*"

In a flash Tinker's face shone with a very ecstasy of pure delight; and he swooped down on the group. The child was clutching the arm of the seat, and staring at her tormentors with parted lips and terrified eyes. For their part they were enjoying themselves to the full: they had found a game which afforded them the maximum of pleasure with the minimum of effort; and just as Tinker swooped down a cropped and bullet-headed boy in blue velvet threw a handful of gravel into her face. She threw up her hands over it and burst into tears; the children's laughter rose to a shrill yell; and with extreme swiftness Tinker caught the bullet-headed boy a ringing box on the right ear and another on the left. The boy squealed; turned clawing and kicking on Tinker; and in ten seconds of crowded life had learned the true significance of those cryptic terms: an uppercut on the potato-trap, a hook on the jaw, a rattler on the conk, and a buster on the mark. He lay down on the path to digest the lesson, and his friends fled squealing away.

The little girl slipped off the seat and said "Thank you" between two sobs.

Tinker's flushed face was one bright, seraphic smile as he took off his hat, and with an admirable bow said, "May I take you to your people?"

The bullet-headed boy rose to his feet and staggered away.

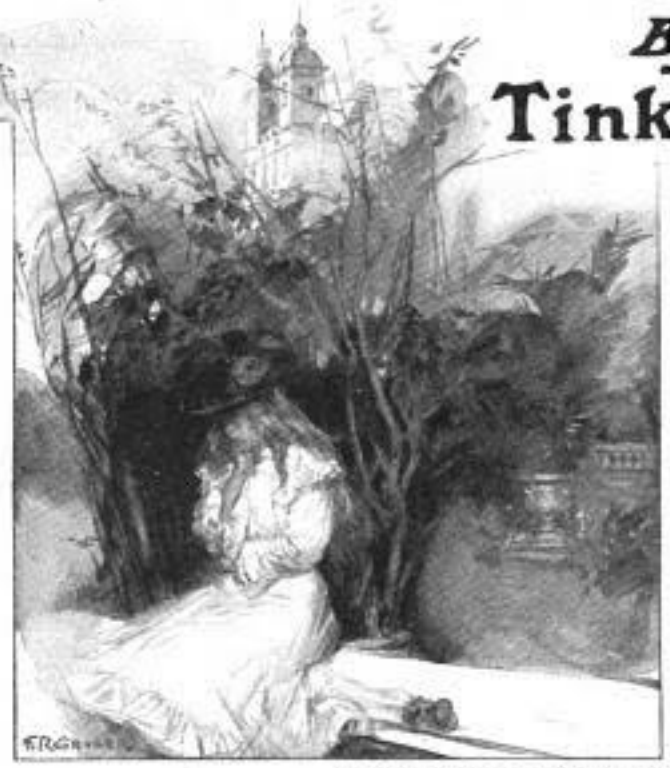
"Uncle's still in that big house," said the little girl, striving bravely to check her sobs.

"That's a nuisance," said Tinker thoughtfully, "for we can't get at him."

"I think he's forgotten all about me. He often does," said the little girl without any resentment.

"I might bolt in and remind him."

"They won't let us in, only grown-ups," said the little girl. "Uncle tried ever so hard to get them to let me in; but they wouldn't."



A STRANGE, SHY, TIMID CHILD

"They're used to letting me in," said Tinker—"and hauling me out again," he added. "It brightens them up. You tell me what he's like."

Being a girl, the child was able to describe her uncle accurately; but when she had done Tinker shook his head: "He must be like a dozen other Englishmen in there," he said. "And they wouldn't give me time to ask each one if he were your uncle."

The little girl sighed, said "It doesn't matter, thank you;" and sitting down again on the seat resumed her patient waiting, drooping forward with eyes rather dim.

Tinker studied her face, and his keen eye told him what was wrong.

"Have you had *déjeuner?*" he said sharply.

"No-o-o," said the little girl reluctantly.

"Then you've had nothing since your coffee this morning!"

"No; but it doesn't matter. Uncle is rather forgetful," said the little girl; but her lips moved at the thought of food as a hungry child's will.

"This won't do at all! Come along with me; it's rather late, but we'll find something."

Her face brightened for a moment; but she shook her head and said, "No, I mustn't go away from here. Uncle might come back, and he would be so angry if he had to look for me."

Tinker shrugged his shoulders, turned on his heel and was gone. She looked after him sadly; she would have liked him to stay a little longer; it was so nice to talk to an English boy after ten days in this strange land; and he seemed such a nice boy. But she only drooped a little more, and stared out over the bright sea with misty eyes, composing herself to endure her hunger.

Tinker went swiftly to the restaurant of the Hotel des Princes, where the waiters greeted him with affectionate grins, and addressing himself to the manager set forth his new friend's plight and his wishes. The manager fell in with them on the instant, only too pleased to have the chance of obliging his most popular customer; and in five minutes Tinker left the restaurant followed by a waiter bearing a tray of dainties, all carefully chosen to tempt the appetite of a child. They took their way to the gardens, and the little girl brightened up at the sight of the returning Tinker; but when the waiter set the tray on the seat she flushed painfully, and though she could not draw her hungry eyes away from the food, she stammered, "Thank you very m-m-much. B-B-But I haven't any money."

Tinker gave the waiter a couple of francs and bade him come for the tray in half an hour. Then he said cheerfully, "That's all right. The food's paid for; and whether you eat it or not makes no difference. In fact, you may as well."

The child girl looked from his face to the food, and back again wavering, then said with a little gasp, "Oh, I am so hungry!"

Tinker took this for a consent, put some aspic of pâté de foie gras on her plate, and watched her satisfy her hunger with great pleasure, which was not lessened by the fact that, for all her hunger, she ate with a delicate niceness; for he had feared from her neglected air that her manners had also been neglected. After the aspic he carved the breast of the chicken for her, helped her to salad, and mixed the iced water with the *sirop* to exactly the strength he liked it himself; after the chicken he helped her to meringues, and after the meringues lighted the kirsch of the *poires au kirsch*, which he had chosen because it always pleased him to see the kirsch burn, and ate one of the pears himself while she ate the others. When she had finished her little sigh of content warmed his heart.

He put the tray behind the seat and settled down beside her for a chat. Now that she was no longer hungry she was no longer woebegone, and her laugh, though faint, was so pretty that he found himself making every effort to set her laughing. They talked about themselves with the simple egoism of children; and he learned that her name was Elsie Brand, that she was ten years old, two years younger than himself, that her mother had died many years ago, and that she had lived with her father in his Devonshire parsonage by the sea till last year, when he, too, had died. Then her Uncle Richard had taken her away to live with him in London. Her story of her life in London lodgings set Tinker wondering about that Uncle Richard, and piecing together the details Elsie let fall about his late rising, his late going to bed, his morning headache, and distaste for breakfast, he came to the conclusion that he was a bad hat who lived by his somewhat inferior wits.

At the end of her story he tried to persuade her to come down to the sea with him and seek amusement there. But he failed; she would not leave the seat. He gathered, indeed, from her fear of vexing her uncle, that that bad hat was in the habit of slapping her if she angered him, and for a breath he filled with a fierce indignation which surprised him: she looked so frail. But he did not ask her if it were so, for his delicacy forewarned him that the question would provoke a struggle between her loyalty and her truthfulness. He entertained her, therefore, with his reminiscences, and enjoyed to the full the admiration and wonder which filled her face as he talked. Absorbed in one another they paid no heed to the passing hours; and the sudden fall of twilight surprised them.

They began to speculate whether Uncle Richard had had enough of play, and would come and fetch her. But even now Elsie was not impatient, so inured had she been to neglect; she only looked anxious again. Tinker, on the other hand, was impatient, very impatient, with Uncle Richard, whom he was disposed to regard as a gentleman in great need of a kicking. Moreover, the chill hour after sunset, so dangerous on that littoral, was upon them; and he considered with disquiet the thin stuff of the child's frock.

Presently he said abruptly, "I've promised my father to wear an overcoat during the fever hour. I must be off and get it, and a wrap for you. You won't be frightened if I leave you alone?"

"No," said Elsie bravely, but her tone belied the word.

"Well, walk up and down quickly, so that you don't get a chill. If you keep near the seat your uncle can't miss you if he comes."

"Very well," said Elsie rising obediently. "Only, only—if you could get back soon."

"I will," said Tinker, and he bolted for the hotel.

Elsie walked up and down, trying to feel brave, but the odd shapes which the bushes assumed in the dim light daunted her not a little, and she strove to drive away the fancy that she saw people lurking among them. Tinker was gone a bare seven minutes; but to the timid child it seemed a very long while, and she welcomed his return with a gasp of relief.

He wore a smart, close-fitting, brown, racing overcoat which reached to his ankles; and for her he brought his fur-lined ulster.

"Here I am," he cried cheerfully; "get into this!" And he held out the ulster. She put her arms into the sleeves, and he drew it round her and buttoned it up.

"You are a kind boy," she said with a little break in her voice. A sudden, strong, but inexplicable impulse moved Tinker; he bent forward and kissed her on the lips.

While you might count a score the children stood quite still staring at one another with eyes luminous in the starlight. Elsie's face was one pink flush, and Tinker's was scarlet.

"That—that was a very funny kiss," she said in a curious voice.

"Oh, what's a kiss!" said Tinker with forced bravado, consumed with boyish shame for the lapse.

"I—I—liked it," said Elsie. "No one has kissed me since father died." And her breath seemed to catch.

"Girls like kissing," said Tinker in the tone of a dispassionate observer. Then he seemed to thrust the matter away

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from him with some eagerness; and slipping her arm through his he said, "Come on; let's walk up and down."

They walked up and down, chattering away till eight o'clock. Then he said, "My father will be expecting me; he dines at eight. Won't you come, too?"

"No, no: thank you. I must wait for Uncle Richard; I must really." But her arm tightened round his involuntarily.

Tinker thought a while. The gardens were brighter now. The stars were shining with their full radiance, and the lamps were alight, so that even their retired corner was faintly bright.

"Well, you go on walking up and down. You won't feel so lonely as sitting still; and I'll be back as soon as I can," he said, and off he went.

He found Sir Tancred Beauleigh and Lord Crosland beginning their soup, and sitting down he told them of Elsie's plight. They were duly sympathetic; and his father at once gave him leave to take some dinner to her and dine with her. Thereupon, after a brief, but serious, conference with the manager, Tinker departed, again followed by a waiter with a tray. Elsie had not looked for his return for a long while; and she was indeed pleased to be so soon freed from the struggle against her timidity. They ate their dinner with great cheerfulness and good appetite, and for an hour after it they chatted away happily. Then Elsie grew drowsy, very drowsy indeed, and presently, nestled against Tinker, she fell asleep. Fortunately, the southern night was warm, and in the fur-lined ulster she could take no harm. He sat holding her to him, listening to her breathing, looking out over the sea, and revolving many memories and more schemes, till at last the lights began to dance before his eyes, and he, too, fell asleep.

He knew no more till he was awakened by some one shaking his arm and found his father and Lord Crosland standing over them. The lamps of the Casino and the gardens were out, only the dim starlight lighted the scene. The two children sat up and stared about them, Elsie sleepily, Tinker wide-awake.

"We've found you at last. Hasn't your little friend's uncle come for her?" said Sir Tancred.

"No one has come," said Tinker. Sir Tancred and Lord Crosland looked at one another.

"Desertion," murmured Lord Crosland softly.

"Well, come along," said Sir Tancred cheerfully; "we must put her up for to-night."

The children slipped off the seat; Tinker put Elsie's arm through his, and holding her up when she stumbled over the long ulster followed his father and Lord Crosland. There were some empty bedrooms in their corridor; and Elsie was settled for the night in one of them.

Tinker awoke next morning very cheerful at the thought of having a companion to join in his amusements. He made haste to knock at Elsie's door and bid her come out for a swim before their coffee. She was soon dressed, and found him waiting for her. She flushed a little as she greeted him; and he greeted her with his seraph's smile.

"I thought you'd like a bath before our coffee," he said.

"It would be nice," said Elsie wistfully. "But my hair; it is such a trouble even without being wetted with sea-water."

Tinker looked at the fine silky mass of it, and said with sympathetic seriousness, "I saw it was beyond you; but we'll manage." He caught her hand, they ran down the stairs, out of the hotel, and most of the way to the beach. There he took Elsie to a ladies' bathing tent, and instructed the attendant to provide her with the prettiest costume she had; changed himself; and in five minutes they were in the sea. To his joy he found that she could swim nearly as well as he. But he was very careful of her; and the moment she looked cold he took her ashore.

They came back to the hotel very hungry; and Tinker led the way through the passages at the back of the hall, down into the hotel kitchen, where he was welcomed with affectionate joy by the kitchen staff. The end of a long table had been laid with the finest napery and plate of the hotel; they sat down at it, and were forthwith served with an exquisitely cooked dish of fresh mullet, wonderful hot cakes, and steaming cups of fragrant *café au lait*. As he breakfasted Tinker conversed with the chattering staff with a cheerful kindliness and a thorough knowledge of all their private concerns, keeping Elsie informed of the matters under discussion by such phrases as "It's Adolphe's wife; she beats him," or, "Lucie has consulted a fortune-teller, who says she is going to marry a millionaire," or, "Jean's eldest daughter has just made her first communion; they say she looked like a pretty little angel." But he did not tell her of the chaffing, but polite, congratulations heaped on him on the prospect of his settling down with his beautiful blonde demoiselle; he accepted them with a smile of angelic indulgence.

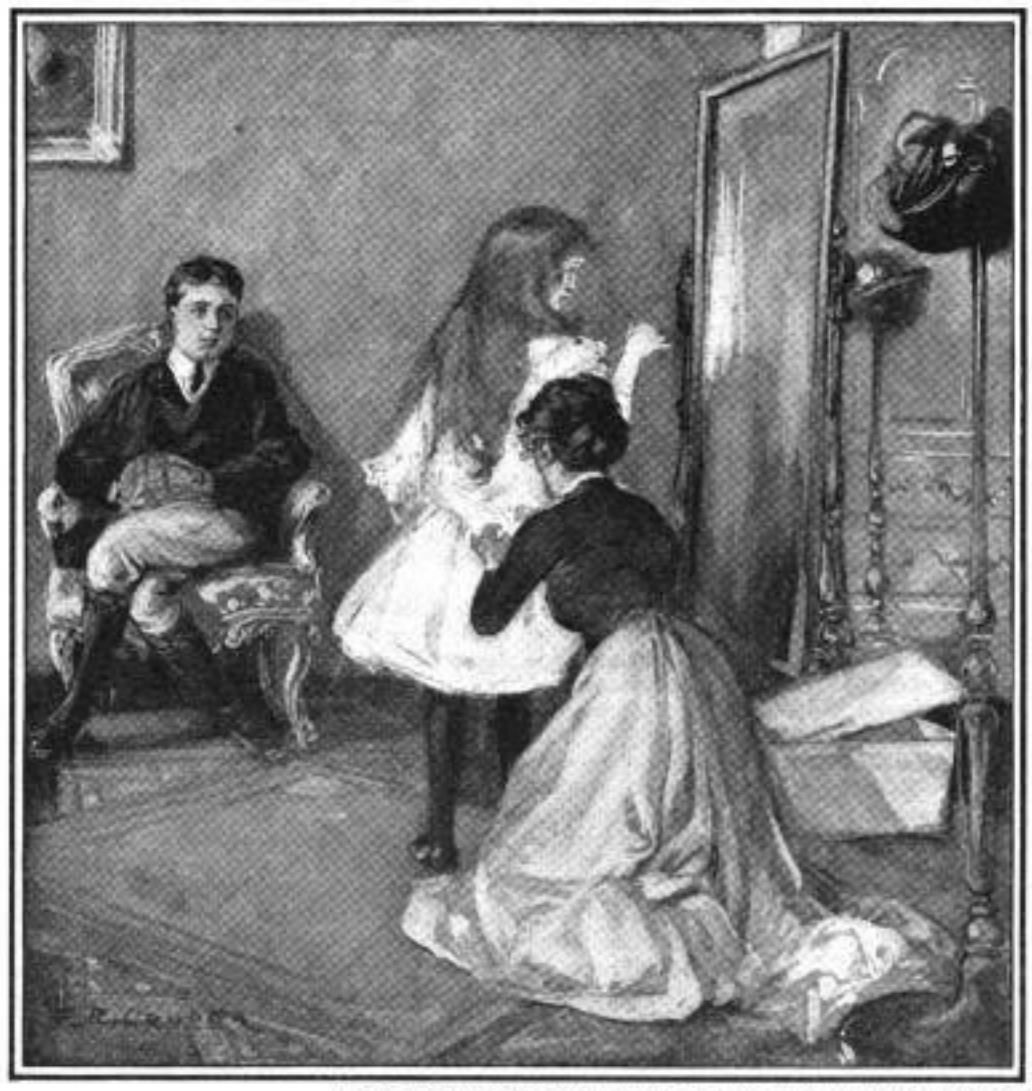
When they had done they went upstairs; and on the way Tinker said, "I must have a shot at that hair of yours; it—it really gets on my nerves."

"It's no use," said Elsie with her ready flush. "I brush it as well as I can. But I can't do it very well. There is such a lot of it."

"Well, I'll do what I can," said Tinker; and he measured with thoughtful eye the silken mass, tangled and matted by the sea-water.

He led the way into his room and set her in a chair, turned up his sleeves, took his hair-brushes, and began upon it. It was his first essay as coiffeur, but his natural and trained deftness stood him in good stead. He kept a watchful eye on her face in the glass, and whenever it puckered brushed more gently; but at times, in his absorption in his task, he so far forgot himself as to hiss like a groom cleaning a horse. In the middle of it Sir Tancred came in, and it was significant that he saw Tinker's occupation without a smile, made no joke upon it, but seemed to take it as the most natural thing in the world that his son should be discharging a function of the lady's maid. He greeted the children gravely, sat down, and watched the brushing with a respectful attention. Now and again he asked Elsie a question which seemed too idle to be impertinent, but her answers told him all he wished to know; and presently he felt with Tinker that her uncle was a gentleman in great need of kicking.

At last Tinker had finished; Elsie rose with a luxurious sigh and he looked at his work with fond pride; it was very beautiful, fine hair, and its sheen of changing lights well repaid him for his trouble. Sir Tancred proposed that they should stroll down to the Casino and find her uncle. Lord Crosland joined them in the hall and went with them. When they came to the Casino they found a little crowd already gathered about its doors, waiting for them to open. But Richard Brand was not in it, and at once Elsie's face grew anxious. As soon as the doors opened Sir Tancred went in to ask if her uncle had made any inquiries about her or left word where she might find him. In ten minutes he came out again and said, "No; he has made no inquiries. Suppose you stroll with Elsie along toward the Condamine, Crosland; that is the way he would come. Tinker and I will wait here." Lord Crosland looked at his face and said, "Come along, missie," and strolled off with the anxious child.



SET ABOUT MEETING HIS TASTE WITH THE LIVELIEST ENERGY

When they were out of hearing Sir Tancred said: "I'm afraid the child is in a bad mess. This disgusting uncle of hers lost every penny at roulette last night, and the authorities, with their usual kindness, took his ticket to London, and put him in the train with twenty-five francs in his pocket. He did not even mention the child."

"What a cad," said Tinker shortly.

"Well, she is on our hands, and we must look after her till we can make arrangements—deposit her in a home or something."

Tinker said nothing for a while; he seemed plunged in profound thought. He kicked a little stone ten yards away; then raised his eyes to his father's, and said in the firm voice of one whose mind is made up, "I should like to adopt her."

"Adopt her?" said Sir Tancred with some surprise.

"Yes; I should like to very much."

"Well, thanks to your industry in the matter of abducted children, you have a nice little income, so we needn't consider the question of expense. You can afford it. But in what capacity would you adopt her—as father, uncle, guardian, or what? The formalities must be observed."

"I think as brother," said Tinker.

Sir Tancred thought a while; then he said, "You will find it a great responsibility."

"Yes; but I don't mind. I—I—like her, don't you know."

Sir Tancred's stern face relaxed into one of his rare and charming smiles: "Very good," he said. "You shall adopt her."

"Thank you, sir," said Tinker; and his smile matched his father's. "And may I have some money to dress her? Her clothes are dreadful."

"They are," said Sir Tancred; and taking out his note-case he gave him a thousand-franc note.

"Thank you," said Tinker, beaming. "I'll break it to her about her uncle."

He hurried off toward the Condamine, and overtaking Elsie and Lord Crosland told her that it was all right, that they had arranged to take care of her for a few days, and carried her away to fetch Blazer, his bulldog, for his morning walk. It is to be feared that he gave her the impression that her uncle had been a party to the arrangement; but by a flood of talk he successfully diverted her mind from the matter. From an unworthy jealousy Blazer was at first disposed to sniff at Elsie; but when he found that she joined heartily in the few poor amusements the place afforded an honest dog, he became more gracious. The children made their *déjeuner* with Sir Tancred and Lord Crosland; and after it, having restored the reluctant Blazer to his lodging in the basement of the hotel, they took the train to Nice.

Tinker hired the largest *commissionaire* at the station, and bought a small trunk which he gave him to carry. Then he went straight to Madame Aline's, and having insisted on seeing Madame herself, explained that he wanted frocks for Elsie, and at once, but that the bright and elaborate fashions affected by the little French girls would not suit her. Madame agreed with him, said that she had them, but added, "Simplicity is so expensive."

Tinker waved away the consideration, and showed Madame the thousand-franc note. At once she fell a victim to his irresistible charm and set about meeting his taste with the liveliest energy, with the result that in less than an hour Elsie was provided with an evening frock of an exquisite shade of heliotrope, an afternoon frock of a no less exquisite shade of blue, and a hat, stockings and gloves to match. They were packed in the trunk; and with them two pairs of shoes which Madame sent for from a no less expensive bootmaker, and various other garments.

When they came out of her shop Tinker considered for a while the hole he had made in the thousand-franc note, and said, "The time has come to be economical."

He examined the shops with a keen eye till he came to one which seemed more of the popular kind, and there he bought a frock of serge and three of dark blue linen, stouter shoes, slippers, and two hats. Here he waited while Elsie changed; and when she came out, looking another creature, he said with a sigh of satisfaction, "I knew you'd look all right if you had a chance."

They had ices at a café, and caught a train back to Monte Carlo. Elsie seemed dazed with her sudden wealth, while

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GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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"MOTHER, I'M GOING TO THROW HIM OVER"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS — The Earl of Frothingham has come to America a-wooing — fortune wooing. At home he leaves his sister, Lady Evelyn Gordon-Beauvais, anxious and expectant, and Lady Gwendoline Ridley, the girl who would be his sweetheart if either of them could afford the luxury of the other, disconsolate but resigned. On the steamer he has met Honoria Longview, who, with good-humored shrewdness, has seen through his mission and yet sympathizes with his necessities. His title possesses no attraction for her, but she agrees, out of friendship, to introduce him where it will bring the best price. Through her he meets Catherine Hollister, a young girl of charm and wealth, who is much taken with his distinguished bearing. Joe Wallingford is an old friend of hers.

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WALLINGFORD and Frothingham developed a warm friendship. Wallingford was extremely suspicious of himself in it, but after a searching self-analysis decided that his liking for the Earl was to a certain extent genuine. "He doesn't know much — at least he acts as if he didn't. But he's clever in a curious way and a good listener, and not a bit of a fakir. No doubt he's on the lookout for a girl with cash, but English ideas on that subject are different from ours — that is, from what ours are supposed to be. He's a type of English gentleman, and not a bad type of gentleman without any qualification."

When he expressed some such ideas to Catherine Hollister at a dance given for her by Mrs. Carnarvon, she went so much further in praise of Frothingham that he laughed. "So that's the way the wind blows, eh?" he said, grinning at her satirically.

She colored and put on the look of an offended saint.

"Countess of Frothingham," he went on, undisturbed. "That would sound romantic, wouldn't it? Catherine, Countess of Frothingham!"

"How can you be so coarse-fibred in some ways, Joe, and so fine in others?" she said reproachfully.

"I don't know, dear lady. I suppose because I'm human — just like you."

"Let us dance," was her only reply. She had known Joe so long that she couldn't help liking him, but he certainly was trying.

Later in the evening, remembering Joe's cruelty and sordidness, she said to Frothingham: "You don't know what a pleasure it is to the finer women over here to meet foreign men. They are so much more subtle and sympathetic. They are not coarsened by business. They are not mercenary."

She raised her dreamy eyes to his as she spoke the word "mercenary." He reddened and stumbled — they were dancing the two-step. "I wish *you* wouldn't look at me like that," he said with an ingenuousness wholly unconscious. "It reminds me of my sins, and — and — all that."

She trembled slightly, as he could plainly feel in his encircling arm. He looked down at her — she always was ethereally beautiful in evening dress. In his admiration he almost forgot how rich she was, he quite forgot how oppressively intellectual she was. "Do you — do you ——" he began. Then he stopped dancing and led her into the hall, through the hall to the library. Two other couples were there, but far enough from the corner to which he took her.

"May I smoke?" he asked.

"I love the odor of a cigarette," she replied in a voice that encouraged him to resume where he had abruptly left off.

"Perhaps you will smoke?"

"No," she said in a tone that was subtly modulated to mean apology or reproach according as he liked or disliked women smoking.

"Do you really like England?" he began nervously, seeing to it that his glass was firmly adjusted.

"I adore it." Usually she would have gone on into poetical prose unlimited. But this, she felt, was a time for short answers.

"Would you — mind England — with — with ——"

He halted altogether and she slowly raised her heavy lids until her eyes met his.

"Catherine!" He seized her hand, and the thrill of her touch went through him. "You are so lovely. I — I'm horribly fond of you."

She sighed. "Isn't it beautiful?" she said. "This lovely dance — these fascinating surroundings — the music — the dim lights — and — and ——" She lifted her eyes to his again.

He murmured her name, threw away his cigarette, looked round to see where the other eyes in that room were, then clasped her round the waist for an instant. "Will you? Will you?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied in a tone so faint that he barely heard.

"You have made me happy." And he meant it.

"How satisfactory she is in every way," he was saying to himself. "Looks, money, everything. I'm a lucky dog." And she was saying to herself, "Countess of Frothingham! How strong and fine and simple he is. I love him!" But when he suggested speaking to her father at once she would not have it. "No — I want it to be just our secret for a little while," she pleaded. "Don't *you?*" He did not see any reason for it, but he said "Yes" with a surface reflection of her earnestness.

"It's a pity the world ever should know anything about it, don't you think so?" she went on.

"I'm very impatient to claim my countess," he answered.

She liked the "countess," but the "my" jarred slightly in her sensitive ear — she was "acquiring" an earl, not he a countess.

"Not too long," he remonstrated. It was all very well for her to be romantic — he wouldn't have liked it if he had not inspired some romance. But why should either of them wish to delay ratifying the bargain that was the real purpose in view? Certainly he wished no delay. And there was much to be arranged — settlements, a trousseau, a host of time-consuming preliminaries. Not a day should be lost in getting under way. His creditors, impatiently awaiting the event of his American adventure, might become ugly. He hated ugly letters and cablegrams almost as much as he hated ugly "scenes." No, he felt strongly on the subject of long engagements.

His heart was full of her beauty — he had drunk a good deal at supper half an hour before; his head was full of her dowry — he never drank so much that he forgot business. "How could I evade if any one should congratulate me?" he asked. And then he wished he had not said it, but had made that the excuse for not obeying her wishes.

"You must deny it, as I shall. You know, we're not really fully engaged until I'm ready to have it announced. Besides, as Joe Wallingford says, a lie in self-defense isn't a lie. And self-defense isn't either a crime or a sin, is it? I think self-defense against prying is a virtue, don't you?"

A man came to claim her for a dance. She smiled sweetly at him, plaintively at Frothingham, and went back to the ballroom. Frothingham stood in the doorway watching her for a few minutes, then went away from the dance to walk and think and enjoy. But his mind was depressed. "Too much supper," he grumbled. "I ought to be tossing my hat. I don't deserve her and my luck. Her cash will put us right for the first time since my great-grandfather ruined us by going the Prince Regent's gait. We shall restore Beauvais House and take the place in Carlton Terrace again. Gad, what a relief it will be to feel free in my mind about cab fares and not to claim commissions from my tailor when I send him customers. I shall be able to live up to the title and the traditions ——" He painted vividly, but in vain. He caught himself looking away from the glowing pictures and sighing. "Yes, she's pretty — devilish pretty — a high stepper, but — Gwen would be so comfortable."

Honoria suspected their secret, yet doubted the correctness of her intuitions. "She'd parade him," she reflected, "if she were really engaged to him. There must be a hitch somewhere." And her wonder grew as the report of their engagement spread only to be strenuously denied by Catherine.

Catherine was almost tearful in lamenting this "impertinent gossip" to her. "Isn't it hateful, Honoria," she said, "that a young man and a young woman can't be civil and friendly to each other when they're visiting in the same house without all the busybodies trying to embarrass them? Did you see the papers this morning? How *dare* they print it!"

Honoria smiled at this mock indignation. "Where's the injury to you in crediting you with landing an earl?" she asked.

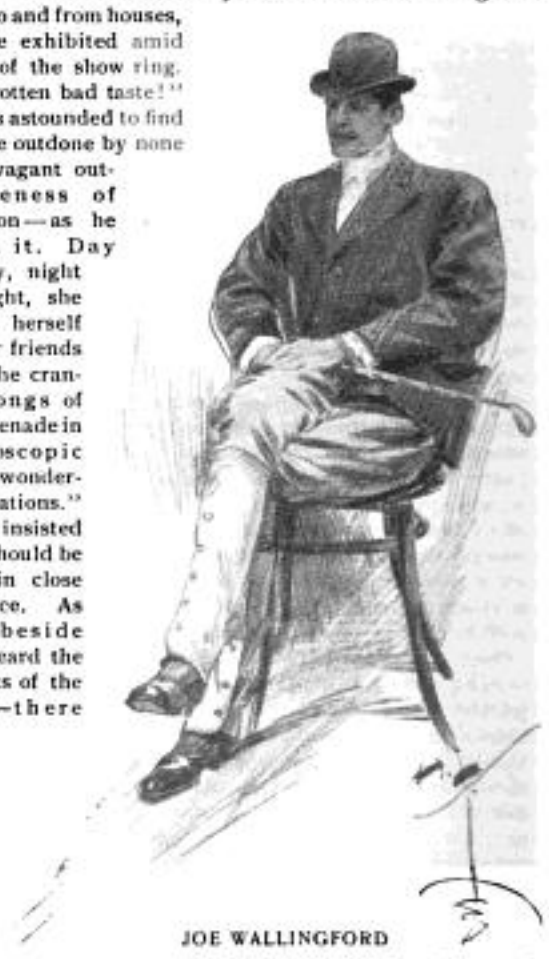
Catherine gave her a look of melancholy reproach. "Do you know," she said dreamily, "I don't think of him as an earl any longer? His character makes everything else about him seem of no consequence. Don't you think he's a *remarkable* man?"

"A little less remarkable than a marquis, a little more remarkable than a viscount — and in comparison with a baronet or a plain esquire, a positive genius!" replied Honoria.

Frothingham was more and more uncomfortable. Catherine took him everywhere in her train and, with seeming unconsciousness of what she was doing, fairly flaunted him as her devoted attendant. Yet only when they were alone did she ever betray that she had more than a polite, friendly interest in him. He would have got angry at her, would have made vigorous protest, but how was it possible to bring such sordidness as mere vulgar appearances to the attention of so innocent and high-minded a creature? He restrained himself, or, rather, was restrained — until Horse Show week.

Those five afternoons and six evenings of dragging at the divine Catherine's chariot wheels before the eyes of the multitude were too much for him. It was one of the years when the Horse Show was the fashion for the fashionable. Not only the racing set and the hunting set, but also the dancing and the dressing and the literary and artistic sets, and the fadless but none the less frivolous set, flocked there day and evening to crowd the boxes with a dazzling display of dresses, wraps, jewels and free-and-easy manners. At first Frothingham gaped almost as amazedly as the multitude that poured slowly and thickly round the promenade, eyes glued upon the occupants of the boxes, never a glance to spare for the ring from the cyclorama of luxury and fashion. "And at a horse show!" he muttered as he noted the hats and gowns made to be shown only in houses or in carriages on the way to and from houses, but there exhibited amid the dust of the show ring. "What rotten bad taste!"

He was astounded to find Catherine outdone by none in extravagant out-of-placeness of ostentation — as he regarded it. Day after day, night after night, she showed herself off to her friends and to the craning throngs of the promenade in a kaleidoscopic series of wonderful "creations." And she insisted that he should be always in close attendance. As he sat beside her he heard the comments of the crowd — there



JOE WALLINGFORD

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was always a crowd in front of Longview's box: "That's the girl."—"Yes, and the fellow beside her, with the eyeglass, he's her Earl."—"I don't know how much—some say a million—some say two or three."—"He looks dull, but then all Englishmen look that."—"I'll bet he could be a brute. Look what a heavy jaw he's got."—"She'll be sick of him before she's had him a year."

Did Catherine hear? he wondered. Apparently not. He never surprised in her face or manner a hint of consciousness of self or of being stared at and commented upon. "But she can't avoid hearing," he said to himself. "These asses are braying right in her ears. And why should she get herself up in all these clothes, if it isn't to be stared at?"

And, between performances, the performers in the Longview box dined in the palm garden at the Waldorf, with their acquaintances at the surrounding tables, and gossip of their engagement flying, and curious glances straying toward them over the tops of wine-glasses, and whispers and smiles—and Catherine soulful and unconscious. On Friday night, as they drove from the Waldorf to the Garden—she had given him her hand to hold under cover of the lap-robe—she said with a sigh: "I'm so glad it's nearly over. Only to-night and to-morrow night."

"Not to-morrow afternoon?" asked Frothingham. "Why do we miss a chance to exhibit?"

"Only the servants and the children go to-morrow afternoon," replied Catherine sweetly. "I'm worn out and sick of it all. So many go merely for self-display; so few of us, not to speak of those dreadful people in the promenade, care anything about the dear, beautiful, noble horses."

"Why look at horses," said Honoria, "when there's a human show that's so much more interesting? It may be vulgar, but it's amusing. I'm afraid my tastes are not refined."

Frothingham looked at her with the expression of a thirsty man who has just had a glass of cold water. "That's what I think," said he. "And I'm fond of horses." A faint sneer in his satirical drawl made Catherine give him a furtive glance of anxiety—was the worm thinking of turning?

When they were in the box and the others were busy she said to him in her tenderest tone: "You're dreadfully bored by all this, aren't you? And I thought it would give you pleasure for us to be together so much."

The surliness cleared from his face somewhat. "No, I'm not bored. But I hate to be shown off. And, while you've been unconscious of it, the fact is that you and I have been sitting here in this cage five or six hours a day, being gaped at as if we were a pair of new chimpanzees in a zoo." As he remembered his wrongs his anger rose upon the wine he had freely drunk at dinner. "It's what I call low—downright rotten, Catherine," he finished energetically.

"I wish you wouldn't use that dreadful word," she said, tears in her eyes, but a certain sting in her voice. "I know it's all right in England—some of us use it here. But it—every time you or any one says it I feel as if some one had thrust a horrid-smelling rag under my nose. You don't mind my saying so, do you, dear?"

"Beg pardon," he said. "We do use rowdy words nowadays. I'm so accustomed to it I don't notice."

Just then up to his ears from the promenade and the crowd gaping at the "new chimpanzees" came a voice: "They're fighting—look! look! Hasn't he got an ugly scowl? And she's almost crying."

He flushed scarlet and sent a glowering glance down into the crowd. He turned upon Catherine: "Just hear that! They think I'm rowing you. By—beg pardon, but—well—I sha'n't endure it another instant." And he rose, brushed past Catherine's mother and Longview, Honoria and two men hanging over her, and stalked along the aisle down into and through the recognizing crowd, and out of the Garden.

The boxes ate greedily of this sensation, and the crowd in the promenade scrambled frantically for the crumbs. It was presently noised round that the Englishman had become angered, had struck some one. Rumor at first said it was Catherine; but the crowd by the use of its legs and eyes, and the boxes by the use of their glasses, learned that this was false. There sat Catherine, calm, absorbed in the ring, applauding the jumpers, and turning now and then to her companions with outbursts of ladylike enthusiasm for some particularly clever performance. However, crowd and boxes saw that the Englishman was gone, felt that he must have gone in anger.

The Longview party stopped at the Waldorf for supper, and Frothingham, calmer and a little embarrassed, joined them. Catherine received him as if nothing had taken place, and the next night they appeared together at the Garden as usual.

Late in the evening she said to him: "I've told mother of our engagement. Do you mind, dear?"

His face lighted up.

"She wishes you to come down to the country with us on Sunday to stay a week or two. It is beautiful there, and we shall be very quiet. Shall you like that?"

"And I may speak to your father?" he asked. "In my country it wouldn't be regarded as honorable for me to act as I've been acting with you. I can't help feeling uncomfortable because I've said nothing to your father."

"I'll speak to him first, Arthur. He lets me do as I please. And he'll be contented with whatever makes me happy. He's such a dear!"

Frothingham looked faintly annoyed. It was not in his plan to include "father" in their romance. Romance with daughter, business with father—that was the proper and discreet distribution of the preliminaries to the formal engagement. He had, deep down, a horrible, nervous fear that he might be drawn into matrimony without definite settlements—the father might be as difficult to pin down in his way as was the daughter in her way. "I must take this business in hand," he said to himself, "or it will be a ghastly mess."

DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, SHE SHOWED HERSELF OFF

Catherine, her mother and he went down on the one o'clock train. The Hollisters' country place—Lake-in-the-Wood—was a great pile of brick and stone, impressive for size rather than for beauty, filled with expensive furnishings and swarming servants in showy livery, and surrounded by a handsome, well-ordered park with winding walks and drives and romantically bridged streams flowing to and from a large lake. They lived with more ceremony that did Surrey at Heath Hall—but there was an air of newness and stiffness and prodigal profusion about it all, a suggestion of a creation of yesterday that might find a grave to-morrow. This impression, which had often come to him in the palaces of New York, began to form as the porter opened the huge gates between the park and the highway. It grew stronger and stronger as he penetrated into the gaudy, if tasteful, establishment. Everything was too new, too grand, too fine. The daughter alone was at her ease; the mother was not quite at her ease; the father was distinctly, if self-mockingly, ill at ease.

The two women left Frothingham alone with him, and the old man soon vented his dissatisfaction. "I suppose *you* like this sort of thing," he said with a wave of the arm to indicate that he meant the establishment. "But I don't. If I had my way we'd be simple and comfortable—no, I don't mean that, exactly. I suppose at bottom I'm as big a fool as the women. But, all the same, French cooking gives me indigestion. That infernal frog-eater in the right wing has it in for me. He's killing me by inches. And I'm so afraid of him and the butler and all the rest of 'em that I don't kick the traces more than once a week." He laughed. "My wife and daughter have got me well trained. Whenever they tell me to, I sit up on my hind legs and 'speak' for crackers and snap 'em off my nose."

Frothingham liked him at once—he was a big, handsome old fellow with keen, steel-gray eyes and the strong look of the successful man of affairs. "I fancy he's almost one of those Americans Wallingford talked about," he thought.

After a smoke with Hollister he went to his rooms—a suite of vast chambers, like the show rooms of a palace, with a marble bathroom that had a small swimming pool sunk in the middle of it. He looked out upon the drive and the park and the half-hidden streams glittering in the sunshine. "These people will beat us out at our own game when they get used to the cards," he said.

There was the sound of wheels and horses—many wheels and many horses. He looked down the drive—one after another came into view a three-seated buckboard, a stylish omnibus, a wagon with the seats taken out to make room for a huge pile of luggage. In the buckboard and the omnibus he recognized men and women whom he had met in New York—the Leightons, the Spencers, the Farrells, the Howards, Mrs. Carnarvon, Wallingford, Gresham, Browne, a man whose name he could not recall, Miss Lester, Miss Devenant. "I thought Catherine and I were to be 'very quiet,'" he muttered.

There were thirty-two people at dinner that night, sixteen of whom, including himself, were guests in the house for stays of three days, a week, ten days. "You said we were to be alone," he said to Catherine with ironic reproach.

She gave him her pathetic, helpless look. "I did hope so. But I asked some, and mamma asked others, and the rest asked themselves."

The days passed, and he had only fleeting glimpses of her. Everybody was hunting, riding, driving, going to luncheons, teas, dinners, through a neighborhood ten miles square. Every moment from early until late was more than occupied—it was crowded, jammed. His idea of country life was the quiet, lazy ease of England; a week of this rushing about fagged him, body and mind. He ceased to try for a moment alone with her; he saw that it was hopeless to expect so much in a place where he could not get a moment alone with himself.

"You never rest in this country?" he said, addressing the men in the library at midnight, as they were having a final nightcap.

"Why should we?" replied Browne. "Why anticipate the grave's only pleasure?"

"You see," explained Wallingford, "on this side of the water we take our pleasures energetically. When we work, we work hard; when we play, we play hard. If we're having a good time, we crowd our luck in the hope of having a better time. If we're bored, we hurry, to get it over with."

"Do you keep this up the year round?"

"Except on ocean steamers. But we'll close that gap when we get the 'wireless' installed, with a telephone to the head of every berth."

VI

ON A MONDAY morning—Frothingham's eighth day at Lake-in-the-Wood—only Wallingford and the tireless Catherine appeared for the early ride. "It's cold," said Wallingford. "Shall we canter?" And they swept through the gates and on over the frost-spangled meadows for several miles before they drew their horses in to a walk. Catherine's cheeks were glowing and her eyes were not dreamy and soulful, but bright with vigorous, wide-awake life.

"I haven't seen you looking so well in years, Kitty." Wallingford was examining her with the slightly mocking, indifferent eyes that had piqued not a few women into trying to make him like them. "You look positively human. And it's becoming—most becoming."

Catherine began to scramble into her pose. She did not like to be caught lapsing from her ideals.

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"Why *do* you do it?" Wallingford dropped his mockery for an instant. "Your own individuality, no matter how poor you may think it, is far better than any you could possibly invent—or borrow."

Catherine looked hurt. "Why do you charge deception against every one who lives above your level?" she asked. "I hope you're not going to be nasty this morning, Joe. I'm blue."

"What's the matter? Something real, or——"

"Don't tease. This is real."

"What is it? I see you wish to be encouraged to tell me."

"No—I couldn't tell any one." Catherine's eyes were tragic. "It's one of those things that can't be told, but must be——"

"Go on. What is it?" Wallingford refused to be impressed by tragedy. "I see you're dying to tell me. Why not get it over with?"

"You are so sympathetic, Joe. You pretend not to understand me, but I feel that you always do."

"You mean that I refuse to be misled by your charming little pretenses. But how could I? Why, don't I remember the day, the very hour, you went in for the 'soulful'? I must say, I never could see why you took that up as your fad. Being natural is much harder to win out at—few people are interesting or even endurable when they're natural."

"Joe," she said absently, as if she had not heard him, "I'm afraid I'm making a—a dreadful—mistake."

"Well?" he asked, almost gruffly, after a short pause.

"About—about—Lord Frothingham," she confessed, lowering her eyelids until her long lashes shadowed her cheeks.

"Oh, I think you'll land him, all right," said Wallingford encouragingly. "He's a bit gone on you, and then, too, he needs the cash."

"Please don't speak of him in that way, Joe. He's not a vulgar fortune-hunter, but a high, sensitive, noble man."

"Who said he was a vulgar fortune-hunter? On the contrary, he's an honest British merchant, taking his title to market. And he's been lucky enough to find a good customer."

Catherine ignored this description of her knight and her romance. "You know I'm engaged to him?" she asked.

"Ever since the first time I saw your mother look at him."

"Yes—she approves it."

"I should say she would," said Wallingford judicially. "She's got the best part of it. She'll have all the glory of having an Earl in the family, and she won't have to live with him."

"I'm—afraid—I don't love him as I ought," said Catherine with a sigh.

Wallingford laughed. "Now, of what use is it to talk this over, Kitty, if you won't be frank? It can't be a question of loving him that's troubling you. Of course you don't love him. You love his title, and that would prevent you from loving him for himself, no matter how attractive he was. But why bother about love? He's giving you what you really want."

"What *do* I want?" She looked at Wallingford with sincere appeal, slightly humorous but earnest.

"I once thought that you wanted to be a real woman. But ever since your mother took you abroad to fill her own and your head with foreign notions I've been losing faith. What do you want now? Why, the trash you're buying."

"Joe, how can you think that I'd sell myself?"

"Why not? It's generally regarded as a reputable transaction—unless one is vulgar enough to sell out for the mere necessaries of life. Oh, I'm not criticising you, Kitty. Perhaps I'd sell myself if I could get any sort of price. Never having been tempted, I can't say what I'd do."

"Please don't talk in that way, even in jest. It isn't true. I know it isn't true. And it's knowing that that makes me——" She hesitated, then went on—"despise myself. It's of no use to lie to you, Joe. I'm glad there's somebody I can't lie to, somebody that sees into me and forces me to look at myself as I am. And sometimes I *hate* you for it. Yes, I hate you for it, now!" She was sitting very erect upon her horse, her head thrown back, tears of anger in her eyes.

"Hate?" He shook his head teasingly at her. "I envy you. I've tried every other emotion, and I'd like to try that. But I can't. I can't hate even Frothingham. On the contrary, I like him. If you must have a title, you've got to take a husband with it. And, I must say, I think you'll be able to harness Frothingham down to a fairly reliable family horse."

"How can you jest so coarsely about such a serious matter?" she exclaimed indignantly.

"But is it? What does it matter whom you marry so long as you have no purpose in life other than to make a show and to induce stupid, shallow people to admire you and envy you for the things you've got that can be bought and sold? It's better, on the whole, isn't it, my friend, that you should carry out these purposes through a foreigner and in a foreign country than that you should spoil some promising American and be a bad influence here?"

"You are cruel, Joe. And I thought you'd sympathize with me, and help me!"

There was a pause, then he demanded abruptly, "What does your father say?"

She flushed—partly at the memory of the interview with her father, partly through shame in recollecting that she had led Frothingham to believe she had not told him. "He said—but why should I tell you?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, unless because you wish to."

"Well—I will tell you. He said" (she imitated his nasal drawl): "'If your ma and you want to make the deal, I'll sign the papers. I reckon you know what you're about. And all our money's for is to make us happy. Buy what you please—I'll settle for it.'"

"Was that all?"

Catherine lowered her eyes. "Yes, that was all he *said*. But he looked—Joe, it was his look that upset me."

"I understand." Wallingford's voice was gentle and sympathetic now. "And what answer are you going to make to that look?"

"I'd rather not say," she replied, giving him a brilliant smile. "Let's canter again. We must get home."

As soon as she reached the house she went to her mother's rooms. Mrs. Hollister was just finishing her morning's work with her secretary. Catherine waited, impatiently playing with her riding-whip. When the secretary left she said: "Mother, I'm going to throw him over."

Mrs. Hollister hesitated for an instant in putting away some of her especially private papers, then went on. Presently she said tranquilly: "You will do nothing of the sort."

Catherine quailed before that tone—she had been ruled by her mother all her life, had never been interfered with in any matter which her mother regarded as unimportant, had never been permitted to decide any matter which her mother regarded as important. And her mother's rule was the most formidable of all tyrannies—the tyranny of kindness.

"But, mother, I should be wretched with him."

"Why?"

On the basis of their method of thought and speech each with the other, it was impossible for her to erect "Because I don't love him" into a plausible objection. So she said: "We have nothing in common. His laziness and cynicism irritate me. He makes me nervous. He bores me."

"All men are objectionable in one way or another," replied her mother. "If you had married the ordinary man you would have had nothing after you had grown tired. But marrying him, you'll have first, last and all the time the solid advantages of your position and your title. And you'll like him better when you're used to him—he has admirable qualities for a husband."

"I can't marry him," said Catherine doggedly. She knew that it was useless to argue with her mother.

"You can't refuse to marry him. It would be dishonorable. Your word is pledged. It would be impossible for a child of mine to be guilty of a dishonorable action."

"When I tell him how I feel he will release me."

"You mean he would refuse to marry a woman who, after treating a man as you have treated him, would show herself so light and so lacking in honor. No, my daughter will not disgrace herself and her family." Mrs. Hollister seated herself beside Catherine and put an arm round her. "She has had her every whim gratified, and that has made her careless of responsibilities. But she will not show herself in serious matters light and untrustworthy."

Catherine stiffened herself against the gentle yet masterful force that seemed to be stealing in upon her from her mother's embrace and tone.

"You've come to one of those rough places in life," Mrs. Hollister went on, "where young people need the help of some older, more experienced person. And I wish to see you safely over it."

"I can't marry him, mother."

Mrs. Hollister frowned for a second, then her face cleared and she said quietly: "Your father and I have put you in a position to establish yourself well in life. You have engaged yourself to an honorable man who has something to offer you, who can insure you a position that will be a satisfaction to you all your life and to your children after you. I know I have not brought you up so badly that you would throw away your career, would disregard the interests of those you may bring into the world, all for a mere whim."

Catherine was silent.

"Even if you cared for some one else——"

"But I do," interrupted Catherine impetuously.

Mrs. Hollister winced and reflected before she went on: "It cannot be a serious attachment, Catherine, or I should have noticed it. Is it Joseph Wallingford?"

Catherine did not answer.

"Even if you had been attracted for a moment by a man who had something to offer besides a little sentiment that would be gone in a few months after marriage, still it would be your duty to yourself and to your family to make the sensible marriage. You are not a foolish girl. You are not a child. You know what the substantial things in life are."

"I can't marry him," repeated Catherine stubbornly.

"Has Wallingford been making love to you?" The anger was close to the surface in Mrs. Hollister's voice.

Catherine smiled bitterly. "No," she answered, "he has not. He cares nothing for me. But I can't marry Lord Frothingham—and I won't."

"You must not say that, Catherine," said her mother sternly. "It is a great shock to me to find that you cannot be trusted. If you refused to marry the man you have voluntarily engaged yourself to, I should never forgive you."

Catherine's eyes sank before her mother's. "The engagement must be announced at once," her mother went on. "You will change your mind when you have thought it over, and when you realize what my feelings are."

"I can't," began Catherine monotonously.

"I wish to hear no more about it, child," interrupted her mother, her eyes glittering a forewarning of the hate she would have for a daughter who disobeyed her. "To-morrow we will talk of it again."

Catherine and her mother arose and each faced the other for a moment—two inflexible wills. For Mrs. Hollister had made one error, and that fatal, in training her daughter. She had not broken her will in childhood, when the stiffest inherited will can be made to yield; she had only subdued it, driven it to cover. She had left her her individuality. But she did not know this; so, she saw her daughter's looks, saw her daughter leave the room, resolution in every curve of her figure, and was not in the least disturbed as to the event. The idea that she, Maria Hollister, could be defied by any one in her family—or out of it—could not form in her mind. "It is fortunate," she said to herself, "that Wallingford is leaving early in the morning. I'll announce the engagement at dinner to-night."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MEN AND MEASURES

By Charles Emory Smith

WASHINGTON was relieved when the Venezuelan arbitration was agreed on. The trouble may flame out again when the award shall be made; the status may then be just what it was when the lions and the wildcat were glowering at each other; Venezuela, with South American irresponsibility, may refuse or may find herself unable to pay whatever the award may be; but this is not probable, and in any event there is a lull pending the adjudication.

The President has been showered with congratulations on his good sense in declining the clever and flattering invitation to be arbiter, and on his success in bringing the European Powers to accept The Hague tribunal. From the American standpoint this is a wise and fortunate conclusion. And yet the question was not altogether one-sided. If there was a suspicion that the President was strongly tempted by the proposal to refer the dispute to him, it was not far from the truth; and the inclination did not rest alone on his temperamental willingness to take responsibility, but upon his perception of some advantages in that course.

It would have put the whole case in his hands from the beginning—not merely the guidance of the American attitude and policy but the determination of the merits of the dispute and of the form of settling it. The President would then have had control of the whole mechanism of the proceeding. As arbiter he would have passed on the validity of the claims; he would have decided how much is due; and he would have indicated the form and method of payment. As President he would still have been free to determine the relations of the United States to the judgment and to any questions growing out of it. While acting as arbiter he would have had nothing to do as President on this subject, and when the time for acting as President came he would have ceased to be arbiter.

Nor would there have been any embarrassment in the mere function of adjudicating the dispute. That duty entails simply an examination of the merits of the claims and a judgment of how much money is due. An award of territory is expressly excluded by the conditions of the reference. There are principles of international law involved, like that of the right and obligation of a nation to protect its own nationals in another country; but the arbitrament is only the determination of these questions. When the judgment is tendered the duty of the arbiter ends.

Doubtless the English and German Governments asked President Roosevelt to arbitrate with the feeling that his position as President of the United States would morally enforce his decision as judge, both in its influence on his own action and in its constraint on Venezuela. Though the two relations would be entirely distinct in terms it would be difficult to keep them entirely dissociated in effect. Probably the immediate participation of the President as arbiter would induce the Government of the United States, without assuming any

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obligation, to facilitate a mode of settlement through private advances; but in the end it may find it expedient to do this anyway.

Thus there would have been advantages and disadvantages in the President's acceptance of the rôle of arbiter. On the one side, it would have kept the control of the whole matter in American hands; on the other, it would consciously or unconsciously have affected the President's freedom to deal with any possible exigency growing out of the issue as the interests of the United States might dictate. For this reason he was wise, on the whole, in declining it. The final adoption of The Hague court is a great triumph for the principle of arbitration and gives a powerful impulse to that tribunal. It was in danger of lapsing into a desuetude far from innocuous. Europe had created it and then had left it as a waif on the doorstep of the nations. The United States has rescued it and given it new life and prestige.

This fact is the more significant and notable since in reality the United States has less interest in The Hague tribunal than Europe ought to have. That tribunal is essentially a European court. The United States and Mexico are the only American nations that participated in the conference or that have any members in the list of judges. We are two against twenty. The questions which we shall have for arbitration will for the most part, in the nature of things, be primarily American questions. In any issue between the United States and a nation of Europe which is of a general character and free from distinctive American elements The Hague tribunal would be as acceptable to us as any. But where the issue involves specific American rights and principles, shall we be ready always to refer to that arbitration?

The Venezuelan dispute is primarily a mere question of indebtedness and indemnity. But there are collateral issues which turn wholly on American doctrine and American purposes as distinct from those of Europe. That is why the President's assumption of the position of arbiter would to that extent have been advantageous. It is the reason why an American arbitration outside of the President, of commensurate dignity and authority, like that of one or more judges of the Supreme Court, would have been desirable. It is the reason why The Hague court, with all that may be said for it, does not meet the highest ideal of a tribunal for the determination of American issues.

When Arbitration May be Refused

There are two considerations, however, which partially neutralize the objections. The first is that Venezuela will probably make her choice of arbitrators from among the American judges. The second is that in the creation of the tribunal the United States expressly reserved from its scope the Monroe Doctrine and the traditional relations of this country to questions purely American. That is a vital limitation and safeguard. Beyond that, every nation reserves the right to refuse reference to arbitration at all when its honor or safety is at stake. But we are determining general principles of action and making precedents. We are seeking to advance the cause of arbitration instead of war for the settlement of international disputes, and we are bound to consider the tendencies of our action in all its relations.

We can conceive of questions which we would not submit to arbitration at all, and we can conceive of others which we would submit only to arbitration exempt from European bias and entirely free to give just weight to American considerations. For example, we have an issue ostensibly with the British Government and really with Canada over the Alaska boundary. It has been laid aside for the time being under a *modus vivendi*. But the issue remains and sometime it must be settled. Our title is clear and impregnable, and the Canadian claim is an impudent and trumped-up pretense. There is so little warrant for the invasion of our boundary that we should probably never consent to arbitrate the question, any more than we should arbitrate an insolent and baseless pretension to a slice of New York.

But if we were ever brought to acquiesce in its arbitration, should we consent to submit it to The Hague tribunal? Should we leave this American question to that court with its European influences and traditions? The Geneva award was fair and reasonable—was, indeed, all that we could rightfully ask or expect from a European or any other court; but was the excessive judgment in the Fisheries case calculated to induce the submission of an American issue to judges wholly surrounded by a European atmosphere?

These considerations suffice to suggest that American questions are to be treated from the American standpoint, and that an American arbitration of the Venezuelan dispute, if it could have been secured free from other complications, would have been in line with the policy which American statesmen cannot dismiss from view. American and Continental development imposes more and more on our Government the necessity of framing an American policy which shall be large enough for the coming requirements. There is a respite now while the Venezuelan difficulties go to the judicial realm of The Hague tribunal. But when the award shall be made the subject will reappear with all its perplexities and obligations.

The Monroe Doctrine is more vital to the United States now than when it was first proclaimed. Its enunciation eighty years ago was not only a theoretical protection of America against a then not aggressive Europe, but it was a prophetic conception of a still more important defense in the future. The great Powers of Europe have apportioned Asia and Africa among themselves, either actually or prospectively. Their territory and spheres of influence on the broad continents of the Eastern world are substantially delineated. With that division the metes and bounds of their development are set. Now that they can see their limits there, if South America, with its 7,000,000 square miles and 60,000,000 people, divided among feeble nations, some of them in chronic revolution, were open to them, how eagerly they would plot for it!

But the Monroe Doctrine impressively and authoritatively says, Hands Off! Eighty years ago Europe did not want South America. The Holy Alliance simply wanted to sustain senile Spain in the impotent scheme of reëstablishing her sceptre. The Monroe Doctrine was more of an academic proposition then. Now Europe has reached the stage of advance where, circumscribed elsewhere, she would naturally be thinking of at least staking out claims in South America. Such a movement would present the danger of some of the great Powers of Europe planting themselves on our continent with the design of extension. To proclaim the Monroe Doctrine now, as a new national purpose, would be a direct challenge to a direct menace and might be regarded as an affront. But to reaffirm it as the legacy of the past and the fixed policy of the nation is only to repeat our established traditions and to maintain a secure bulwark without giving offense. Never was any national keynote in the early days of feebleness more fortunate than the Monroe Doctrine!

But what is to accompany it? If we are to forbid European occupation, how are European claims to be met? If South American nations are to be shielded from European conquest, how are they to be kept from repudiating obligations? Is Europe to be told that, if she deals with South America she must take the risks? Is South America to be told that, if she is to be protected against territorial levy, she must give other bonds? Must arrangements be made that where states persist in default a sort of receivership shall be established and the revenues administered for the benefit of creditors? Must the United States exercise friendly offices in fiscal supervision as in territorial protection? Must we so adjust communications and reciprocal relations with South America that her dealings will be with us and in our control instead of with Europe?

Practical statesmanship crosses the bridge when it comes to it. It does not lay down a program for contingencies which may vary their course, but meets each question as it arises. But these thoughts suggest some of the great and intricate questions with which our Government must deal in the broad field of international action. Nothing indicates the extraordinary growth of the United States more than the part it is now playing in the world's affairs. The difference within five years is amazing. And what is no less gratifying is the signal skill with which she is playing that part.

The Monumental Measure of the Session

What great and difficult problems it has to deal with in domestic affairs is shown in Senator Hoar's anti-trust bill and Attorney-General Knox's suggestions. That bill looms up as the monumental measure of the session. This does not mean that it will pass. It would be remarkable if a bill proposing so great and sweeping a change in business regulation could go through the inevitable discussion, secure the necessary concentration of opinion, and reach final enactment in a single short session. This is hardly to be expected, even if ultimate adoption might be anticipated. But it is the monumental measure of the session because it presents the most important and overshadowing question, and because it brings to a focus the practical problem of regulating the trusts. Assuming that it crystallizes the policy and methods which the discussion and study of months have brought out, and that it embodies in substance the general scheme of Federal control of corporations, its transcendent importance will at once be recognized.

In a degree it is a radical and revolutionary measure. The transfer of the control of all corporations from the States to the Federal Government is a new departure in our American system. The assumption not merely of regulating interstate commerce in its general commercial relations, but of laying the hand of the Federal Government on all business which is done under a corporate organization, and exercising a rigorous supervisory authority, is something which on the surface is quite foreign to our American conception of liberty of action.

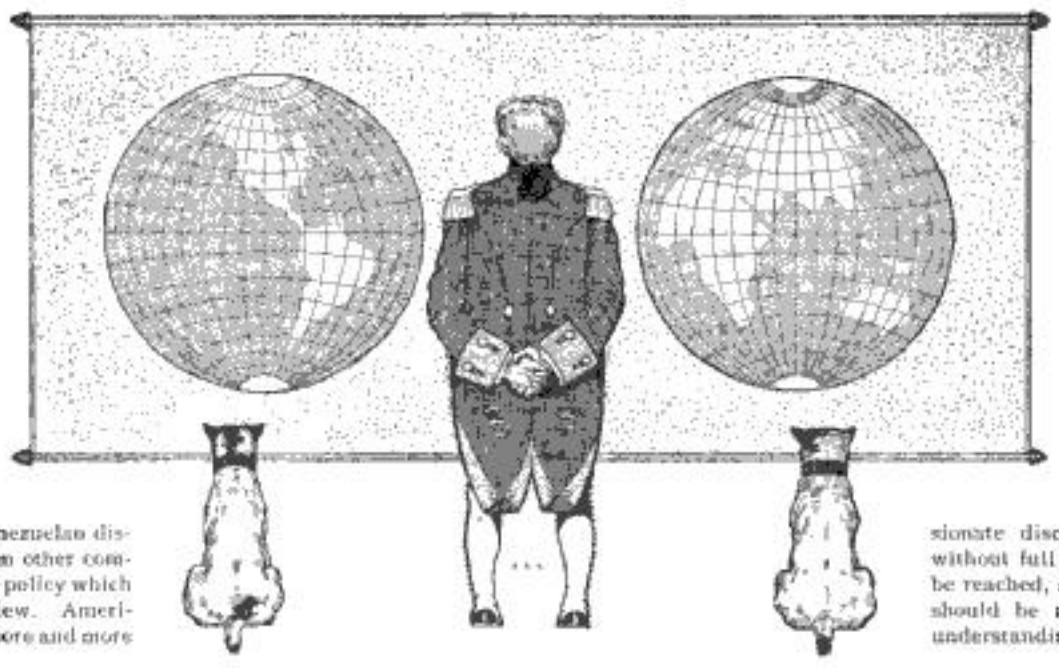
This is what Senator Hoar's bill does in substance. Under our modern conditions most large business is done under corporate form. All corporations whose business passes State lines are engaged in interstate commerce. Under Senator Hoar's bill they cannot carry on their affairs without agreeing to conditions which give the Attorney-General power to enter their offices, open their books, examine their papers and exact any report he chooses. They cannot undersell or give discounts from market rates or offer preferences or enter into any combination which may be alleged to be for the purpose of driving out of business any other person engaged therein. Any violation of the provisions of the act renders any officer or director of the corporation liable for all its debts and obligations, and any infraction of its prohibitions is punishable by fine and imprisonment.

The Drastic Character of Senator Hoar's Trust Bill

The drastic character of this measure is plain. It may be that an act of such far-reaching force is necessary to provide effective protection against the trust abuses at which it is aimed. It may be that in the prodigious development of modern enterprise and in the rage for corporate combination the time has come for the application of such stringent safeguards. It may be that in its practical operation the restraints and severities of such an act would fall only on the perpetrators of the wrongs which are to be reached and that it would involve no real hardship where there is no violation of its provisions. But it is essential that if the country is to enter upon this departure it shall be with an intelligent understanding of its import and character.

The searching provisions of this measure are analagous to those of the national banking law. The Comptroller of the Currency may go into a bank precisely as the Attorney-General under this act could go behind the doors of a business corporation. He may inspect the books, summon the officers, probe the records and hold to the strictest account. But a bank is a fiduciary institution. It is not a mere trader, but holds a trust for a large clientage. It possesses privileges in return for its strict accountability. The application of the same rules of supervision, the same powers of inspection, and the same measure of responsibility to ordinary business which gets nothing in return except the right to do business across State lines is an extension of the principle to which we are not accustomed.

It involves a long advance in the evolution of governmental control and private responsibility—an advance which may be the inevitable necessity of new conditions, but which requires that we fit our conceptions to new theories. Many secondary questions arise at once. Would it be possible to modify and mitigate the radical provisions without impairing the efficacy of the measure for its essential purpose? Would it be practicable by some rule of classification to make it reach the combinations which really need regulation without hampering the body of business? Would it be feasible to enforce accountability on the part of business without letting loose irresponsibility and caprice on the part of any chance Government officer?



It is evident that the broad issue and practical details of Senator Hoar's bill present the most momentous question of domestic concern which has come to us since the Civil War. It requires the most thorough, searching and dispassionate discussion. It cannot and ought not to pass without full debate. No precipitate conclusion should be reached, and if we are finally to adopt this policy it should be after ample deliberation and with a clear understanding of all that it involves.

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THE PIT

By Frank Norris

AUTHOR OF THE OCTOPUS

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—RAN HATLESS AND PANTING ACROSS THE FLOOR

CHAPTER XIX

ONCE free of the crowd after leaving Page, Landry ran with all the swiftness of his long legs down the stairs and through the corridors till, all out of breath, he gained Gretry's private office. The other Pit traders for the house, some eight or ten men, were already assembled, and just as Landry entered by one door the broker himself came from the customers' room. Jadwin was nowhere to be seen.

"What are the orders for to-day, sir?"

Gretry was very pale. Despite his long experience on the Board of Trade, Landry could see anxiety in every change of his expression, in every motion of his hands. The broker before answering the question crossed the room to the water cooler and drank a brief swallow. Then emptying the glass he refilled it, moistened his lips again, and again emptied and filled the goblet. He put it down, caught it up once more, filled it, emptied it, drinking now in long drafts, now in little sips. He was quite unconscious of his actions, and Landry as he watched felt his heart sink. Things must, indeed, be at a desperate pass when Gretry, the calm, the clear-headed, the placid, was thus upset.

"Your orders?" said the broker at last. "The same as yesterday; keep the market up—that's all. It must not go below a dollar fifteen. But act on defensive. Don't be aggressive unless I send word. There will probably be very heavy selling the first few moments. You can buy, each of you, up to half a million bushels apiece. If that don't keep the price up, if they still are selling after that, . . . well"—Gretry paused a moment, irresolutely—"well," he added suddenly, "if they are still selling freely after you've each bought half a million, I'll let you know what to do. And look here," he continued, facing the group, "look here—keep your heads cool. . . . I guess to-day will decide things. Watch the Crookes crowd pretty closely. I understand they're up to something again. That's all, I guess."

Landry and the other Gretry traders hurried from the office up to the floor. Landry's heart was beating thick and slow and hard, his teeth were shut tight. Every nerve, every fibre of him braced itself with the rigidity of drawn wire to meet the issue of the impending hours. Now was to come the last grapple. He had never lived through a crisis such as this before. Would he prevail—would he keep his head? Would he avoid or balk the thousand and one little subterfuges, tricks and traps that the hostile traders would prepare for him—prepare with a quickness, a suddenness that all but defied the sharpest, keenest watchfulness?

Was the gong never going to strike? He found himself all at once on the edge of the Wheat Pit. It was jammed tight with the crowd of traders; the excitement that disengaged itself from that tense, vehement crowd of white faces and glittering eyes was veritably sickening, veritably weakening. Men on either side of him were shouting mere incoherencies, to which nobody, not even themselves, was listening. Others, silent, gnawed their nails to the quick, breathing rapidly, audibly even, their nostrils expanding and contracting. All around roared the vague thunder that since early morning had shaken the building. In the Pit the bids leaped to and fro, though the time of opening had not yet come; the very planks under foot seemed spinning about in the first huge warning swirl of the Pit's centripetal convulsion. There was dizziness in the air; something, some infinite, immeasurable power, onrushing in its eternal courses, shook the Pit in its grasp. Something deafened the ears, blinded the eyes, dulled and numbed the mind with its roar, with the chaff and dust of its whirlwind passage, with the stupefying sense of its power, coeval with the earthquake and glacier, merciless, all-powerful, a primal basic throe of creation itself, unassailable, inviolate and untamed.

Had the trading begun? Had the gong struck? Landry never knew, never so much as heard the clang of the great bell. All at once he was fighting; all at once he was caught, as it were, from off the stable earth and flung headlong into the heart and centre of the Pit. What he did he could not say; what went on about him he could not distinguish. He only knew that roar was succeeding roar, that there was crashing through his ears, through his very brain, the combined bellow of a hundred Niagaras. Hands clutched and tore at him, his own tore and clutched in turn. The Pit was mad, was drunk and frenzied; not a man of all those who fought and scrambled and shouted that knew what he or his neighbor did. They knew only that a support long thought to be secure was giving way, not gradually, not evenly, but by horrible collapses, and equally horrible upward leaps. Now it held, now it broke, now it reformed again, rose again, then again in hideous cataclysms fell from beneath their feet to lower depths than before. The official reporter leaned back in his place, helpless. On the wall overhead the indicator on the dial was rocking back and forth like the mast of a ship caught in a monsoon. The price of July wheat no man could so much as approximate. The fluctuations were no longer by fractions of a cent, but by ten cents, fifteen cents, twenty-five cents at a time. On one side of the Pit wheat sold at ninety cents, on the other at a dollar and a quarter.

And all the while above the din upon the floor, above the tramplings and the shouting in the Pit, there seemed to thrill and swell that appalling roar of the wheat itself coming in, coming on like a tidal wave, bursting through, dashing barriers aside, rolling like a measureless, almighty river from the farms of Iowa and the ranches of California, on to the East—to the bakeshops and hungry mouths of Europe.

Landry caught one of the Gretry traders by the arm.

"What shall we do?" he shouted. "I've bought up to my limit. No more orders have come in. The market has gone from under us. What's to be done?"

"I don't know," the other shouted back. "I don't know. We're all gone to the bow-wows; looks like the last smash. There are no more supporting orders—something's gone wrong. Gretry hasn't sent any word."

Then Landry, beside himself with excitement and with actual terror, hardly knowing even yet what he did, turned sharply about. He fought his way out of the Pit; he ran hatless and panting across the floor, in and out between the groups of spectators, down the stairs to the corridor below, and into the Gretry-Converse offices.

In the outer office a group of reporters and the representatives of a great commercial agency were besieging one of the heads of the firm. They assaulted him with questions.

"Just tell us where you are at—that's all we want to know."

"Just what is the price of July wheat?"

"Is Jadwin winning or losing?"

But the other threw out an arm in a wild gesture of helplessness.

"We don't know ourselves," he cried. "The market has run clean away from everybody. You know as much about it as I do. It's simply hell broken loose, that's all. We can't tell where we are at for days to come."

Landry rushed on. He swung open the door of the private office and entered, slamming it behind him and crying out:

"Mr. Gretry, what are we to do? We've had no orders."

But no one listened to him. Of the group that gathered around Gretry's desk no one so much as turned a head.

Jadwin stood there in the centre of the others, hatless, his face pale, his eyes congested with blood. Gretry fronted him, one hand upon his arm. In the remainder of the group Landry recognized the senior clerk of the office, one of the heads of a great banking house, and two other men—confidential agents, who had helped to manipulate the great corner.

"But you can't," Gretry cried. "You can't; don't you see we can't meet our margin calls? It's the end of the game. You've got no more money—you——"

"It's a lie!" Never so long as he lived did Landry forget the voice in which Jadwin cried the words: "It's a lie. Keep on buying, I tell you. Take all they'll offer. I tell you we'll touch the two-dollar mark before noon."

"Not another order goes up to that floor," retorted Gretry. "Why, J., ask any of these gentlemen here. They'll tell you."

"It's useless, Mr. Jadwin," said the banker quietly. "You were practically beaten two days ago."

"Mr. Jadwin," pleaded the senior clerk, "listen to reason. Our firm——"

"GIVE A DOLLAR FOR JULY!"

But Jadwin was beyond all appeal. He threw off Gretry's hand.

"Your firm, your firm—oh, you've been cowards from the start. I know you, I know you. You have sold me out. Crookes has bought you. Get out of my way!" he shouted. "Get out of my way! Do you hear? I'll play my hand alone from now on."

"J., old man. Why—see here, man," Gretry implored, still holding by the arm; "here, where are you going?"

Jadwin's voice rang like a trumpet call:

"*Into the Pit.*"

"Look here—wait—here. Hold him back, gentlemen. He don't know what he's about."

"If you don't execute my orders I'll act myself. I'm going into the Pit, I tell you."

"J., you're mad, old fellow. You're ruined—don't you understand?—you're ruined."

"Then curse you, Sam Gretry, for the man who failed me in a crisis!" And as he spoke Curtis Jadwin struck the broker full in the face.

Gretry staggered back from the blow, catching at the edge of his desk. His pale face flashed to crimson for an instant, his fists clutched, then his hands fell to his sides.

"No," he said, "let him go, let him go. The man is merely mad."

But Jadwin, struggling for a second in the midst of the group that tried to hold him, suddenly flung off restraining clasps, thrust the men to one side, and rushed from the room.

Gretry dropped into his chair before his desk.

"It's the end," he said simply.

He drew a sheet of notepaper to him, and in a shaking hand wrote a couple of lines.

"Take that," he said, handing the note to the senior clerk—"Take that to the Secretary of the Board at once."

And straight into the turmoil and confusion of the Pit, to the scene of so many of his victories, the battle-ground whereon again and again, his enemies routed, he had remained the victor undisputed, undismayed, came the "Great Bull." No sooner had he set foot within the entrance to the floor than the news went flashing and flying from lip to lip. The galleries knew it, the public room and the Western Union knew it, the telephone booths knew it, and lastly even the Wheat Pit, torn and tossed and rent asunder by the power this man himself had unchained, knew it, and knowing stood dismayed.

For even then, so great had been his power, so complete his dominion, and so well-rooted the fear which he had inspired, that this last move in the great game he had been playing, this unexpected, direct, personal assumption of control struck a sense of consternation into the heart of the hardiest of his enemies.

Jadwin himself, the great man, the "Great Bull" in the Pit! What was about to happen? Had they been too premature in their hope of his defeat? Had he been preparing some secret, unexpected manœuvre? For a second they hesitated; then, being moved by a common impulse, gathering themselves together for the final assault, they again offered the wheat for sale; offered it by thousands upon thousands of bushels: poured, as it were, the harvests of entire principalities out upon the floor of the Board of Trade.

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Jadwin was in the thick of the confusion by now. And the avalanche, the unleashed ocean of the wheat, leaping to the lash of the hurricane, struck him fairly in the face.

He heard it now, he heard nothing else. The wheat had broken from his control. For months he had, by the might of his single arm, held it back; but now it rose like the upbuilding of a colossal billow. It towered, towered, hung poised an instant, and then, with a thunder as of the grind and crash of chaotic worlds, broke upon him, burst through the Pit and raced past him, on and on to the eastward and to the hungry nations.

Under the stress and violence of the hour something had snapped in his brain. The queer murk behind his eyes had been suddenly pierced by a white flash. The strange qualms and tiny nervous paroxysms of the last few months all at once culminated in some indefinite, indefinable crisis, and the wheels and cogs of all activities save one lapsed away and ceased. Only one function of the complicated machine persisted; but it moved with a rapidity of vibration that seemed to be tearing the tissues of being to shreds, while its rhythm beat out the old and terrible cadence:

"Wheat-wheat-wheat, wheat-wheat-wheat."

Blind and insensate, Jadwin strove against the torrent of the wheat. There in the middle of the Pit, surrounded and assaulted by herd after herd of wolves yelping for his destruction, he stood braced, rigid upon his feet, his head up, his hand, the great bony hand that once had held the whole Pit in its grip, flung high in the air, in a gesture of defiance, while his voice, like the clangor of bugles sounding to the charge of the forlorn hope, rang out again and again, over the din of his enemies:

"Give a dollar for July—give a dollar for July!"

With one accord they leaped upon him. The little group of his traders was swept aside. Landry alone, Landry who had never left his side since his rush from out Gretry's office, Landry Court, loyal to the last, his one remaining soldier, white, shaking, the sobs straining in his throat, clung to him desperately. Another billow of wheat was preparing. They two—the beaten general and his young armor-bearer—heard it coming; hissing, raging, bellowing, it swept down upon them. Landry uttered a cry; flesh and blood could not stand this strain. He cowered at his chief's side, his shoulders bent, one arm above his head as if to ward off an actual physical force.

But Jadwin, iron to the end, stood erect. All unknowing what he did, he had taken Landry's hand in his, and the boy felt the grip on his fingers like the contracting of a vise of steel. The other hand, as though holding up a standard, was still in the air, and his great, deep-toned voice went out across the tumult, proclaiming to the end his battle-cry:

"Give a dollar for July—give a dollar for July!"

But, little by little, Landry became aware that the tumult of the Pit was intermitting. There were sudden lapses in the shouting, and in these lapses he could hear from somewhere out upon the floor voices that were crying: "Order—order, order, gentlemen."

But again and again the clamor broke out. It would die down for an instant in response to these appeals, only to burst out afresh as certain groups of traders started the pandemonium again by the wild outcrying of their offers. At last, however, the older men in the Pit, regaining some measure of self-control, took up the word, going to and fro in the press repeating "Order, order."

And then, all at once, the Pit, the entire floor of the Board of Trade, was struck dumb. All at once the tension was relaxed, the furious struggling and stamping was stilled. Landry, bewildered, still holding his chief by the hand, looked about him. On the floor, near at hand, stood the President of the Board of Trade himself, and with him the Vice-President and a group of the Directors. Evidently it had been these who had called the traders to order. But it was not toward them now that the hundreds of men in the Pit and on the floor were looking.

In the little balcony on the south wall opposite the visitors' gallery a figure had appeared, a tall, grave man in a long black coat—the Secretary of the Board of Trade. Landry with the others saw him, saw him advance to the edge of the railing and fix his glance upon the Wheat Pit. In his hand he carried a slip of paper.

And then in the midst of that profound silence the Secretary announced:

"All trades with Gretry, Converse & Co. must be closed at once."

The words had not ceased to echo in the high vaultings of the roof before they were greeted with a wild yell of exultation that burst from the crowding masses in the Wheat Pit.

Beaten; beaten at last, the Great Bull! Smashed! The great corner smashed! Jadwin busted! They themselves saved, saved, saved! Cheer followed upon cheer, yell after yell; hats went into the air. In a frenzy of delight men danced and leaped and capered upon the edge of the Pit, clasping their arms about each other, shaking each other's hands, cheering and hurrahing till their strained voices became hoarse and faint.

Some few of the older men protested. There were cries of:

"Shame, shame!"

"Order—let him alone."

"Let him be; he's down now. Shame, shame!"

But the jubilee was irrepressible; they had been too cruelly pressed, these others; they had felt the weight of the Bull's hoof, the rip of his horn. Now they had beaten him, had pulled him down.

"Yah-h-h, whoop, yi, yi, yi. Busted, busted, busted. Hip, hip, hip, and a tiger!"

"Come away, sir."

Landry was pleading with Jadwin, clutching his arm in both his hands, his lips to his chief's ear to make himself heard above the yelping of the mob.

Jadwin was silent now. He seemed no longer to see or hear; heavily, painfully he leaned upon the young man's shoulder.

"Come away, sir—come away!"

The group of traders parted before them, cheering even while they gave place, cheering with eyes averted, unwilling to see the ruin that meant for them salvation.

"Yah-h-h. Yah-h-h, busted, busted!"

Landry had put his arm about Jadwin and gripped him close as he led him from the Pit. The sobs were in his throat again, and tears of excitement, of grief, of anger and impotence were running down his face.

"Yah-h-h. Yah-h-h, he's done for, busted, busted!"

"D——n you all!" cried Landry, throwing out a furious fist. "You brutes, you beasts! If he'd so much as raised a finger a week ago you'd have run for your lives."

But the cheering drowned his voice; and as the two passed out of the Pit upon the floor the gong that closed the trading struck, and, as it seemed, put a period, definite and final, to the conclusion of Curtis Jadwin's career as speculator.

Across the floor toward the doorway Landry led his defeated captain. Jadwin was in a daze; he saw nothing, heard nothing. Quietly he submitted to Landry's guiding arm. The visitors in the gallery bent far over to see him pass, and from all over the floor, spectators, hangers-on, corn and provision traders, messenger boys, clerks and reporters came hurrying to watch the final exit of the Great Bull from the scene of his many victories and his one overwhelming defeat.

In silence they watched him go by. Only in the distance from the direction of the Pit itself came the sound of dying cheers. But at the doorway stood a figure that Landry recognized at once—a small man, lean-faced, trimly dressed, his clean-shaven lips pursed like the mouth of a shut money-bag, imperturbable as ever, cold, unexcited—Calvin Crookes himself.

And as Jadwin passed Landry heard the Bear leader say: "They can cheer now all they want. They didn't do it. It was the wheat itself that beat him; no combination of men could have done it—go on, cheer, you fools! He was a bigger man than the best of us."

—"CURSE YOU, SAM GRETRY, FOR THE MAN WHO FAILED ME IN A CRISIS!"

With the striking of the gong and the general movement of the crowd in the galleries toward the exits Page rose, drawing a long breath, pressing her hands an instant to her burning cheeks. She had seen all that had happened, but she had not understood. The whole morning had been a whirl and a blur. She had looked down upon a jam of men, who for three hours had done nothing but shout and struggle. She had seen Jadwin come into the Pit, and almost at once the shouts had turned to cheers. That must have meant, she thought, that Jadwin had done something to please those excited men. They were all his friends, no doubt. They were cheering him—cheering his success. He had won, then! And yet that announcement from the opposite balcony, to the effect that business with Mr. Gretry must be stopped immediately! That had an ominous ring. Or perhaps that meant only a momentary check.

As she descended the stairways with the departing spectators she distinctly heard a man's voice behind her exclaim:

"Well, that does for him!"

Possibly, after all, Mr. Jadwin had lost some money that morning. She was desperately anxious to find Landry and to learn the truth of what had happened, and for a long moment after the last visitors had disappeared she remained at the foot of the gallery stairway, hoping that he would come for her. But she saw nothing of him, and soon remembered she had told him to come for her only in case he was able to get away. No doubt he was too busy now. Even if Mr. Jadwin had won, the morning's work had evidently been of tremendous importance. This had been a great day for the wheat speculators. It was not surprising that Landry should be detained. She would wait till she saw him the next day to find out all that had taken place.

Page returned home. It was long past the hour for luncheon when she came into the dining-room of the North Avenue house.

"Where is my sister?" she asked of the maid as she sat down to the table; "has she lunched yet?"

But it appeared that Mrs. Jadwin had sent down word to say that she wanted no luncheon; that she had a headache and would remain in her room.

Page hurried through with her chocolate and salad, and ordering a cup of strong tea carried it up to Laura's "sitting-room" herself.

Laura, in a long tea-gown, lay back in the Madeira chair, her hands clasped behind her head, doing nothing apparently but looking out of the window. She was paler even than usual, and to Page's mind seemed preoccupied, and in a certain indefinite way tense and hard. Page, as she had told Landry that morning, had remarked this tenseness, this rigidity on the part of her sister, of late. But to-day it was more pronounced than ever. Something surely was the matter with Laura. She seemed like one who had staked everything upon a hazard and, blind to all else, was keeping back emotion with all her strength, while she watched and waited for the issue. Page guessed that her sister's trouble had to do with Jadwin's complete absorption in business, but she preferred to hold her peace. By nature the young girl "minded her own business," and Laura was not a woman who confided her troubles to anybody. Only once had Page presumed to meddle in her sister's affairs, and the result had not encouraged a repetition of the intervention. Since the affair of the silver matchbox she had kept her distance.

Laura on this occasion declined to drink the tea Page had brought. She wanted nothing, she said; her head ached a little; she only wished to lie down and be quiet.

"I've been down to the Board of Trade all the morning."

Laura fixed her with a swift glance; she demanded quickly: "Did you see Curtis?"

"No—or, yes, once; he came out on the floor. Oh, Laura, it was so exciting there this morning. Something important happened, I know. I can't believe it's that way all the time. I'm afraid Mr. Jadwin lost a great deal of money. I heard some one behind me say so."

"Did Curtis say he was coming home this evening?"

"No. Don't you understand? I didn't see him to talk to."

"Well, why didn't you, Page?"

"Why, Laura, honey, don't be cross. You don't know how rushed everything was. I didn't even try to see Landry."

(Continued on Page 20)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The paid circulation of the January 10th number of The Saturday Evening Post was 432,000 copies.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO READERS

THE subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST was originally $2.50. About two years ago we announced that for the purpose of introducing the magazine more generally we would accept subscriptions at $1.00 the year. Our object in making that offer has now been accomplished. The magazine is known in every part of the country. It occupies a position enjoyed by no other weekly magazine published.

We want to make THE POST still better, to add more pages, and still further to raise its literary and artistic standard. It cannot be done for $1.00 the year. To accomplish what we desire we must now withdraw the temporary offer and take up our original plans where they were laid aside two years ago.

On the first of February the subscription price will be increased to $2.00 the year. No orders which bear a postmark subsequent to January 31, 1903, can be accepted at the present price of $1.00.

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This is the last chance to secure THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for one dollar.

The Man—Not the Money

ARE nations as blind as individuals to the real meaning of their own lives?

A keen-eyed Englishman said the other day that the only picturesque features in American life were our colored races. But how many of us would agree with him? We should look on a brisk day in the Stock Exchange or a Chicago skyscraper as far finer and more suggestive sights than a Navajo studying electrical engineering, or an old negro Maumee peering with her bleared eyes into the coming years to find what they were bringing to her black sons.

Probably no stranger sight was offered in this country last year than a meeting held in Philadelphia in behalf of a training school for colored working-people.

An ex-President of the United States presided, and the chief speaker was a negro, born a homeless, nameless chattel, but who ranks now among the foremost genuine orators of the country.

The significance of the incident was not in the school, nor in the white man, nor in the black. It was in the Chance which this country offers to the individual, the possibility in it for a black slave to push his way up and up.

The Chance for the strange live force in a man to do something, to take its share in the work of the big, seething world—that is the real significance of this country among nations, after all.

One of the most important events in American history occurred about twenty years ago in a dusty little court-room in a Nebraska town.

A peaceable Indian tribe that had tilled the same ground for three hundred years were robbed of it by swindling agents at Washington, and were driven to the marshes of the Bad Lands, leaving their grain uncut and the fires burning on their hearths. They died like poisoned sheep. At the end of a year, gathering up the bones of their dead, they came back. The journey of the Israelites through the desert or the famous flight of De Quincey's Tartar tribe was not more tragic than the march of these red men, seeking again the homes of which they had been robbed. They were arrested in a town of Nebraska and the head men were brought into court. The agent for the Government demanded that they should be sent back to the Bad Lands on the plea that not being legally recognized as human beings in this country they could not own their homes nor farms, nor appeal to the law for restitution.

One of the chiefs gathered the meaning of these words. He rose, drew himself to his full height, and looking slowly around on the whites that filled the court-room, tapped himself gravely on the breast and said:

"Am I not, too—a man?"

The Judge, a just, sane man, decided that an Indian was a person, not a chattel, and entitled to the full protection of the law.

That decision still stands. It opened the Chance for the red man.

Do we see what that means?

We are apt nowadays to think that the work before each of us and the country is to get money and things. Money and things don't last. Let Professor Heilprecht tell you of the great Babylonish empire which he is digging out of the sand.

It is the Man who lasts, and the work of this Republic is the making of the man, not money.

Concerning Your Neighbor's Business

MANY and varied are the alleged occupations that give a plausible excuse for neglecting one's own immediate work of the home and the day. None—not even minding one's neighbor's business—is so fascinating and dignified as searching the horizon for the mast-tops of remote calamities. It invests one with the air of patriotic concern. It gets one the reputation of being a thinker and a prophet—who remembers the shivery predictions of "calamity howlers" long enough to jeer at them as false prophets? And no one suspects that the "thinker" and "prophet" is simply an idle fellow who cannot endure the drudgery of useful work.

Just now this class of thinkers is greatly concerned, and has induced many busy people to be greatly concerned, over the growth of socialism and kindred isms. "Look at the socialist vote," they say. "Look at the strikes. Look at the attacks upon the right to work. Look at the acquiescence of press and politicians."

It is true there is an unprecedented amount of socialistic activity, and there was last November a socialist vote of 300,000, and there are many unpleasant signs of an unwholesome discontent. But when these matters are rightly considered, is there any cause in them for alarm, or even for amazement or even for astonishment? Is not the wonder rather that there has been and is so little unhealthy and un-American discontent?

Within the last fifteen years the rising standards of the European masses and the increasing burden of caste, monarchy and militarism have caused the socialistic propaganda which Karl Marx started with his Das Kapital to spread with the swiftness of a prairie fire in dry weather among the working-classes of the various European nations. And within the past ten years there have poured into this country from the fiercest "hotbeds" of European discontent—from Italy, from the most socialistic parts of Germany, Russia and Austria—no less than five million immigrants, almost all from the oppressed laboring class. They were wretchedly poor; they were densely ignorant; they were bitter against the social order as they have known it all their lives. And instead of spreading out over the country, on farms and in the villages, as did former immigrants, they have huddled together in the cities and larger towns, each successive billow pushing in upon those that preceded it.

Within this mass is vaguely outlined a vast collection of foreigners in spirit as well as in language—a multitude who do not know their new country in its history, in its laws, in its customs, in its ideas. They are full of political and social notions natural to the oppressed of their native lands, but wholly alien to us. They exaggerate every small discomfort into an outcropping here of the conditions from which they fled; they fancy that only the most drastic remedies will cure these largely imaginary grievances. They blame their new country for misfortunes chargeable to their own lack of knowledge of its ways. And their leaders are, of course, saturated with socialistic theories. Finally, these theories are tolerated and encouraged by scholarly and philanthropic persons who have unfortunately read European history and sociology to the neglect of the history and sociology of their own democratic Republic. These facts do not constitute a menacing or even an especially difficult problem. On the contrary, the problem is one which time and common-sense and the fifty-odd million native Americans and the millions of assimilated foreign-born and native-born of foreign parentage will readily solve. If the Republic were not founded wholly upon principles of justice and right, if there were radical wrongs of iron caste and entrenched privilege, if we had not schools and colleges in abundance and the atmosphere of reasonableness, there might be cause for jangling the alarm bells. But we started right nationally, we are still in business for the benefit of the common man; and the most blinded and prejudiced cannot fail to see it after a while.

Of Mortgages and Marquesses

PERSONAL statistics and uncontradicted statements about the titled families of Europe show a shriveling of posterity that must be extremely painful to the idolaters of blue blood and the worshipers of rank. In some of the nations, especially the smaller ones, the shrinking process has affected the nobility to such an extent that it cannot scare up enough energies and brains to fill the offices, and it has been necessary to import these qualities from the common herds. In more than one of the great countries the changes of the times and the irreverent tendency of mortgages and bills to fall due have found the bearers of proud names unable to do so small a thing as earn a living. In brief, throughout all Europe a very considerable part of the wearers of titles must face bankruptcy without so much as a hope of ever getting out of it.

It would be easy to find some satisfaction in this, if only for our contempt for titles—a feeling which most of us profess and which few of us really have. But the instance goes far beyond the mere capital letters and gilt baubles which the noble seigniors wear. It illustrates as nothing in modern life has ever done the certainties and the conditions that prevail in any civilization—be it under royal banners or democratic shields—when families rooted in distinguished ancestry go to seed. We have known it in this country; there is not a State that could not supply an example to-day, and each generation finds its surplus of vain, empty, impoverished and ineffective gentility. And with all the reverence we confess for great names, we are often driven to declare that about the worst nuisance that breathes is this same dried-up gentility. It is bad enough when it wears petticoats, but when it minces along in trousers the healthy man, with good blood in him, feels as though there might be exceptions to the modern ukase against spanking.

It would not be fair to place all the blame upon the one member of the line of deterioration. It all began, of course, when one generation commenced to bank on something besides its own worth and energy, that something being either a family name, a title, or a merit not intrinsically its own. After a generation of that, the next crop of boys and girls needed miracles to make them worth their salt, and the longer this sort of thing went on, the smaller and more attenuated the dribbles.

But it really isn't so hopeless as it may seem. We recall the man wrestling with Hercules. He had his troubles, but every time he touched the earth he was made stronger. So it is with many of the fortunate families of life. They have to be thrown to the earth before they get their best qualities. In this country we say that it is only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves. In Europe the rounds are much longer. Perhaps we have in this very difference another of the many explanations of the super-excellence of American energy and initiative. But we should not be too proud. There is good material in the nobility, and if Fate slams it to earth hard enough it will get into its posterity some of the force that made its ancestry rich and glorious.

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UNSOLVED—By Ian Maclaren

An Unseen Presence

THE WRITING-MAN'S NARRATIVE OF A MYSTERY OF HIS COLLEGE DAYS

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IT WAS agreed among ourselves upon the Moor that the Indian soldier had done his duty the night before in a simple and straightforward manner, and that an obligation lay on the rest of us to follow his lead. There was a dispute in the evening between the writing-man and the barrister which should go first, and so much time was being lost that we called upon the soldier to order either he pleased to the front, and he chose the writing-man because he hoped the professional skill in story-telling would make up for his own poverty of speech the night before. And after we had all protested that nothing could have been better than the soldier's description of his midnight skirmish in the sixteenth century, and after we had insisted that the writing-man was not to dazzle us with the preciosities of literary style, or foist upon our simplicity some elaborately wrought fiction, we lay back in our chairs and this was the story he told:

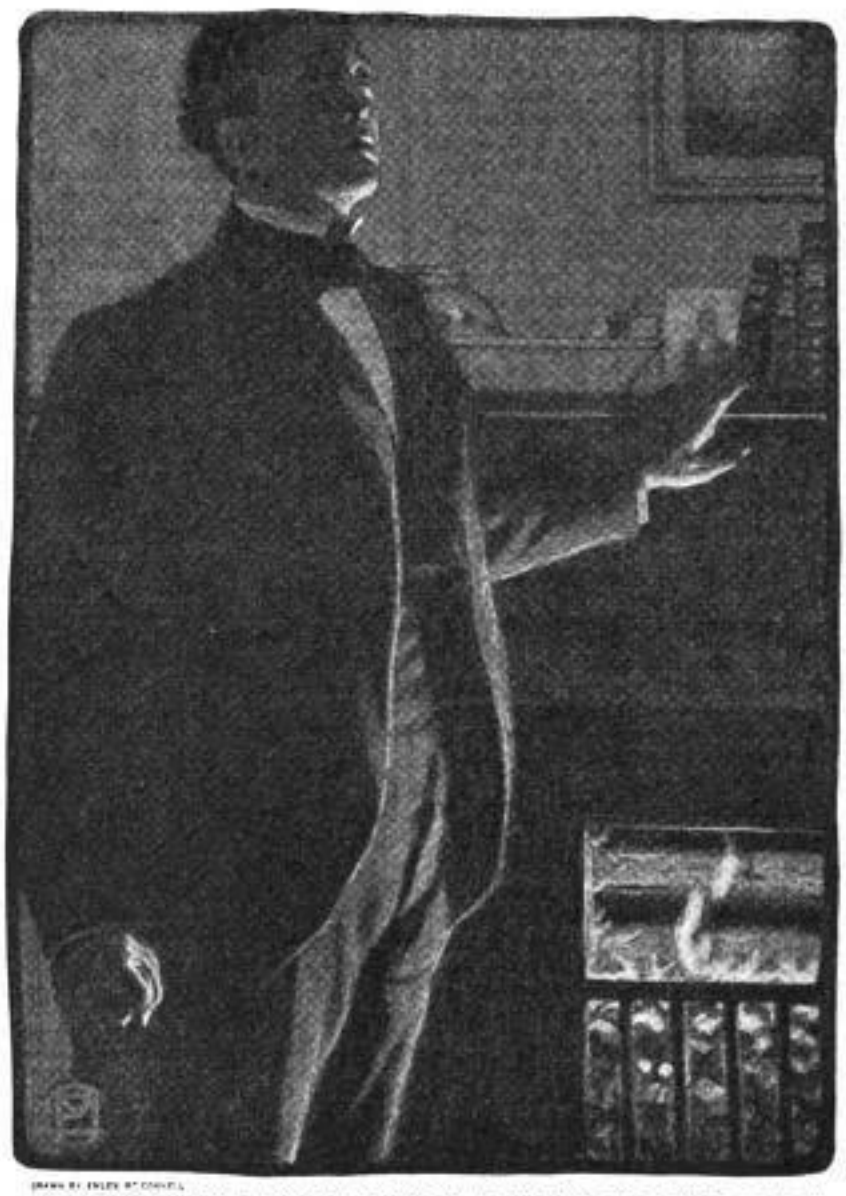
"Though I have been a citizen of many places, and have no local roots, I took my degree at Edinburgh, and am proud of that slight connection with the austere capital of Scotland. Last week I traveled over Edinburgh on the top of an electric car to enjoy the glory of Princes Street once more, and to revive certain memories of the past in grayer streets and less fashionable quarters. In the afternoon I found myself in what is called the South Side, a district of which the West End of Edinburgh professes to be ignorant, but where a considerable number of well-doing citizens live and bring up their families, and which is much frequented by students. I did not notice where we were till suddenly, at a stoppage of the car, I looked up and saw above me the top floor of a four-story building, and a corner room with a window on the main street and one on a narrow lane at the side. At the sight of that commonplace room I started from my seat and left the car as by a sudden masterful attraction. It was not simply that in the days of long ago a student had lived and worked and had good fellowship in that room, for he had other lodgings in Edinburgh which he would not have looked at twice, and some of which he had forgotten. It was because the sight of that room, even from the roof of a tram-car, brought up before him the most inexplicable experience of his life, and the most gruesome.

"It came upon me that I should like, so far as might be, to renew the impression of more than thirty years ago, and I went up the lane and stood at the door which gives access to the flats above. I rang the upper bell, and noted from the brass plate that a maiden lady was now the tenant of the house—Miss Jane McKittrick. The door was opened from above by an ingenious arrangement which I used to admire because it secured the privacy of the stair, and saved the servants from the inconvenience of coming down with the call of every visitor. I mounted the familiar steps, and remembered how in a panic of my heart I had thought of bolting down them once in the early morning of a winter day, that I might escape from I knew not what, but, at any rate, save myself, soul and body, from an awful and hostile Presence. When a trim and demure servant—the handmaid of an elderly, highly respected, unmarried lady—met me at the top of the stair, and seemed, so far as her face expressed anything, to ask what such a person as I appeared to be could want with her mistress, I came to myself and faced an embarrassing situation.

"I made a hasty resolution to be honest up to a point, and having by good luck discovered a card in my waistcoat pocket, I asked Elizabeth—for that was what Miss McKittrick called her, just as her young man would call her Lizzie—to take it to her mistress with my compliments, and to ask whether of her kindness I might see her for a moment.

"Miss McKittrick was the tidiest and timidest of little single ladies and at first neither sat down nor invited me to take a seat; but after I'd thrown myself upon her mercy, and pleaded that I was a middle-aged and world-battered man who had bethought himself of his student days, and wished to see the rooms in which he had prepared for his degree, the good soul relaxed her natural reserve and her vague suspicion of unknown male visitors. She felt it was a lad's romance and she forgot her years and mine—there is no kinder soul than a sweet-blooded old maiden lady—and she not only bade me welcome to my old room, but with a nice tact she suggested that I should doubtless like to be alone for a little; so Miss McKittrick went out, closing the door, and left me with the past.

"I took a chair as like the one I used to have as could be found in Miss McKittrick's room, and sat down at the table, and opposite me, nothing between us but mathematical books and sheets of paper, sat my coach on the night before *it* happened. It was all very well, you must know, in those days to be a fair scholar in Latin and Greek, and even to have the trick of prose translation from English into Latin; but unless you could pass a certain modest standard in mathematics and natural philosophy your classics would avail you nothing, and you could not get a degree. As I hated Euclid worse than anything except trigonometry, and had not the slightest interest either in the laws of light or heat, it was necessary that some practiced hand should cram me for the occasion—that is how I came to know McKinnon. It did not matter where I asked, or how I put my case, as soon as men got an inkling of the situation every one of them said: 'Get Angus McKinnon.' They said that there had not been for twenty years such a mathematician known in the University as this West Highland Celt, and that if he ever got to Cambridge he would take the Senior Wranglership walking, but that he would never get out of Edinburgh because he couldn't take his degree, never having been able even to translate Cæsar or to distinguish one Greek letter from another; that his power of calculation reduced the mathematical professor to silent admiration; that he was as familiar with the fourth dimension as with the University public-house, which was saying a good deal; that he could teach mathematics to a Highland cattle beast, and that he had passed men through that department of their degree who were barely sane; that he knew almost every question an examiner would ask, and crammed his pupils with answers which they remembered for about seven days and never understood; that his power of drinking was portentous, and that it was doubtful whether he was ever sober; that his temper was satanic, and his profanity an absolute monopoly, but that his genius for passing a fool through mathematics was beyond question. Therefore my friends agreed, with painful unanimity, that if I ever expected to get a degree I should secure the services of Angus McKinnon. It was in a public-house that I found him about ten A. M., and it was evident that he had already been tasting, but he was sober enough to demand a heavy fee in advance, and to declare, after half a dozen searching questions, that he thought I was on the whole, in the matter of mathematics, the greatest ass he had yet come across. He added, however, that if I were willing, as he put it, to 'mind what I will be telling you, and to be working night and day, and not to be meddling with speerits'—which, he explained, was a temptation avoided by all mathematicians—'he would pass me through, or' (and on reaching this point he brought a gigantic fist down upon the table) 'he would see both himself and me in a part of the universe where the question of degrees would be of little importance.' As I looked upon him for the first time in that classic place—six feet two in height, forty-two inches around the chest, black-haired and black-bearded, with a strong-cut face and gleaming eyes—I could see beneath the drinking, and the recklessness, and the swearing, and the roughness, that there was a strength of iron will and unquenchable manhood in Angus McKinnon.



"FORGIVE ME, ANGUS McKINNON; I THOUGHT NOT WHAT I DID!"

"Again McKinnon and I were facing one another across the table on which, under his fiery compulsion, I had been forced to drudge for two months as I had never done in all my life; and again McKinnon was showing me methods of solving equations so rapid and ingenious that even I could work them in a few minutes; and finally drilling into my mind the principles of geometry with such force that I remember a very few of them even to this day; and taking me through a hundred questions, out of which he was certain the examiners would ask twenty-five, and impressing upon me with triumphant emphasis that if I only stuck to the twenty-five he had prepared me for, and left severely alone the others he had not anticipated, and which with much frankness he implored me not to attempt lest I should reveal my idiocy, he was prepared to swear, and did swear at some length, I should pass the mathematics. When I showed any intelligence he was agreeable to the point of contempt, declaring that if my father had given me any real education when I was young something could have been made of me; and when I did not follow him in a short cut through a calculation he was fearsome, both in his looks and language; and when I had not worked for him as he expected he would lose all control, and sweep the books off the table, and storm like a bull. As I was not a boy, there were times when I was almost roused to rebel against this violence, but I frankly confess that there was a fierceness and a virility about Angus which had, to use the Scots phrase, put the fear of death upon stronger men than I was. Besides, one found that underneath the coarseness there was a heart in the man, and, even though it seems absurd to say it, a certain tenderness. He was honestly concerned about my passing much more than about his fees, although he had driven so hard a bargain. It was evident that he would be much pleased if I obtained my degree, although his own chance of obtaining one was the remotest.

"Frankly, I came to like McKinnon, and perhaps, through the insight of this sympathy, I began to speculate about the problem of his life. It was not a thing unheard of that a Celt should 'taste,' but that a man of such trenchant intellect and will-power should play the fool before the eyes of all men, and be the song of drunkards, demanded some solution. Had there been some tragedy in his life? Was his heart eaten by vain regret? Was he really a broken-hearted and hopeless man killing remembrance by alternate bouts of study and drinking? He never once alluded to himself or to his life, and he was not the man whom any one could question. One night he lit his pipe and stood upon the hearthrug looking into the fire, while I wrought out a problem he had set me, and, glancing to see whether he was growing impatient, I noticed that the fashion of his countenance had altered. The

Editor's Note—This is the second of five stories, each complete in itself, written around the general subject of unsolved experiences. The next will appear in an early number.

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fierceness and the restlessness had given place to an expression of unspeakable sadness, and if ever I saw remorse and despair upon a human face it was that night. When we resumed work McKinnon was courteous as only a Celt can be, and as he was on rare occasions when he seemed to come to himself. When he rose to go I took my courage in both my hands and tried to say what was in my heart. What I did say I really do not know, but he understood. He looked at me for what seemed a whole minute in silence, then he put his hands upon my shoulder. I realized how handsome McKinnon must have been before his face was coarsened—and he said: 'Pray God you may never do in an instant what you will be regretting all the days of your life—when it is too late—too late.' He left the room and let himself out. I had the sense not to follow, but from the window I saw him cross the street. I watched him till he disappeared, and that was the last time I saw McKinnon alive.

"Next day I sat for the mathematical exam., and as soon as I saw the paper was certain that I should pass. No wonder the incapables sang the praises of Angus McKinnon, and declared that the gift of second sight in the matter of examinations was given to that Celt, for seventy-five per cent. of the questions I had already worked over, and with the remainder I did not meddle. When I left the examination hall my heart was full of gratitude to McKinnon, and I expected to see him at the door, for it was his way to meet his pupils when they came out and to hurry them into some corner, to snatch the paper out of their hands, to run it over in an instant, reviewing the imbecility of the examiners in ever returning upon their own tracks, or acknowledging their genius in setting questions which he had not anticipated, and then dragging out from the unfortunate candidate what he had done and how he had done it, and what he had not done and why he had not done it; and then to announce to him with absolute infallibility either his success or his failure. Angus was not in the passage, nor in the quadrangle, nor lurking anywhere beneath the great arches of the entrance, nor in ambush at the gate. And I was inwardly cast down, for I knew that, thanks to him, I had done well, and, I confess it, I had hoped—having heard of such a thing—that he would shake hands with me. I hurried over to the University place of refreshment, into a back room which was a common haunt of McKinnon's. He was not there, nor had he called that morning. I inquired here and there among the men, but no one had seen Angus; and they began to remark upon his absence, for he was a figure on examination days. Once when Angus had had an international difference with four foreign students, none of whom attended classes for a fortnight afterward, and he could not appear himself for a single day, I had gone to work at his rooms; now, with a chill upon my heart which I could not explain, I paid my second visit. When his landlady opened the door I knew what had happened, and she, recognizing me, began a wail, as a right-thinking and well-read Scotswoman ought to do on such an occasion.

"'Come in, bye,' she said with many tears, 'come in, bye; I ken yer face—ye were here a fortnight last Wednesday. An awful dispensation, and terrible sudden; gaein' aboot yesterday as livin' like as oorsels, and lyin' cauld this mornin'. A solemn warnin' to be prepared, and no to be pittin' aff to the last; there to-day, and here to-morrow,' added the excellent woman with some confusion.

"'No but that he was juist himsel' last nicht, for ye could hardly tell that he had been tastin'. He cam hame aboot ten instead o' twelve, and he was that quiet that I jaloused (suspected) there was something wrong; and he was that ceevil I was quite concerned, and I asked him if he wudna he the better of a warm drink.

"'There's nae doubt that he was given to tastin', and it was awfu' what he could carry; and he micht let drop an aith at a time when he was contradicted; but eh! sir, he was a learned man, and though he never gaed to kirk, he wud never let a word be said against the confession of faith. There was an impident whipper-snapper o' an English student that he was tutorin', and didna the body speak aw' nicht in this verry hoose—for I heard it through the open door—against John Calvin? and if Mr. McKinnon didna give him sic a round o' swearin'—for there's nae doobt he was a grand swearer—that the cratur came oot o' the room as white as a sheet. I'll warrant the smatchit 'll no meddle wi' Calvin again,' said the landlady, with much appreciation of McKinnon's theological

From the United States Official Census Report:

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accomplishments, both in faith and word. 'A weel built and responsible-lookin' man, and regular in his payments every Saturday nicht, though there were times he could hardly see the money. But we have all oor faults, sir, and his were upon the surface, and no worth mentioning the day. I'm judgin', from what he said to that Episcopalian haveril, that the root of the matter was in Mr. McKinnon. Ye'll be wantin' to see him?' and the landlady dropped her voice.

"'It was in his sitting-room, littered with books and papers, black with calculations, that the landlady had reviewed Angus' character, and now we passed into the little bedroom which opened from the other room, and I looked on my tutor. He had already been dressed for burial, and the landlady was satisfied with his appearance.

"'When we dressed him I found this little leather pouch hanging on his breast, and do ye see that it is sealed and that I havna opened it. Would ye tak charge o' it in case some friend should come to claim it? Ye micht open it to see if he has left any directions.'

"Once more I looked at my tutor; then, when the landlady had gone into the sitting-room, I kissed him and bade him farewell, realizing then that in the short time I had known him I had come to love McKinnon. In the presence of the landlady I broke the seal and opened the little packet. It contained one short letter; but when I saw that the letter had no address, and was signed by a woman, I put it back in the case, and the case into my pocket, and told the landlady that it threw no light upon his family, but that I would keep it till it was claimed. I went to my rooms, forgetting that I had passed in mathematics and was now sure of my degree, and remembering only the tragedy of Angus McKinnon.

"It was our boyish way to celebrate the evening after a degree exam. by attending a Christy Minstrel function and joining cheerfully in the choruses; but that night I shut myself in the room where I am, as it were, sitting while I tell this story, and which by every book and paper reminded me of Angus, and I mourned till night had passed into the morning. It is fair to take into account that I had been working for a fortnight till three in the morning, as well as the livelong day; that I had had no physical exercise, and had been intensely anxious—in short, that my nerves were over-strained; and now, upon the head of all, had come Angus' unexpected death, which in my heart I believed, and suspected the doctor knew, had been some form of suicide. The room was already, in my imagination, full of McKinnon before I took the packet out of my pocket and read the letter, at which before I had only glanced. With the after-look I am free to confess that I ought not to have read the letter, and that in all the circumstances I should have destroyed it unread. My excuse was then and is now, that it was not the curiosity of a stranger but the love of a friend that moved me, for I was convinced that I held in my hand the secret of Angus McKinnon. As I took the letter out I felt as if I should ask his permission, and for the moment as if across the table he had refused it with a fearful look, and had stretched out his hand to recover the letter. My fingers shook when I unfolded the single sheet which contained on one side the whole letter. The writing was that of a well-educated woman, who through weakness was scarcely able to form the letters, and had to pause between the sentences, and this is what I read:

> "'*Dearest One:* The doctor says that I am dying, and there is something I wish to say to you before I die. I will write as well as I can, and the letter will be carried by sure hands. I have said that I slipped and was injured in the falling, and I charge you, as my last request, that you keep silence. I forgive you what you did, for it was your love turned into rage, and not your hand, which struck me. You know now that I was never untrue to you, my heart's love, and I die loving you as you love me.
>
> "'Your faithful MORAG.'

"One understood it in a moment—his love for Morag, a girl of his own race by the name, though educated in the English speech, his jealousy of some other lover, his hot passion in some evil hour, and the ghastly issue which killed Morag and sent Angus forth to live in unquenchable remorse and self-loathing. As I held the letter in my hand I was conscious of a strange and penetrating sensation, and now words, I am afraid, will fail to convey my experience. It was as if a wind were pouring through some opening in the wall and filling the room with a new and strange

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atmosphere which surrounded me and chilled me. Holding the letter in my hand, I rose and faced the door as if IT had entered, and then I turned to the table as if some one were standing opposite me; then I made an effort and flung off the impression, and sat down again by the fire and read the letter again—I will not deny it—with tears. Poor Angus! Oh, the sorrow of things! I started to my feet imagining I had been touched, and looked round the room, where every corner was visible and in which every sight was commonplace. Where was IT? And now, under a compulsion, which I could not resist, of nervous terror, but at which I laughed within my heart, I searched the room—below the table, under the couch, in the shadow beyond the piano; and, still despising myself, I opened the doors of the chiffonier, in which nothing larger than a cat could have hidden, and lifted the lid of the piano. Nothing, of course. And although I did all this, I did not expect to find anything—I was not really looking for any visible person. Still holding the letter in my hand, I came back to my chair and was about to sit down, when, so far as I can describe it, the Presence in the room gathered itself together and came close to me and tried to master me.

"As I stood beside the table, my hands clenched and hanging by my side, and my feet rooted in the floor, the Presence flung itself round me as one would do who was trying to carry a person away; and although I knew not what it was, and knew not where it would carry me, I was convinced that I must resist with all my might, and that the resistance lay somehow in my will. If I—the personal being that says I—yielded for an instant, I should be lost, and the idea of lost, in the sense of yielding to this Presence, was charged with horror. It was a wrestle for life or death, and lasted perhaps only five minutes, and then the strain relaxed and I had for the moment conquered; I sank into the chair, and the perspiration rolled, rather in a stream than in drops, off my face. A horror laid hold upon me that, while the gaslamps were burning in the street outside, and I could hear the sound of a belated passenger and the distant rattle of a cab, while there were living people in the rooms across the passage, I was shut into this room with the other world striving to conquer me. How, I could not explain; and for what end, I did not know. If the strain continued long I should not be able to breathe. Making a great effort, I sprang to my feet and made a dash for the door. Before my hand was upon the handle the Presence was between the door and me, and I was beaten back to where I had been standing; and now, shaken and weakened, I waited another wrestle. When suddenly there crept into my mind the idea that this Presence was not really hostile, but was contending with me to gain some end which was not my destruction. Could it be that McKinnon was acting on me from the other side?—and the moment that I thought of him the deadly fear began to lift. He had sinned openly before us all, and he had sinned grievously in a way we had not known; but the soul within him was not bad, and the power of McKinnon—if he had any power—would not be for death. As I was thinking I was left untouched, as if IT understood that I was trying to understand. What ailed him, and what could he want? Perhaps it was the letter, and I opened my closed fist and found the letter there crushed into a ball. As I looked at it and gently unfolded it, the Presence seemed again to enfold me—but how feeble words are to bring out the experience!—now it was with a persuasive and informing touch. It was the letter, and then in an instant I understood. I had broken upon the secret that was between the man and woman, and having done so thoughtless a deed the letter might yet fall into others' hands, and the trust of Morag be broken. They were both on the other side; and while this letter lived their story on this side was not closed. All the time I was looking at the letter in my hand, and the Presence was around me. The fire was still burning, for I had been cold that evening, and had built it high. As I moved a step toward the fireplace—now it seemed as if I were being led and urged—I knelt down and thrust it into the heart of the fire; and as I did so the Presence seemed to gather round my head with a caress. I leapt to my feet and cried aloud: 'Forgive me, Angus McKinnon; I thought not what I did!' I was alone in the room again, and the soul of Angus McKinnon was at rest.

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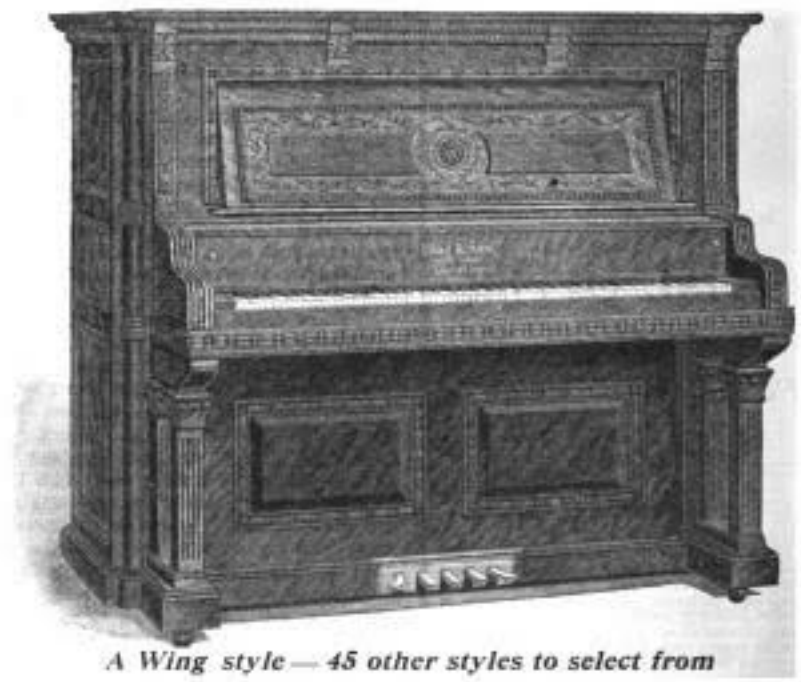

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The Reading Table

A Mother of Bureaus

The Department of State at Washington has been shedding bureaus, so to speak, at intervals, for more than half a century. It will throw off, as a contribution to the make-up of the new Department of Commerce, a sub-department which hitherto has attended to the business of handling the reports of United States Consuls from all over the world, incidentally making up periodical statements in book form regarding our foreign trade.

It is surprising what a highly comprehensive branch of the Government the State Department was in former times. It was, among other things, the Census Bureau, and up to 1849 did all the work of counting noses. In early days it was also the Patent Office, and the first patents issued by the new-fledged republic were signed by George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. Patents in Europe had always been royal grants, and are such still in some European monarchies; thus it came about that in the United States they were granted, at first, by the President.

The State Department, in early times, granted all the copyrights. Also, it had charge of all matters relating to the control of the Territories. And, as if this were not enough, it was the office of the Attorney-General, who in those days, though a member of the Cabinet, was a much less important personage than at present. He received less pay than any other of the President's advisers, and was expected to eke out his income by the practice of law, the Government work taking only a part of his time.

Even the pardons were granted through the Department of State in former days. It was a mighty busy establishment, one may well believe. But in 1849 the Interior Department was organized, and took unto itself the Patent Office, the Census Bureau, and the Pension business, which last had appertained to the Departments of War and the Navy. Also, it absorbed the Indian Bureau, which had belonged to the War Department, and it gobbled the Land Office, which previously had been a part of the Treasury.

The new Department of Commerce and Labor will comprise the present Department of Labor, the Bureau of Foreign Commerce (from the State Department), the Fish Commission, the Census Bureau, the Life-Saving Service, the Lighthouse Board, the Marine Hospital Service, the Shipping Commission, and the Bureaus of Steamboat Inspection, Statistics and Immigration.

Who's Who in Iowa

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"It had been for me a most difficult problem," said a professor connected with a prominent college of the South, "how to keep the nerves in proper condition and the brain in good working order. Lack of proper opportunity to take exercise, an irregular diet and improper food brought on a general break-down in health. I became irritable and restless and at night would dream of more terrible things than any of Dr. Holmes' visions of 'The Comet.'

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Between the Lines

The Boomer Speaks

The literary boomer sat in his luxurious private office behind his mahogany roll-top desk and spoke regretfully of the glorious opportunities that went to waste during the so-called "golden age" of American letters.

"Just think what might have been done with the authors of that period if a man like myself could have had the handling of them. Of course he would have needed all the modern appliances in the way of the telegraph, photographic camera, and so on, but give me those and put me back fifty or sixty years and I'd guarantee to make literature get up and hump itself.

"Take Hawthorne; what good was his shyness if it didn't help sell his books? There ought to have been a tally-ho coach run from Lenox every afternoon during the season just to show folks how shy he was, and in the winter I'd have kept him busy declining invitations to meet the Four Hundred, just because he was so shy. Why, I'd even have him decline an invitation to the big dinner our house is going to give next week in honor of the three hundred thousandth copy of Old Uncle B'gosh, our great rural romance, though as a general thing our authors are not allowed to stay away from these feasts. It's going to be a great affair, by the way. Delmonico's banquet hall fitted up like a haymow, the waiters dressed in overalls and a Virginia reel of eighty-six authors after the dinner. You'll read about it in the next copy of the magazine.

"Then there was N. P. Willis with his fancy vests. Why, just think what could have been done with him in the way of color printing! There was Washington Irving, too; a high-toned, dignified gentleman that moved in the very best society of his day. Did you ever hear of his publishers working up a boom for his books as the one author in America who could depict society because he was thoroughly familiar with it, and then backing up the racket by working his name into the society columns every Sunday? My dear boy, if I'd had the running of Irving, he'd have gone to every big ball and party in New York, and I'd have had it in his contract that he had to, or else get his books published somewhere else.

"But the worst case of all in the way of a neglected opportunity was Thoreau. There was a man who used to go into the woods and get so far away that they couldn't find him, except when his royalties came due. I'd let him go into the woods, too, but not more than ten minutes' walk from a post-office or telegraph station, and I'd make him dress himself in skins and wear whiskers down to his waist and be photographed coming out of his cave, so we could boom him as the hermit of—what's that long name? Yes, that's right, the Androscoggin.

"It just makes my heart ache when I think of that man never getting photographed in his fancy dress, never getting pretty near ate up by a bear, never escaping from the horns of a moose, never sittin' up nights to whisper to an owl, never even changing his name nor nothing."

And with a sad shake of his head the literary boomer hurried away to close a contract for the advertising of a new brand of Good-Old-New England crullers that were to be eaten at the grand authors' dinner.

—*James L. Ford.*

The Author of Admirable Tinker

Mr. Edgar Jepson, whose stories about The Admirable Tinker have been appearing in these columns, is an Oxford man who was at Balliol in the days of the famous Jowett. There he took his degree in Honor Greats and represented the University in cross-country running. But he took an even greater interest in the advanced movement in modern literature and was a member of those famous and eclectic literary societies, The Dolores and The Ishmaelites. This interest brought him into contact with the Harvard traveling scholars of his time, notably with the philosopher, Mr. George Santayana, and the art critic, Mr. Bernard Berenson, who saw a good deal of him during their first visits to Oxford.

On leaving the University Mr. Jepson accomplished the somewhat rare feat of putting behind him for a time the academic career with its associations and atmosphere. He said that people who lived in studies had better confine themselves to writing about books, while those who wished to write about life had better experience it. Therefore he

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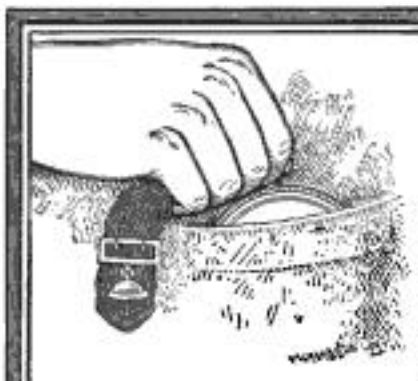

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traveled in France, Italy, Montenegro and the Holy Land, pursuing his exploration of life as far as the West Indies, for about four years. Returning to London he renewed his intimacy with his old Oxford friends and attempted the adventure of literature. He shortly made a considerable success with a novel called The Passion for Romance, which was quickly followed by other brilliant stories. This season he has published a go-ahead romantic narrative entitled The Dictator's Daughter, and a more serious but not less humorous novel, The Sentimental Warrior. There are not in England at the present time four other writers for whose work literary people look with more curiosity; and those Continental papers which keep in touch with English literary work never fail to notice him favorably.

The writer remembers him well on his entry into London literary life. Coming straight from the West Indies he had absolutely nothing to say about anything; now he has perhaps a trifle too much—most of it in a "grimsical" vein and painfully different from what every one else says. He is a slight, fair man with tired blue eyes, who cannot see the importance of a long face in being earnest.

A Mistaken Tribute

Not long since, King Edward and Queen Alexandra visited the Isle of Man, and very naturally Mr. Hall Caine was conspicuous among their entertainers. The photographers did their work as usual. In the conventional line which was formed with the King and Queen in the middle there appears the striking face of Mr. Caine near the King. There is also a boy who wears his hat while all the others except the King have bared their heads. Apropos of this there is a story. The youth who wore his hat was Mr. Caine's son. He was taken to task for his remissness in royal etiquette.

"Why did you keep your hat on?" his father asked.

"Well," he replied, "I thought whatever the King did was right."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the King kept his hat on, and so I wore mine."

The story reached the King with the photograph, and Edward VII is said to have been greatly amused at this misdirected proof of loyalty.

Cape Cod Ballads

The appearance of a new volume of honest, homely, genial verse is an event so infrequent that whenever a young writer publishes a collection of poems that are really worth reading and reading again, it becomes a genuine pleasure to accord to them a full measure of praise and appreciation. Such a collection is Mr. Joe Lincoln's Cape Cod Ballads *(Albert Brandt, Trenton, New Jersey).*

To readers of this magazine Mr. Lincoln is perhaps best known as a humorist, as a teller of tales, a chronicler of the deep-sea adventures of sturdy shipmasters, or of the grocery store debates of village philosophers; but most of his prose work he has paralleled in his charming verse.

Mr. Lincoln is content to sing of the common things of life: and therein, perhaps, lies the secret of his success. An atmosphere of the past is apt to pervade his verse; he takes the reader back to boyhood scenes and recalls old-fashioned Thanksgivings, long Sunday mornings in the prim little church, summer days in old-time gardens, schoolday pranks, swimming, fishing, and the thousand joys of boy life in a New England sea-town. Perhaps the most striking characteristics of these poems are their simplicity and their sincerity. They ring true; they make one feel that the author is himself part and parcel of the scenes he pictures; that they are not only his birthright, but that they are part of him. Add to their simplicity and sincerity a mellow flavor of geniality, good humor and kindliness—with perhaps a savor of New England austerity—and one has a fair idea of what is in store for one's mental palate. It should also be said that in rhyme and rhythm Mr. Lincoln's workmanship is so smooth and free that lilt and metre seem but happy accidents.

The author of these ballads is a city man—an editor in New York—but his forebears, "Cape Codders" all, followed the sea for many a year and handed down to him that inbred love of salt water that a man loses only with his life. Mr. Lincoln spent his boyhood on the sandy arm that hugs Massachusetts Bay; and each summer he goes back to his old home by the sea and renews acquaintance with the men and places of his poems.

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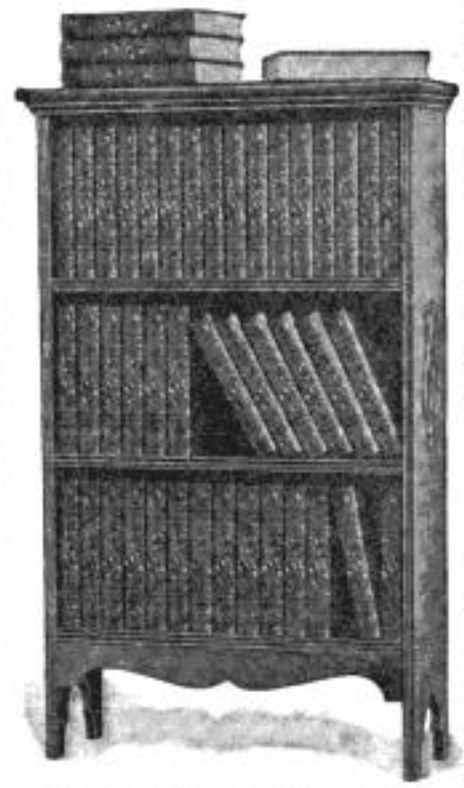

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THE PIT

(Continued from Page 11)

"Did he seem very busy?"

"Who, Landry? I——"

"No, no, no, Curtis."

"Oh, I should say so. Why, Laura, I think, honestly, I think wheat went down to —oh, way down. They say that means so much to Mr. Jadwin, and it went down, down, down. It looked that way to me. Don't that mean that he'll lose a great deal of money?"

Laura started up with a sharp gesture of impatience and exasperation, crying:

"Oh, what do I care about wheat—about this wretched scrambling after money! He was busy, you say? He looked that way?"

Page nodded: "Everybody was," she said. Then she hazarded:

"I wouldn't worry, Laura. Of course, a man must give a great deal of time to his business. I didn't mind when Landry couldn't come home with me."

"Oh—Landry," murmured Laura.

On the instant Page bridled, her eyes snapping.

"I think that was very uncalled for," she exclaimed, sitting bolt upright.

"As much so as your telling me what I was not to worry about," Laura flung back. "Worrying! What am I worrying about? Upon my word, you talk as though I did not want Curtis to attend to his business."

"But, you—you just said," protested Page, "that you didn't care anything about wheat, about his scrambling——"

But Laura interrupted her, clasping her hands about her temples, her eyes closed.

"Oh, don't argue, don't argue," she cried. "Oh, couldn't you choose another day than this—this day of all the year—to annoy me?"

"Why, Laura, dear, who is trying to?"

Laura wheeled quickly about, her hands clasped under her chin.

"Oh, will you go away?" she exclaimed. "Will you go away? I shall scream! I shall scream in another moment."

And Page, bewildered, confounded, her heart none the less aching for her sister, could only take herself away as quietly and as quickly as possible.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A Newspaper Knight

NEWSPAPERMEN will rejoice at the unique part played by one of their craft, Mr. John Callan O'Laughlin, in the present political storm centre of Venezuela.

Mr. O'Laughlin started recently to be on hand in the Caribbean Sea to report the American naval manœuvres there. En route he visited Caracas. In that capital he readily foresaw that trouble of international moment was about to break out. Thereupon he cabled to New York canceling his newspaper engagements with Dewey's fleet.

"The high places of Venezuela are good enough for me," he wrote to a friend in Washington.

For twelve years Mr. O'Laughlin was a correspondent at the National Capital, assigned to duty at the State Department. There he became acquainted with many of the world's leading diplomats, and was regarded by them as not inexpert in their own line of statesmanship. His standing, for example, at the Russian Embassy was such that Count Cassini presented his name to the Czar, and that monarch made the newspaperman a member of the Order of St. Stanislaus.

When complications made affairs tense in Caracas President Castro denied himself to correspondents and otherwise handicapped them. At this point the American journalist thought of his St. Stanislaus button. Wearing this, he proceeded to the President's mansion. The insignia of rank worked like a charm; gates and doors swung open as if by magic.

Perhaps President Castro felt that an American journalist with influence enough to secure a decoration from the Czar of Russia was a possible international factor not to be ignored. At all events, Castro accorded him many courteous attentions, and finally summoning attendants the President ceremoniously and with assurances of esteem signed a decree conferring upon O'Laughlin knighthood in the Order of Caballero de Bolivar, and affixed the button of that order in the American's coat lapel. A further attention, and the one, of course, which the American reporter sought, was an executive permit to dispatch uncensored cablegrams.

"The novels he left are sufficient for his fame."—W. D. HOWELLS, in *North American Review.*

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The Admirable Tinker

(Concluded from Page 5)

Tinker was full of a quiet, restful satisfaction. But it was in the evening that the great triumph came. When she came out of her room in her evening frock, Tinker regarded her for a while with a satisfaction that was almost solemn, then he turned her round, looked into the big mirror at the end of the corridor, and said, "We match."

"Do you really think so?" said Elsie in an awed voice, with humid eyes.

"There's no doubt about it," said Tinker with calm, dispassionate and judicial impartiality.

When they came into the restaurant there was a faint murmur of delighted surprise from the tables they passed, and one stout but sentimental baroness cried, "*Voilà des seraphins!*"

And truly, if you can conceive of a seraph in an Eton suit, a low-cut white waistcoat and a white tie, there was something in what she said. At the sight of them Sir Tancred smiled, and Lord Crosland said, "I congratulate you on your taste, young people."

"It was Tinker's," said Elsie; and she looked at him with a world of thankfulness and devotion in her eyes.

After dinner Tinker was uncomfortable: he felt bound to break to Elsie her uncle's desertion, and he was afraid of tears. With a vague notion of emphasizing the difference between her uncle's régime and his own, he led the way to the corner of the gardens where they had first met, and, standing before the seat on which she had waited so long and so hungrily, he said, "I say, don't you think we could do without your uncle?"

"Do without uncle?" said Elsie surprised.

"Yes; suppose instead of living with your uncle and his looking after you, you lived with us and I looked after you? Suppose you were to be my adopted sister?"

"For good and all?" said Elsie in a hushed voice.

"Yes."

For answer she threw her arms round his neck, kissed him, and cried, "Oh, I do love you so!"

By a splendid effort Tinker repressed a wriggle.

"We'll consider it settled, then," he said. Elsie loosed him.

With a little deprecating cough and a delicate tentativeness he said, "About kissing: of course, now that you're my sister, you have a right to kiss me sometimes; and—and—of course it's all right. But don't you think you could manage with once a day—when we say good-night?"

"In the morning, too," said Elsie greedily.

"Well, twice a day," said Tinker with a sigh.

Tales of a Country Town

(Concluded from Page 2)

horror of an impending crisis. Homer Tibbetts was waiting for them at the main entrance.

"I got separated from you down there and came out alone," he said. "I've fixed it so that we can get in to see Choctaw Bill before the show opens up."

Ashen pale, a helpless thing carried along into the maëlstrom of Fate, "Bronco Jim" approached the private tent of his old friend and camp-mate, Choctaw Bill.

The flaps of the tent parted and the buckskin hero, at a swift signal from the attorney-at-law, was holding "Bronco Jim" by the hand.

"Jim Tibbetts, put her there!" he exclaimed. "It's good for sore eyes to see you again. Miles was asking about you the other day. I told him that probably you'd run up from Musselwhite to see me. You saved my life more'n once and I figured that you'd be here to-day if you had to walk the whole distance."

Jim stood and listened with a ghastly smile, but "Doc" Clevison and the others were too much stunned and blinded to observe his confusion.

To this day "Bronco Jim" will sit apart from the others trying to explain to himself the miracle. It is all a vast mystery to him. But he has the satisfaction of knowing that any story he may choose to tell has the hallmark of authority. He was identified by Choctaw Bill.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of humorous sketches of the "characters" of a Western village.

That very old proverb about reaching the heart of a man is best exemplified with

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

SURMOUNTING the great dome of the Capitol is the figure of what Mr. Hitt, of Illinois, the most genial, the most delightful, and the most witty of men, told me was Freedom, and Montague Lessler, of New York City, whose experience here is not much greater than mine, said was intended to represent Liberty; but whether it is Freedom or Liberty it ought not to be there, and in its place there should be an extra large brazen calf covered with the very finest gilt.

Of all places in our broad land this is the one place above all others where every man and woman worships at the shrine of the golden calf. Here we have put up an idol to the great god Success; we have erected to him our temples, and we have given to him high priests and acolytes. All day long one can hear the chanting of the priests and see the censers swung in his honor. The air is heavy with the perfume of incense burned in the sanctuary.

Yesterday I was in Senator Graham's committee room when a friend of his, a big New York banker, was also there, and they were talking about trust legislation. The Senator introduced me to his friend, who mentioned the names of some other Senators, asked how they stood on the trust question, and how much influence they possessed, and finally inquired about Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts.

"You get Lodge with you and you are all right," Graham said, but not with much enthusiasm in his voice.

"I am surprised at that," said the New York man; "is Lodge so all-powerful?"

"Lodge," Graham answered, "is the President's dearest and closest and most intimate friend, for the President himself has publicly said it. Lodge goes to the White House morning, noon and night; it is 'Theodore' on the one side and 'Cabot' on the other, and if that doesn't show how close the intimacy is then nothing else can."

"But why should that make him so influential in the Senate?" the New Yorker asked.

"My dear fellow," Graham told him, "simply because it means that Lodge has got there, and the man who has arrived, as the French say, is the man who is in Washington. If you can go to the President, if you can feel sure that whatever you may say to him will have its effect, if he will ask your advice and accept it—and the latter is more important than anything else—why, of course, in Washington you are the great man."

A Selfish, Jealous City

In our committee-room the other day, after the committee meeting had adjourned, three or four of us sat around the table gossiping, and to tell you the truth it seems to me as if members of Congress spend a great deal of their time in talking gossip and telling stories. Well, we got to discussing some of our associates and their abilities, and the name of a certain man was mentioned, and White, of Maryland, who was sitting at the head of the table smoking, turned to me and said:

"Turner, you are serving your first term and I've been here a dozen years, and if you want to stay here and succeed I'll tell you how to do it."

I said I should be under eternal obligations for the information.

"Then this is what you are *not* to do," White went on. "Don't waste your time working on committees; don't ever make a speech in which only a few people are interested; don't think that anybody else knows nearly as much as you do about anything.

"Those are the don'ts; now for the things you *are* to do. Before you make your first speech just go round to as many men as you know and tell them that you are going to speak and you want them to hear you——"

"As a particular favor," Jones interrupted with a laugh.

"Yes, as a particular favor," White replied, "but as a particular favor to them and not to you. Say they will hear some things they don't know, and say it as if you owned the patent right on knowledge, and the majority in the next hour will be saying what a deucedly clever fellow you are; and as the able men in Congress are mighty scarce and too indifferent to care, they won't take the trouble to say anything. I tell you the trick is easy if you only know how to work it."

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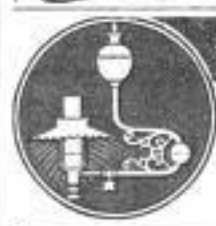

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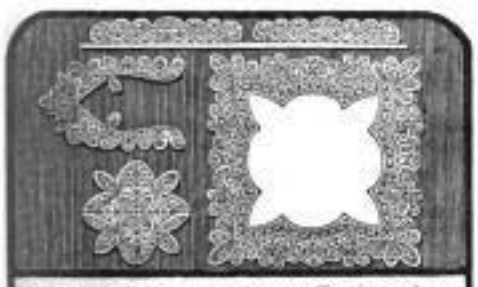

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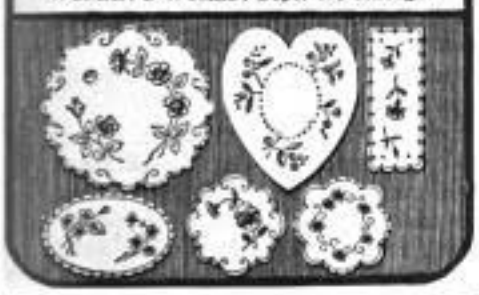

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I want to succeed here. I want to succeed here very much; but it is so hard, so disappointing, so different from what I thought it was going to be!

Washington is the most brutal place in the world. The House is full of good fellows; there are lots of them always ready to ask me to take a drink and a few who have invited me to their houses to dinner, and any number only too willing to tell me what to do and how to go about things; and yet, despite all that, if you were to search the country over for concentrated selfishness it is in Washington that you would find it.

Every man comes here determined on only one thing—to hold his job. Every member of the House wants another term, every doorkeeper and clerk wants to keep his place, and all he thinks or cares about is to draw his salary. If you think we legislate for the country you make a great mistake. We don't. We legislate for ourselves. Whenever we do anything we think about our districts and the effect it will have on us the next time we come up for election. I know this doesn't sound just as nice as you would like to hear it, but I am telling you the truth. I am not worrying about Massachusetts or New York, I assure you. My own little district kissed by the Pacific Ocean is my empire, and "my" people and "my" country are no longer empty figures of speech to me.

We are not only selfish but the whole life is hollow and artificial, and there is no place in it for the poor man, or for the woman who is really sincere and who prefers her home and her children to the mockery of society.

The Washington 400

At home, you know, we think that a Congressman is a very big man, and that he goes everywhere in Washington, that the President invites him to dinner once or twice a week, that Ambassadors are very civil to him, that people think it is an honor to know him, and that he is on the top wave of society and has nothing to do but enjoy himself and have a good time. It is fortunate people think that at home. As you asked me to tell you all about society and the people I meet, I will try to give you an idea of how things are.

At the top of the heap is the President, who has done more entertaining since he has been in the White House than any man before him. He delights in it; he enjoys meeting people and having them there to luncheon and dinner, and Mrs. Roosevelt is equally fond of giving teas and musicales. A White House invitation, especially to dinner, is what every one wants, and when a man receives an invitation to the White House he must go there, even if he has already accepted another invitation for the same evening. An invitation from the White House is like a command from Royalty, which only sickness will excuse one from accepting. Up to the present I have not had to cancel any other dinner engagement to obey a White House "command."

After the President come the members of the Cabinet, who give dinners or go out to dinners every night during the "season," which means from the time when Congress assembles until Lent. The only form of entertaining known in Washington is dinners. If you are in society you give a dinner to-night and to-morrow night you dine at the house of one of the men who was the guest the night before, and you probably meet half of the men and women who were at the table, and that is the way it goes on for seven nights in the week; yes, for seven, because life is too short to waste any of its evenings, and Sunday has to be pressed into service just like any other day. Among the diplomats Sunday is the day for luncheons and dinners.

Well, they dine and they dine and they dine. People never meet in Washington merely to talk, as they do in other places—as we do, for instance, at home. You are invited to dinner and you sit for two hours eating a great deal more than is really good for you, and sometimes you enjoy it and sometimes you don't, and whether you do or whether you don't depends a great deal on whether the girl or woman that you took in to dinner has any interest in you and you in her, or whether she wishes she was on the other side of the table talking to the man with the black mustache, who is evidently only too happy that he has been placed next to the girl with blue eyes in white satin.

I've been lucky. Bachelor members of Congress are not common. Judge Lancaster's daughter, Florence, is a charming girl, and the Lancasters are among the big society people. Miss Lancaster belongs to a swell dancing club, whose members dine at the houses of the chaperons before every dance

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—dinner dances they call them here—and she was kind enough to invite me to one of these dinners. Dinner was at eight o'clock—that's the fashionable hour—and lasted for a couple of hours or so, and then between eleven and twelve o'clock began the dance. By that time you are hungry again and you have supper, and it is three or four o'clock in the morning before you go to bed.

There is one thing quite certain—I may be able to draw a decent bill of complaint, but I can't write a connected account of Washington life because there are so many distractions that I start in one direction and then go wandering off on another tack before I get there. I began by telling how society is arranged here, and here I've wound up at four o'clock in the morning after having been out all night dining and dancing. Well, after the Cabinet come the big Senators who live in large houses and have plenty of money, and a few swagger Congressmen like Judge Lancaster, who have been here a great many years, who have fine houses and know every one, and if they have pretty daughters their invitations will never be refused.

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The Best Job Going

Now I have given you the make-up of society in Washington, but I almost forgot the diplomats, who belong to a circle quite by themselves and rather look down upon all the rest. The best job going is that of an Ambassador for one of the European nations. The Ambassadors live in big houses, which are the property of their Governments, and are paid large salaries, besides having allowances for entertaining. They don't have much to do, so far as I have been able to find out, except to enjoy themselves.

That's the list of society, the Washington 400, and the rest of us never get our names in the papers outside of the Congressional proceedings and cut no more ice than Susan's dressmaker. Susan's dressmaker can go to the theatre and look at her patrons in the dresses she made for them, and so can we, and see Ambassadors and their wives and a lot more fashionable people, and we go to the White House to an official reception and shake the President's hand, and that's about as near as we ever get to knowing anything about society.

You can understand that the people who are in society don't really care for each other. Nobody in Washington has an intimate friend. Men may like each other fairly well, but a deep, lasting friendship is unknown. Life is too evanescent for that.

But it is interesting, it is the most interesting life you can think of. At home when we go into politics it is rather a small game that we play, but here we are playing the biggest kind of a game that you can think of, and the men who play it are experts and know every move to be made. I don't suppose you will like to hear me talk about Congress and legislation as a game, but that is really what it is. Take the fight we had over the admission of the new States. Senator Quay led the forces on one side, and Senator Beveridge, and Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, led the ranks of the opposition.

Senator Aldrich is the great boss in Washington; he has more real power than any other man, or nearly all the other men put together. Every Republican consults him, every man wants to know what he says before making up his opinion. And the curious thing about Senator Aldrich—so men who have been here a great many years tell me—is that nobody has yet been able to discover why he wields so much power or to imitate his method. He never appears to want anything for himself, he never makes a trade, he never asks for favors. Other men go on for deals, Aldrich never. If there is an important piece of legislation pending, men are in doubt as to the outcome until they consult Senator Aldrich, but when he has reached his conclusion every one is satisfied that the verdict has been pronounced. Senator Graham told me that in all his experience, in great fights over the tariff and other things, he has never known Senator Aldrich's judgment to be at fault.

I have met him on two occasions. He is a man with a charming manner and a brain that simply leaps at a proposition. He knows what you are going to say long before you have said it. I am told that he is the greatest authority on tariff and finance in Congress, and in addition is very well informed on all general subjects. He is the big boss in Washington. I'll tell you something about Quay, his opponent, in my next.

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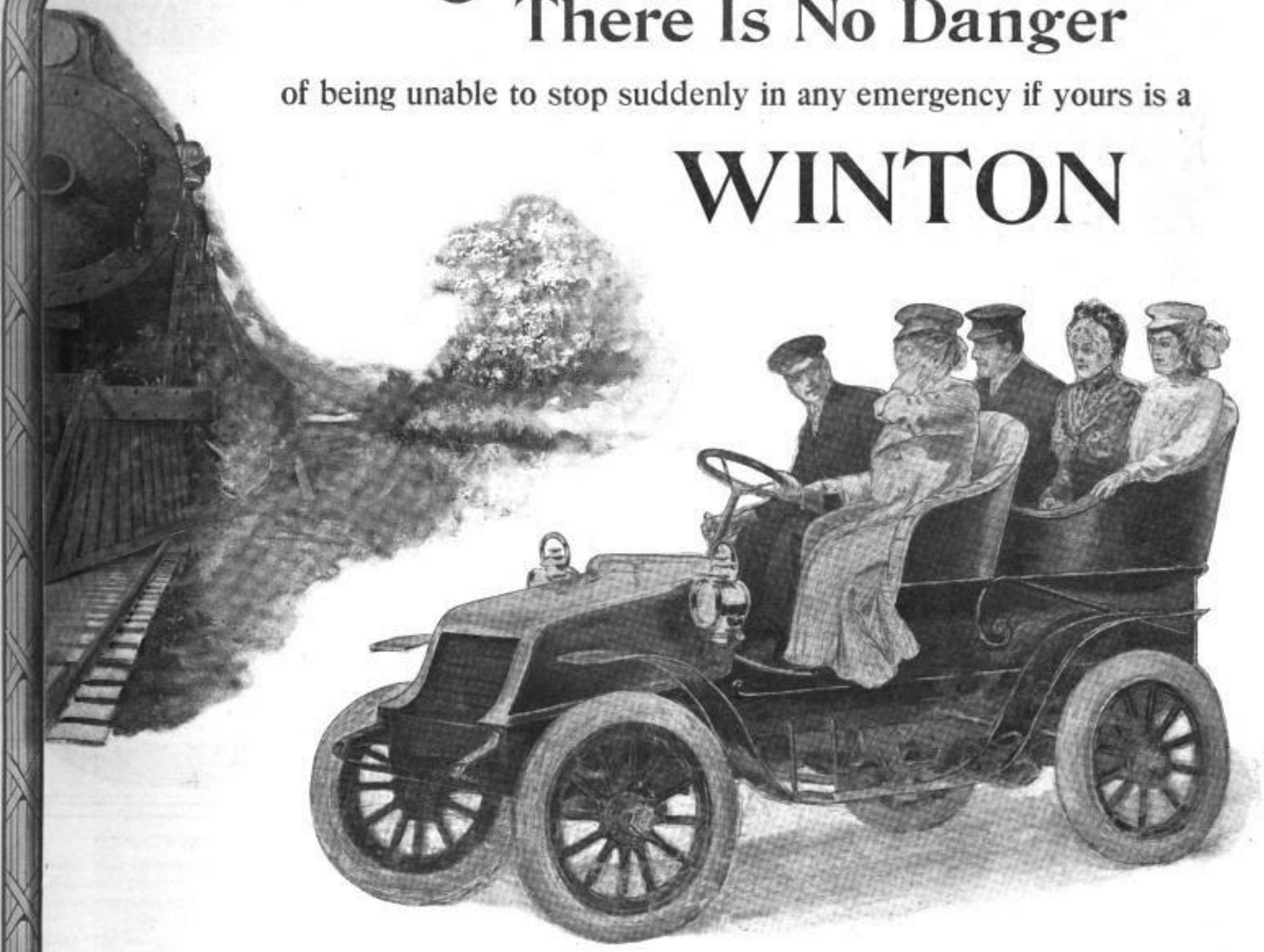

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An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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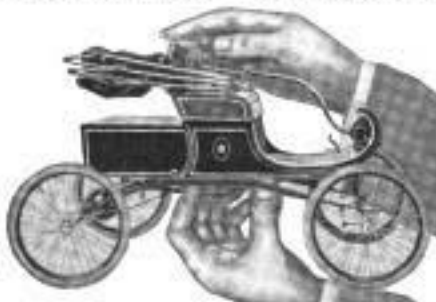

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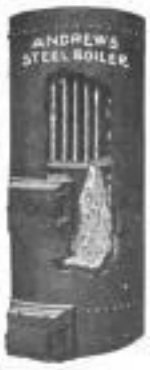

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The Autobiography of a Beggar

"WOULD YER MIND READIN' MEH A BIT OUT EF DE BOOK?" AXES HE

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

Author of By Bread Alone, Etc.

I Come Into de World

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF HOW MY RESEARCHES IN HEBREW BROUGHT ME TO THE STUDY OF ANTHROPOLOGY

I WAS born—well, what's de use puttin' down what every one knows? I was born an' dat settles it. I don't know de day nor de year, but what has dat got ter do wid it, anyways? De main fact is dat I was born. Ef I had ter do it over agin I might change meh mind, but bein' born an' dyin' is where beggars comes in even wid millionaires. Did yer ever stop fer ter think dat de only diff'rence twixt men is what dey does atween de time dey is born an' die? We is all born equal an' we dies equal, but we don't live equal. Hurrah fer equality! Anyways, I am forty years old, er I ought ter be; I kin tell dat 'cause I can't be ten, and I'm too old ter be twinty, an' I must have been thirty a long time ago. Forty is a good place ter stop orff, an' I'm goin' ter let it go at dat. Not ter know yer age is a good way ter keep young, eh? I rekomind it ter wimens. Oh, wimens, giddy wimens, joy ef a man's folly, as de poets say—but dey comes later in de story.

Where was I born? I don't know ef it's any ef yer particuler bizness, but it bein' dat I'm writin' meh histree fer de sake ef a anterpolergist an' his noble coin (which comes in furder on) I don't mind sayin' I was born in a alley ef Chicago on de big West Side. Ef yer kin find dat alley yer pretty smart—smarter en meh—'cause dey have carted it orff long ago an' thrown it inter de lake. Maybe dey done dat in meh honor, an' maybe dey done it 'cause dey needed de space. Yer kin take yer pick.

Meh mother was a Irish washerwoman an' meh father was a German by profession afore he come ter Amerikee. His trade was ter watch meh mother work an' ter lick me. He didn't work no union hours at either end. Dey give meh a grand eddication, startin' meh out early in life wid a basket on meh arm ter bring home what I could. I stoled oncet an' dey licked meh—fer not stealin' more when I had de chanct. (I'm goin' back an' scratch dis part out.)

I ain't told yer meh name yet, fer de fact is dat yer jist ez well orff ef yer don't know it, an' I've got one eye on de perlice while I'm writin' dis, which ain't comfertuble. Sam de Scribe says bein' a literary guy ain't no snap, an' Sam knows more en a cross-eyed cow, I'm a-tellin' youse. Meh real name is George Schwarz, I think; but I've changed meh name so often accordin' ter circumstances dat I ain't sure ef I'm right. It's a funny world, eh? Seems yer got ter have a name same ez a dog er de number ef a house. Dey named de first man Adam an' ever since den we took names ter be in line. Style an' fashun is responsible fer all meh woes.

I was arristed oncet (oncet? Ha! Ha!), an' de jidge axes meh what was meh name. "I ain't got none," I says.

"Thirty days fer havin' no name," he says.

"Please, yer honor," I pipes up, "meh name is Mollbuzzer."

"Twinty more fer contimpt ef court," he says.

Well, meh secret is out, so I might ez well tell yer meh name is Mollbuzzer. It's a name what thieves calls a feller what picks wimen's pockets an' bothers wimens in gineral; Moll, meanin' wimens, I guess; an' Buzzer, like all names, explainin' itself. It ain't pretty, I admit; but it was guv me agin meh will an' I ain't complainin' none, fer it might hav' been worse; but I don't see how. I don't want yer ter think I ever picked a pocket, fer, ter tell yer de truth, it's a slick trick an' I never could get on ter it, an' I'm too honest, anyways. I was pinched oncet fer tryin', an' I left it alone ever since. Dear reader, do likewise. Yer must have rubber fingers ter pick pockets an' begin practicin' young. It's a inborn gift like writin' poetree er paintin' a pictshure er bein' a carpinter, an' dere's no use ef cryin' ef yer ain't born dat way. Meh motto in life is, ef yer can't get what yer want, don't sit down an' cry, but jist go an' grab it.

I must tell yer how I come ter write de sweet story ef meh life, 'cause I ain't a-doin' it fer fun. It come about all along ef goin' in de public libraree fer ter read a book. "Yeagers," which is de English fer beggars, likes librarees in winter, 'cause dey is warmer en de weather, an' 'cause yer kin git a nice big book, hide yer head ahint it an' go ter sleep widout payin' fer yer bed. De day I went in it was colder en a corpse, an' der was nothin' doin' on de street, no one bein' out ter see how dere breath looked.

So I goes inter de riference-room an' I says ter de cove wid a blue coat at de desk, "Bring meh a book." An' he looks at meh sharp an' he says:

"What kind ef a book?"

"A histree book," says I, thinkin' as dey must be de biggest, 'count of histree bein' so long.

"What kind ef a histree book?" says he.

"United States histree," says I.

"Which one?" axes he.

"Is dere more en one?" axes I.

"Sure dere is," says he, laffin'.

"Well," says I, "bring meh de biggest." An' he goes orff a-laffin', an' soon he comes back wid de histree, an' I carries it to de desk an' starts ter read de pictshures. Den I finds a piece 'bout George Washington which wasn't so slow, an' I reads dat. George was a iligent gineral an' a good Prisident, considerin' he come first. Den I finds a piece about a duck named Aleck Hamilton, who, so a feller named Dan Webster says, "hit de rock ef national finances wid de rod of wisdom" an' made money come out ef it when de countree an' George Washington was hard up. But I don't believe dat—no, not meh. Aleck, I guess, would have made a better hobo en George, seein' he was so good at comin' games. Well, I started ter write meh own histree an' not de histree ef Amerikee; but I come on ter a part 'bout a cove named Aaron Burr, who was at de head ef all ef 'em when it came to de playin' ef games.

De first thing Aaron done was ter put Aleck Hamilton out ef bizness wid a gun, an' den he comes de rock an' rod game hisself; but de peepul bein' on ter de trick, he gives it up ter grab de Mississippi River, but dey catches him, an' it was all over wid poor old Aaron. He had ter skip ter Paris an' live on cold victuals de same ez us. Histree teaches dat dere ain't no game what ain't been played long ago.

Well, I reads on a bit an' falls asleep, a-dreamin' I was Aleck Hamilton hittin' de rock wid meh little rod an' tellin' de peepul like dis: "Feller-citizens, each ef youse kin step up an' give meh one little dime, den I will hit de rock wid meh rod an' make de coin bubble, an' each ef youse gets a big silver dollar. Ef de rock don't work yer gits de dime back. Step up, feller-citizens, an' git rich quick. De first guy an' dime takes two silver dollars."

An' de feller-citizens, never havin' been done dat way yet, bein' still young an' innercent, steps up lively an' hands meh a nice lot ef new dimes, which I was puttin' in meh pocket, when some one grabs meh, an' I swings meh rod, thinkin' he was a-goin' ter take de dimes away from meh, an' I wakes up. It was de libraree cove wid de blue coat.

"What are yer doin'?" he says. "Dis ain't no lodgin'-house; yer can't sleep in here!"

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"I wasn't sleepin'," I says, mad at him fer comin' along when de dimes was all mine, "I was only a-thinkin'."

"Well, yer makes an awful noise when yer thinks," he says.

"I was thinkin' about Aleck Hamilton hittin' de rock," I says.

"I don't care," he says, lookin' puzzled. "I'll have ter put yer out ef yer sleeps agin."

"Can't a feller think?" I grumbles, an' he goes orff back ef his desk, an' I goes back arter him an' says:

"I'd like anudder histree book—a very old histree book—de older de better," fer I wahted ter see what games dey played afore George Washington was born.

De cove in de blue coat grins an' he says, "De oldest histree book we got is in Hebrew."

"Good, dat sounds ez old as old clothes; bring it along," I says.

"Kin yer read it?" axes he.

"Kin I read it! I wouldn't axe fer it ef I couldn't read it. I guess meh own uncle is Hebrew," I says.

An' he brings de book out an' I goes along wid it till I comes ter where a real old gent wid long gray hair an' gold specs was sittin' an' readin', an' I takes a seat'opersite him, thinkin' maybe he would lay de gold specs down an' I might pick 'em up.

An' I pretends not ter see de old gent; but he looks up ater a while an' watches meh, fer I was a-mumblin' an' a-mumblin' ter mehself an' a-waggin' meh head up an' down ez ef de Hebrew book was more excitin' en de tale ef "Buck Bradley's Ranch, Er Up Agin de Pirates in Missouri." He looks surprised, an' den he looks over at meh an' he says:

"Excuse meh, my friend, but in what langwidge is de book dat yer is readin'?"

"It's in Jew langwidge er old Hebrew," I says.

"Yer don't say," he smiles. "Is yer fond ef it?"

"It's meh faverite langwidge," I says.

"What does de book treat on?" axes he.

"On old Hebrew games," says I.

"I never knowed dere was sich a book in Hebrew," he says.

"Yer kin read it ef yer likes," I says, pushin' de book ter him.

"No, thanks," he says; "I can't read Hebrew."

"Yer can't!" I says, "it's too bad. It's amusin' ter diskever how old our new games is."

"Dat interests meh," he says. "I'm a anterpolergist." An' he gets up an' comes ter take a seat next ter meh; de cove in de blue coat lookin' on wid his eyes wide open.

"What's a anterpolergist?" I axes him. "Is it somethin' new?",

"Compearatively speakin'," he says. "A anterpolergist is one who studies de science ef man."

"Same es a cop?" I says.

"Not 'xactly," smiles he, rubbin' his gold specs, but not layin' 'em down like he orter.

"What makes de name so long?" I axes. "It sounds ez ef it took two pounds ef steam ter blow it thru a whistle."

"It comes from two Greek names," he says, "meanin' man an' science."

"I thought dere was two Greek names in it," I says. "Dose Greeks is awful on names. I knows one what has a fruit store, an' his name is longer en a bunch ef bananas."

An' de old gent rubs his glasses an' laffs an' says, "How come yer ter study Hebrew?"

"How come yer ter study anterpolergy?" axes I, not knowin' what else ter say.

"Well," he says, "'count ef meh interest in it."

"It was de same wid meh an' Hebrew," I says.

"Would yer mind readin' meh a bit out ef de book?" axes he.

"Sure not," says I. An' I says ez ef I was a-readin', "Mohowee, mohowwhoaa, mohahaha," er somethin' dat was jist as good.

"Not so loud, ef yer please," says he.

"Yer have ter read Hebrew loud," says I, "it bein' part ef de langwidge." An' I goes on readin' louder an' louder, an' de cove from behint de desk comes runnin' up an' sayin':

"Dis won't do; yer makin' too much noise an' disturbin' ivrybody. Yer go right out er I'll call de cop from downstairs," he says.

"It was meh own fault," pipes up de old gent. "I axed him ter do it."

An' I goes out into de hall an' de old anterpolergist comes a-runnin' ater meh. "I'm sorry dat happened," he says.

"So am I," I says, "'count ef de cove chasin' meh out I loses a dollar an' a half translatin' two pages ef Hebrew fer a minister."

"Well," says de old gent, "I'll make it right. But supposin' we gets somethin' ter eat, it bein' near noon, an' I wants ter talk wid yer; yer interests meh."

"I'm sorry," I says, "but I really ain't got de time. I'll have ter go an' tell de minister what happened."

"It won't take us long," he says.

"All right," says I. An' he takes meh inter a basemint restaurint an' he starts ter ax meh a whole pile ef questions, like dey all does; it bein' human nature ter want somethin' fer yer money.

"How comes it," he axes first, "dat yer kin read Hebrew so good an' dat yer English is so bad?"

"Bad company done it," I explains.

"How come yer ter git in bad company?" he asks.

"Count ef meh Hebrew," I says.

"Explain yerself," he says.

"Well," says I, "I got so interested in Hebrew dat I wouldn't do nothin' but read old Hebrew books, an' meh wife got mad at meh fer neglectin' her, an' she runned orff an' I took ter drink. Dat's de histree ef it."

"Who learned yer de Hebrew?"

"I learned it in collidge," I answers.

"What collidge?" axes he.

"Hebrew collidge," I says.

"I never heard ef it," says he.

"Yer hearin' might be bad," says I, an' he laffs.

"Where was yer born?" axes he.

"I was born in England," says I.

"What did yer father do?" axes he.

"He was prisidint ef de Hebrew Collidge," I says.

"Den de collidge was in England?" axes he.

"Sure," says I.

"Why didn't yer say so den?" axes he.

"Why didn't yer ax meh?" says I.

"What was yer mother?" axes he.

"Meh father's wife," says I.

"I know dat," says he, laffin'; "but what was her nationalitee?"

"She was Chinee," I says.

"Chinee! Dat's funny!" says he.

"It wasn't funny at all," says I; "meh father was like meh. He was terribul on langwidges. Whenever he wanted ter learn a new langwidge he married a new wife. His fust wife was German, an' his second was French, an' his third was Spanish, an' his fourth she was Chinee. An' dat's all I knows," I says, de dinner bein' over, "an' I'd like meh dollar an' a half which yer promised meh."

"Here it is," he says, "but yer is de biggest fakir what ever I seen in meh born days, an' I don't think yer knows any more Hebrew en a cat."

"Didn't yer hear meh read it in de libraree?" I axes, puttin' de coin in meh pocket.

"Dat was no more Hebrew en it was Chinee," he says.

"Dat shows yer don't know Hebrew from Chinee," I says.

"Take yer money an' go 'long," he says.

"I don't want yer money den," I yells; "I wouldn't touch it wid a pair of gloves," an' I lays it on de table, hopin' he would add anudder dollar an' apolergize.

"Thanks," he says, takin' de coin an' puttin' it in his pocket.

"I don't believe yer knows any more anterpolergy en a pig," I says, "even ef yer did beat meh out ef a dollar an' a half."

"I didn't beat yer," says he; "yer gave it back ter meh."

"Keep it an' welcome," I says; "I never knowed anybody ter get money dat way what did him any good. An' yer calls meh a fakir an' a liar, an' meh self-respect is more ter meh en all de money in de world." An' I goes out lookin' mad.

"Come back here!" he yells, an' I comes back an' he says: "I'll tell yer what I'll do, we'll go out an' I'll buy yer a Hebrew book wid de dollar an' a half, seein' as yer likes Hebrew so much."

"All right," I says, thinkin' I would rather have de Hebrew book en nothin'; "all right; dat's jist what I wanted was a Hebrew book."

So we goes inter a old bookshop aroun' de corner an' de man says he has a Hebrew book on Moses fer a quarter.

"Dat's jist what I wants!" I says; "I've been a-lookin' all over de earth for a Hebrew book on Moses. Glory Hallelujah!" I says.

"It's your'n now," says de old gent, givin' de cove a quarter.

"An' yer kin give meh de dollar an' a quarter which I saved yer," says I.

"De agreemint was only fer ter buy a Hebrew book," he says.

"No, sir," pipes I; "de agreemint was ter buy a Hebrew book fer a dollar an' a half; so ef yer gives meh de book on Moses an' a dollar an' a quarter asides we'll call it square."

"All right," he says; "yer is de best dat I ever seen; take de book an' de money an' go."

"Thanks," says I, puttin' de coin in meh pocket. "I'll sell yer de book on Moses back fer fifteen cents."

"Not much," he laffs.

"Yer missin' de chanct ter make a dime quick," I says.

"Please go away," he says; "I ain't got no more time."

So I takes de book an' de old gent goes orff a-laffin' ter hisself an' I follers him, an' ater a while I pulls him by de coat-tail, puffin' fer wind ez ef I runned all de way.

"You agin?" pipes he. "What does yer want now?"

"Thank Heaven I found yer," I says.

"Why fer?" axes he.

"De cove in de store," I says, "told meh a lie; dat Hebrew book ain't on Moses. It's in yer line—it's a book on Anterpolergy. De title is two Hebrew words meanin' man an' science. Jist de thing yer wants," I says; "de whole thing is in dis little Hebrew book—all yer wants ter know about science an' all dere is about man."

"But what good is it ter meh, my friend," he laffs, "ef I don't know Hebrew?"

"But ain't yer goin' ter give meh fifteen cents, runnin' all dis way. I might have died from heart disease."

"I tell you what yer do," he says, kind ef thinkin' ter hisself, "yer keep de Hebrew book an' write meh down de story ef yer life from de cradle ter de grave—don't leave out nothin', an' bring it ter meh in de libraree an' I'll give yer twenty-five dollars fer it. I have de notion dat dere'll be more anterpolergy in it den in de little Hebrew book."

So dat's why I'm writin' meh histree from de cradle ter de grave. I had to write dis down about de old anterpolergist ter kind ef git a start, but I'm goin' back an' scratch it all out, only him wantin' it he might give me dat fifteen cents fer dis part what he wouldn't give meh fer de little Hebrew book.

Editor's Note—The second of these stories will appear in a fortnight.

—STARTIN' MEH OUT EARLY IN LIFE WID A BASKET

"YER MISSIN' DE CHANCT TER MAKE A DIME QUICK," I SAYS

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The Money Kings of the World

By WILLIAM T. STEAD

Leopold II, Sovereign of the Congo

A LITTLE KNOWN BUT LARGELY PROFITABLE SPECULATION WHICH WINS ITS PROMOTER MORE GOLD THAN GLORY

MOST people will be surprised that Leopold, King of the Belgians, should appear in the portrait gallery of the money kings of the modern world. It is so unusual for a money king to wear a crown that the fact that he enjoys such a decoration seems to place him outside of the category of financiers. But Leopold is a much more important figure in the world as a financier, operator, speculator and company promoter than he is as the monarch of the little state which he inherited from his father.

Belgium is a small country, prosperous, and, notwithstanding occasional turmoils, like other prosperous countries, fairly contented. Its trade increases, although it has no colonies, no shipping to speak of, but it never plays any part in the arena of international politics. In order to realize King Leopold it is necessary to forget that he is a Belgian King, and dismiss all associations that may be connected with the little kingdom over which he reigns as a constitutional monarch. For many years no one suspected the possibilities, financial and political, which lay dormant behind the exterior of a man of pleasure. Leopold was believed to be much more addicted to the coulisses of the opera than to the operating rooms of the Bourse, and his name was popularly associated with scandals which were the talk of Europe.

Leopold II inherited from his father, Leopold I, a keen interest in public affairs, and a political sagacity which, had he ascended a greater throne, would have enabled him to play a leading rôle in European politics. In Belgium his ambition found little scope. The Belgian King who aspired to be prominent in international politics would have been promptly voted a nuisance both by his own subjects and by his neighbors. He was very cautious and circumspect, anxious to maintain his position, and to provide himself with the necessary wherewithal to indulge his tastes, most of which were expensive even when they were innocent. Among his innocent extravagances is a hobby for collecting rare plants and flowers from all parts of the world. His glass-houses in the palace of Laecken are famous throughout Europe. In connection with these glass-houses may be mentioned a curious fact which illustrates one side of his character not usually in evidence before the public. In the very heart of the vast acreage that is covered with conservatories, orchid and palm houses of all shapes, stands a church the like of which is to be found nowhere else. It is circular in form, surmounted by a dome of glass, supported by twenty granite columns in the intervals of which stand statues of the Twelve Apostles. The plain stone altar stands among a mass of palms and flowers. Above the altar hangs a large cross which is fitted up with electric lights. The whole church at the evening service can be brilliantly lit up. The gallery for the orchestra is lavishly decorated with growing flowers. Here the King goes to mass with the royal household, whose devotions are not disturbed, although occasionally enlivened, by the singing of the numerous birds which flit to and fro above the worshipers. The King sits in front before the whole congregation. Sermons he does not tolerate, but he attends mass like a good Catholic.

The Conquistador of the Congo

That picture of Leopold kneeling before the altar embosomed in tropical foliage while the birds join their music to that of the choir lingers in the memory, if only because of the sharp contrast which it offers to the companion picture of Leopold as Sovereign of the Congo. Similar contrasts are familiar enough in the blood-stained history of the conquistadors when men of the stamp of Cortes and Pizarro rivaled the fervor of their piety by the ruthlessness of their rapacity. For, unless an almost unbroken procession of credible witnesses have conspired to lie, King Leopold is in his imperial capacity one of the most sinister and terrible of all the figures to be met with even in connection with the blood-stained annals of the Dark Continent. A volume might be written—indeed a volume has been written—detailing the steps by which the easy-going libertine of Brussels, the constant correspondent of Queen Victoria, was transformed into the Vampire of the Congo.*

There are some who believe Leopold marked the heart of the Dark Continent for his prey when he received the reports of the West African explorers who spoke of the riches of the territory drained by the Congo. The instinct of the vulture, they say, was aroused within him; and he deliberately set about the enterprise which has resulted in his netting enormous financial gains. For my part, I shrink from crediting him with the foresight or the hypocrisy which such a supposition implies. It is more reasonable to believe that he went into the Congo adventure from a desire to assert himself in a wider field than the narrow limits of his little kingdom. It is not impossible that he may have been prompted thereto by the natural feelings of benevolence which are never entirely extinct in the human heart. Whatever the motives which led him first to embark upon his Congo adventure, even if they were of the highest, they exposed him to temptations which he has been unable to resist. Yielding to them, first perhaps unconscious as to where a false step would lead him, he has plunged onward on a path which led him ever downward until at the present moment he stands responsible for having established in the name of civilization a veritable Empire of Hell in the heart of Africa. But he has made Hell pay; and a rapid survey of the methods by which he has achieved this result brings into relief the enormous advantages which a crown gives to a money king. It is well for financiers pure and simple that royalty so seldom enters into competition with them at their own business. Altogether the King is said to have invested a sum of not more than $6,500,000 in founding and exploiting his African Empire. The Empire as a political organization has not yet produced a surplus. But the deficit is a mere bagatelle compared with the enormous profits which the King draws from his African domains. According to Mr. Morel, the annual profit which the King is reported to draw from his African speculation is not less than $5,000,000, or a return which might make a Rockefeller turn green with envy.

From a financial point of view the success of King Leopold is without precedent; but the King is not content. His profits at present arise exclusively from the loot of the ivory of a continent, and the exaction by merciless atrocity of the India-rubber which is required to furnish the cycle and motor trade with tires. But quite recently, inspired, it is said, by a conversation with an American citizen of Irish birth, Mr. Walsh, of Colorado, he has conceived the idea that the highlands of the Congo may be as rich in gold as the mountains of the Western slope of the American continent. It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Walsh may be right. The Americanization of the Congo might yet be a means of delivering it from the marauding scourge of the cannibals whom King Leopold arms and employs as tax collectors of his Empire.

Pending the success of Mr. Walsh and the engineers who are shortly to be prospecting for gold in the Congo, King Leopold makes his money out of India-rubber. Mr. Vandervelde, a Socialist leader, recently declared in the Brussels Senate that the King of the Belgians was the greatest India-rubber merchant in the world, and charged him with employing methods for collecting that rubber which result in untold horrors. The collection, he said, is left in the hands of white adventurers who have lost their sanity, and whose sense of morality, never strong, grows weaker and weaker every day. The foundation-stone of the profits made by King Leopold lies in the fact that he has a standing army of about 15,000 men, most of whom are admittedly cannibals, with whose aid he is able to collect rubber from the natives who sell it at two cents a pound. This rubber sells at Antwerp at from sixty to seventy-five cents a pound. The margin of profit is therefore very considerable. As the State sells about 2000 tons of rubber every year at Antwerp some conception may be formed of the King's profits. But here it is necessary to make a distinction. King Leopold, like many other Kings, is felt where he is not seen, and pockets money through agencies for which he is not officially or publicly responsible.

The Avowed Purpose of the New State

The methods, however, by which he has attained a position which enables him to exploit the region handed over to him to govern in the interest of the inhabitants are so peculiar as to merit a little attention. It would seem that when Mr. Rockefeller was building up the Standard Oil Trust, if the worst that is said against him by Mr. Lloyd in his Wealth against Commonwealth is true, he might still profitably have taken lessons by sitting at the feet of King Leopold. In justice to Mr. Rockefeller it must be said that he did not herald the foundations of his great fortune by pious declarations of a providential mission to benefit the public. The constitution of the Congo State dates from the year 1876 when King Leopold astonished every one by summoning a conference of delegates from Belgium, Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia. The object of the conference was to consider the best means to be devised in order to open up Central Africa to European civilization. The King was profuse in his declarations of disinterestedness. "Is it necessary for me to say," he asked plaintively, "that in inviting you to Brussels I have not been actuated by egotism? No, gentlemen; if Belgium is a small kingdom, Belgium is happy and contented with her lot." It was pure philanthropy, in short, and the King intimated that he was willing to spend his money freely in the great work of saving the natives of the Congo from exploitation by unscrupulous adventurers; and at the same time for guaranteeing to all the world the interior of Central Africa as a free-trade market in which they would all have a fair field and no favor. An International Association was formed for the exploration and civilization of Central Africa with King Leopold as president. The association was international in name but Belgian in reality.

For the first two years very little was done, but when the American Mr. Stanley arrived from his exploration of the Congo the King saw an opportunity for giving practical effect to the designs over which he had been brooding since the formation of the association. His first idea seems to have been to create an independent confederacy of free negroes with himself as President. He was careful to deny that he contemplated turning it into a Belgian colony. Far be it

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of Mr. Stead's papers on the Money Kings of the World.

*On this question there prevails the most extraordinary, and indeed almost inexplicable, conflict of opinion. While the British Chambers of Commerce, the British Aborigines Protective Society and the Belgium Socialists agree in declaring that the rule of the King in the *domaine privé* has produced the most ghastly atrocities, King Leopold has among his officials and friends those who describe him as an angel of light spreading civilization and peace throughout the heart of the Dark Continent. Mr. F. D. Morel, whose book upon the Affairs of West Africa has just been published in London, vigorously sustains the indictment against the King and declares: "The Congo State must be called to account for its crimes against civilization; for its outrage upon humanity; for the unparalleled and irreparable mischief it has committed." On the other hand, Sir H. Gilzean-Reid writes me in praise of the King in terms which would hardly be too strong if used concerning the Archangel Gabriel. So far as I can judge the weight of evidence is not in favor of the contention of Sir H. Gilzean-Reid.

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from him to dream of such an evil ambition. What he wanted was the establishment of a powerful negro kingdom. The title was then changed from "International Association" to the "International Congo Association." It concluded what were called treaties with various tribes on the Congo Basin, by which it claimed to have acquired territory which to the American Government it professed to be acquired for the use and benefit of free States established and being established. The American Government recognized the United States of the Congo Association as an independent State.

This was immediately followed by a conference summoned by Prince Bismarck which met at Berlin in November, 1884, and sat till February, 1885, by which the European Powers followed the lead of the United States and recognized Leopold as Sovereign of the Congo Free State on various conditions, the first of which was that no import duties should be established at the mouth of the Congo for twenty years. As nothing was said of export duties the King gradually imposed taxes on exports varying from five to seventeen and one-half per cent. The King also promised that the State should grant no monopoly or privilege in matters of trade, and should watch over the welfare of the natives. This to the outside world was represented as the original purpose which the King had in view from the first. Territory covering a million square miles in Africa was to be reclaimed for civilization. The natives were to be protected from slave-traders, and blessed with a free government in which they should be Christianized and civilized as fast as the missionaries and traders could reach them. Above all, the whole region was to be open to all nations, who were to be allowed to compete freely with each other unfettered by hostile tariffs, and guaranteed against all competition by the State, which had voluntarily foresworn all right to trade on its own ground and was pledged to do so by the terms of the Berlin Conference.

Five months after the Berlin Conference closed the King issued the famous decree which is the foundation of his fortunes. By this he asserted rights of proprietorship over all vacant lands throughout the whole million square miles forming the Congo State. Then, by a series of subsequent decrees, all lands were declared to be vacant except those upon which the natives were actually sitting in their villages or cultivating as farms. It was asserted that by this means 800,000 square miles became the property of the State, being known as the *domaine privé*, which became a great field for the exploitation of Africa. The King's first great war was that which he waged against the half-caste Arabs of the Upper Congo. They had a monopoly of the ivory trade in that region and being slave-traders they were fair game. The King enlisted, armed and drilled his cannibals, with whose aid and that of the slaves made over to him by the conquered tribes he cleared out the Arabs, and got the ivory trade into his own hands. This operation lasted two years, from 1892 to 1894. Before that campaign had been begun the King had applied to the Powers in 1885 to release him from the obligation not to impose import duties, on the ground that the expense of putting down slave-trading had exhausted his resources. The representatives of the Powers met again in Brussels in 1889-1890 and permitted him to impose a duty of ten per cent. ad valorem upon all imports into the Congo. There was no doubt that up to this time the King had often been hard pressed for money. He had either invested himself or secured the investment of £500,000 before the recognition of the Congo as an international State. This, according to Mr. Stanley, he had given free of return, without any hope of return further than a mere sentimental satisfaction.

The Artful Veiling of a Sinister Purpose

In 1889, four years after the Berlin Act which is the charter of the Congo State, he made a will bequeathing to the Belgian nation all his sovereign rights in the State, and all the advantages attached to that sovereignty. In return for this Belgium advanced £200,000 at once to the Congo State, and promised a subsidy of £40,000 a year for the next ten years without interest. The King on his part promised that he would borrow no more money, and that at the end of ten years Belgium should be free to take over the State. Notwithstanding this promise the King, being in straits in 1895, borrowed £20,000 from the Bank of Antwerp. The King from his privy purse subsidized the Congo State to the extent of £40,000 a year. Notwithstanding all these subsidies and loans the Congo State has never down to the present day been able to make both ends meet. The deficit, however, was small, and it was abundantly met by the profits which the King made by exploiting the ivory and rubber of his *domaine privé*. The King was much too shrewd to go into the business in his own name. He only collected taxes in kind, which he did by the aid of his agents, who employed the armed forces of the State in compelling the natives to bring in a stipulated quantity of rubber and ivory. He issued a series of decrees carefully calculated to place the native population and all its belongings absolutely at his disposition. The natives were forbidden, in 1891, to kill any elephants unless they brought their tusks to the officers of the Congo State; in 1892 they were forbidden to collect any rubber unless they brought it to the officers of the Congo State; and all merchants receiving either rubber or ivory from the natives were denounced as receivers of stolen goods. By this means the State which had abjured all monopolies established a monopoly of the strictest kind.

In the collection of the rubber the greatest atrocities were habitually committed. The King's agents were officially instructed to devote all their energy to the harvesting of rubber and to proceed as far as possible by persuasion rather than by force. The methods of "persuasion" in many cases were said to have been more worthy of Bashi-bazouks in Turkey than of the representatives of a civilized and Christian association acting under the direct orders of the most Christian King, Leopold II. But grave as were the cruelties charged against the commissaires and direct agents of the State, they are thrown into the shade by the atrocities which are alleged against the agents of the commercial companies to which the King farmed out the exploitation of his *domaine privé*.

Evidence on these points thrives in abundance, but it is somewhat discredited by the fact that it comes in the most cases from ex-officials who, according to the employees of the King, having been dismissed, avenge themselves by calumniating their former employer. It is, however, difficult to believe that they would calumniate themselves even to spite the King.

The Jigger of Central Africa

It is hardly a sufficient answer to such accusations to say that the system which produces these atrocities has been financially most successful. No one pretends that the Congo State pays a dividend or avoids a deficit. But the companies which it has started and in whose shares it holds a fifty per cent. interest have been extraordinarily successful. It is in the creation of these companies that the financial genius of the King has been so conspicuous. The Congo State is like that well-known but most detested insect, the jigger, which burrows beneath the toe-nails. The jigger itself would do little harm. But the jigger no sooner makes its way through the skin than it proceeds to lay hundreds of eggs from which are hatched one of the most pain-producing of animated mechanisms, which if not checked will destroy the whole toe. King Leopold is the Jigger of Central Africa; the joint-stock companies to which he has farmed out the *domaine privé* are his eggs. It is they who do the mischief. They suck the life-blood of the natives. He exacts only fifty per cent. of their takings.

These eggs of the Belgian Jigger are five in number, in four of which the Congo State either holds shares or is entitled to fifty per cent. of the profits. In the fifth the Congo State is entitled to two-thirds of the profits.

These companies have been enormously successful. The Antwerp Society has a capital of $340,000 divided into 3400 $100 shares, of which the State—that is to say, the King—possesses 1700. Its net profits for four years (1897-1900) averaged no less than $360,000, a profit of more than 100 per cent. It is not surprising therefore that the value of the $100 share in 1900 had risen to $2700. Had the King sold out his 1700 shares in these years he would have made a profit of over $4,000,000. But the Antwerp Company is but one of the five. The market value in 1901 of the King's share in the Abir Company stood at $5,000,000. Notwithstanding the profits made by the companies to whom he has farmed out the right to exploit the riches of the *domaine privé* he succeeded in inducing the Belgian Government in 1901 to renew for another ten years its mortgage of $5,000,000. The proposal made that the territories of the Congo State should become the property of Belgium was indignantly rejected by the King, who threatened to ruin the State unless he were relieved from the pledge he had voluntarily given ten years before. The State therefore continues in his hands, and the companies are going on farming its resources, and will go on as long as they can exact any rubber or ivory from the people for whose protection they are supposed to exist.

According to the statements of many officers and missionaries the natives are regarded by the agents of the companies, and to a less degree by the representatives of the King, as taxable cattle and rubber collectors. The *modus operandi* by which they are induced to bring in the stipulated quantum of rubber is very simple. A village is ordered to produce so many baskets of rubber. If on delivery the baskets are not up to the requisite weight, or if only half the natives attend with rubber, a punitive force is sent out to burn down the village, and teach the defaulters to be more punctual, by inflicting capital punishment upon all who can be found within range of the King's rifles. As the troops employed in thus enforcing discipline and collecting taxes are to a large extent recruited from the cannibal tribes they usually better their instructions. Officers who have been employed in the State have borne public testimony to the fact that the bodies of natives slain and mutilated in such expeditions have been served out for food to the cannibals. This has been constantly asserted and often indignantly denied. Cannibalism, however, although a disgusting practice against which the gorge of civilized mankind rises, is not to be compared as a producer of human suffering to the other practices by which alone the stipulated supply of rubber can be extorted from the natives. A conference has been held this year at the Mansion House calling upon the Powers to annul the charter of the Congo State which was renewed by the Belgian Parliament in 1901. Innumerable articles have appeared in the newspapers and periodicals denouncing the conduct of the King and the system of forced labor indistinguishable from slavery that forms the basis of the prosperity of the Congo companies. Of course, the friends of the King maintain that this is only a movement to bear stocks which are at present standing at a very high figure. The $100 shares of the Congo Railway are quoted in the market at $2000. The Anglo-Belgian India-Rubber Company has paid a dividend of 100 per cent., and the dividends of the other companies vary from 30 to 80 per cent.

But even when all allowances are made for natural prejudice and trade rivalry it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the Congo State has been much more successful as a financial enterprise than as an institution for civilizing Central Africa.

The King has invested first and last about five million dollars in floating and subsidizing the parent enterprise. Upon this sum he has not received a penny dividend. But under the cover of this benevolent investment of $5,000,000 professedly spent to secure the open door to open up Africa to the free trade of all nations, he has created monopolies covering a million square miles of territory, reserving to himself a minimum of fifty per cent. of their profits. As the market value of the shares of these monopolies according to the Stock Exchange quotations of 1900 was, in two out of the five companies thus formed, over $18,000,000, the operation from the point of view of the financier must be pronounced a brilliant success. King Leopold is not a world-wide operator. He sticks to his own little patch of a million square miles. But in that small corner of the world he has won his crown as one of the most ruthless and successful of the Money Kings of the modern world.

The Most Useful Tree

OF ALL forest trees the eucalyptus is the most beneficial to mankind. The list of useful articles it furnishes to the world is almost incredible.

It is predicted by the United States Bureau of Forestry that within a few years the different varieties of eucalypts will solve the fuel problem, both in America and Europe. In the rapidity and hardiness of its growth this tree has no equal. Five years from the time of planting, groves raised from seedlings will yield seventy-five cords of stove wood an acre. Three to five years from the time of cutting, sprouts that spring from the stumps mature into trees that produce more cords to the acre than the original growth. Repeated cuttings add to the thriftiness of the eucalyptus. A period of twenty-five years will develop trees the size of oaks known to be three hundred years old. In some sections of the Southwest where oak has been nearly exhausted as fuel the eucalyptus is taking its place.

Some varieties thrive in tropical swamps; others flourish in the mountain snows far above the timber-line. To every degree of climate and condition between these extremes some species from this prolific genus is adapted. Scientists have demonstrated that eucalypts have a wonderful effect upon climate. From some of the swampy areas of Italy malaria has been banished by the growth of eucalyptus groves. This is due both to the tonic and medicinal effect of its aroma and to the tree's phenomenal capacity for absorbing water.

Notwithstanding the latter trait, however, some varieties of the blue gum will thrive on arid plains. Soil on which not even cactus will live will produce great eucalyptus trees.

The genus is invaluable as a source of timber. The uses it is put to in this regard are amazingly diverse. In Australia it is used extensively in the construction of ships, buildings, bridges, vehicles, agricultural implements, furniture, barrels, and hundreds of minor articles.

Faultless hardwood logs over two hundred feet long, twelve feet in diameter at the top and thirty feet in diameter at the base, are hewn from giant eucalypts.

It is one of the most durable of hard woods. This is a remarkable fact when the celerity of its growth is considered. In repairing a decayed pier at Santa Barbara, California, it was found that a few piles were perfectly sound. Examination disclosed that they had been hewn from eucalyptus trees.

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THE OPTION

THE STORY OF A PIRATE AND A PURITAN, A DEAL IN REAL ESTATE AND ONE IN ROMANCE

By George Hibbard

"THESE business men and these business ways," mourned Miss Julia Burnham, gazing for sympathy at her most intimate friend, Miss Brown, "and these commonplace business days!"

The most intimate friend, as she was in duty bound, looked her deep commiseration.

"No picturesqueness—no romance," complained Miss Burnham. "Nothing mysterious, nothing dramatic—nothing. It isn't fair for a girl to have to live now when nothing interesting can happen to her."

"What do you want?" asked the most intimate friend with the most flattering willingness to be instructed.

"I want some color in life—some incident—something that has some significance. But what can you expect when all the men you know think nothing but business—do nothing but business—and are nothing but business men. A girl wants to try the man who wins her—to be sure that he has at least some imagination—is capable of the finer feelings. That, in short, he is going to be able to appreciate her if there is anything in her to appreciate."

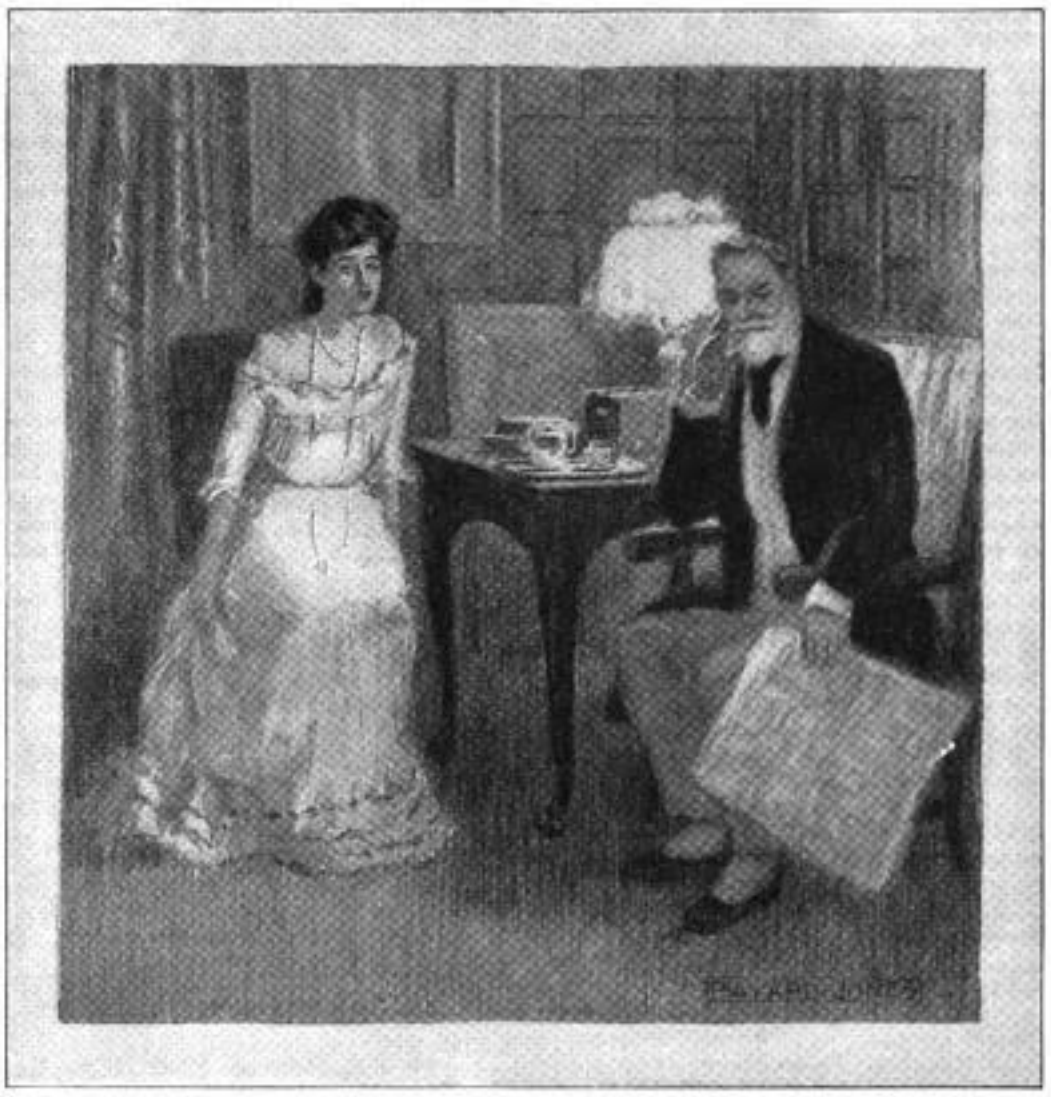
"But," remonstrated Miss Brown a little timidly in the face of such vigorous denunciation, "it isn't any worse here than in other places."

"I'm complaining of that. I'm speaking generally," Miss Burnham announced grandly. "It's so everywhere nowadays. Why, presently a man will get married quite as he eats his luncheon—just a hurried bite between two 'deals.' I'm not sure but it's that way now."

Miss Burnham wrinkled her pretty brow and glanced disconsolately out of the large library window over the spreading lawn down the drive to the great stone pillars where the wrought-iron gates hung open. Indeed her lot had been a most comfortably uncomfortable one. Never to have known a want without finding immediate gratification had resulted in a monotony that was distressing. To have had nothing but pleasant things as a daily portion had ended by making the days somewhat insipid. To have love made to her—without undue excitement—by many unexceptionable young men with whom she was perfectly at liberty to fall in love if she pleased, and to any one of whom she might even have been married without the slightest opposition, was to have the course of true love run so smoothly as to deprive it of a great deal of interest.

From the time that she had gone to her first dancing school she could not remember anything more nearly approaching a crisis than that she should be obliged to decide to which of two or more dinners she should go or with whom of two or more men she should dance a cotillon. For Miss Burnham had been the most praised and admired young woman in the large Lake city from the time she had appeared upon Alaska Avenue in her perambulator until this hour when she drove her high trap up and down it. The position of Amos Burnham—her father—president of the First National Bank, director in the Surety Trust Company, partner in the firm of Burnham, Holt & Co., and with an egg in almost every local financial basket, had at the beginning a great deal to do with her prominence. The envious—and they were singularly few—said that this was everything. But the truth was that Miss Julia Burnham's setting had very little more to do with her success than the frame with the picture. She would have won recognition and commanded admiration anywhere. She was very pretty, quick-witted, and though somewhat petulant and something spoiled, possessed of a kindly heart which led her easily to respect the prejudices of others and made her glad to be of service to them.

But this was by no means the way that she thought of herself. Her own estimate of her own character led her to consider that she was embittered by the world and cynical in the extreme. This was her only refuge and consolation in the intolerable flatness of things. So she sighed as she looked out of the window—displeased with the splendid Burnham house, displeased with even Amos Burnham himself, whom she considered a most prosaically excellent and successful person; dissatisfied with Fred Northup, the young man who was demanding her attention at that moment. How could anything "interesting" arise with the president of a bank and an active young real-estate agent and operator?



"BUT, PAPA, WHAT WERE YOU DOING?" SHE ASKED

She sighed as she sat that evening with Amos Burnham in the library while he sipped his after-dinner coffee.

"What is it, Julia?" he asked. "Can't make up your mind whether you're in love or not?"

There was a directness about her father's utterances that Julia could not help feel at times was very trying.

"Nonsense," she answered with some asperity. "It's just because everything is so tiresome."

"I know," said Burnham; "you'd like to have us all in top boots and plumed hats—a pretty figure I'd cut that way—slashing at one another when we weren't stabbing one another in the back."

"Now, you know, papa, I'm not so foolish as that."

"Aren't you satisfied with having a pirate for a father?" he growled pleasantly.

"A pirate!" she exclaimed with interest.

"That's what I'm called—even here in this newspaper," he replied. "A pirate, a shark and a good many more things."

"Really," cried Julia, brightening up, "I don't see what they can mean, but it doesn't sound commonplace."

"Oh, I'm not commonplace," Burnham assured her. "And as for the names, I've had to take a good many hard knocks in my time and given some back, so that there's naturally hard feeling."

"And have you given—hard knocks?" Julia asked.

"I've given as good as I've got every time," answered Burnham grimly.

"But just in business," she complained. "There's nothing interesting about that."

"I don't know what you call interesting," he went on.

"Nothing to give the imagination a chance," she pursued.

"Imagination!" he exclaimed. "There's as much of it in business as there is in poetry. I've had to imagine things or I couldn't accomplish them, only what I imagined turned out in dollars, not words."

"Then," she said hopelessly, "there's nothing dramatic about it. Why, there's as little chance for being involved in a plot in my life as in going downtown in a trolley car."

"Well," said Burnham, "I'd be bothered about these ideas of yours if I didn't know that you'd got some sense really. But there's interest and picturesqueness and all that, I can tell you, in business. Now take this new steel plant. Isn't that something to set you thinking? Half a dozen of us get together and in no time at all there springs up a town with streets and houses, and people in them. What's there to equal that in your romances—not to say your fairy tales?"

Julia looked pensively in the fire and admitted that it really sounded attractive.

"Where are your conspirators or even your magicians after that?" said Burnham warmly. "There's something real and practical."

"I know that the whole place is talking of it," she said. "Fred Northup said something about it to me the other day."

"Oh, Fred Northup did, did he?" asked Burnham abruptly. "You know him pretty well—see him pretty often—talk a good deal to him, don't you?"

"I take a great interest in him," said Julia with stately dignity. "And he tells me about himself and I advise him."

"You do?" said Burnham thoughtfully.

"But, oh!" cried Julia suddenly, "how can a girl be interested in a man leading such a life? A real-estate agent! Could anything be more prosaic?"

"Umph!" murmured Burnham meditatively.

"Of course, I know," Julia continued, "that he's what they call very active and enterprising, but even if he were a hero what chance could there be for him to show that he had any sensitiveness—that he was capable of loving a girl in the right way?"

A pause followed as Julia stared moodily before her.

"Ah," said Burnham wearily, "I'm tired. Tramping about the river-banks has nearly worn me out."

"Where?" asked Julia in astonishment.

"Down by the river with Dempsey at five o'clock this morning."

"Five o'clock!" cried Julia in amazement. "With Mr. Dempsey!"

"None of your conspirators could be making an earlier start than that," chuckled Burnham; "and if you had seen us you'd have thought that we were outlaws or brigands, or something that would have pleased you."

"But, papa, what were you doing?" she asked.

"I really felt like an outcast myself," he went on, "splashing about in the mud and reeds of the river."

"Papa!" cried his amazed daughter.

"I tell you down there it was lonely at that time."

Julia was gazing at her father in wide-eyed surprise when a servant entered.

"Mr. Northup," the man announced.

"I remember," she said as she sprang up; "he said that he was coming."

Burnham coughed strangely and violently.

"I think I've really taken a cold," he went on dolorously, "in those river-swamps. You might come back here when he is gone."

"I will," she cried. "What a cough you have. Sha'n't I have them send for Doctor Eaton?"

"No-no!" Burnham answered decisively. "Only come back."

"I will," she said, "just as soon as I can."

The long drawing-room was almost dark—its size being so great that the light at one end had but little strength at the other. When Julia suggested that there might be more illumination Northup objected.

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"But can't you understand people better when you see them?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied; "but then darkness brings a certain confidence and one speaks more confidentially, so one comes to know people better in that way, too."

"I didn't think that you were affected by such things," she replied. "I'm sure that whether two business men were talking in the dark or the light wouldn't make any difference."

"I don't know even that," he said.

"And, of course," she went on with meaning, "there is nothing else but business."

"We're not talking business—now."

"You'd like to do it," she replied laughing.

"Do you really believe," he asked earnestly, "that I think of nothing but business?"

"I believe," she answered, "that it is much the most important thing—that you'd never let anything stand in its way—that you'd never make it subservient to anything."

"Don't you know me better than that?" he asked reproachfully, and she could feel that he was looking at her intently.

"No, I don't," she answered rather defiantly.

"But I talk to you."

"I suppose that you consider me as a vacation—a well-earned rest; but I feel that, after all, your mind is really on business. I can see how preoccupied you are to-night."

"There's a matter of great importance—for me—that is coming up for decision to-morrow. Eckert, my partner, and I hold an option on two pieces of land, and before twelve o'clock to-morrow we must decide whether to close up or to get out."

"There!" she cried in triumph, "even while you were talking to me you've been thinking of that."

"It means so much to me," he pleaded. "Fortune—at least enough to give me a start to make one. It means to be able to——"

"But it's business," she said hastily, discerning danger. "So prosaic and so uninspiring! And, oh, I am very sorry, but I am going to send you away. Papa isn't well to-night and I must go back to him."

"Really," said Northup. "He looked remarkably well this afternoon."

"Fancy a man of his age doing what he did," she exclaimed. "Going at five o'clock this morning with Mr. Dempsey and wading about in the marshes down by the river. I shall certainly scold him."

"By the river! With Dempsey!" said Northup quickly. "At five this morning!"

"Yes," she answered. "Did you ever hear of such a thing? Really, ought not I to take care of him a little better?"

"No," said Northup musingly; "no. You may be quite sure he can take care of himself. And you are certain about the river?" he insisted.

"How strange you are!" she said. "But I know that it must astonish you and I can understand that you cannot believe it. Good-night; I'm going to send you away now. I wish you could stay——"

"And talk business?"

"You admit that you do?"

"Yes," he answered boldly, "what is the greatest business of my life."

As he gathered up his hat and coat and stick from the carved chair in the hall, went out through the door that the servant held open for him, descended the broad flight of steps and passed down the walk by the side of the drive to the street, he was absolutely unconscious of all that he did. He was thinking so intently that when he found himself on the sidewalk he still held his hat in his hand. He crushed it down on his head and started forward with quick, nervous steps without heed, however, to the direction in which he was going.

Was he to find in what he had just heard the answer to the problem that had been tormenting him all day, and not only all day but for many days and nights? Did not the information conveyed by Julia settle everything? With a feeling of sudden relief and exultation he hurried on. There need be no more doubt. He could feel sure now what course to pursue.

For the past year the formation of the Sacinac Steel Company had been the most important matter in the business of the town. When men met at the club this was the subject upon which the talk ran; after every dinner when the men were left alone the topic was the one that inevitably came up. At first the question as to whether the undertaking was really to be put through was largely discussed; later when this was assured the place of building was the matter constantly under consideration. As the city lay, where the river flowed out of the Great Lake, there were two possible places for the company to go: on the river-bank below the city or on the Lake shore at a spot called Rocky Point. At one of these two places a growing town would immediately spring up, but which it should be no one could tell. And as to the facts no one of the management had given a hint. At the first news of the great undertaking Northup, acting with Eckert, had

"LOSE!" RAGED ECKERT

secured options on two farms near Rocky Point. The option was for four months, and both Northup and Eckert had felt that before that time something definite must be known that would enable them to decide what to do. But the weeks and months had passed and as yet nothing had come out that had made it possible for them to reach a conclusion.

On the following day at twelve the option expired. For hours during the past morning Eckert and himself had discussed the pros and cons. Should they close with the owners and take the property they would, if the company went to the river-bank, be saddled with several hundred acres of ordinary farming land. If they let it go and the Steel people should come to Rocky Point the chances of a possible small fortune would be lost.

This was the proposition that had confronted Northup and his partner for weeks and still confronted them. And now —— No one was more thoroughly in the secrets of the Steel Company than Amos Burnham. Indeed no one more fully directed its policy. And Northup had heard that at the unusual hour of five in the morning he had been prowling about the river-banks accompanied by Dempsey, the company's engineer, the man who would have all the planning of the future plant. Of course Burnham had gone at that absurd time to escape notice. Of course if he did that it was because the steel plant was going on the river. There could be no doubt about this. The attempted concealment made all certain.

By the time Northup had reached this conclusion he had arrived at the "Front"—the low bluff, a part of the Park system, overlooking the Lake. He stood gazing over the black waters to the distinct line of the horizon made by the softer darkness of the sky. The brisk breeze swept over him exhilaratingly, and he turned first to the right where the river rolled swiftly away and then to the left, looking over the gleaming lights of the city to the distant hills of the Lake shore. At last he knew what was to be done. And yet at the moment he turned away he felt a sudden uncomfortable qualm. What had caused it he could not at first tell. He felt rather the coming of future doubt than doubt itself. Then suddenly he was brought to a realization of the fact which had lain dormant in his mind all the time and had now started up and demanded recognition. Impatiently he struck the ashes from the cigar that he was smoking.

He knew at last the fact that would give him what he wanted.

But how did he know it?

From the lips of a young girl speaking unconsciously and in the freedom of a friendship so precious to him. Without knowing what she was doing she had given him information that was of inestimable value. This had been done, though, in her ignorance of business, in her girlish simplicity, and should—could—he take advantage of it? If she had understood the situation she would never have said what she did, and could he profit by her lack of knowledge? To take advantage of the chance that accident had thrown in his way would undoubtedly enable him to save a goodly sum of money. He needed it. He needed it for the accomplishment of his plans—needed it for the winning of the girl herself. And Eckert!

Was not he entitled to consideration? If he were not willing to avail himself of the information ought he not to take what advantage was to be gained from it on Eckert's account?

The reasoning was specious and for a moment Northup was almost convinced by it. But if he was willing to lose his own larger investment in the venture, was he obliged to tell the other? No; even duty to a partner did not justify a dishonorable or even a questionable act. Julia Burnham had spoken to him as a person having no interest in the affair, and self-respect compelled him to behave as if he were what she thought him. He must carefully separate the Northup who held this option on the Rocky Point lands from the Northup who was Julia Burnham's friend.

He turned toward the city and paced slowly back. He could not quite free himself from the fear that he was allowing himself to be unduly scrupulous. All would laugh at him, he knew. Amos Burnham himself, he felt sure, would be one of the first. Suppose that he were not in love with Julia, would the requirements of the situation be the same? In a moment his judgment—his taste, told him that they would be. And yet, from the point of view of the every-day business world, was he not too particular—making too fine distinctions for practical life? He inhaled the smoke from the cigar and blew it forth impatiently in a thick cloud and tramped on sullenly. To be silent would assuredly be business folly. In the day he would certainly see that. His mood now was the result of his sight of Julia—the creation of the stillness and the darkness. All would be different, he told himself, in the daytime, downtown, with the stir of active business life about him.

Eckert noticed Northup's restlessness as he faced him in the private office, but was not surprised by it. He readily ascribed it to doubt as to the decision that must be immediately made.

"It'll soon be the hour," he said, looking at his watch.

"What are you going to do?" asked Northup doggedly.

"What are *you* going to do?" Eckert demanded sharply. "I don't see but that you're in this even more than I am."

"Suppose I asked you to decide?" Northup said slowly.

"Decide!" exclaimed Eckert, "I've no more to go on than you have. I've been hunting everywhere and I can't get any inside information. The way those fellows have kept the thing dark is a caution. Some of them must want to buy themselves. They haven't let out anything on which a man can reach a judgment."

"They've certainly tried not to do it," answered Northup uncertainly.

"I haven't any more reason for following one course than the other. It's just a toss-up. Shall we close with them or let this go?"

"It's just as you say," Northup answered sullenly.

"What's the matter?" cried Eckert. "I've never seen you like this before. Generally you've a mind of your own and something to spare."

"*You* say what is to be done," insisted Northup desperately.

"Somebody's got to say something," Eckert retorted as he glanced at the telephone. "And pretty quick, too. I'd better call them up and tell them we're coming. If I can tell them what we are going to do at the same time so much the better. There aren't many minutes left."

"I can't say," Northup answered; "I leave it entirely to you. Do what you think best."

"You mean you won't," said Eckert angrily.

"Yes," said Northup firmly. "I mean that I won't if you'll have it that way."

Eckert turned away from the telephone.

"What shall I say?" he demanded.

Northup was silent.

"Have you lost your mind or your nerve?" Eckert asked.

"Do what you please," Northup called, moving toward the door as if to escape.

"I've got to," said Eckert in dismay as he took up the receiver. "Give me Huron 1232." He turned toward Northup, who stood by the door. "Can't you speak?"

"No," said Northup with a short laugh; "that's just what I can't do."

"Yes!" called Eckert through the telephone. "Is that you? Is that you, Mr. Beesley? I'm going to come to see you. What are we going to do? I'll tell you when I come," he fairly shouted. "I'll be there for the final arrangements."

As Eckert turned away from the instrument the door closed and he found that he was alone.

Late that night Northup sat in the office-like library of his bachelor apartment. During almost the entire evening he had walked the floor and it was with real weariness that he had thrown himself into a chair. The hour was so advanced that little was moving in the street and the house was absolutely still. He was surprised, therefore, to hear a sudden step in the hall and a hasty knock at his door. As he called

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out, Eckert burst into the room. He was in evening dress and in his impetuosity a flower fell from the buttonhole of his coat. That he was too excited for utterance was manifest and he stood for a moment silent before Northup, struggling with his feelings.

"What did you mean?" he gasped at length. "Know the whole thing and let me do what I did—know that they were going to put the plant on the river and let me take the land at Rocky Point. *What do you mean, I say?"

"You have evidently heard something," observed Northup, who had regained his composure.

"I have—in a queer way," Eckert responded, "but I've heard it. I've just come from calling on Miss Brown."

"Oh!" exclaimed Northup with meaning.

"On Miss Brown," repeated Eckert with apparently increased anger. "She told me what Miss Burnham had told her—how old Burnham has been spending his mornings. It also came out that Miss Burnham was much impressed by your interest and spoke to her friend about it. Now you must have known—must have seen that after that there was no more chance of the company's going to Rocky Point than to the moon. And yet you've let us take this land that's only good to raise potatoes. How do you explain it?"

"Simply I didn't like to use—couldn't use, in fact—information obtained in that way."

"Why didn't you tell me not to do this?" thundered Eckert.

"As I say," replied Northup quietly, "I couldn't put Miss Burnham in the place of an unconscious spy on her father."

"You're a fool," cried Eckert. "You're every kind of a fool!"

"Perhaps," answered Northup. "That's the way I have looked at it at times myself."

"And with your Quixotic nonsense we've got the land on our hands. It's a white elephant."

"Still, I suppose that a white elephant has some value. We can't lose much at the price we gave."

"Lose!" raged Eckert. "Not lose much! To lose anything's the point! When we bought only to make all there was a chance of making! When we don't want it! When it ties up the money! And all for your folly—your idiocy."

"Call me all the names you like," said Northup. "I've called myself the same. But still, I couldn't do it. I confess that I tried, but I couldn't. It seemed like sneaking spoons off the Burnham table."

"It isn't business," complained Eckert.

"I don't suppose it is," responded Northup, "but it was what seemed to me—decent."

"Since when have you had such ideas?" sneered the other.

"I hope I've always had them, and that I shall always. See here, it isn't as if I didn't lose as much as you do."

"Oh, you've paid the price of your nonsense, I admit."

"Well, then! Would you have had me read a letter of Burnham's if it had fallen into my hands and I knew that it contained the information that we wanted? This is very much the same thing, to my mind."

"He'd be the first to tell you that you had been an idiot."

"Perhaps—yes," said Northup; "but that is irrelevant."

"Well," exclaimed the other, gazing in amazement at his partner, "you beat me!"

He stood for a moment in silence, then flung himself impatiently out of the room as if undecided what to do—as if unable even to decide just what to think.

On the following evening Julia again occupied the big chair in the library on the other side of the fireplace from her father. Generally at this time, as he drank his coffee, she regaled him with the doings of the day, but on this occasion she sat with her chin in her hand and gazed silently and pensively at the leaping blaze.

"What is it?" Burnham asked, unaccustomed to such quiescence in his impetuous daughter.

"I've made a discovery," she said.

"Ah," he murmured comfortably.

"I've found out that I've made a mistake."

"And it's rather given you a set-back," he chuckled. "Well, my dear, we all make mistakes, and such is our confidence in our own absolute wisdom that it rather has that effect on all of us."

"Do you remember," she asked, "that I complained the other night about business and business men? I said that it destroyed the finer feelings if a man ever had any, and that anyway a business man never had the chance to show them."

"Yes," assented her father.

"Very well," she went on, speaking with greater swiftness, "I find I'm wrong. Completely wrong. I've just learnt of something as high-minded, as delicate-minded as anything in romance."

"Who's the man?" asked Burnham placidly.

"It's Mr. Northup," she answered readily.

"Northup?" Burnham repeated, looking up more interestedly.

"Do you remember what you told me about being down on the river-bank at five in the morning—and my being afraid that you would have a cold, which I was surprised to find that you didn't have at all the next morning?"

"Yes," said her father.

"Well," she went on, "I didn't know that it meant anything, and I told Mr. Northup."

"You did?" said Burnham, his eyes twinkling and the corners of his mouth twitching. "Ah!"

"I find that it meant a great deal. That with a Mr. Eckert he had an option, as it is called, on a great deal of land near a place called Rocky Point. If the Steel Company went there they would make a good deal of money."

"And you told him," said Burnham, laughing loudly.

"Yes," she answered. "And now I find that your being where you were that morning meant that the plant was going on the river. That the land at Rocky Point had no value."

(Concluded on Page 30)

Courage and Cowardice Afloat

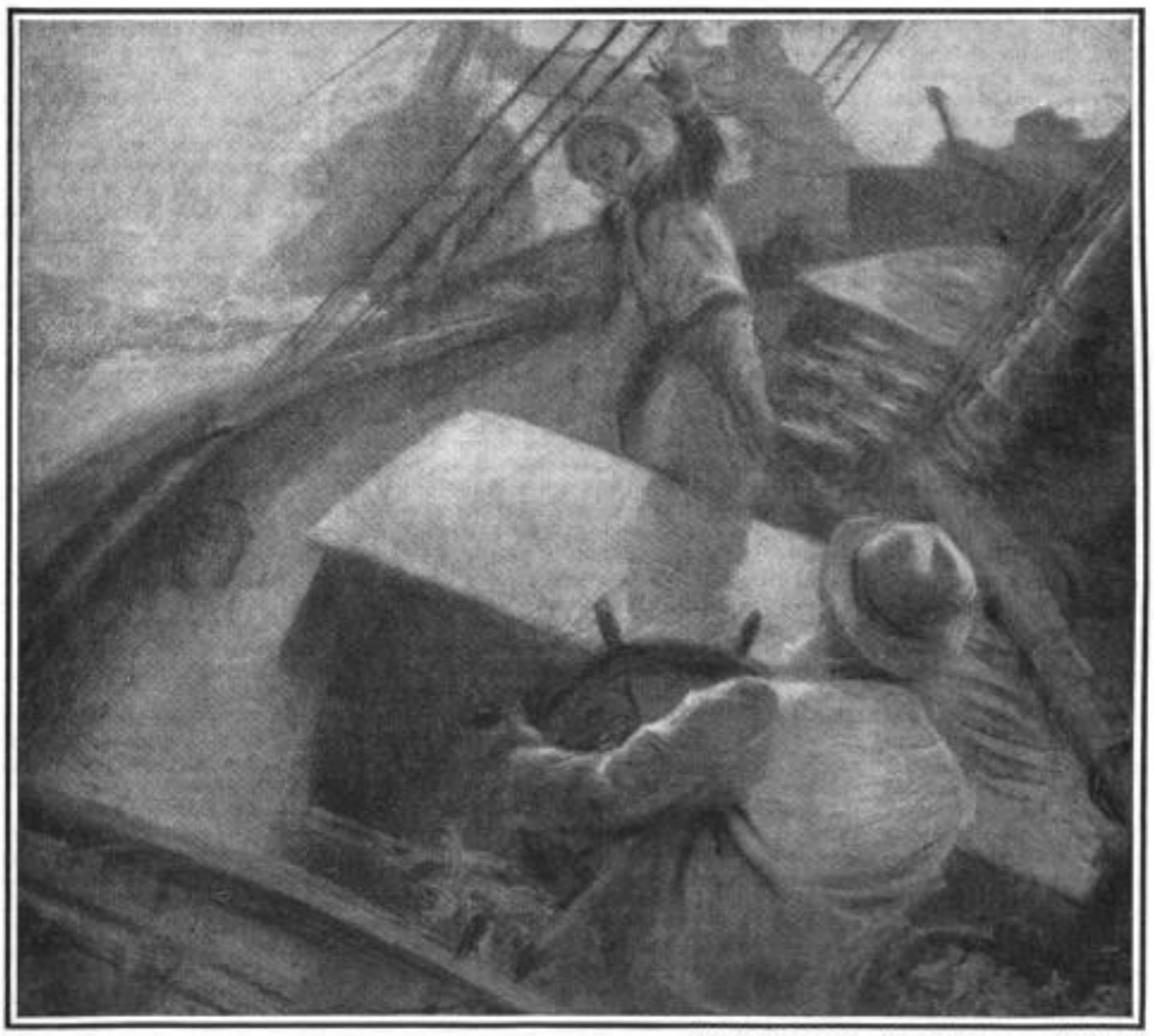
By MORGAN ROBERTSON

COURAGE BORROWED AND COURAGE BORN. THE COURAGE OF THE CAPTAIN WHO GOES DOWN WITH HIS SHIP AND OF THE SAILOR WHO STANDS BY FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

A LARGE majority of people, if called upon for an opinion, would unhesitatingly declare that sailors possess courage, basing their belief upon the known dangers of a life at sea. They would aver that a man who, voyage after voyage, trusts his life to frail plank and rotting rope could not be a coward, no matter what the form that danger may take. Yet they read, occasionally, of a whole crew of sailors meekly submitting to ill-treatment from officers that would rouse ordinary men to fury, and, less frequently, of disgraceful panic in time of wreck that would not be predicated of school children; and reading thus they wonder what manner of sailors were these.

But there is nothing in the apparent incongruity to cause wonder. The man who will quietly accept a knock-down from an officer is the same man who will—provided he is really a sailor—lie out on an icy foot-rope with the ship rolling yardarms under in the effort to save some rags of canvas for the owner, and who will volunteer to man an oar in a tumultuous sea that has brought menace of death to others no weaker than himself. The reason is that his courage—or the brand of courage that he uses at sea—is acquired; and the kind that may be born in him, which would impel him to resent a knock-down on shore, and which most people recognize as the real and only courage, he reserves for use in the watch below, or retires from its place as useless in his business—provided, again, that he is a sailor. Many a master spirit in forecastle friction plays a lesser part in the work on deck and aloft.

Courage is popularly considered as of two kinds, moral and physical. A better classification is temperamental and acquired; for the moral kind and the physical kind may be born in a man, and if not, may be acquired. Or, if one is inherent and the other absent in a man's nature, circumstances may suppress the kind in evidence and create and develop the kind that is absent; and it is also possible that circumstances may be such as utterly to crush the spirit of a natural-born master of men, and at the same time develop in a mental and physical weakling forces that will make him a hero. An illustration of this is an experiment once made by a dog-fancier with an inquiring mind, who selected two of a litter of bull terriers—of brute and human creation the highest endowed with inherent physical courage—alike in markings, habits and disposition, and sequestered them. When of fighting weight and age he put them to battle with their kind. One he placed before an antagonist whom he could surely conquer, the other before one who would surely conquer him. Of course, the victorious brother remained sprightly and optimistic, while the other was subdued and deferential. Carefully judging of breed, pedigree and record the owner selected antagonists for his dogs to the end that one might always win and the other always lose, and



"LAND HO-O-O-O! HARD UP YOUR WHEEL!"

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before either dog had passed the prime of canine life had developed the favored brute into a strenuous creature that would fight a whirling wagon-wheel, and the other into an abject wretch that would not face an angry or frightened cat. Yet these two brutes, born of the same mother, and too low in the organic scale to be influenced by ethical considerations, came into the world equally endowed.

There is a third, or we might say a fifth, kind of courage, much in evidence in all parts of land and sea, eminently practicable while it lasts, but of no permanent or constitutional value—Dutch courage. It can take the place and perform the part of all other kinds, but can be included with none. It stands alone, and while it lives asks little of temperament or experience.

Perhaps the best definition of courage—the most inclusive—ever devised was given by Emerson, who called it "equality to the problem before us." This covers not only temperamental and acquired courage, but the classifications of these known as moral and physical, and almost covers the isolated, but temporarily practical, Dutch courage.

The Sailor's an Acquired Courage

Though the fighting man-of-war's-man may be given a fillip of Dutch courage on the eve of an emergency, the merchant sailor must depend upon his natural forces. Liquor is sometimes served out to sailors, but always when the strain is over, to prevent the physical reaction following an all-night struggle with thrashing canvas. Indeed, there are few emergencies in his life at sea wherein stimulants would aid the sailor, even though they could be foreseen in time. His courage is the courage of endurance, of submission, of devotion to the seafaring ethics. This courage is acquired, step by step, as he learns his trade, and stimulants before a hard drill at shortening sail would not increase it; on the contrary, acting on his usually empty stomach, they would impair his efficiency by rendering him careless, and possibly rousing what he may possess of temperamental courage, which is not of service to himself or the ship.

A temperamentally brave man is out of place in the forecastle. A few there are of such men—reckless, roving and uneducated—who, held by a love of the sea, spend their lives before the mast, continually at swords-points with the mates, deserting at every opportunity and seldom seeing a pay-day; but as a rule, such men, if they do not soon become officers, will dare any poverty and privation ashore to escape the rigors of a life before the mast. Nearly all of the sailors who man the merchant ships of the world are men of initially weak character and very often of initially weak bodily frame, who lack the intelligence, education, ambition or nerve to try their fortunes at a better calling. So they have remained in an environment which kills them, on an average, in twelve years, but develops a strength of body and mind along certain lines that is marvelous to a landsman.

Pulling ropes, scrubbing decks and climbing aloft make up an excellent system of physical culture, and a few years of it, with the necessarily deep breathing of pure air incidental to his exertions, give the sailor a chest expansion and physique that an athlete might envy. And a landsman, observing his massive shoulders and big arms knotted with muscles, and watching him as he dances aloft in the darkness to muzzle by sheer strength a thrashing sail whose flapping can be heard over the roar of the storm, will wonder why this brave man submits to insult and abuse from officers and to robbery from crimps. But an athlete or anatomist might lessen his wonder by pointing out that though his arm is big it is big with the pulling muscles alone: the pushing and striking muscles are but normal; and that though his chest expansion is great there is but little of muscular sheathing to it. A sailor cannot strike a hard straight-out blow, but in a rough-and-tumble fight would have a fair chance with a small-sized bear—provided, of course, that he had enough of temperamental courage to enter the contest.

In this argument no reference is intended to the sailors of the coasting or the Lake trade. These men take to the life because they have the temperamental courage and liking for it, and this courage remains with them, there being nothing in the milder discipline of schooners to take it out of them. They will risk their lives in a tussle with the elements and their skins in a scrap with the mate—and be ready next time. Should they sign in a deep-water ship, however, being intelligent, self-respecting men, the temperamental courage would conflict with the acquired, and they would meet trouble.

Self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and in time of danger the dominant impulse in every human mind is to take the action that will lead to safety; and no temperamental courage ever born in a man will avail him at the last moment of defeat, when the next move is the passage into the Unknown. The courage that will help a man to die is acquired, and who will say that it is not the highest form—far above the temperamental courage of the bulldog who will fight for the love of fighting, and go down to ignominious defeat when the opponent is stronger. The bulldog has his parallel among men—restless, combative, high-spirited souls who eagerly seek and thoroughly enjoy friction with others of their kind or with circumstances. But how absurd and ridiculous their position when they meet their match and are defeated.

The captain who goes down with his ship lacks the moral courage to face the consequences of his mistake, but he possesses physical courage—and most of it acquired—of the highest degree. From a strictly common-sense viewpoint it seems a useless sacrifice that a life so rich in experience with sea and storm, of courage and skill so rare and so painfully acquired, which has thoroughly solved a problem that it will never need to solve again—for no captain makes the same mistake twice—must be snuffed out forever to escape public sentiment. But public opinion that will exalt a hero to the skies to-day and cover him with ridicule to-morrow has little of common-sense in its make-up, and its punishment is so severe that no captain need be blamed if he chooses death now, in the present, to a later and inevitable death after a period of obloquy and reproach. Admiral Tryon is spoken well of to-day when mentioned. What would have been his position in English society and before the world had he chosen to save himself after the mistaken order which sent his ship, the Victoria, to the bottom with most of her crew? Would there be a door open to him? Would there be a hand extended from an officer of the army or navy of England?

Moral courage is admirable and produces splendid results; but it is the courage of inaction and has little popularity at sea, or in any other sphere where action and effort are required of men. Temperamental courage is of avail only when the sailor has risen to a directive position; before that it is a hindrance, a nuisance, and is not encouraged. Acquired physical courage alone is wanted, and that of the best quality.

Obey Orders and Sink Owners

A young sailor known to the writer was one of a crew of four men and two mates in a schooner running down Lake Ontario in a December gale, bound for Oswego. All hands were exhausted by a similar run down Lake Erie and the man-killing work of taking the schooner through the Welland Canal. They labored the first part of the night in snugging down to close-reefed foresail, staysail and jib, and at midnight, the wind, but little short of a hurricane, with occasional snow squalls and the deck and running gear clogging with ice, the captain decided not to try the dangerous port of Oswego, but to scurry across the Lake and make Cape Vincent at the head of the St. Lawrence River. He had logged the schooner to abreast of Big Sodus, thirty miles above Oswego, and from here the course to the passage east of the Gallou Islands was north-northeast. They jibed the foresail, shifting the cargo with the first lurch the schooner gave, and the young fellow, whose "wheel" it was from twelve to two took it and steered this course. It was all hands on deck or below that night, for there being nothing out but their own craft at that time of year, the usual lookout was dispensed with. The course set, the captain went below; the two mates came aft, one by one, peered into the binnacle, and went forward to the warm forecastle where the other three men had preceded them. The young sailor, not knowing that he was the only man on deck, steered on through the darkness and snow, with but an occasional peep from the binnacle into the blackness ahead and to windward. The seas yawed the schooner two points each way from the course, but he was a helmsman and "made the course good"—north-northeast. The time slipped by, and, half-frozen from his hips down but perspiring above, he began to wonder if it was not four bells when he would be relieved. He looked less at the binnacle and more into the storm and forward along the deck. At last he saw a figure mounting the fore-rigging—just a blot of blacker darkness against the background of night. Then there came a hail:

"Land ho-o-o-o! Land under the bows. Hard up your wheel!"

He knew the voice—the voice of one of the crew, a competent first mate who had shipped before the mast for this last run down the Lakes to his home, who had grown nervous in the forecastle with all hands below, and had come up of his own accord to look for the land that he knew must be close. But the order to "hard up" was from one without authority, and the young fellow did not respond until, blinking the glare of the binnacle from his eyes, he looked himself and saw the land—a low stretch of shore with trees that looked like bushes. Then he took the matter upon himself; when he looked again at the compass the schooner was two points off, and he let her swing while he crept around forward of the wheel and plunged his rubber boot through the cabin window. By the time he had regained his position abaft the wheel she was heading east, and before the skipper reached the deck in response to the crashing glass she headed east-southeast, away from any land in the vicinity. Then the others appeared on deck forward, running about, and yelling response to, and comment on, the descending lookout's information that there was land ahead. By this time the land was on the weather quarter, and they looked in vain for it ahead. Then the foresail caught aback, parted the foreboom guy, and jibed over their heads with a crash that only increased their bewilderment. Then one of the mates called out an order which might have been born of any vagrant and impromptu thought in his brain: "Keep her off." And the young fellow at the wheel, who had steadied the schooner at east-southeast, answered—and steered on.

They soon realized the situation, and the indignant captain and mates came aft to inquire, not why he had broken the cabin window, but why he had changed the course. The man who had seen the land and called out, having done his part, remained forward, and the helmsman defended himself as he could under his limitations. He knew he had done right, for he knew by this time that the land was Yorkshire Island, a small islet to the east of the Gallous, and that a vessel striking the south side of it in that sea would be washed off to the eastward and founder in deep water. And he knew that he had done wrong in changing the course without orders. Had he been a beginner at the trade he might have claimed credit for saving their lives; had he been longer at it he might have held on to the fatal course, and awaited orders. As it was with him he declared vehemently that some one had "sung out" to keep her off, and he had done so. Which was true in a transpositional sense. They were not very angry with him, but the blowing-up he received discouraged him. Later, he saw that islet in daytime, and averred that the schooner could not have gone on five minutes longer before striking.

When Panic Strikes the Passengers

There is another factor in the problems sailors are called upon to "be equal" to that is canceled painfully, and often never—inherent fear of some one particular thing or condition. All of us are born with some such weakness—the writer confesses to a congenital fear of the law—and all of us know the difficulty in overcoming it. A sailor has his pet fear, or aversion, like the rest of us; but if it conflicts with his usefulness he *must* overcome it—or, as Mark Twain did with his conscience, bring it under control—and if he lives long enough, he will. A big, burly, red-headed Irishman, a fine sailor and natural fighter, once shrieked in pitiable terror when the writer—a boy at the time—suddenly placed a trapped rat under his nose. Twenty years later the two met, and the Irishman told how a subsequent long passage in an empty grain ship, during which the starved rats entered the forecastle in quest of food, cured him of the weakness, which was inherent and all-possessing from his infancy up to this passage. Some men are born with an intense fear of falling, others with the same fear of drowning—for not all sailors can swim. They conquer these fears little by little, as they learn the strength of rope, deck-fittings and the grip of their fingers. The most unpromising case of all, perhaps, is that of the man born with the fear of pain; for this man shrinks from work which is painful, and seldom progresses. The man who "does not know what fear means" never existed in fact. Every human mind fears the unknown, the untried, the unsolved; and to the extent that he masters his fear at a critical time is he considered brave or cowardly.

Mention was made at the beginning of the unreasonable panic of sailors during steamship wrecks, when women and children are thrust away from boats that strong men may be saved. With a full understanding of the contagion of fear and the irresponsibility of the mob-mind, the writer does not hesitate to declare that no trained able seaman ever took part in such a rush. These rushes are invariably started by outpouring stokers and coal-passers, and by such passengers as Yussuf, the Terrible Turk (who, with a twelve-inch knife, fought his way to the boats of the Bourgogne)—strong, brave men these in their own line, but frenzied cowards and murderers when confronted with new conditions; and if any man shipped as a sailor follows such an example, he is surely of the calibre and requirements demanded of the writer when once he applied to a liner's first officer for a berth in the liner's forecastle. Waving away the proffered "discharges," or credentials, as able seaman, the officer said airily: "Any kind of a deck hand'll do here. Go and get your dunnage."

Mechanical Rope-Climbing

BY MEANS of a recently perfected device it is now as easy to climb a rope as it is for a lineman to ascend a pole.

In many of the building trades it is frequently impracticable or difficult to handle a swing-staging. In all such exigencies the rope-climbing device will be a great advantage. The invention consists of hinged clamping members which grapple the rope. The lower ends of the device terminate in peddlelike attachments which extend horizontally. To the outer ends of these standards are pivoted foot-plates.

The operator fastens his feet to the plates by means of straps. By separating and extending his feet the other ends of the forked device are opened and the whole contrivance is free to slide on the rope. The climber supporting his weight with his arms slides the clamps up or down by a simple movement of his legs. Then bringing his weight to bear on the feet supports, the jaws or clamps of the contrivance are brought securely against the rope and will stay rigidly in that position, easily sustaining as much weight as the rope itself can bear. Now the operator may stand upright and perform any work such as painting or hammering. Then when he wishes to climb higher he takes a second hold of the rope, moves his legs outwardly again, thereby releasing the hold of the clamps upon the rope, and is ready for another movement either upward or downward.

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THE MAN WITHOUT A "PULL"

OPPORTUNITIES AND ABILITIES THAT HAVE MADE THE YOUNGEST ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

MR. ROBERT B. ARMSTRONG AT HIS DESK IN THE TREASURY

By Harold Bolce

NINE years ago Robert B. Armstrong, who has been named to succeed General O. L. Spaulding as Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury, entered a newspaper office in Ames, Iowa, to ask for a chance to work.

"We don't need any more help in this shop," was the proprietor's response.

"But I need breakfast; I'll work hard all morning for it," said the youth.

The editor had heard similar appeals and thought at first that the applicant was one of the nomadic improvidents that occasionally besieged the office.

"If that's all you want," said the editor, "you can have breakfast, but we haven't any work for you."

The young man flushed. "I need something to eat," said he, "but I can't accept it unless you let me work for it."

Here was a type the editor had not encountered. "Let me see," he observed, "aren't you one of the students of the State College here? How comes it that you are under the necessity of working for a meal?"

Mr. Armstrong explained that he had had the misfortune to fall sixty feet through an unfinished floor in one of the college buildings, and had finally emerged from the hospital with no funds to renew his course at school. "I'm broke," he added, "hungry, out of work, with few clothes, and a long distance from my base of supplies. You must admit that my catalogue of troubles is almost complete. The least that you can do for me, I think, is to let me work until noon for my breakfast."

"All right," said the editor, more impressed than he cared to admit; "go ahead, if you can find anything to do around the shop."

The editor of that paper was Hon. G. Hardin of the Ames Times. Under his direction Mr. Armstrong learned to set type, to ink rollers, to perform with fidelity the various other obligations of a printer's devil, and finally rose to a salary of eight dollars a month and board.

When the Printer's Devil Got Out the Paper

In May following, one year from the time of his start in the office, a circus came to that section of Iowa. The proprietor happened to be away in another part of the State. In the absence of authority and in the presence of so spectacular a lure, the editor and printers escaped from the office drudgery and hied themselves to the performance. The distractions of the big tents delayed them longer than they had intended. The time for publication for the little daily drew near. Fortunately for the paper the young man Armstrong had resolutely set his face against the circus. Unaided, he composed and set up the editorial page, rustled up the news—which included a fine account of the circus, the magnificence of which he accepted on faith—printed the paper and, taking the list of subscribers in his pocket, started out with a horse and buggy and delivered the edition.

When the editor returned and discovered that the reputation and business integrity of his publication had been preserved by his printer's devil, he raised Mr. Armstrong's wages to fifteen dollars a month and board, and made him associate editor. Shortly afterward, as a further reward, he furnished the young man with transportation and expenses to the World's Fair in Chicago and thus afforded him the first opportunity he had of traveling out of his native State.

Naturally, the story of the fidelity of the printer's devil who had stoically abstained from going to the circus in order to bring out his employer's paper attracted considerable State attention. Mr. Armstrong was offered a position in the business office of the Des Moines News at eight dollars a week. This offer he accepted. He had not been at work long before he came across an interesting news story which he wrote up and carried to the editorial rooms. It was accepted and played up conspicuously on the first page. Thereupon he applied for a position as reporter. He was told that he could have a job but at two dollars a week less than he was receiving in the business office. As he was working for the future he took it.

This paper shortly afterward suspended publication and with others he applied for a position on the Des Moines Leader. The editor of the Leader received him cordially enough, and in the course of conversation offered him a cigarette. "I don't smoke them," said Mr. Armstrong. "Good," replied the editor; "in that case you go to work to-morrow."

Before long the News was reorganized and Mr. Armstrong was offered the city editorship. While in that position the Chicago and Northwestern Railway ran the first fast mail across Iowa. Mr. Armstrong took a corps of photographers and artists to Chicago and wrote up the trip. The article was unusually thorough and attracted the attention of the editor of the Chicago Record.

"You have interested me," he wrote to Mr. Armstrong, "and made me read your article clear through. If you can have that effect on a newspaper man you ought to be able to get up stuff that would be valuable to our readers. I therefore offer you a position on the Record."

At the expiration of his contract with the Des Moines News Mr. Armstrong went on the Chicago Record. He was not there long before he was chosen out of a staff of fifty men to take charge of the Eastern business of the paper with headquarters at New York. When the Chicago Record and the Herald consolidated, the New York Herald offered Mr. Armstrong a position, first sending him to Europe to get a general view of world affairs and then placing him in charge of the Chicago office of that paper.

Before Mr. Armstrong went to New York and after his return to Chicago as manager, in that city, of the New York Herald bureau, he frequently had occasion to go to Iowa to interview the chief executive. Governor Shaw found him trustworthy and a young man of unusual discernment.

Mr. Armstrong's Start in Washington

In making Mr. Shaw Secretary of the Treasury President Roosevelt had two important objects in mind. First, he wanted a banker capable of maintaining the stability of the nation's finances, and second, it was the President's firm belief that the far-reaching plans he had devised for modernizing governmental methods of transacting business would be worked out in the Treasury Department in a masterly way by the man who had had a significant part in building up a Western commonwealth.

It was not long after Mr. Shaw had accepted the Treasury portfolio that he realized that he had assumed the management of one of the biggest institutions of the world, and that he needed as private secretary a man capable of grasping the enormous details of the Department. Nor was it long before Mr. Shaw discovered opportunities for great reforms in the Treasury. "I want," said he, "as my secretary that young newspaper man who used to interview me in Iowa. He has the most up-to-date and progressive nature of any young fellow of my acquaintance."

A telegram was accordingly sent to Mr. Armstrong. He resigned his position in Chicago paying him considerably more than the private secretaryship and went to Washington.

From the day of his entry into Treasury circles he has instituted numberless innovations; but, although he has revolutionized the workings of the Department, he has done it with such tact that instead of arousing enmity he has enlisted the coöperation of the very men whose age-worn methods he has supplanted.

Mr. Armstrong, working in conjunction with Assistant Secretary Ailes, learned that on an average 3,000,000 letters were received annually by the Treasury Department, or nearly 10,000 every business day, and that though these came in with overwhelming promptness they went out, in many instances, at the belated pace of the days of stage-coach and post-rider. Here were opportunity and demand for new methods. This great bulk of incoming mail, weighing on an average 1000 pounds a day, or 150 tons a year, was a burden which overstrained the unwieldy machinery of Treasury methods.

In the matter of telegrams Mr. Armstrong found equal necessity for a better system. The Treasury building was connected by wire with the outer world, but the Department was satisfied to get no messages over its own wire, depending on messenger boys from the central offices. The Treasury structure is a vast pile, with long, dim corridors and hundreds of rooms, and it was not an infrequent thing for messenger boys to wander from room to room and floor to floor, carrying messages that should have been received instanter by the official whom they had such difficulty in finding. Often it took longer for the messenger boy to carry a telegram from the central office to the missive's destination in the Treasury building than it required to transmit it to Washington from San Francisco, London, Paris, or even from Manila.

A thorough investigation was instituted. Mr. Armstrong determined that telegrams should come direct to the Department and from the Department be replied to.

The President's Influence in the Departments

It was included in Mr. Armstrong's program, fully indorsed by Secretary Shaw, that every one of the 10,000 letters received daily should be replied to or at least acknowledged on the day of its arrival. This is now done. A system was devised whereby all letters go to one desk. There they are opened immediately and distributed to the various divisions to which they are destined. Treasury messengers wait in readiness to travel at a rapid gait. Just before a letter is handed to a messenger it is stamped with an electric time stamp which connects with a central clock run by electricity, which records on the document or letter the time to a minute at which it arrives at or leaves a room.

Secretary Shaw's estimate of Mr. Armstrong is very high, and the Secretary adds that the up-to-dateness which has been wrought in Treasury administration has been effected by carrying out programs inspired by the President. Mr. Shaw, enjoying the confidence of Mr. Roosevelt, was appointed to the Treasury portfolio to execute reforms which had been planned by the President. Therefore the Secretary's assignment of duties to Mr. Armstrong and others has been in keeping with the purposes of the White House.

The Secretary is gratified over the coöperation of his Assistant Secretaries—Spaulding, Taylor and Ailes. Other Treasury lieutenants, including bureau chiefs and thousands of clerks, have also worked faithfully to bring about the improvements which the President has desired.

Mr. Armstrong and Assistant Secretary Ailes, who have had most to do with the personnel of the Department, say that the realization on the part of the departmental workers that they are executing not only the orders of Secretary Shaw but of the President of the United States as well has imparted to their activities, as it has to much of the industry in official Washington, a dignity and seriousness of purpose which individual effort could not assume. Similar testimony comes from other Departments. All the Cabinet officials say that Mr. Roosevelt, as no other President before him, has breathed his individuality into the Departments.

Naturally, the work of Mr. Armstrong in assisting to bring about the modernizing of the Treasury Department in keeping with the plans of the President has pleased the Administration.

The new Assistant Secretary was born in Iowa in 1873, which makes him nearly thirty years of age.

"Something has been said of his youth," observed a Senator who believes in the young man. "Hamilton was only two years older when he took complete charge of the Treasury, and Pitt was only twenty-three when he became Chancellor of the British Exchequer."

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GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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MR. HOLLISTER

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS — Miss Catherine Hollister has just found her own mind. She discovers that Lord Frothingham, to whom she is secretly engaged, is really not the man, and she has intimated as much to her mother. That lady is of a very different opinion and has immediately instituted steps to put her wishes into instant effect. As for Frothingham, he is as yet quite unconscious of his doom. So far his trip has been pleasant and bright with the prospect of early hopes. Honoria Longview, a steamer friend, has undertaken the management of his game, and to both of them it has seemed a mate for the attack in the opening.

VI — Continued

CATHERINE went to change her dress and then searched for Frothingham. He was alone in the billiard-room, half asleep on one of the wall lounges. At sight of him — she saw him before he saw her — her courage wavered. Yes, he was a decent sort of chap; and she was treating him badly, despicably — had bargained fairly with him, had used the contract publicly to aggrandize herself at his expense, was about to break her contract and humiliate him, and injure him, through no fault of his. He had been fair with her, she had been false with him, was about to be base. "I can't," she said to herself. "At least, not in cold blood."

He saw her, and his face lighted up. She smiled, nodded, hurried through the billiard-room and disappeared into the hall beyond. As she turned its angle her knees became shaky and her face white. Then Wallingford suddenly appeared at the conservatory door. He came toward her as if he were going to pass without stopping. But he halted.

"Well?" he said.

She leaned against the wall. Her throat was dry and her eyelids were trembling.

"What is it?" he asked gently.

She hung her head.

"Don't be afraid to say it to *me*," he urged. "There isn't anything you couldn't say to me."

"Do you — do you — do you care for me?" she said in a queer little choked, squeaky voice.

He laughed slightly and came close to her and looked down at her. "You're the only thing in all this world I do care for," he said. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing — don't follow me," and she darted back toward the billiard-room.

Frothingham was still there, seated now at the open fire. "Ah — you! I'm glad you've come back," he drawled.

"I want you to release me from my engagement," she said.

His jaw dropped and he stared stupidly at her. He could hardly believe that this impetuous, energetic creature was the languorous, slightly affected, dreamy Catherine.

"I mean it," she sped on. "I've no excuse to make for myself. But I can't marry you. And you ought to be glad that you're rid of me."

Her tone instantly convinced him that he was done for. He turned a sickly yellow and put his head between his hands and stared into the fire. His brain was in a whirl. "Just my rotten luck," he muttered.

"I don't hope that you'll forgive me," she was saying. "You couldn't have any respect for me. I'm only saving a few little shreds of self-respect. I'm ——"

"You mustn't do it, Catherine. You mustn't, you ——" he interrupted, rising and facing her.

"I must be free. I care for some one else. Don't discuss it, please. Just say you let me go."

"It ain't right." Cupidity and vanity were lashing his anger into a storm. "You can't go back — you've gone too far. Why, we're as good as married."

"Don't make me any more ashamed than I am," she pleaded humbly.

"No, I can't release you," he said with cold fury. "I can't permit myself to be trifled with." He knew that he was taking the wrong tack, that he ought to play the wounded lover. But his feeling for her was so small and his anger so great that he could not.

She was almost hysterical. She felt as though she were struggling desperately against some awful force that was imprisoning her. "Let me go. Please, let me go," she gasped.

"No!" he said, arrogance in his voice — the arrogance of a man used to women who let men rule them.

Her eyes flashed. "Then I release myself," she said haughtily, with a change of front so swift that it startled him. "And don't you dare ever speak of it to me again!"

She slowly left the room, her head high. But her haughtiness subsided as rapidly as it had risen, and by the time she reached her own apartment she was ready to fling herself down for a miserable cry — and she did. "If I could *only* get him out of the house," she wailed.

Frothingham debated his situation. "The only thing to do," he concluded, "is to go straight off to her father." He had not yet become convinced that in America man occupies a position in the family radically different from his position in England. He found Hollister writing in his study.

"Mr. Hollister," he began.

Hollister raised his head until it was tilted so far back that he could see Frothingham through the glasses that were pinching in the extreme end of his long nose. "Oh — Lord Frothingham — yes!" He laid down his pen. "What can I do for you?"

Frothingham seated himself in solemn dignity that hid his nervousness. "For several weeks your daughter and I have been engaged. We — we ——"

Hollister smiled good-humoredly. "Before you go any further, my boy," he interrupted kindly, "I warn you that you're barking up the wrong tree."

"I beg your pardon," said Frothingham stiffly.

"The person you want to see is the girl's mother. She attends to all that end of the business. I've got enough trouble to look after at my own end."

"What I have to say can be said properly only to her father as the head of the family."

"But I'm *not* the head of the family. I'm not sure that I know who is. Sometimes I think it's my wife, again I suspect Catherine."

"Your daughter now refuses to abide by her engagement," said Frothingham, in desperation at this untimely levity.

Hollister took off his glasses and examined them on both sides with great care. "Well," he said at last, "I suppose that settles it."

Frothingham stared. "I beg pardon, but it does not settle it."

Hollister gave him a look of fatherly sympathy. "I guess it does. You can't marry her if she won't have you. And if she won't have you — why, she won't."

"You treat the matter lightly." Frothingham had a bright red spot in either cheek. "You do not seem to be conscious of the painful position in which she places you."

"Good Heavens, Frothingham. What have I got to do with it? You ain't engaged to *me*. She's got the right to say what she'll do with herself."

Frothingham rose. "I was under the impression, sir, that I was dealing with a gentleman who would appreciate the due of a gentleman."

Hollister's eyebrows came down and a cruel line suddenly appeared at each corner of his mouth. Just then Mrs. Hollister entered. Intuitively she leaped to the right conclusion. "The idiot!" she said to herself. "Why didn't he come to me?" Then she said smoothly, almost playfully, to "the idiot": "Has Catherine been troubling you with her mood this morning?"

Frothingham's face brightened — her mood! Then there was hope.

"You ought not to pay any attention to her moods," Mrs. Hollister went on with a smile. "She's very nervous at times. But it passes."

"She told me flat that our engagement was off," said Frothingham. "I came to her father, naturally. She seemed to be in earnest."

Mrs. Hollister continued to smile. "Don't concern yourself about the matter, Lord Frothingham," she replied in her kindliest voice. "Catherine will be all right again to-morrow at the latest. She has been doing too much lately for a young girl under the excitement of an engagement."

Hollister, who had been looking hesitatingly from his wife to Frothingham, went to the wall and pressed an electric button. When the servant appeared he said: "Please ask Miss Catherine to come here."

Mrs. Hollister turned on him, her eyes flashing. "Catherine is in no state to bear ——"

Hollister returned her look calmly, then repeated his order. The servant looked uneasily from the husband to the wife, saw that Mrs. Hollister was not going to speak, bowed deprecatingly and withdrew. In a few minutes — it seemed a long time to the three, waiting in silence — Catherine appeared. Her eyes were swollen slightly, but that was the only sign of perturbation. Mrs. Hollister said to Frothingham: "I think it would be best that her father and I talk with her alone first."

Frothingham instantly rose. With eyes pleadingly upon Catherine he was nearing the door when Hollister spoke — it was in a voice neither Frothingham nor even Catherine had heard from him or suspected him of having at his command. "Please be seated, Lord Frothingham. The best way to settle this business is to settle it."

MRS. STAUNTON

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Frothingham could not have disobeyed that voice and he saw with a sinking heart that at the sound of it Mrs. Hollister looked helpless despair.

"Catherine," said her father, "do you, or do you not, wish to marry Lord Frothingham?"

"I won't marry him," replied Catherine. She gave Frothingham a contemptuous look. "I told him so a while ago."

Mrs. Hollister's eyes blazed. "Have you forgotten what I said to you?" she demanded of her daughter, her voice shrill with fury.

"No, mother," Catherine answered slowly; "but—I cannot change my mind. I cannot marry Lord Frothingham."

An oppressive silence fell. After a moment Frothingham bowed coldly and left the room. Mrs. Hollister started up to follow him. "One word, Nelly," said her husband. "I wish you to understand that this matter is settled. Nothing more is to be said about it either to Catherine or to that young man—not another word."

Mrs. Hollister was white to the lips. "I understand," she replied with a blasting look at her daughter. And she followed Frothingham to try to pacify him—she knew her husband too well not to know that her dream of a titled son-in-law was over.

When she was gone Catherine sank limp into a chair. "She'll never forgive me," she exclaimed despondently.

Hollister nodded in silent assent. After a few minutes he said: "It's been fifteen years since she made me cross her in a matter I sha'n't speak of. And she remembers it against me to-day as if it had happened an hour ago. The sooner you find your man, Katie, and marry him, the better off you'll be—that's *my* advice. And I ought to know." He patted her encouragingly on the shoulder.

VII

FROTHINGHAM had gone direct to his apartment. "Get my traps together at once," he said to his man—Hutt, whose father had been his father's man. He threw himself into a chair in his sitting-room and tried to think, to plan. But he was still dazed from the long fall and the sudden stop. Presently Hutt touched him.

"Well—well—what is it?" he asked, looking stupidly up at the round, stupid face.

"Beg pardon, my lord," replied the servant, "but I've spoken to you twice. Mrs. Hollister wishes to know if you'll kindly come to her in her sitting-room."

Frothingham found Mrs. Hollister's maid waiting for him in the hall. He followed her to the heavily perfumed surroundings of pale blue silk, both plain and brocaded, in which Mrs. Hollister lived. He listened to her without hearing what she said—thinking of it afterward he decided that she had been incoherent and not very tactful, and that her chief anxiety had been lest he might do something to cause scandal. He remembered that when he had said he would go at once she had tried to persuade him to stay—as if leaving were not the only possible course. He gradually recovered his self-command, and through weakness, through good nature, through contempt of his hosts and through policy he acted upon the first principle of the code for fortune-hunters of every degree and kind: "Be near-sighted to insults and far-sighted to apologies."

Surveying the wreck from his original lodgings at the Waldorf, he found three mitigations—first, that the engagement had not been announced; second, that he had not written Evelyn anything about it; third, that it was impossible for "middle class people" such as the Hollisters to insult him—"if I wallow with that sort, I can't expect anything else, can I?" To cheer himself he took several drinks and an account of stock. He found that he was ninety-three pounds richer than when he landed—he played "bridge" well and had been in several heavy games at Lake-in-the-Wood, and had been adroit in noting the stupid players and so arranging partners that he could benefit by them; also he had been lucky in a small way in picking the numbers at Mansfield's the few times he had trusted himself to go there. "Not so bad," he said. "It's a long game and that was only the first hand." He hesitated at the indicator, then instead of ordering another drink went to the telephone and called up Longview's house. It gave him courage, and a sense that he was not altogether friendless and forlorn, to hear Honoria's voice again. "Shall you be in late this afternoon?" he said.

"Why! I didn't know you were in town—or are you calling me from Catherine's?"

"Yes—I'm in town," he replied, and he felt that she must notice the strain in his voice.

"Oh!"

"I'm up to stay," he went on, his voice improving.

"Oh—yes—come at half-past five."

"Thank you—good-by." He held the receiver to his ear until he heard her ring off. "Good girl, Honoria," he muttered. "Not like those beastly cads." He went to the club, lunched with Browne whom he found there, was beaten by him at billiards, losing ten dollars, returned to the hotel to dress.

At a quarter-past five he started up the avenue afoot—a very striking figure in clothes made in the extreme of the English fashion; but he would have been striking in almost any sort of dress, so distinguished-looking was his pale, rather supercilious face with one of its keen eyes ambushed behind that eyeglass, expressive in its expressionlessness. The occupants of every fifth or sixth carriage in the fashionable parade bowed to him with a friendliness that gave him an internal self-possession as calm as the external immobility which his control of his features enabled him always to present to the world.

"JUST MY ROTTEN LUCK," HE MUTTERED

He told Honoria his story in outline—"the surest way to win a woman's friendship is to show her that you trust her," he reflected. She was sympathetic in a way that soothed, not hurt, his vanity; but she sided with Catherine. "I half suspected her of being in love with Joe," she said, "but I thought he was a confirmed bachelor. He played all round you—that's the truth. I'm going to say something rather disagreeable—but I think it's necessary."

"I want—I need your advice," he replied.

"You've been relying entirely too much on your title. You've let yourself be misled by what the newspapers say about that sort of thing. You don't understand—I didn't understand until I'd been here a while and had got my point of view straight. They're not so excited about titles now as they used to be when they had no fashionable society of their own and had to look abroad to gratify their instinct for social position. If you'd come five years ago——"

"Just my rotten luck," he muttered.

"Your title is a good thing—properly worked. It will catch a woman, especially if she's not well forward 'in the push,' as they say. But it won't hold her. She's likely to use you to strengthen her social position and then to drop you, unless she has lived in England and has had her head turned—like your middle classes."

"But my family is away better than Surrey's."

"Your family counts for nothing here. New York knows nothing and cares nothing about birth. Englishmen count by title only."

"Then they ran after Surrey because he was a Duke?"

"Perhaps, to a certain extent," replied Honoria. "But I fancy the principal reason was that they wished to see what it was Helen had paid such a tall price for. If he had come here quietly to marry a poor girl there'd have been no stir."

"Money—money—nothing but money—always money," sneered Frothingham. He saw the twinkle in Honoria's eyes. "But, I say," he protested, "you know that we over there do care for other things, too."

"So do they here, but what do they care for, first and most, in both countries?"

He smiled.

"It's money first—there and here, and the world over," she went on with a bitterness under her raillery. "And among our kind of people everything else—sentiment, art, good taste even—is far behind it. How could it be otherwise? We've got to have money—lots of money—or we can't have any of the things that we most crave—luxury, deference, show. But—where are you dining to-night?"

"Probably at the club."

"Excuse me a minute. I'll just see if Mrs. Galloway will let me bring you. We're going to the opera afterward." She looked at him quizzically. "I think I'll arrange to ship you off to Boston. A little vacation just now will do you no harm. And—Boston might interest you."

When she returned from the telephone it was with a cordial invitation for him from Mrs. Galloway. He said: "I've a letter to a Mrs. Saalfield in Boston. Do you know her?"

"Yes—she's here now, I think. But you would better keep away from her. She wouldn't do you the least good."

"Is she out of 'the push'?"

"Oh, no—she leads it there, I believe. But she wouldn't let you look at a girl or a widow or any woman but herself. She's about forty years old—it used to be the woman of thirty, but it's the woman of forty now. Everywhere she goes she trails a train of young men. They're afraid to look away from her. They watch her like a pack of hungry collies, and she watches them like a hen-hawk."

There was more than the spirit of friendly helpfulness in Honoria's plan to send him away to Boston. The bottom fact—hidden even from herself—was that she was tired of him. He seemed to her helpless and incapable, worse in that respect than any but the very poorest specimens of men she had met in New York. She felt that he was looking to her to see him through an adventure of which she disapproved rather than approved. She had no intention of accepting such a burden, yet she was too good-natured and liked him too well to turn him abruptly adrift.

Mrs. Galloway took him in to dinner, and it was not until the second act of the opera that he had a chance to talk with the Boston woman in the party—Mrs. Staunton. Then he slipped into the chair behind her; but she would not talk while the curtain was up. Grand opera bored him, so he passed the time in gazing round the grand-tier boxes—the Galloway box was to the left of the centre. The twilight was not dark enough to hide the part of the show that interested him. He knew New York fashionable society well now, and as he looked he noted each woman and recalled how many

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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Important Notice to Readers

☞ February 1st the subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will be doubled. Until February 1st you can subscribe for the magazine for a whole year—52 weeks—for only one dollar. After February 1st the price will be $2.00 the year.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶Mock modesty is a vice behind the mask of virtue.

¶A blank cartridge is just as effective as a misfire.

¶When a man borrows trouble there's the devil to pay.

¶"Absence makes the heart grow fonder" of somebody else.

¶The best way to make yourself wanted is to make yourself scarce.

¶A good many poets are neither born nor made. They are perpetrated.

¶The dollar that is borrowed is never so large as the one that has to be returned.

¶The good we do lives after us, but future generations can stand all we shall leave.

¶It is not what a man hears but what he believes that makes him wise or foolish.

¶The man who does the little thing well is always ready to do the big thing better.

¶Wasting time is bad enough, but getting angry over another's politics is pure extravagance.

¶The race is not always to the swift. Sometimes the judges have their money on the slow animal.

¶The trouble with most social reformers is that they insist upon looking for vice with a brass band.

¶When Mr. Rockefeller pours a few extra millions upon the torch of learning the users of all other kinds of lamps pay for it.

¶"The balance of trade," said the coal dealer after a test that showed that his scales regarded 1673 pounds as a ton, "seems to be in my favor."

A Great Lady

WHEN Jessie Benton Frémont died, a few weeks ago, in California, we lost the most noble example which the country ever has known of a type of American woman now almost extinct. It is a type, too, which probably never will be renewed in this country, for it no longer represents the ideal of our ambitious wives and daughters.

Forty years ago, during the Civil War, Mrs. Frémont was the most influential woman in this country. Wherever she went—in Washington, New York or San Francisco—her drawing-room became a salon where the vital concerns of the nation were discussed by those who controlled them. She had been born into the thick of public life: she was Benton's daughter, to whom he had given the training of a son: her mother belonged to a family which for generations had held leadership in the South (as they hold it to-day) by sheer right of brain power: she was the wife of the head of a great political party—a man with almost as large and enthusiastic a following as was Henry Clay's.

Yet it is a fact that the men who crowded into her house, the regiments that went into the war as "Jessie's Troopers," or "Jessie's Scouts," paid allegiance neither to her family nor to her husband, but to her only—to the womanliness of the woman.

There was something in her of the French *grande dame*. De Staël had not a more piercing wit, nor Récamier a finer quality of beauty, but below and apart from either was her singular personal magnetism. Whatever might be the room into which she came, whether in a palace or the shack of a ranch, she was the fire burning in it, the lamp that shone in it, the instrument of music that struck a note to which your secret self replied.

Whether you were a crown prince or a black slave did not matter a whit to her. She understood you. Her heart was full of kindness and help for you.

That was the secret of the power of this remarkable woman. She knew *you*. She had help for you. One heard much in those days of her extraordinary knowledge of history and public affairs, and of certain great political movements which it was said she had instigated. But when you had once met her you did not know nor care for these things. Those wonderful gray eyes had a message for you. She was your friend.

We recall this trait in her because it is one which her sex does not seem to value of late.

The young girl nowadays who has social position or brain force invariably becomes a public character. She runs some charity or civic reform. She belongs to a dozen clubs. Her ambition is to be as like a man as possible. When she presides at a meeting or speaks on some matter of public moment, if you shut your eyes you cannot tell whether it is a man or woman to whom you listen.

Jessie Frémont, who had more public influence than any of them, in every moment of her life was essentially feminine: the wife, the mother, the friend.

Breaking Down the Barriers

WITHIN a few days there have been two marvels which, rightly looked at, giddy the imagination and flood the future with dazzling light. But the custodians of the trumpets of publicity seem to be somewhat in the position of the girl who made the trip to Niagara Falls. She was so entranced by the beauties and wonders of Nature on the way that she exhausted her supply of superlatives; and when she stood in the presence of the awful majesty of the Falls she was silent for a moment, then said: "Ain't they cute?" Scientists and philanthropists have drained the public supply of superlatives in the last three-quarters of a century. The two latest and greatest marvels are discussed as matters of course, and imagination sits with folded wings and stupid eye.

The first of these marvels centres about the name Marconi. "A remarkable development of the telegraph," say the commenters. "We hope he's right in thinking the 'wireless' will make telegraphing as cheap as the mails." To talk of Marconi's achievement as the "wireless" is like speaking of the sun as boilerless or the progress of planets and stars as locomotiveless. The fact is that Marconi has burst through the coarse wall of matter—of the tangible and ponderable—that has isolated us in space and from each other, has transferred thought to that subtle medium called ether in whose boundless ocean swim freely all things, from the most crowded atom of your body to the remotest, loneliest star. This ocean he has found to be as subtle as it is vast—so subtle that the faint clickings of two tiny bits of metal, properly attuned to its rhythm, tintinnabulate there forever and forever without losing their identity, travel on and on into infinity and beyond, if there can be a beyond to infinity.

The warp of right progress of the human race is ability to communicate. Progress began when some two primordial ancestors of ours reached the plane of existence where they were able to shake off the selfish isolation of plant life and of the lower forms of animal life and established communication—touched each the other, and each had some dim consciousness of not being alone in the universe. Progress will be consummated when mind can look clean through racial, national and other prejudices, and can see reflected from all other minds the oneness of human nature, can grasp the ideal of brotherhood of the race, now just beginning to be understood to the confusion of war-lovers and of all kinds of promoters of and profiters by man's ignorance of man.

Marconi has broken down the barrier to world-neighborliness which the telegraph only breached. If the telegraph's breach has resulted in such wonders of widened sympathy and understanding, what will not the Marconigraph do?

The other passing marvelous marvel is a fit companion to the first. It is the Steel Corporation's so-called "profit-sharing project." To call it a "profit-sharing project" is to belittle it, just as it belittles the ether medium of human intercourse to call it "wireless." Closely studied, the Steel Corporation's project is not a mere profit-sharing enterprise, but a broad and amazing recognition of the co-partnership of human beings, a wiping out of the lines between employer and employee. That line began, so the beginnings of history inform us, with master and slave. It moved forward to master and serf, to master and vassal, to master and bonded freeman, to master and servant. It took a sudden democratic leap forward to employer and employee. And now we have Morgan heralding a new day of partner and partner, with the old acrimonious division into capitalist and laborer effaced.

Morgan's act is not so narrow as generosity or philanthropy—both of them imply strength condescending, however graciously, to weakness. It is simply a recognition of a new condition which the diffusion of intelligence has brought about. It is a bold stroke of genius, of a piece with his revolutionary financial methods which make conservatism tremble and catch its breath.

Like Marconi—like all inventors, discoverers, achievers whose names attach or should attach to the great steps forward—Morgan builded upon those who went before. Mr. Kidd says, somewhere in his first and unusual book, that the nineteenth century and its great men are in relation to the first century and its great men as the man on top of the cathedral dome is to the man on the sidewalk—not taller but higher. Regardless of their intrinsic merit, these figures stand conspicuous—and they reached that place by superiority in talent and in toil, and so deserve its honor. And both are, let it be noted, men of commerce, products of commercial conditions—not bloody men or political intriguers or otherwise professional "friends of the people."

Two Generations of Churchgoers

WHEN a man has digested THE POST on Saturday evening, why, the next morning, does he sit down to spend the day over the Sunday papers instead of going to church, as his grandfather did? Why?

The elder Smith, eighty years ago, listened to two heavy doctrinal sermons every Sunday. His grandson, Tom, subscribes to the support of a magnificent temple, to its vested choir, and to all of its charities, but for years he has not crossed the church threshold.

Is it because, as clergymen are apt to tell us, that Tom and his generation are less religious in spirit than the elder one, and more given to money getting and to vice?

That will be difficult to prove. In justice to Tom, too, we must remember that the weekly churchgoing was usually the only mental exercise within reach of his old farmer grandfather. It took the place of our social life, our theatres, our clubs, the countless books pressed on us every day. The parson's homily was the sole intellectual *plat* set before him.

Now, the younger Tom is just as sincere and sane a man as was his grandfather. His new possessions—literature, railways, wireless telegraphy, his share in the seething industries of this modern life do not make himself—Tom Smith—a whit less important to him.

The fact is, the most important thing in life to him and to every other man is his secret self. Where did it come from? Where is it going? What have those unknown Others to do with it? How shall he make friends with them?

A couple of years ago Tom set out to find an answer to these questions. He went from one church to the other, giving, it must be confessed, but lax attention to the prayers, but listening to the sermons like a man condemned to death, who thought to hear his reprieve in them.

Doctor A. preached on a doctrinal point with lucidity and force. "What has Apostolic Succession to do with my soul here to-day, or its chances if I catch the smallpox to-morrow?" Tom grumbled as he walked away.

He went from church to church. The next Sunday he listened to a charming monologue on the Uses of Cheerfulness, the next to reminiscences of travel in Syria, the next to a passionate appeal for a reformed civic government. He heard sermons on missions, on scientific themes (Evolution leading), and delightful essays on abstract moral questions.

"These things should be left to men whose *métier* they are," he complained. "Have the clergymen forgotten that, after all, their business is with my soul? Was there not once a Man who came to help it? Why do they so seldom speak of Him?"

So then he fell into the habit of staying at home and church-going folks blamed the Sunday papers and the indifference of this generation to religion.

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THE PIT

By FRANK NORRIS

Author of THE OCTOPUS

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CHAPTER XX

LEFT to herself, Laura paced the floor for another quarter of an hour. Then, going into her husband's apartments, she rang up the office of Gretry, Converse & Co. Twice the central station responded that the "line was busy," but on the third attempt Laura succeeded in getting the connection.

"Is Mr. Jadwin there?"

"He can't see no one," came the reply in the thin tones of an office-boy. "He can't see no one this afternoon."

"Tell him Mrs. Jadwin—his wife—wants to speak with him."

There was a long wait; then the same voice, preceded by an initiative click and rattle of the receiver, replied:

"He can't see no one this afternoon, ma'am."

"Did you say Mrs. Jadwin wanted to speak to him?"

"What—hey? . . . Hello! He can't see no one this afternoon. Yes'm. I told him."

"Is he there? Is he in the office there? I want to know how he is."

"No, he ain't here. He's out."

In despair Laura turned away and went back to her own room again, throwing herself down upon the couch, her chin supported on her palm.

As she crossed the room, however, her eye had been caught by an opened note from Mrs. Cressler, received the day before, and apprising her of the date of the funeral. At the sight, all the tragedy leaped up again in her mind and recollection, and in fancy she stood again in the back parlor of the Cressler home, her fingers pressed over her mouth to shut back the cries, horror and the terror of sudden death rending her heart, shaking the brain itself. Again and again since that dreadful moment had the fear come back mingled with grief, with compassion, and the bitter sorrow of a kind friend gone forever from her side. And then, her resolution girding itself, her will power at fullest stretch, she had put the tragedy from her. Other and—for her—more momentous events impended. Everything in life, even death itself, must stand aside while her love was put to the test. Life and death were little things. Love only existed; let her husband's career fail—what did it import so only love stood the strain and issued from the struggle triumphant? And now, as she lay upon her couch, she crushed down all compunction for the pitiful calamity whose last scene she had discovered, her thoughts once more upon her husband and herself. Had the shock of that spectacle in the Cresslers' house, and the wearing suspense in which she had lived of late, torn and disordered the delicate feminine nerves so that a kind of hysteria animated and directed her impulses, her words and actions—hysteria and a monstrous egoism? Laura did not know. She knew only that the day was going and that her husband neither came near her nor sent her word.

Even if he had been very busy, this was her birthday, though he had lost millions! Could he not have sent even the foolishest little present to her, even a line—three words on a scrap of paper? But she checked herself. The day was not over yet; perhaps—perhaps he would remember her, after all, before the afternoon was over. He was managing a little surprise for her, no doubt. He knew what day this was. After their talk that Sunday in his smoking-room he would not forget. And besides, it was the evening that he had promised should be hers. "If he loved her," she had said, he would give that evening to her. Never, never would Curtis fail her when conjured by that spell.

Laura had planned a little dinner for that night. It was to be served at eight. Page would have dined earlier; only herself and her husband were to be present. It was to be her birthday dinner. All the noisy, clamorous world should be excluded; no faintest rumble of the Pit would intrude. She would have him all to herself. He would, so she determined, forget everything else in his love for her. She would be beautiful as never before—brilliant, resistless and dazzling. She would have him at her feet, her own, her own again, as much her own as her very hands. And before she would let him go he would forever and forever have abjured the Battle of the Street that had so often caught him from her. The Pit should not have him; the sweep of that great whirlpool should never again prevail against the power of love.

Yes, she had suffered, she had known the humiliation of a woman neglected. But it was to end now; her pride would never again be lowered, her love never again be ignored.

But the afternoon passed and the evening drew on without any word from him. In spite of her anxiety, she yet murmured over and over again as she paced the floor of her room: "He will send word; he will send word. I know he will."

By four o'clock she had begun to dress. Never had she made a toilet more superb, more careful. She disdained a "costume" on this great evening. It was not to be "Théodora" now, nor "Juliet," nor "Carmen." It was to be only Laura Jadwin—just herself, unaided by theatricals, unadorned by tinsel. But it seemed consistent none the less to choose her most beautiful gown for the occasion, to panoply herself in every charm that was her own. Her dress, that

"I WONDER," SHE SAID, "WHAT THE WEST WILL BE LIKE"

closely sheathed the low, flat curves of her body and that left her slender arms and neck bare, was one shimmer of black jet scales, iridescent, undulating with light to her every movement. In the coils and masses of her black hair she fixed her two great cabochons of pearls, and clasped about her neck her palm-broad collaret of pearls and diamonds. Against one shoulder nodded a jaqueminot, royal red, imperial.

It was hard upon six o'clock when at last she dismissed her maid. Left alone, she stood for a moment in front of her long mirror that reflected her image from head to foot, and at the sight she could not forbear a smile and a sudden proud lifting of her head. All the woman in her preened and plumed herself in the consciousness of the power of her beauty. Let the Battle of the Street clamor never so loudly now, let the suction of the Pit be strong now, Eve triumphed, *Venus toute entière s'attachait a sa proie.*

These women of America, these others who allowed "business" to draw their husbands from them more and more, who submitted to those cruel conditions that forced them to be content with the wreckage left after the storm and stress of the day's work—the jaded mind, the exhausted body, the faculties dulled by overwork—she was sorry for them. They, less radiant than herself, less potent to charm, could not call their husbands back. But she, Laura, was beautiful; she knew it; she gloried in her beauty. It was her strength. She felt the same pride in it as the warrior in a finely tempered weapon.

And to-night her beauty was brighter than ever. It was a veritable aura that enveloped her, an aureole that crowned her. She knew herself to be invincible. So only that he saw her thus, she knew that she would conquer. And he would come. "If he loved her," she had said. By his love for her he had promised; by his love she knew she would prevail.

But meanwhile the time was passing. Laura descended to the library, and, picking up a book, composed herself to read. When six o'clock struck she made haste to assure herself that, of course, she could not expect him exactly on the hour. No, she must make allowances; the day—as Page had suspected—had probably been an important one. He would be a little late, but he would come soon. "If you love me, you will come," she had said.

But an hour later Laura paced the room with tight-shut lips and burning cheeks. She was still alone; her day, her hour, was passing, and he had not so much as sent word. For a moment the thought occurred to her that he might perhaps be in great trouble, in great straits, that there was an excuse. But instantly she repudiated the notion.

"No, no," she cried, beneath her breath. "He should come, no matter what has happened. Or even, at the very least, he could send word."

The minutes dragged by. No roll of wheels echoed under the carriage porch; no step sounded at the outer door. The house was still, the street without was still, the silence of the midsummer evening widened, unbroken around her, like a vast calm pool. Only the musical Gregorians of the newsboys chanting the evening's extras from corner to corner of the streets rose into the air from time to time. She was once more alone. Was she to fail again? Was she to be set aside once more as so often heretofore—set aside, flouted, ignored, forgotten? "If you love me," she had said.

And this was to be the supreme test. This evening was to decide which was the great influence of his life—was to prove whether or not love was paramount. This was the crucial hour. "And he knows it," cried Laura. "He knows it. He did not forget, could not have forgotten."

The half-hour passed, then the hour, and as eight o'clock chimed from the clock over the mantel-shelf Laura stopped suddenly rigid in the midst of the floor.

Her anger leaped like fire within her. All the passion of the woman scorned shook her from head to foot. At the very moment of her triumph she had been flouted, in the pitch of her pride! And this was not the only time. All at once the past disappointments, slights and humiliations came again to her memory. She had pleaded, and had been rebuffed again and again; she had given all and had received neglect—she, Laura, beautiful beyond other women, who had known love, devoted service, and the most thoughtful consideration from her earliest girlhood, had been cast aside.

Suddenly she bent her head quickly, listening intently. Then she drew a deep breath, murmuring, "At last, at last!"

For the sound of a footstep in the vestibule was unmistakable. He had come, after all. But so late, so late! No, she could not be gracious at once; he must be made to feel how deeply he had offended; he must sue humbly, very humbly, for pardon. The servant's step sounded in the hall on the way toward the front door.

"I am in here, Matthew," she called. "In the library. Tell him I am in here."

She cast a quick glance at herself in the mirror close at hand, touched her hair with rapid fingers, smoothed the agitation from her forehead, and sat down in a deep chair near the fireplace, opening a book, turning her back toward the door.

She heard him come in, but did not move. Even as he crossed the floor she kept her head turned away. The footsteps paused near at hand. There was a moment's silence. Then slowly Laura, laying down her book, turned and faced him.

"With many, very, very happy returns of the day," said Sheldon Corthell, as he held toward her a cluster of deep-blue violets.

Laura sprang to her feet, a hand upon her cheek, her eyes wide and flashing.

"You?" was all she had breath to utter. "You?"

The artist smiled as he laid the flowers upon the table.

"I am going away again to-morrow," he said, "for always, I think. Have I startled you? I came only to say good-by—and to wish you a happy birthday."

"Oh, you remembered!" she cried. "You remembered! I might have known you would."

But the revulsion had been too great. She had been wrong, after all. Jadwin had forgotten. Emotions to which she could put no name swelled in her heart and rose in a quick,

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"ALL ABOUT THE SMASH OF THE GREAT WHEAT CORNER!"

gasping sob to her throat. The tears sprang to her eyes. Old impulses, forgotten impetuosities, whipped her on.

"Oh, you remembered, you remembered!" she cried again, holding out both her hands.

He caught them in his own.

"Remembered!" he echoed; "I have never forgotten."

"No, no," she replied, shaking her head, winking back the tears. "You don't understand. I spoke before I thought. You don't understand."

"I do, believe me—believe me, I do," he exclaimed. "I understand you better than you understand yourself."

Laura's answer was a cry.

"Oh, then, why did you ever leave me—you who did understand me? Why did you leave me only because I told you to go? Why didn't you make me love you then? Why didn't you make me understand myself?" She clasped her hands tight together upon her breast; her words, torn by her sobs, came all but incoherent from behind her shut teeth. "No, no!" she exclaimed, as he made toward her. "Don't touch me, don't touch me! It is too late!"

"It is not too late."

Tears stood in Corthell's eyes as he went on.

"God forgive whoever—whatever has brought you to this pass," he said.

And as if it were a realization of his thought there suddenly came to the ears of both the roll of wheels upon the asphalt under the carriage porch and the trampling of iron-shod hoofs.

"Is that your husband?" Corthell's quick eye took in Laura's disarranged coiffure, one black lock low upon her neck, the rose at her shoulder crushed and broken, and the bright spot on either cheek.

"Is that your husband?"

"My husband—I don't know." She looked up at him with unseeing eyes. "Where is my husband? I have no husband. You are letting me remember," she cried in terror. "You are letting me remember. Ah, no, no, you don't love me! I hate you!"

Quickly he bent and kissed her.

"I will come for you to-morrow evening," he said. "You will be ready then to go with me?"

"Ready then? Yes, yes, to go with you anywhere."

He stood still a moment, listening. Somewhere a door closed. He heard the hoofs upon the asphalt again.

"Good-by," he whispered. "God bless you! Good-by till to-morrow night." And with the words was gone. The front door of the house closed quietly.

Had he come back again? Laura turned in her place on the long divan at the sound of a heavy tread by the door of the library.

Then an uncertain hand drew the heavy curtain aside. Jadwin, her husband, stood before her, his eyes sunken deep in his head, his face dead white, his hand shaking. He stood for a long instant in the middle of the room looking at her. Then at last his lips moved:

"Old girl! . . . Honey!"

Laura rose and all but groped her way toward him, her heart beating, the tears streaming down her face.

"My husband, my husband!"

Together they made their way to the divan, and sank down upon it side by side, holding to each other, trembling and fearful, like children in the night.

"Honey," whispered Jadwin after a while—"Honey, it's dark, it's dark. Something happened. . . . I don't remember"—he put his hand uncertainly to his head—"I can't remember very well; but it's dark—a little."

"It's dark," she repeated in a low whisper. "It's dark, dark. Something happened. Yes. I must not remember."

They spoke no further. A long time passed. Pressed close together, Curtis Jadwin and his wife sat there in the vast, gorgeous room, silent and trembling, ridden with unnamed fears, groping in the darkness. And while they remained thus holding close by one another a prolonged and wailing cry rose suddenly from the street, and passed on through the city under the stars and the wide canopy of the darkness.

"Extra, oh-h-h, extra! All about the smash of the great wheat corner! All about the failure of Curtis Jadwin!"

CONCLUSION

THE evening had closed in wet and misty; all day long a chill wind had blown across the city from off the lake, and by eight o'clock, when Laura and Jadwin came down to the dismantled library, a heavy rain was falling.

Laura gave Jadwin her arm as they made their way across the room—their footsteps echoing strangely from the uncarpeted boards.

"There," she said. "Give me the valise. Now sit down on the packing-box here. Are you tired? You had better put your hat on. It is full of drafts here, now that all the furniture and curtains are out."

"No, no. I'm all right, old girl. Is the hack there yet?"

"Not yet. You're sure you're not tired?" she insisted. "You had a pretty bad siege of it, you know, and this is the first week you've been up. You remember the doctor——"

"I've had too good a nurse," he answered, stroking her hand, "not to be fine as a fiddle by now. You must be tired yourself, Laura. Why, for whole days there—and nights, too, they tell me—you never left the room."

She shook her head as though dismissing the subject.

"I wonder," she said, sitting down upon a smaller packing-box and clasping a knee in her hands—"I wonder what the West will be like. Do you know, I think I am going to like it, Curtis?"

"It will be starting in all over again, old girl," he said with a shake of his head. "Pretty hard at first, I'm afraid."

She laughed an almost contemptuous note.

"Hard! Now?" She took his hand and laid it to her cheek.

"By all the rules you ought to hate me," he began. "What have I done for you but hurt you and, at last, bring you to——"

But she shut her gloved hand over his mouth.

"Stop!" she cried. "Hush, dear. You have brought me the greatest happiness of my life."

"Not during the time when I lost my head, when I left you alone so——"

But again she interrupted him.

"We were never to speak of those days again, never. They belong to the past. We were both different then. How do you know?—maybe I, too, 'lost my head.' But never mind all that now," she added hastily. "The 'world is all before us where to choose' now, isn't it? And this big house and all the life we've led in it was just an incident in our lives—an incident that is closed."

"Looks like it, to look around this room," he said grimly. "Nothing left but the wall-paper. What do you suppose are in these boxes?"

"They're labeled 'books and portières.'"

"Who bought 'em, I wonder? I'd have thought the party who bought the house would have taken them. Well, it was a wrench to see the place and all go so dirt cheap, and the 'Thetis,' too, by George! But I'm glad now. It's as though we had lightened ship." He looked at his watch. "That hack ought to be here pretty soon. I'm glad we checked the trunks from the house; gives us more time."

"Oh, by the way," exclaimed Laura, all at once opening her satchel, "I had a long letter from Page this morning, from New York. Do you want to hear what she has to say? I've had time to read only part of it myself. It's the first one I've had from her since their marriage."

He lit a cigar.

"Go ahead," he said, settling himself on the box. "What does Mrs. Court have to say?"

"'My dearest sister,'" began Laura. "'Here we are, Landry and I, in New York at last. Very tired and mussed after the ride on the cars, but in a darling little hotel where the proprietor is head cook and everybody speaks French. I know my accent is improving, and Landry has learned any quantity of phrases already. We are reading George Sand out loud, and are making up the longest vocabulary. To-night we are going to a concert, and I've found out that there's a really fine course of lectures to be given soon on "Literary Tendencies," or something like that. *Quel chance!* Landry is intensely interested. You've no idea what a deep mind he has, Laura—a real thinker.

"'But here's really a big piece of news. We may not have to give up our old home on North State Street opposite St. James' Church, after all. Aunt Wess' wrote the other day to say that if you were willing she would rent it, and then sublet all the lower floor to Landry and me, so we could have a real house over our heads and not the under side of the floor of the flat overhead. And she is such an old dear, I know we could all get along beautifully. Write me about this as soon as you can. I know you'll be willing, and Aunt Wess' said she'd agree to whatever rent you suggested.

"'We went to call on Mrs. Cressler day before yesterday. She's been here nearly a fortnight by now, and is living with a maiden sister of hers in a very beautiful house fronting Central Park (not so beautiful as our palace on North Avenue. Never, never, will I forget that house). She will probably stay here now always. She says the very sight of the old neighborhoods in Chicago would be more than she could bear. Poor Mrs. Cressler! How fortunate for her that her sister ——' and so on, and so on," broke in Laura hastily.

"Read it, read it," said Jadwin, turning sharply away. "Don't skip a line. I want to hear every word."

"That's all there is to it," Laura returned. "'We'll be back,'" she went on, turning a page of the letter, "'in about three weeks, and Landry will take up his work in that railroad office. No more speculating for him, he says. He talks of Mr. Jadwin continually. You never saw or heard of such devotion. He says that Mr. Jadwin is a genius, the greatest financier in the country, and that he knows he could have won if they all hadn't turned against him that day. He never gets tired telling me that Mr. Jadwin has been a father to him—the kindest, biggest-hearted man he ever knew——'"

Jadwin pulled his mustache rapidly.

"Pshaw, pish, nonsense—little fool!" he blustered.

"He simply worshiped you from the first, Curtis," commented Laura. "Even after he knew I was to marry you. He never once was jealous—never once would listen to a word against you from any one."

"Well—well, what else does Mrs. Court say?"

"'I am glad to hear,'" read Laura, "'that Mr. Gretry did not fail, though Landry tells me he must have lost a great deal of money. Landry tells me that eighteen brokers' houses failed in Chicago the day after Mr. Gretry suspended. Isabel sent us a wedding present—a lovely medicine-chest full of homœopathic medicines, little pills and things, you know. But as Landry and I are never sick and both laugh at homœopathy, I declare I don't know just what we will do with it. Landry is as careful of me as though I were a wax doll. But I do wish he would think more of his own health. He never will wear his mackintosh in rainy weather. I've been studying his tastes so carefully. He likes French light opera better than English, and bright colors in his cravats, and he simply adores stuffed tomatoes.

"'We both send our love, and Landry especially wants to be remembered to Mr. Jadwin. I hope this letter will come in time for us to wish you both *bon voyage* and *bon succès*. How splendid of Mr. Jadwin to have started his new business even while he was convalescent! Landry says he knows he will make two or three more fortunes in the next few years.

"'Good-by, Laura, dear. Ever your loving sister,

"'PAGE COURT.

"'(The next day.)

"'P. S.—I open this letter again to tell you that we met Mr. Corthell on the street yesterday. He sails for Europe to-day.'"

"Oh," said Jadwin, as Laura put the letter quickly down. "Corthell—that artist chap. By the way, whatever became of him?"

Laura settled a comb in the back of her hair.

"He—he came to call the day after your—your failure—and several times since."

"Why, what a lot of people came to ask how I did!" exclaimed Jadwin. "There are a lot of decent people in this world, Laura. I don't deserve to have such good friends. Corthell, too, hey? Who would have thought that, now? Sorry I didn't see him before he went away. What did he have to say?"

"When he called, you mean?" She shook her head. "I didn't see him. I think," she said quietly—"I think he is a little tiresome at times. Oh, there's the carriage."

They rose, gathering up their valises.

"Hoh!" said Jadwin. "No servants now, Laura, to carry our things down for us and open the door, and it's a hack, old girl, instead of the victoria or coupé."

"What if it is?" she cried. "'What do' things,' servants, money and all amount to now?"

As Jadwin laid his hand upon the knob of the front door he all at once put down his valise and put his arm about his wife. She caught him about the neck and looked deep into his eyes

—SHE STOOD FOR A MOMENT IN FRONT OF HER LONG MIRROR

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a long moment. And then, without speaking, they kissed each other.

In the outer vestibule he raised the umbrella and held it over her head.

The driver, descending from the box, held open the door of the hack. Jadwin handed Laura in, gave an address to the driver, and got in himself, slamming the door after. They heard the driver mount to his seat and speak to his horses.

"Well," said Jadwin, rubbing the fog from the window-pane, "look your last at the old place, Laura. You'll never see it again."

But she would not look.

"No, no," she said. "I'll look at you, dearest, at you and our future, which is to be happier than any years we have ever known."

Jadwin did not answer other than by taking her hand in his, and in silence they drove through the city toward the train that was to carry them to the new life. A phase of the existences of each was closed definitely. The great corner was a thing of the past; the great corner with the long train of disasters its collapse had started. The great failure had precipitated smaller failures, and the aggregate of smaller failures had pulled down one business house after another. For weeks afterward the successive crashes were like the shock and reverberation of undermined buildings toppling to their ruin. An important bank had suspended payment, and hundreds of depositors had found their little fortunes swept away. The ramifications of the catastrophe were unbelievable. The whole tone of financial affairs seemed changed. Money was "tight" again, credit was withdrawn. The business world began to speak of hard times once more.

But Laura would not admit her husband was in any way to blame. He had suffered, too. She repeated to herself his words again and again:

"The wheat cornered itself. I simply stood between two sets of circumstances. The wheat cornered me, not I the wheat."

And all of those millions of millions of bushels of the wheat were gone now. The wheat that had killed Cressler, and had—with the breaking of the corner—brought privation and suffering to so many hundreds of families, that engulfed Jadwin's fortune, and all but unseated reason itself—the wheat that had intervened like a great current to drag her husband from her side and drown him in the roaring depths of the Pit, released from all control had passed on upon its ordered and predetermined course, from West to East, like a vast Titanic flood; had passed, leaving death and ruin in its wake, but bearing life and prosperity to the crowded cities and centres of Europe.

For a moment, vague, dark perplexities assailed her, questionings as to the elemental forces, the forces of demand and supply that ruled the world. This huge, resistless Nourisher of the Nations—why was it, then, it could not reach the people, could not fulfill its destiny, unmarred by all this suffering, unattended by all this misery?

She did not know. But as she searched, troubled and disturbed, for an answer, she was aware of a certain familiarity in the neighborhood the carriage was traversing. The strange sense of having lived through this scene, once before, took hold upon her.

She looked out quickly on either hand through the blurred glasses of the carriage doors. Surely, surely, this locality had once before impressed itself upon her imagination. She turned to her husband, an exclamation upon her lips; but Jadwin, by the dim light of the carriage lanterns, was studying a railroad folder.

All at once, intuitively, Laura turned in her place, and raising the flap that covered the little window at the back of the carriage looked behind. On either side of the vista in converging lines stretched the tall office buildings, lights burning in a few of their windows even yet. Over the end of the street the lead-colored sky was broken by a pale faint haze of light, and silhouetted against this rose a sombre mass, unbroken by any glimmer, rearing a black and formidable façade against the blue of the sky behind it.

And this was the last impression of that part of her life that that day brought to a close; the tall, gray office buildings, the murk of rain, the haze of light in the heavens, and raised against it the pile of the Board of Trade building, black, grave, monolithic, crouching on its foundations like a monstrous sphinx with blind eyes, silent, grave—crouching there without a sound, without sign of life, under the night and the drifting veil of rain.

(THE END)

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BETWEEN THE LINES

"Big Sellers"

THE books which are most eagerly bought and read in a country give us a shrewd hint as to the condition of the mind and morals of that country.

It is fair, then, to take the books which have been sold here during the last ten years by the hundreds of thousands as thermometers to show the present temperature, mental and moral, of the American people.

These "Big Sellers," as the trade calls them, have all been novels. Why? And why the sudden enormous sales? Twenty years ago a book of which fifteen thousand copies were sold was considered a success.

Simply because, owing to the general prosperity, a different class of readers are able now to buy books.

The chief effort of the Republic for a century and a quarter has been to educate her working-classes. Now, here is a gauge to measure their education. They are now able to buy books. What do they buy?

First—and let us thank God for it—they want clean books. No filthy novel ever has had a large sale in this country.

It is a significant fact, however, that three notable books issued during the last two years had noble motifs which were tainted and debased with impurity. They were read chiefly by idle, emotional women; men laughed at their hysterical outcries—the decent, sane general public did not read them at all.

Then what does this healthy-minded public read and want to read?

Let us see. The first novel which was heartily liked by the rank and file of American readers was published before the Civil War. It was Beulah, by Augusta Evans Wilson. It was a mild, weak story, but the flavor of piety in it was sincere and pure. That brought its success.

Next came Ben Hur, of which literally millions of copies have been sold. Again the popularity of the book was not due to literary ability, nor dramatic power, but to its religious element. No subject, after all, is so interesting to any man as his own soul, and its chances beyond the dark. Ben Hur satisfied the desire of the ordinary man to come closer to the Christ in His personal presence, to find Him human like ourselves.

Next to Ben Hur in popularity probably have come E. P. Roe's novels. Without the usual aid from critics they had enormous sales. The critics always have sneered at them as a gourmand would do if asked to eat boiled mutton without sauce.

They were stories of every-day life, told with great directness and simplicity. There were usually two old people—gray and wise and saintly as old people are in such books—and a pair of lovers with all the virtues divided between them, and a villain, wicked even to his finger-nails. There were fearful complications and dangers, but true love always came out victorious in the end. The story was set usually among the farms and hills and woods which have for most of us a homely, kindly familiarity.

There was no hot spice of passion in these commonplace pages—no tempting, half-covered indecency. The dish of mutton was plain, if you will, but wholesome and nourishing. In any case it suited the American palate.

The enormous sales of Uncle Tom's Cabin were due to another characteristic of our people. It was read because its subject was the one which at that instant was upheaving the country to its foundations. The American is apt to tear and rend an idea to tatters in the fervor of the moment. But, the moment gone, he suddenly regards the whole matter *de haut en bas*, and with good-humored indifference refuses ever to be bored by it again.

During the Civil War he daily either lauded or cursed Mrs. Stowe and her book with righteous fury. But when the war was over he promptly forgot them both. Her later novels, which offered much more accurate and finer work than Uncle Tom's Cabin, had but a small sale.

The popularity of other recent favorites had another equally characteristic cause. In the last thirty years the average American has discovered that he had grandfathers, and each year grows more anxious as to their conditions and doings while they were above ground. Before that time there was a singular apathy among us on the subject of our genealogy. We were wholly satisfied that to be an American was to be greater than a King. Why then trouble ourselves to trace our descent from long-dead baronets or farmers or carpenters?

But nowadays "Ego sum" does not cover the whole story of existence for the average American. He has a keen hunger for the facts of his origin, and the more romantic and picturesque these facts can be made to appear the better he is pleased. It is not enough for him that he is a citizen of the Great Republic; he wants to think that his grandfathers wrote Armiger after their names, and bore a knightly part in the chivalric doings of those older times.

Hence the sudden and brilliant success of Miss Mary Johnston's To Have and To Hold and Audrey, with their revelation of the stately dames and courtly cavaliers who, she holds, were the first settlers in this country. We had long pictured our ancestors as grim old farmers in homespun, sitting by the kitchen chimney, Bible in hand, after a day's active ploughing or killing of pigs or bears or Indians, as the case might be, while their wives, after much frying of bacon, or dripping of candles, or boiling of soft soap, sat listening to the Word.

We were not ashamed of their day's hard work, and the inevitable reading of the Bible at the end of it lifted them for us into the region of saints and haloed martyrs of the past.

But these ancestors whom this little Southern girl has unearthed for us are of another pattern. There is some pleasure in choosing our grandfathers from among her disguised sons of dukes, Paladins of chivalry, one of whom in a short July afternoon slaughtered the four great champions of Europe. How much more satisfactory as grandmothers, too, her haughty Lady Evelyns, perpetually occupied in rejecting earls, than the homely old women, who, like Martha Washington, salted down pork and made jelly, and boxed the ears of their daughters when they brought suitors of low degree to the house.

Miss Johnston has such absolute faith in her own creation of this fairyland in old Virginia that she has converted us all to a half belief in it. Granted that her books are romance, pure and simple, they will make life easier for the hundreds of thousands of hard working modern young people who, against the angry protest of Mr. Howells, delight in them. They are written, too, with an aplomb, a simplicity and distinction of style which prove that Miss Johnston has been brought up on the Spectator, Addison and Scott, like many Southern women. She may—let us hope she will—simplify and strengthen the English of her readers of this later generation.

Several other novels which claimed to be historical have been popular owing to this present spasm of eagerness in Americans to make the past real to themselves. They give us Colonial life, the time of the Civil War, what you will, not as they actually were but as they have appeared to the heated fancy of the writers. Our great men during the Civil War did not declaim and stalk to and fro as in these books, like Cato or Mark Antony. They were tediously commonplace. One of them—the greatest of them all—went about his work of saving the Republic with black finger-nails and buttonless shirt-fronts loosely pinned together.

Another told jokes in season and out of season, and still another, a wise and great leader, ended every sentence with a weak giggle.

Shall we sketch our heroes with imaginary halos or as they really are, with all their moles or wrinkles?

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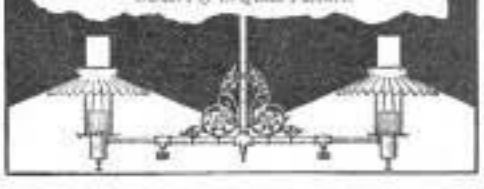

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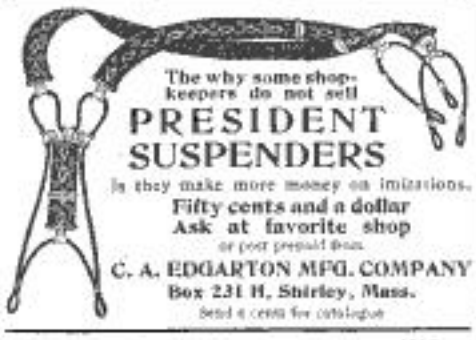

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For Breakfast

WHEATLET

All the Wheat that's fit to eat"

GOLDEN FLEECE

(Continued from Page 11)

millions she represented. "Gad, how rich they are—these beggars," he thought enviously. And he was seized by a mild attack of what a distinguished New York lawyer calls "the fury of the parasite"—that hate which succeeds contempt in the parasite as its intended victim eludes it.

When the curtain went down on the last of seven uproarious calls—the opera was Carmen, and Calvé was singing it—Mrs. Staunton's supercilious expression gave him the courage to say: "Ghastly row they make, eh?"

Mrs. Staunton was perhaps fifty years old, long and thin, with a severe profile and a sweet and intelligent, if somewhat too complacent, front face. "Calvé sings rather well—in spots," she said. "But I doubt if Boston would have given her seven calls."

The mirthful shine of Frothingham's right eye may have been a reflection from his glass; again, it may have been really in his eye where it seemed to be—Mrs. Staunton was so seated that she could not see him as he talked over her shoulder into her ear. "Really," was all he said.

"You've not been at Boston?" asked Mrs. Staunton.

"Not yet. I thought it would be well to get acclimated, as it were, before I ventured away from New York."

"You will have it to do over again," said Mrs. Staunton. "We are very different. Here money is king and god, and ——" Mrs. Staunton cast a disdainful glance round the brilliant and beautiful and even dazzling grand tier. "You see the result. Really, New York is becoming intolerably vulgar. I come here rarely, and leave as soon as I decently can. But one can't stay here even for a few days without being corrupted. The very language is corrupt here, and among those who call themselves the best people."

"Really! Really, now!" said Frothingham.

"Indeed, yes. In Boston even the lower classes speak English."

"You don't say." Frothingham's drawl was calm; he put upon his eyeglass the burden of looking astonished interest.

"It must fret your nerves to listen to the speech here," continued Mrs. Staunton. "It's a dialect as harsh and vulgar—as most of the voices."

"It will be a great pleasure to hear the language spoken as it is at home—though I can't say that I mind it here. Yes—I shall be glad to see Boston."

Mrs. Staunton lifted her eyebrows and looked politely amused. "But *we* don't speak as you speak in England. I didn't say that."

"Oh—I thought you were saying that they spoke English at Boston."

"So I did. I mean that we speak correctly. You English speak very incorrectly. Your upper class is even more slovenly in that respect than your middle class."

Frothingham looked interest and inquiry. "Ah—yes—quite so," he said. "I believe we do let our middle class look after all that sort of thing. It saves us a lot of bother."

"I'm glad you admit the truth." Mrs. Staunton looked gracious and triumphant. "Last winter we had the president of one of the colleges at Oxford with us—a very narrow man."

"Frightful persons, all that sort, *I* think," said Frothingham.

"I'm not astonished that you think so," replied Mrs. Staunton. "He—it was Mr. Stebbins—scoffed at the idea that Boston spoke English. He insisted that whatever your upper class speaks is English, that they have the right to determine the language."

That was Frothingham's own notion, but he gave no sign. "Stebbins is a hideous old jabberwock," he said, glad that the orchestra was beginning.

He had accidentally but naturally stumbled into the road to Mrs. Staunton's good graces. She wanted acquiescent listeners only; he disliked talking and abhorred argument. She was living at the Waldorf also, and this gave him his opportunity. She found him most agreeable. He had the great advantage of being free all day, while her New York men friends were at work then—and she did not like women. She insisted it was only the New York woman—"so trivial, so childish in her tastes for show and for farcical amusements"—that she did not like; but the fact was that she did not like any women anywhere. Nominally, she was in New York to visit her sister, Mrs. Findlay, but she rarely saw her. "I can't endure staying in Henrietta's house," she explained to Frothingham. "She has fallen from grace. If anything, she out-Herods the New York women—always the way with renegades. And she lets her housekeeper and her butler run her household—dust everywhere, things going to ruin, the servants often drunk. If I were in the house I could not be silent; so I stay at a hotel when I make my annual visit to her."

She invited Frothingham to come to her at Boston in the second week in January—and he accepted. She had said never a word to him about her niece, Cecilia Allerton, and for that very reason he knew that she was revolving some plan for bringing them together. He also knew that Cecilia Allerton's father, head of the great Boston banking house of Allerton Brothers & Monson, was rich enough to give his daughter the dower necessary to her admission into the Gordon-Beauvais family.

In the two weeks between Mrs. Staunton's departure and his engagement to follow her he did not neglect his business. But his assiduity was wasted. He saw chances to marry, and marry well—but no dowers worth his while. Many mothers beamed on him and their daughters brightened at his approach; but not one of the families that might have had him for the faintest hinting showed any matrimonial interest in him. One mother, Mrs. Brandon, actually snubbed him as if he were a mere vulgar, poor and untitled American or fortune-hunter—and the snub was unprovoked, as he was only courteous to Miss Brandon. When Frothingham laughed over this incident to Honoria she said: "Mrs. Brandon purposes to marry Estelle to Walter Summit."

"That chuckle-head? Why, I found him in the cloak-room at the Merivale dance the other night sitting with his big damp hands in his lap and his mouth hanging open. And he wasn't drunk, either."

"But Estelle isn't marrying *him*. She's marrying his twenty millions. With what she'll inherit from her father and her uncle that will make her the third richest woman in New York. The fact that Walter is slightly imbecile is rather in his favor—she'll have a free hand, and that's everything where a woman's ambitious. If you Englishmen hadn't the reputation of being masterful in your own households you'd have less difficulty in marrying over here. It was a bad day for English marriages when the American woman learned that England is a man's country. A girl brought up as our girls are nowadays hates to abdicate—and she doesn't have to if she marries an American."

"I've heard that all women like a master," suggested Frothingham.

"So do men. Every one likes to bow to real superiority and serve it, when he or she finds it. But the difficulty comes in trying to convince a man or a woman that he or she has met a superior."

"Well, then—perhaps women are more easily convinced than men."

Honoria smiled satirically. "They *seem* to be," she replied, "because they are prudent. But if some husbands only knew what their wives really thought, they might be less easy in their vanity than they are."

"That isn't true of our English women," said Frothingham.

"No—and why? Because, milord, they don't think."

"Well—*my* wife can do as she jolly pleases if she'll only let me alone."

"If she's an American you may be sure she *will* do as she jolly pleases—and you may also be sure that it won't please you to be jolly as she does it."

Just then a servant came to say that Catherine was at the door in her carriage and wished to know whether Honoria was at home. Honoria looked at Frothingham inquiringly.

"As you please," said Frothingham, settling his eyeglass firmly and clearing his face of expression.

Honoria left him in the large drawing-room and waited for Catherine in the adjoining smaller room. "Lord Frothingham is here," she said in an undertone, after they had kissed each the other.

Catherine paled and her eyes shifted. "Does he know I'm here?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Honoria, "but you needn't see him if you do not wish."

Catherine reflected. "I'm certain to meet him again some time, ain't I, dear?" she said. "And it might be more awkward than this."

She advanced boldly with Honoria and put out her hand to him, her face flushing and a

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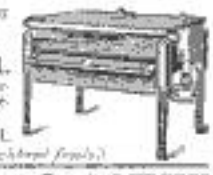

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delightful pleading look in her eyes. "I'm so glad to see you again, Lord Frothingham," she said.

"Ah—thank you—a great pleasure to me also, I'm sure," he answered in his most expressionless tone. "Are you living in town?"

"We came up yesterday—to stay. Won't you come to see us? Are you at the Waldorf? I do hope we can get you for a dinner mamma's arranging for the latter part of next week."

"Very good of you. But I'm just off to Boston."

He shook hands with her, then with Honoria. At the door he turned and a faint smile showed in his eyeglass and at the corners of his mouth. "Oh, I almost forgot—give my regards to Wallingford—when you see him—won't you?"

Catherine looked gratefully at him. "Thank you—thank you," she said. "I know he'll be glad of a friendly message from you. He's very fond of you."

"Really?" drawled Frothingham. "That's charming!" He smiled with good-natured raillery. "He had such a quaint way of showing it that I wasn't *quite* certain."

When he had bowed and dropped the heavy portière behind him Catherine went to the window. She stood there until she had seen him enter his hansom and drive away.

"How beautifully he dresses," she said absently to Honoria. "And what distinguished manners he has—as if he'd been used to being a gentleman for ages and ages."

She seated herself near the fire—the tea-table was between her and Honoria. "You didn't know that we were engaged, did you?" she went on, looking dreamily into the fire.

"Were you?" said Honoria—she never betrayed confidences.

"Yes. But I broke it off."

"Why?"

"I think," Catherine answered slowly, "I think perhaps it was because I didn't feel at home with him—and I do with—Joe. He knows how to manage me."

"Joe? Why, I thought you disliked him."

"So did I think so." Catherine sighed. "I wish," she said after a moment, "that Joe had Beauvais House and—the title."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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IN ALL probability, very few untraveled Americans have ever seen a grapevine growing in a flower-pot. For the most part we have been content with growing the tender varieties far enough south to enable them to live through the winter outdoors, planting only the hardy sorts in the colder parts of this very extensive country. In Europe, on the other hand, where fruit brings enormous prices, especially when out of season, hot-house grapes grown in pots are common.

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A Woman's Washington

By The Congressman's Wife

SURELY the language of the human face is universal, and any one to be convinced of this would need only to sit in the galleries of Congress and watch the faces of our legislators just before a holiday adjournment, and then again later, just after the play-spell is over. For if there ever was a shorthand of the human mind it is crowded into every face on the floor below and is easily read by any one, whether he is a student of Lavater or not, and one cannot help thinking of the expressive pictures on old-time medicine bottles of "before and after." I sat in the gallery the day of adjournment, waiting to bear Robert away to a function. Every man was shaking hands and smiling. Quips and jests flew about like confetti at Mardi Gras. Some were going to rush off up North to catch up with their legislatures, or patch up their fences, or hunt up coal along with the Christmas tree. Some were going South to thaw out their orange groves, while a few, with knowing looks on their faces, were going to stay here to "look after the President," and incidentally work up a little frost for Cuban reciprocity, but all were hopeful, buoyant and smiling, for school had let out for two weeks.

Then when they had assembled again after the recess, I drove up to the Capitol to join Robert and Senator P——, for Senator P—— was giving a little informal luncheon in his committee-room. I asked in surprise:

"What's the matter with Congress?"

"Why?" queried Robert and Senator P—— together.

"Well, I've noticed all over the Capitol this morning that every man has a look as though he had just sipped hemlock and was awaiting his final end, like poor old Socrates," said I.

"No man ought to look as though he had sipped hemlock on the Senate side of the Capitol, Mrs. Slocum, after the munificent invitations which your Sergeant-at-Arms, Ransdell, has just issued," said a young Member of the House, who is reported to be grooming for the Senate, and who was one of our party.

Robert and Senator Blank smiled, and Mrs. Blank and I said:

"We have not heard of any munificent invitations——"

"Oh, you're not included," said Robert. "Ransdell has just secured two hundred and fifty tons of coal and he has decided to keep open house up in the Capitol, and has asked the whole Senate to bring their cots up here and camp down and bask in the warmth of old King Cole."

"Think of having two hundred and fifty tons of coal on hand for no other purpose than to keep our talk-box going," said the Member of the House, "when most of us poor mortals can buy coal only by the basketful. Butler, of Pennsylvania, says, and he ought to know, that it's even worse than that, for a man takes his money in his basket when he goes to buy coal nowadays, and brings the coal home in his pocket."

"It isn't coal that makes an old fellow like me sober, Mrs. Slocum," said our host. "It's the fear that any minute I shall hear that bell jangle for executive session. They have a way up in the Senate Chamber of waiting till a man becomes comfortably settled with his friends at luncheon, then they hunt up some two-penny appointment and go into executive session with it and bring us all on the run. I've never forgotten Hoar's luncheon last winter. He never got in a bite with his guests."

And the Senator prepared to attack a bowl of bread and milk that was flanked by a generous wedge of pumpkin pie, for, no matter what fashionable dainties the rest of us were being served with, the Senator was always true to pie and milk. Then he went on:

"We have come to the time of year when we have got to become sober-minded, for we must buckle down to work. This is the crucial period in a short session when a man has got to maintain a nice balance between zeal and moderation, for fire must not burn his zeal, nor yet frost touch his moderation, and time is short and——"

"And constituents clamoring," put in the Member of the House.

"Yes, and it's also the time of the year for everybody to get out a set of new rules," said Senator Blank testily. "If you happen to go to any of the Departments on pressing business it is to find a brand-new roll of red-tape unrolled in every direction, and notices posted up in the corridors that make a man go on tiptoe lest he unwittingly violate the law of the land. Why, these notices in the Departments seem to have become a craze."

"Ah! but you should have seen the masterpiece in the way of a notice that I once saw," said Senator P—— with a reminiscent twinkle. "It was over in the Interior Department more than thirty years ago, and was the work of a backwoodsman who had never been off his own patch of land until he was made a Commissioner in the Land Office. This notice read, 'Clerks must not pamberate in the corduroys or they'll get ketched up with.'"

This raised a shout of laughter, and Mrs. Blank said:

"That order surely must have been written by some relative of a certain Secretary's wife, of about that same period, who, when she was remonstrated with for making her official visits in the Department wagon, said in a vernacular entirely her own, 'Oh! law me, there ain't no skulduggery about me!'"

"Ah!" said the Member of the House, taking up the chain of yarns, "I was up at the Treasurer's office yesterday to get some information about this plethora of gold in the vaults and its effect on our currency and on our world relations in general, and I found the whole office with a big smile on its face. They had just received a letter which contained the halves of four one-dollar notes, notes that had evidently been in a scrapping match. The letter said:

"'I haf a fight with the boarding-lady, an' she grab an' tear haf the mon', an' then she burn the mon' through madness, an' I onderstan' that the mon' vault of this land gif me back all what I lose to the boarding-lady, which I hope herewith——'"

"I suppose," said I, when the laugh had subsided, "that since Treasurer Roberts is starting the new year with more gold in his vaults that this or any other Government on earth ever had before, he was willing to redeem these torn bills?"

"Oh, yes, of course. They were going to redeem four-fifths of it, but that letter about the boarding-lady will be on tap for many a day in that office, and also the letter of a little chap, who wrote:

"'I ain' got any boots, an' it's mighty cold trampin' over the mountain paths to school, an' I'd like three or four dollars to buy me some; please, please, Mr. Treasury, send me some for boots.'"

"What did they do about the boy?" we asked interestedly.

"Oh, the Chief Clerk wrote that the Treasury could not send the money, but that the clerks in the office would forward the amount as a gift from Santa Claus, and they did forward the money and they got a rapturous letter of thanks which wound up:

"'The boots is just O. K., an' when Billy Myers tackled me for a lickin' at the crossroads I just up with them boots and let fly, an' golly! how they could kick!'"

The spirit of that boy was appreciated by every one of us. Then Robert, who was anxious to get into the conversation, began with a yarn.

"I know of one happening," he said, "in a Department that was somewhat in the nature of a boomerang. I know of one head of a bureau who made a new rule last week which was not posted up in the corridors. It was about reporting tardy clerks, and went into secret effect on the second of January, and fifteen minutes after it was in working order that chief caught his own brother and his own disbursing clerk, to the intense delight of all the other clerks in that bureau, at whom, of course, the order had been aimed."

"But," said I commendingly, "there's a good deal of the 'fat king and lean beggar' fairness in that chief's policy that I like."

"Yes, but the joke was," said Robert, "that that chief had a net out for minnows and he caught a whale."

Then Senator P——, as though to change the theme, said to me:

"I hear you were out in Colorado this autumn helping on the campaign for our old friend Wolcott and that the canvass among the women was great. What with a box of candy for every Democratic woman voter and a feather boa for every Republican woman voter, the whole State was in an uproar."

"Yes," chimed in Robert in high glee; "Mrs. Slocum thinks universal suffrage as

The South American El Dorado

By JACK ST. ARMONT

SO LIVELY is the interest aroused in the subject of Venezuela that everything written is attentively read. Notwithstanding the fact that Caracas, the Capital of the country, is but one week's run from New York, and, if we are to consider our most southerly possession, Porto Rico, but forty hours from the United States, few Americans have a very clear idea of the wonderful rich country lying so near at hand. The dazzling stories told by the old Spanish conquerors, long thought to be highly exaggerated, are more or less believed by the very few adventurous explorers who have given time to investigation and research. The gold mines of Venezuela have produced $40,000,000 during the last 20 years, under the most crude methods of management. Silver and copper and other metals have been mined in a desultory way for years by the natives whenever they could spare the time from their fiestas.

VENEZUELA

is the most fertile country in the world, possessing most excellent geographical and commercial advantages, and, in fact, offers opportunities and resources such as few countries enjoy. The southern part of the country where it borders on Brazil, in the equatorial belt, produces in its natural state a plant strictly indigenous to the country, the Hevea brasiliensis, known commonly as the rubber tree, and so great is the demand for rubber that the natural forests of Venezuela are to-day regarded by authorities as of more value than the richest gold mine. Gold mines will exhaust; rubber forests protected in their natural state will produce indefinitely, a tree will continue yielding its milk for 35 or 40 years, and, meanwhile, the young plants constantly growing will perpetuate the forest of "gold-bearing trees" to the end of time. From the ports of Para and Manaos on the Amazon were shipped last year $50,000,000 worth of the highest priced rubber in the world. Besides the Hevea brasiliensis, the forests are filled with rosewood, teak, mahogany and other precious woods, with the cacao, cinchona, cocoa nut, tonka, vanilla and hundreds of necessary products of commerce.

In the Light of Recent Events

America and Venezuela will doubtless grow very close together within the next few years, as Venezuelans do not possess the necessary vim and energy to win success in the development of their country. They depend upon the United States for their imports and regard her as the natural market for their exports. Let good, live, energetic, resourceful men take hold of this country and develop it on the same lines as have been followed in the North American Continent, and I predict that in a few years Venezuela will have developed under this energy to one of the richest producing countries on the globe. Already far-seeing and shrewd financiers, who have amassed vast fortunes in America, are seizing the opportunities offered, and to-day a powerful United States corporation is operating and rapidly perfecting its system in the southern part of Venezuela, using the same methods which made for the phenomenal success of the great Hudson's Bay Company in trading for furs in North America, and the Company which founded the John Jacob Astor fortune. This Company owns one million acres, or 1,400 square miles, comprising the largest standing body of natural rubber trees in the world, a careful "cruising" of which has shown an average of more than six trees to the acre, fifteen years and over old, to gather the milk from which will require the labor of 40,000 people, most of whom are available. Through this enormous tract flows the

CASIQUIARE RIVER

which connects the Rio Orinoco and the Rio Negro, and the Company owns a strip three miles wide on one side and five miles on the other throughout the entire 175 miles of this river. At convenient points along the river are being established "trading posts" where will be carried merchandise consisting of calico, beads, tobacco, food stuffs and all the varied commodities used by the natives, which will be traded for rubber. Situated so far from cities or villages, the native has no use for money and is dependent upon the trader; their wants are few, and in the majority of cases actual necessities are a luxury. This great Company finds itself placed in the same relationship with the natives of South America as was the Hudson's Bay Company in the Northland and the West India Company in the Indies. For nearly 1000 miles up the Amazon and the Negro the country lying tributary holds untold possibilities, which only await the advent of the trading post, conducted on a fairly honest basis, to develop its wonderful wealth. It is the purpose of the Para Rubber Plantation Company to trade with the natives far into the interior, and to that end will send its factors with great stores of merchandise into these regions, where they will be welcomed as benefactors. They will be in a position to barter for the products of the rubber forest and the treasure trove of this vast storehouse of nature. Operating their own boats, the transportation problem is solved, and the profits possible in this business are enormous. The management of the Company's affairs in the interior is in the most competent hands. Their chief, Mr. Kenneth Rose, has been for years a resident of this country and is a thorough business man and trader. His headquarters are located at the main station of the Company at San Carlos, at the mouth of the Rio Casiquiare where it joins the Rio Negro. Under Mr. Rose is a corps of efficient men, several of whom could fill his position should the necessity arise, so that by no known possibility could the business suffer through lack of men thoroughly trained for this peculiar work. Every detail has been so carefully worked out and well systematized as to give ample assurance of absolutely trustworthy and efficient handling of affairs at that end of the line.

It is Desired to Call the Attention

of the thoughtful reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to the unprecedented opportunity offered to the person of small or large means, and in every walk of life, to so invest his earnings or surplus capital as to insure an income for years to come, and one which may steadily increase year by year, giving a competency for old age far better than life insurance or any other form of assets to be left to the loved ones, a security as stable as a Government bond. The capital stock of the Company is divided into 500,000 shares of common stock, having a par value of $10 per share, at which price it is offered to the public and for a short time only. Application will be made to list the stock on the exchange. There is but one kind of stock; a fortune has already been expended in acquiring the property and establishing trading stations and transportation equipment, and the public is invited into an established business already earning large returns, their money to be used for further developments. It is figured that each tree will produce five pounds of rubber every season, which costs, packed for export, 35 cents per pound, and sells for 90 cents per pound in New York to-day. 2,000 laborers will earn a six per cent. dividend upon the entire capital stock, and when it is considered that it will require the 40,000 laborers available to gather the entire crop each season, the figures exceed comprehension. Besides the profit on the rubber one must figure at least 50 per cent. net made on the merchandise traded for the commodity, and the extraordinary profit realized from the trading posts up the river. With this great earning capacity the selling price of the stock is likely to rapidly increase as soon as the entire project is in full working shape. If 2,000 laborers can earn a six per cent. dividend, it takes but a moment's calculation to figure the earnings possible when 40,000 are employed.

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By HON. LESLIE M. SHAW, Secretary of the Treasury

This is the first of a series of papers in which some successful business men will tell how to save money and to invest it safely.

Old Gorgon Graham

By the author of Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. A new series of papers in which Old Man Graham preaches the gospel of good business and tells some of his characteristic stories.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
425 Arch Street, Philadelphia

managed in Colorado is a magnificent success. Ask her how it was that she, a non-resident, became the possessor of both a box of candy and a feather boa. It will take me all the rest of my term to square myself with either Teller or Wolcott, whichever wins out."

Whereat the Member of the House came to my rescue:

"Let them laugh, Mrs. Slocum; you know a kite never soars to the skies with the current but against it. I was asking Mondell, of Wyoming, the other day how the universal suffrage plan works in his State, and he was most emphatic for it. He says it works first-rate and that there is a good deal of variety and gayety at the polls. According to Mondell a man in his State practically has to dance through the campaign, and he must be a good dancer, too, for the fair ones won't put up with a lagging, indifferent partner. During a canvass when the speech-making is over they clear their halls and everybody turns in and trips the light fantastic. A man has to be as careful in his choice of a partner as he is in his choice of his candidate. He must not pick out all the pretty girls and waltz with them, but he must do the Lancers and Virginia reel with their mothers and aunts, for the mothers and aunts like to dance, and as they do most of the voting the wisdom of the Lancers and Virginia reel is obvious. So, according to my colleague, a Wyoming campaign is rather a complex matter."

"And speaking of complex campaigns," said Senator P——, "how is the campaign coming on, socially, here this winter?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Blank, "we have started out with two or three mild sensations. One is the entirely novel sensation of having an eligible bachelor Secretary, with every girl in town doing her best to find where the chief of the Navy is vulnerable. Another sensation was when the Spanish Minister and his suite, and the new Cuban Minister and his suite, and the Porto Rican Commissioner all elected to call at the same time at Admiral Dewey's on New Year's Day. And the third sensation is that the Cabinet ladies have finally concluded that they have 'slumbered long enough in the tents of their fathers,' and they are going to keep open house on every Wednesday, and return all their visits. My dinner-book is already four weeks deep, and everything else is in proportion."

"Isn't the dinner mania in this town stupendous?" said the Member of the House, who has just begun his dinner career and is not inured yet. "It makes a man wish he could belong to that tribe in India who live wholly on pleasing odors."

"But the dinners are all shorter and simpler," breathed Robert with satisfaction.

"That is true," said I, "but they are also full of wonderful surprises this winter: just fancy ham masquerading as a fashionable joint, or the good old-fashioned pork and beans of our forefathers frisking at a smart dinner, on the menu, as '*Fèves de Marais à l'Ecarlate*,' and sodden, heavy plum-pudding covered over inch thick with white French sauce and the whole frozen stiff, staring up at you from your plate, and worst of all, half the women around the table decked with black pearls."

"For my part," spoke up the Member of the House, "I am glad to see the old-fashioned viands again. I like the simple dishes they serve at the White House. I remained to luncheon the other day with the President. We had a little matter to discuss and carried it to the luncheon-table with us. We had bouillon and lamb chops and peas, with no frills, and a bit of fruit, the President winding up with a monstrous cup of tea, and it was as jolly and bright as possible. And last summer," he continued, "I went to Oyster Bay by appointment and was asked to take luncheon. There was an Englishman there, Mr. B——, and also William C. Whitney was a guest. And the luncheon was as unpretending as possible, winding up with watermelon and tea and served by two brisk maids. I was curious, after the manner of all Americans, to know the Britisher's opinion of our President, and I learned sometime afterward that he had spoken in London of his impression in this way:

"'President Roosevelt is an ideal model of one of our British 'squires of the old school, plus much vivacity and a manner of speaking that impresses one as being tremendously in earnest. You feel that no trivialities can encumber speech like that. He seems to bite off each word from a solid staff of truth, exposing incidentally a set of the finest teeth, that do not gleam with gold, as ninety-nine per cent. of American teeth do, and this luncheon with him was not only the best but the brightest meal I had in America.'"

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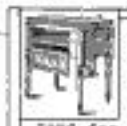

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THE OPTION

(Concluded from Page 7)

"That's what you found," said Burnham, continuing to laugh. "And how did you find out that?"

"Mr. Eckert is in love with Daisy Brown and tells her a great deal, and, of course, she tells me. I don't understand you," she continued, gazing at her father, who continued to laugh immoderately.

"Never mind me," he said. "And so Northup and Eckert didn't take the land because you told Northup that?"

"But they did," she cried triumphantly.

"What!" exclaimed Burnham, falling into sudden silence and straightening himself up.

"Mr. Northup would not use the information that he got in that way and he didn't tell Mr. Eckert and Mr. Eckert bought the land."

"He did!" called Burnham, starting to his feet.

"Yes, papa. What is it?"

"Never mind. Go on."

"I never heard of anything finer. Mr. Northup's showing such niceness about it and such consideration for me."

"I should say so!" said Burnham, picking up his cigar which had fallen to the floor as he laughed again. But he laughed with a short, sharp laugh this time—not the laugh of full, contented enjoyment of a moment before.

"I don't understand you," Julia cried.

"It's too good a one on me to keep," Burnham answered. "Though, mind you, don't say anything about it this time. Don't you see I told what I did on purpose to have you tell Northup?"

"Papa!" exclaimed the now scandalized daughter.

"I know that it wasn't quite up to the elevated heights of good taste that seems to be the thing. But I haven't been accustomed to breathing that attenuated atmosphere. I told you that I was a pirate and a shark."

"But, papa——" remonstrated Julia.

"If you wanted something dramatic, here it is. Northup and Eckert had their option on the land. The plant cannot possibly go anywhere else than at Rocky Point. If they had let it go we could have got it. If they could be made to think that the company was going on the river they would not buy."

"It wasn't right," said Julia decidedly.

"You told," her father continued, "but he doesn't seem to have behaved as I expected."

"It was outrageous," asserted Julia hotly. "You should not have done it."

"I know that," answered Burnham, laughing again, "but you see there are inconveniences in having a pirate for a father."

"It seems nicer in a book," gasped Julia.

"It is," assented Burnham emphatically. "I don't defend myself and I don't forgive myself."

"But I do, papa," she said gently. "If—if you'll promise never to do anything like it again."

"I do," replied Burnham decidedly.

"And," cried Julia ecstatically, "I've been surrounded by mysteries."

The door opened and her own maid appeared.

"Mr. Northup, Miss Julia," said the woman.

"Oh," Julia exclaimed, jumping up, "I—I must go at once."

"Well, why don't you?" her father asked as she lingered.

"Because—because," she stammered. "But you don't bear any ill will toward Mr. Northup for getting the land?"

"No," asserted Burnham, bringing his fist down on the arm of his chair. "I may have been a good deal of what they call me—I've had to be in my time—but I can understand something else in another. Any young man that'll be guilty of that kind of foolishness is all right—and the kind to tie up to."

"Oh, papa, I'm so glad," Julia cried, darting at her astonished parent, kissing him quickly and vanishing from the room.

In the dimly lit drawing-room a little later Northup spoke with the manner of one coming down to earth again—as if struggling for a realization of mundane things after a flight in the clouds.

"I must see Mr. Burnham. I hope that he doesn't disapprove of me."

"He admires you immensely," said Julia as she leaned her head against his shoulder, "just as much as I do."

"I wonder what he'll say."

"I know," she replied.

"What?"

"What any properly constituted parent should say," she murmured happily—"'Bless you, my children, bless you!'"

THE SCIENCE OF ADVERTISING

PROSPECTUS 1903

January ADVERTISING OF GROCERY SPECIALTIES:—The methods by which goods for household consumption may be best put upon the market will be given attention in this number. The remarkable results that have been obtained by many manufacturers make this subject especially attractive.

February EDUCATIONAL ADVERTISING:—Each year finds our educational institutions being placed on a more business-like basis and a greater interest being taken in advertising by their principals. Advertising for Publishers will be given exhaustive consideration in this issue.

March ADVERTISING TO MEN:—This is a subject which will admit of great breadth of treatment, and an effort will be made to make this issue of practical value to every manufacturer and dealer in articles that appeal to men.

April ADVERTISING TO WOMEN:—This number will be similar to the March issue and have just as great practical value to those concerned in this class of publicity.

May HOW ADVERTISING CREATES DEMAND FOR NEW LINES OF GOODS:—Answers by fifty merchants in large cities and country towns, including druggists, dry-goods merchants, grocers, gents' furnishing goods, tobacconists and general country stores.

June BARGAIN-DAY ADVERTISING:—Its effect in turning Friday, once the dullest trade day of the week in Chicago, into one of the busy days. Papers by advertising managers of four of Chicago's big stores.

July ADVERTISING IN SUNDAY DAILIES:—Its growth in the last 15 years; its immense volume. What it costs the big stores to advertise in Chicago Sunday dailies. Does it pay? Answers by five merchants and five publishers.

August ADVERTISING IN COUNTRY TOWNS:—Methods employed; who prepares copy; how can this kind of advertising be improved? Answers by 50 country merchants, limited to about 50 words each.

September NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING MEN IN CITIES OF 25,000 AND UNDER:—What salaries are paid; what are the duties of advertising men employed on country papers. Answers by publishers of country papers and advertising solicitors in country towns.

October ADVERTISING FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF THE READERS OF NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, WOMEN'S PUBLICATIONS, RELIGIOUS PAPERS, AGRICULTURAL PAPERS, MAIL ORDER PUBLICATIONS; IN FACT ALL PUBLICATIONS THAT INSERT ADVERTISEMENTS EXCEPT TRADE PAPERS:—The data for this is now being collected and the work will continue until July 15, 1903.

November THE TERMINOLOGY OF ADVERTISING:—Samples of good and bad styles of writing advertisements and business letters. Some comments about and samples of "business poetry."

December A REVIEW OF THE YEAR'S ADVERTISING:—The most notable successes and failures in the advertising world during the year 1903, and the lessons to be learned therefrom.

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brings Mahin's Magazine to you for 12 months. Every month will be worth a dollar alone.

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will secure Mahin's Magazine three months on trial. Stamps accepted.

FREE "The Commercial Value of Advertising," a lecture delivered at the University of Chicago by John Lee Mahin, sent free.

Write NOW and you won't forget.

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811 Williams Building, CHICAGO

College and Conservatory Scholarships

For Young Men and Young Women

Through THE SATURDAY EVENING POST plan more than a thousand young people have secured full or partial courses in the foremost colleges, conservatories, business colleges, correspondence schools, etc., throughout the country. These scholarships have been awarded without one cent of expense to the scholar. We paid all the bills and asked nothing in return except a little pleasant work in leisure hours.

There is no element of competition in the plan. All have the same opportunity. We are willing to pay all the expenses of any young man or young woman desiring to enter any educational institution in the United States.

Write to us and we will send all the details, including a booklet in which some of our scholarship workers tell how they made successes. Address

THE EDUCATIONAL BUREAU

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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A Personal Note to the Public

I firmly believe that if every man and woman of moderate means, young and old, married or not, would read the series "How We Saved for a Home" in The Ladies' Home Journal, that thousands would date the beginning of their true living from that day.

Here are 100 young couples, and men with families, working girls and unmarried young men, who tell, step by step and dollar by dollar, how each now own their own home, — some on salaries of $14. per week: none higher than $30. The average is $15.

For Only One Dollar you can have this series beginning with the February issue, just out.

Edward Bok

Editor of The Ladies' Home Journal

Of course, it is on the news-stands at 10 cents.

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It Sings Everything

It Plays Everything

A Real Musical Instrument

Not a mere novelty—for curiosity and fun. The *Victor* is a musical instrument, like a piano. More than a piano; it is orchestra if you want it; band if you want it; piano if you want it; voice if you want it.

And it plays itself. It is not like an idle piano standing around with nobody to play it.

It brings the talent of the great singers, players, orchestras, entertainers of every sort, right to your home. You could not get the originals—even for a single performance—for less than $100,000, if you get them at all. You can have them, with the *Victor*—whenever you want them, as long as you want them—for a few dollars.

There can be but one best. The judges at the Pan-American Exposition unanimously decided that the *Victor* was it.

Send for catalogue of the new Victor (with the rigid arm); also for catalogue of

VICTOR AND MONARCH RECORDS the best records in the world: first, because they fit the Victor; second, because they give the finest details of sound and expression; third, because they are almost indestructible; and fourth, because of the immense library from which you can select.

Chicago—Talking Machine Co.
Chicago—Lyon & Healy
New York—Victor Distributing and Export Company
New York—C. Bruno & Son
Syracuse—W. D. Andrews
Boston—Eastern Talking Machine Co.
Boston—John C. Haynes & Co.
Kansas City—Schmelzer & Sons Arms Company
Cleveland—Cleveland Talking Machine Company
Jacksonville—Metropolitan Talking Machine Company
New Haven—Henry Horton
Philadelphia—Western Electric Co.
Philadelphia—Penn Phonograph Co.
Cincinnati—Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Baltimore—H. R. Eisenbrandt Sons
Buffalo—P. A. Powers
St. Louis—Victor Talking Machine, Limited
St. Louis—Simmons Hardware Co.
Dubuque—Harger & Blish
San Francisco—Sherman, Clay & Co.
St. Paul—Koehler & Hinrichs
Milwaukee—Huseby Co.
Indianapolis—Carlin & Lennox
Lincoln—Wittmann Co.
Omaha—A. Hospe, Jr.
Pittsburg—E. G. Hayes & Co.
Pittsburg—Theo. F. Bentel Co., Inc.
Detroit—Grinnell Bros.
Schenectady—J. A. Rickard & Co.
Louisville—Victor Co.
Grand Rapids—Julius A. J. Friedrich
New Orleans—National Automatic Fire Alarm Co.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY Philadelphia

True to Nature

It Talks Everything

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Recollections of M. de Blowitz

M. DE BLOWITZ' NORMAN CHÂLET, NOTRE DAME DES LAMPOTTES

A LIFE STRUGGLE

THE TRAGIC PROGRESS AND DISAPPEARANCE OF MME. ELOA, WHO SUCCUMBED TO A PERSECUTION FROM WHICH NOT EVEN LEO XIII COULD RELIEVE HER

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I AM GOING to publish one more narrative of a mysterious event in which I was involved now many years ago, an event which left upon me a profound and almost painful impression, the memory of which now and again arises to besiege and to darken with melancholy shadows my thoughts and imagination.

This memory once laid, I shall begin in these columns the publication of my more purely professional memoirs. I shall recount my early years, the elements of chance in my existence, and the unexpected circumstances which have made me now, during thirty-two years, a journalist whose name is sufficiently widespread, and arouses sufficient curiosity in the public, to justify my pretension in setting down my recollections.

But I have desired to preface my memoirs with these four preliminary articles revealing certain unknown incidents in which I have been mixed up, together with the *rôle* which I played in these adventures and the intimate bearing of these and similar events upon my journalistic activity; for these chapters, if they do not in themselves constitute "memoirs," yet belong to that class of incidents which a man who has taken part in them reveals to the public only when their revelation can in no way be disastrous. Moreover, when my readers shall have perused the following pages, and followed the whole history of this dramatic narrative, I shall be sufficiently well known to them for them to be able to follow attentively the consecutive chapters of my life, where I recount the difficulties I have had to overcome, my entrance into journalism, and the acts which, as a journalist, I have been able to accomplish, and which I should like to preserve in the memory of certain persons.

A journalist's life is so ephemeral, what he writes is so speedily swept away by the wind blowing at the moment, and the sheet on which he writes has so rarely time to dry before falling into oblivion, that the journalist who has reached the end of his career perceives, almost with fright, that nothing tangible and visible remains standing of the construction reared on the sand of a newspaper, and that if he wishes to live on, even for a passing moment, he must go back over his life's work and try to coördinate and construct it anew, so that it may assume the shape of an edifice and resist that forgetful indifference of his contemporaries under which, once he has quitted them, his memory lies buried.

In February, 1882 (for it was during the years following upon the Congress of Berlin that the most mysterious incidents in my career took place), I was living in the Avenue Marceau, then called the Avenue Josephine after the Empress, but which with the advent of the Republic changed both its sex and its name. One morning, while I was at work in my study, my servant announced to me that a lady, the bearer of a letter of introduction from the manager of the Times, wished to speak to me.

The manager of the Times was then Mr. John MacDonald, a Scotchman, a rigid Protestant, exceedingly simple in his habits, and by no means easily got at by the numerous persons who naturally besieged a man in his position. During the seven years in which he had been manager of the Times, as successor of Mr. Mowbray Morris, he had only once sent me a letter of introduction, namely, to introduce to me Mr. George Buckle, then on the Times staff, but now editor-in-chief of that paper. I realized instantly, therefore, and especially on learning that my visitor was a lady, that thus heralded she could not be the *première venue*; that, either because of her own merits or because of those of her sponsors to Mr. MacDonald, she must be a person of importance whom I was bound to receive with consideration. I ordered her to be ushered into the *salon*, as my writing-room was somewhat encumbered, and I went in to see her.

—FLUNG UPON THE AIR A HORRID CRY OF ANGER AND DESPAIR

On entering the drawing-room I found her seated in one corner in the shadow holding in her hand a letter bearing the stamp of the Times, which, rising, she immediately delivered. Mr. MacDonald's letter, as is the English way, was closed, for even in these details English and French customs differ. In France letters of introduction are left unsealed. French politeness requires that the person introduced should know in advance the terms in which he is presented. In England, where pure formalities have less importance than the real thing, a letter of introduction is sealed, so that the writer may be free to say only what he wishes to say, and not be obliged, for politeness' sake, to write what from conviction he would not be inclined to say.

Mr. MacDonald's letter introduced to me Madame Georgina Eloa, and informed me that Mr. MacDonald did not give me her family name, which she desired to keep secret. He earnestly insisted that I should do all in my power to satisfy the "bearer of these lines," her cause being most interesting and one to the success of which he should be most happy to contribute. He added that the lady herself would give me verbally all the information which I might wish to ask of her, and that, in obliging her, I should be rendering a service to persons dear to my manager while defending a cause worthy of my intervention.

Having taken cognizance of this letter I turned toward its bearer and asked her by what name I should address her. She replied that I must call her Madame Eloa, and added that she had something confidential to ask of me. I begged her accordingly to come into my working-room and she rose to follow me. Then for the first time I could examine her at my ease and I was forthwith struck by the strangeness of her person. Very tall, dressed in a dark gray robe of an extremely delicate stuff, with her mantle folded under her left arm, her figure seemed to be of an extreme

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elegance. She had the supple and slender grace and the refined vigor of a huntress of the forest or the mountain. Her hands, carefully gloved, had an unmistakably aristocratic air; her neck, fairly vigorous, but somewhat long, remained flexible and graceful, and to crown all, an energetic but beautiful head, high-bred and melancholy, constituted an *ensemble* the rare beauty of which deeply impressed me. Her hair was more than dark, and slightly wavy, with a fine lustre as the sun shone upon it through the window of the room. Her brow was beautiful in its intelligence and energy, while her dark blue eyes seemed darker than they really were under the shadow of her long lashes. Her nose, proud, not to say high-born, was of a profile absolutely correct, and her mouth, a little large, but richly colored when she smiled—which was rare—displayed teeth which, if somewhat big, were dazzlingly white; while her cheeks, pale but warm and full, were slightly elongated toward a chin, the girlish and poetic outlines of which, in spite of the air of energy, gave to this physiognomy, in many respects so strange, an expression of infantile sweetness, softening and pacifying, as it were, this willful, proud, imperious and saddened feminine face.

The Strange Persecution of the Inconnue

I was struck by the majestic and imposing prestige attaching to her person, and by the aristocratic *finesse* which gave her a sort of royal air, and it was not without embarrassment, caused by the grandeur of her attitude, that I besought her to tell me what had brought her to see me. She took a seat, and in a voice sonorous and tender, and exceedingly flexible, but easily warming with passion, even becoming now and then somewhat hoarse and rough, she said:

"Ever since I have been able to think for myself and to reflect upon my own feelings and emotions I have been a prey to the strangest contradictions. I am twenty-three years old, and for ten years my mind and soul have been troubled and tormented by an unending struggle. I have surrendered myself to the most ardent religious faith, given myself up to untiring charity. I have dreamed of being a saint among the saints; I have traversed this world my eyes turned ever toward Heaven, yet never have I been able to find real peace of mind. I cannot tell you now how far I have gone, nor what means I have adopted, in order to secure that peace of soul of which I am forever in search and which forever flees my footsteps. I have remained virtuous, I have preserved my honor. I have obeyed my conscience and imposed silence upon my heart. I have accepted all the severities that have been ordered by my spiritual advisers, and I have wept my eyes out in order to conjure away the sorrows which are undermining me. I fancied I had found a refuge, but I had to abandon it, and I have been once more plunged into the whirlpool of life where I remain incapable of discovering the path which I should follow.

"In all this world there is but one being whose will could calm me, the sight of whom could have an effect upon me, whose words could bend my will: it is the Pope. I want him to hear me, to listen to me. He is the shepherd of our souls, for I am a Catholic and a Roman Catholic. He is the will that directs, the force that binds, the reason that guides, the voice that speaks; and what I ask you, for I know you can do it, is to get him to receive me, to hear me, to heal me.

"I have long been seeking how to attain this object. I have made inquiries and taken advice, and finally those interested in me, powerful persons, men able to realize their desires, have asked Mr. MacDonald to give me a letter to you, a letter as urgent as possible, and to beg you in my name to open up to me the road to the Vatican and the doors behind which Leo XIII listens patiently to those who come to appeal to those infallible consolations which he holds in reserve for suffering souls seeking the path of salvation and peace. I would not and cannot tell you more at present, and it is upon what I have said that I beg you to do what you can to realize my wishes, that the Holy Father may open up to me the treasures of his bounty.

"I am leaving for Rome to-morrow. I do not ask you to give me a letter of introduction. It might be confounded in spite of you with thousands of such letters addressed to the Holy Father.

"I ask you to do what you feel at liberty to do, so that I may obtain not the audience but the kind greeting which I need. From Monday next I will go every day to the post-office in Rome for the letter in which you will announce to me either the failure or success of your efforts, and either indicate that I must renounce my hopes or point out to me the course to be taken in order to realize them."

And without waiting for an answer she handed me a sheet of paper on which was written: "Georgina Eloa, Poste Restante, à Rome," made a low bow, and then, the figure proud and erect with the head slightly bent toward the ground, she prepared to cross the *salon* to take her leave.

I arrested her almost imperiously, for I felt that in quitting me thus, in leaving without waiting for my reply, she was giving me a sort of order.

"Do not hurry away, Madame," said I, "for I see absolutely no means at present of attaining the end which you have in view. I do not say that if you go to Rome you will find no way of being received by the Pope, who has a prodigious faculty for displaying almost superhuman force, but as far as I am concerned I cannot give you anything but a letter of introduction, and, however pressing it may be, it would no doubt remain barren of results, or at least meet the usual fate of all such letters, and thus, as it seems to me, disappoint all your hopes. But I am myself going to Rome within a few weeks. Here is the address of a friend of mine in the Eternal City. Call there from time to time in my name in order to learn if I am shortly expected or if I have arrived, and in case you have not already succeeded in your enterprise when I arrive, ask to see me and I will consider what can be done. And now, Madame, I have only to bid you God-speed."

She remained for a moment perfectly still, a prey, as was evident, to bitter disappointment. As always, my power had been exaggerated. She had fancied that a letter from me would suffice to banish all difficulties. She thought, also, perhaps, that it was merely my own will which stood in the way of the immediate realization of her desire. She gazed at me with a saddened eye, the nostrils swelling, ready to let escape some half-word from her imperious lips. But as she gazed she no doubt read on my face an expression of real sincerity, and even of regret at being unable to be of service. Instantly her features softened. The look of anger they had worn fell from them as a mask lifted by an invisible hand. Her extremely mobile features expressed painful regret; her eye drooped toward me with a touching expression of repentance and gratitude, and with a melancholy smile she said:

"I thank you very much, ah, yes, very much. I ask your pardon for the unjust movement which you surprised. I am going to leave for Rome. I will do what I can. If I succeed I shall not trouble your stay in the Eternal City. If not, I shall follow your orders and ask you to receive me."

Whereupon, with a sovereign grace, she bowed, not, however, offering her hand, and I escorted her to the door of my apartment.

A few days later I called on Monseigneur Di Rende, the then occupant of the Nunciature in Paris, at the entrance of the Avenue Bosquet. My visit to Rome had been planned some time before, but I did not care to go thither without meeting with the reception which I had at heart. I knew I should see King Humbert and the leading personages of his Government. But I did not want this meeting to prevent my obtaining from Leo XIII the kindly reception to which I aspired.

Monseigneur Di Rende had been for some time dealing with this problem, employing in my behalf a zeal corresponding to the sympathy which he always displayed toward me, and also because convinced that in preparing my visit to the Vatican he was serving the cause which he defended. Monseigneur Di Rende had succeeded Monseigneur Czaski, who had honored me with his friendship, and he knew through his predecessor that I had certain rights to his own good will. Monseigneur Di Rende, in the post which he had held now only since a very short time, had followed the policy of his predecessor—that is to say, instead of being a partisan of reactionary ideas in France, he had become the exponent to the French Government of Leo XIII's liberal policy.

He informed me that he had every reason to believe that he would settle the question of my journey to Rome in a way agreeable to me, and he announced that in all probability he would have a favorable reply before the end of March, so that I might prepare to quit Paris toward the end of the month, so as to arrive in Rome at about the fourth of April. And indeed on March 7 he sent for me to go to see him and gave me a letter for Cardinal Jacobini, with whom he had settled the question and who was ready to receive me.

The Famous Interview with Leo XIII

A few days later I left Paris with a friend who consented to be my secretary, and I reached Rome on April 4, 1882.

I went to a hotel in the Corso where rooms had been taken for me. On the morrow I learned that King Humbert would receive me on April 8, and on April 6, after having delivered Monseigneur Di Rende's letter, Cardinal Jacobini informed me that the Holy Father would receive me on April 10, at noon, in his private oratory, for an interview. On the same day, the sixth, my servant, who accompanied me, informed me that the lady I had received some weeks before in Paris was in the small waiting-room adjoining my *salon* and asked to see me.

The *salon* doors slowly opened and I beheld Madame Eloa. She was dressed in black. Her features were sad, almost as if in pain. Hardly had she taken a seat when she burst into tears. She told me that all she had done had proved in vain, that the persons to whom she had appealed had asked her to formulate with precision the object of the audience which she desired, and that when she demurred, one and all they had refused to act. She had then appealed to Sir Augustus Paget, but he had observed to her that he was accredited to the Quirinal and could in no way serve her at the Vatican. Thereupon she had come to me, supplicating me on her knees to intervene, since I was in Rome, and to obtain for her that gracious reply which I alone could obtain. She had written to Cardinal Jacobini, and naturally her letter, somewhat obscure, had gone without reply, and she dared not write to the Pope himself from fear that the letter, by passing under Cardinal Jacobini's eyes, might entail, as far as he was concerned, not his support but his relentless opposition.

I promised her I would do what I could and bade her come to see me on April 11—that is to say, on the morrow of my audience with the Pope.

On April 8 I had with King Humbert an interview which lasted during the life of two very big cigars. On the tenth, at noon, I found myself in the anteroom, waiting to be introduced into the presence of the Holy Father. With a graciousness by which I had been deeply moved, he had informed me that he had granted an audience to a foreign lady after mine, but that, as he did not wish to be hurried by this audience, he had inverted the *rôles*, and was to let the lady pass before me in order to be able to remain with me without being interrupted.

Twenty minutes later I entered Leo XIII's private oratory. Later, no doubt, I shall have occasion to speak of this interview which without having been recounted has remained famous; but after two hours' conversation, recalling my promise to Eloa, I submitted the ardent prayer of my *protégée* to the Universal Father of Catholics.

Hardly had I broached the subject when he interrupted me. "Yes," said he, "I know, without, however, possessing definite details, the case of the person of whom you speak. One of my bishops of Great Britain has spoken of her to me. I did not suppose that you could have occasion to speak to me about her, but, since you have done so, introduce her to the Cardinal, and tell him from me to arrange with her the day when I can receive her, and that he submit this arrangement to my approval."

I warmly thanked His Holiness, as I quitted him, on receiving his final benediction.

The Fair Penitent's Joy at Her Success

On the morrow, the eleventh, Eloa came to see me. This time she offered me her delicate, aristocratic hand, which was hot and feverish. She flung herself at my feet.

"If it is a refusal which you bring me prepare my reason to receive the blow. If it be the realization of my hopes, blessed be you in advance for the good you are to do me, for during the last few days I have been troubled with insomnia due to frightful dreams that torture me, and every mortal enemy of the peace of human souls in this world seems to have laid siege to my soul and to have entered into it to inflict upon it tortures for which there is no name."

With a word I reassured her: "The Pope will receive you."

I thought for an instant that she was about to faint; then, with a cry of joy which I shall never forget, and clasping her hands, she burst into tears, exclaiming:

"My God, my Saviour, my angel who protects me, blessed be Ye!"

She was as one transfigured. A supernatural calm hovered over her visage, and her beauty, made so to say divine, radiated all about her, filling the commonplace hotel drawing-room with an air of grandeur and solemnity which produced a real emotion upon me.

Two days later I guided her into the presence of Cardinal Jacobini by that straight, interminable staircase which climbed to the very uppermost floor where the Cardinal had his study. The Under-Secretary of State had received the Holy Father's orders. He listened to Eloa with paternal kindness, mingled with a sort of tender and indulgent pity. He settled with her the day when she was to be received by the Pope, and he was about to continue the conversation when the door of his study was pushed suddenly open, and I beheld, in the ray of sunlight which penetrated thither by the door now ajar, a priest of imposing aspect, in ecclesiastical robes cut out of some heavy silk stuff, the rigid folds of which fell in long, impressive lines. The dark hair crowning a powerful forehead which sheltered deep and sombre eyes, almost hard in their gaze and veritably shining in the midst of the face, made up a sudden and unexpected vision of an incontestable beauty.

The Cardinal rose with eager deference, introduced me and gave the name of Cardinal Ledochowski. Eloa fell on her knees almost in front of the Cardinal whose pastoral ring she kissed timidly and we went out together. She enlarged on the impression made upon her by Cardinal Ledochowski, and it seemed to me that her sympathies and admiration were much more directed toward the dignified priest than toward the amiable Cardinal Jacobini who had been so gracious and pleasant, and whose sympathetic but hardly imposing manner in no way corresponded to the ecclesiastical ideal which filled Eloa's imagination.

But she had attained her end. Her joy was immense, almost overwhelming. She was to be received by the Holy Father within a few days. She entered St. Peter's to pray. My own mission was accomplished. I bade her good-by, I left Rome for Naples, and I supposed that I should never again have occasion to see her.

A few weeks after my return to Paris, just when the memory of Eloa was beginning to fade out of my mind, I received the following letter from her:

I have had the immense joy of being received by the Holy Father, and the mere sight of him sufficed to induce in me a peace of mind and a calm which for a long time I had not known. I explained to His Holiness the cause of my suffering, of which he appeared already to have had some inkling;

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and after what has taken place I am constrained to apprise you in turn of the object of my journey, of the nature of my struggle, and of my hopes and my defeats. You have carried delicacy so far as never to ask me what my object has been, and why I had wished to go to Rome, and it is of my own free will that I come to you now to tell you, for you must be informed in order to help me. Ever since my childhood I have been troubled with strange contradictions. I don't care to prolong my tale by relating to you my early years. But as soon as I entered upon the age of reason the struggle began in my soul between the highest good and the greatest evil, and I have been obliged to combat with the same ardor the invasion of evil when I was doing what was right as the empire of good when I felt drawn into sin. At the age of twenty, in order to escape from this battle, I entered a convent where the rigid discipline is a constant protection against human temptations. I remained there two years and was about to take definite vows when an act of startling revolt led the Superior to remove me from the convent. I was in such despair that she later took me back, but once again, just as I was to take my vows, my spirit of insubordination induced another outburst which frightened the entire Order, and I was once more excluded. Ever since then my soul has constantly been tempted to do evil. I am haunted by ideas of the greatest crimes, and I perceive clearly that my salvation or my destruction depends upon a final effort which will restore me to God or condemn me to Hell. Hence my visit to the Holy Father. I came to ask him to impose upon the Superiors of my Order a final effort in order to wrest my soul definitely from the haunting powers which torture and besiege it. The Holy Father had pity on me. He said that he would do what he could. He has done it, and I have just been informed that he had expressed to the Superiors of the Order his ardent desire to see a fresh novitiate imposed upon me. The reply was that I had already made two attempts and that it was utterly futile and impossible to grant me a third. And the Holy Father thereupon had me informed that his authority does not exceed the expression of a wish, and that he has neither the power nor the right nor the will to express an order. But I am told that there are exceptions to this rule, and that if an English Ambassador were to ask the Holy Father to do this for him as a personal favor he would be sure to obtain it. So, in presence of all the kindness you have shown me, I venture now to ask you to obtain the intercession of the British Ambassador in Paris who is a friend of yours. Have pity on me. Take pity on my soul, which otherwise is irremediably lost.

This letter both affected me deeply and irritated me. I had obtained for Eloa all that it was humanly possible to attain, and I began to look upon her as really a soul beyond all cure, haunted by visions to which she dared not confess and which troubled both her ambitions and her soul; and after long reflection I replied:

Madame: I am very grateful to the Holy Father for the kindness he has shown you, and the signal favor manifested toward you in taking into account your painful situation and in intervening for you with your Superiors. But I cannot possibly join you in insisting further with him, and the energetic, I venture to add almost indomitable, persistency which you employ in striving by main force to open sacred doors that have been closed to you proves to me that your Superiors and the Pope, better informed as to your character, know you better than you know yourself, and that the refusal opposed to your perseverance is the just and logical consequence of the intimate acquaintance which your Superiors have of you. See if you have not the courage to master yourself in the world, outside of convent walls. Make your novitiate all alone, and having accomplished it prove that you deserve other treatment as having within yourself the energy and spirit of submission requisite for such a change.

A single line was the reply to this letter: "My soul is irremediably lost." And thereupon all was still.

In the summer of 1881 I paid a visit to an old friend who was living at Les Petites Dalles, on the Norman coast. I was struck then by the exquisite grace of this little port as seen from the coast of St. Martin. It is quite one of those picturesque and poetic landscapes to be observed on the Côte d'Azur along the Corniche between Nice and San Remo. My friend, to whom I expressed my admiration for this little landscape, said to me:

"Why do you not build here a temporary refuge where you may find repose amidst the ceaseless agitations of your existence?"

We were promenading at the time in the single street of the village which leads from the valley to the beach. I looked up at the cliff on my left and said to my friend:

"If I can buy that little plateau there on the edge of the cliff with the clump of beeches behind it I will take it and build there my retreat."

My friend was delighted with the idea, and as I was leaving that very evening he promised to investigate the matter for me. I had not been back in Paris forty-eight hours when he informed me that the proprietor accepted my price.

In 1883 my little châtelet, called by the peasants Les Lampottes, because of the two small towers incrusted in the façade, was finished. I had only to settle down there. But between the two little *tourelles* or *lampottes*, as may be seen in the drawing of the Norman façade accompanying these pages, there was a large empty space under the sharp angle of the roof. I ought to say that this façade has obtained a great reputation among architects, and that not a season goes by without some of them visiting it as the type of a Norman façade. But I repeat that the angle between the *lampottes* and the summit of the roof was then empty, and this formed a veritable gap which it was a constant worry to me to see filled up. One afternoon at Rouen, in the courtyard of a dealer in antiquities, I was struck by the tender and artistic aspect of a statue of the Virgin with the Child Jesus in her arms. The statue had been carved out of one immense half of the bole of an oak. I took the measurements of the statue, and as I had in my pocket the plan of my country house I noticed that this statue, including its pedestal, would exactly fit into the empty space of my Norman façade. The next day I asked the antiquary to sell me the statue.

"Oh," said he, "that is a statue of which I am very fond, for its harmony rests the eye, but I will gladly sell it to you. I bought it at the demolition of a nunnery demolished on the plea of public utility, but ever since I have had it it has taken away my peace of mind. It always seems to me that an infinitude of little sounds are buzzing about it by night. And I cannot succeed in keeping it recumbent; yet, upright, it annoys me. A dozen times I have sought to extend it on the ground, but on the morrow I found it upright without being able to explain how or why, and my wife, frightened by this phenomenon, begged me to get rid of it."

"Very well," said I with a smile, "as I want to place her upright against a wall she won't wish to change her position."

I had the Virgin transported in a hay cart directly from Rouen to Les Petites Dalles, and a week later the fisher-folk and peasants of Les Petites Dalles with their playful spirit had baptized my little château: Notre Dame des Lampottes.

It is the statue to be seen in the drawing herewith, silhouetted so appropriately against the background of the Norman façade.

In 1887, at about the beginning of August, I was seated on my terrace, in the radiant silence of the countryside. Only the regular respiration of the sea under the cliff troubled the spell, when a peasant belonging to the village approached me rapidly and lifting his hat said to me:

"There is a lady, sir, at the foot of the path, who begs you to come down to see her, for she is here only for a short time and cannot come up."

I seized my hat and stick and descended to the road where my unknown visitor was waiting for me. As I approached the open carriage stationed there in the ample shadow of a great tree I uttered a cry of surprise. It was Eloa. Her face was pale and worn, but the eyes burned with a feverish light. She wore an extremely elegant traveling dress, and an immense hat adorned with brilliant black ostrich feathers. On seeing me she uttered a sort of suppressed and raucous cry, but her movement was one of joy, which she explained by her delight at having found me again. I drew near.

"How is it you are here?" I asked, "and why did you not come up to my door?"

"I am here because I was told to go to you," she replied. "I didn't go up to see you because I perceived from a distance on your façade the statue of the Virgin whom at the nunnery we called the rigid Virgin, at whose feet so often I have worn my knees and my forehead, and because I do not care to enter a house over which she seems to watch."

"No, no. I entreat you," said I, "come up to the house. We will take the path by the other side if the sight of the rigid Virgin impresses you so deeply. You will spend several days here and the calm of my interior will bring you peace."

"Never, never. She has made me suffer too much. She has been too inflexible. She hates me. I will not sleep under the same roof with her."

I was filled with an immense pity. I felt that I was in the presence of a being utterly absorbed by an incurable ill, in whom reason had given way to imperious visions which had henceforth nothing whatever to do with logic or will.

"But why did you come up here?" I asked.

"Because I was directed to go to Eletot with you and to take you as a witness in the meeting which is to take place there. I entreat you to get into the carriage with me and to guide me thither, for I do not know the road."

It is an hour's drive from Les Petites Dalles to Eletot. The road passes by Sassetot, leaving on one side Les Grandes Dalles, the shady and embowered villas of which along the sea you perceive on the right. You traverse the village of St. Pierre en Port, and thence by a road which to-day is an exquisite avenue shaded by great trees, where the air is balmy and delicious, you reach Eletot. On the way Eloa related to me her despair on receiving my letter, because she knew she should never succeed in inducing the Superior to grant her a new trial. She told me of the nights she had tried to spend in prayer, in search of what she called her peace of mind, the

(Concluded on Page 16)

—DESIRED HER NAME TO BE KEPT SECRET

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The Uninherited Inheritance

By Elliott Flower

MRS. KELLOGG PROMPTLY TOLD IRA TO BORROW $10,000

HOW A FORTY-THOUSAND-DOLLAR FORTUNE WAS BUILT ON A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING AND A TWO-CENT STAMP

IT IS probable that Ira Kellogg was less excited than any of his friends when the news of the legacy was received. This was not because he discredited it, but because he was an easy-going man: he took things as they came, without either jubilation or complaint. He never had been rich and he never had been poor, and until now neither wealth nor poverty ever had been near enough to seriously disturb him. Though luxury had been lacking, so had privation; he had just lived comfortably, and he was satisfied with reasonable comfort. This, perhaps, explains why he was so unemotional. At no time in his life had he been violently swayed by hopes or fears, at no time had he had to struggle, at no time had he been the prey to ambition. So, with no financial worries and just enough business to keep him occupied, he had learned contentment.

The legacy was neither expected nor unexpected. The existence of a wealthy uncle never had been forgotten, but Ira Kellogg had had nothing in common with him for many years, and there were other heirs. If he had left the bulk of his fortune to one of the others, with only a slight "remembrance" for Ira, it would not have been surprising. As it happened, however, he had left the fortune to Ira and the "remembrances" to the others. At least, that was the report received. The first news came in a newspaper dispatch, and immediately thereafter the neighbors flocked in to congratulate the fortunate man.

"But it may not be true," he protested.

"Why, of course it is," they replied. "You can see that it's no idle rumor, for the dispatch gives the substance of the will. He has remembered all his nephews and nieces, but he leaves his fortune to you."

"Oh, well, I suppose it's so," he answered carelessly, "but there is no use bothering about it now."

However, he had to bother about it. Mrs. Kellogg had long-cherished plans that it was now possible to carry out. She wished to go to California with the girls.

"But I haven't the money yet," Ira urged.

"You can get all you want, though," insisted Mrs. Kellogg. "Any one will be glad to let you have it."

Ira was not so sure of that, but, in his easy-going way, he said he would "see about it."

With this he let the matter rest until he received a verification of the report from a prominent legal firm of Galveston, Texas, where his uncle had lived for many years. The letter informed him that there would be approximately a million dollars for him, but that some time must elapse before he would come into possession of it. The minor bequests were somewhat involved, necessitating the sale of some securities before a division could be made, and it was expressly stipulated that all these details should be settled by the executors before any of the estate was turned over to the principal legatee. There were also some business deals to be closed up.

"However," the writer said in conclusion, "I am authorized by Mr. Calvin Marley, one of the executors and a close friend to your late uncle, to say to you that he will gladly make you a personal loan of any sum that you may desire to use while awaiting the settlement of the estate."

When Mrs. Kellogg was informed of this she promptly told Ira to borrow $10,000 of Mr. Marley, in order that she might not be delayed in the execution of her plans.

"Now, what's the use of doing that?" asked Ira. "We're reasonably comfortable, and we might as well wait."

"I want to go to California with the girls," asserted Mrs. Kellogg, "and besides, more will be expected of us now than before: we must live better. Think of a millionaire living in a flat, even if it is a fairly large one and in a good locality! We ought to get into a house right away."

"All right," returned Ira good-naturedly, "I'll borrow $10,000 from him."

"While you're about it, Dad," put in Harry Kellogg, the son, "you'd better make it $20,000, and take that stock my boss offered you. He says I'm doing well, and this is your chance to get me an interest in the concern."

But Ira demurred. The firm by which his son was employed had just been incorporated, and Ira had been given an opportunity to identify his son more closely with the corporation. There was every likelihood that it would prove a good investment, too, but Ira was not disposed to ask for more than $10,000.

"Wait until the estate is settled," he urged. "Perhaps I'll invest $20,000 in the business for you then."

"You won't have the chance then," returned Harry. "You know well enough that it's a money-making concern and the stock is not going on the market. As a matter of business policy, a little of it has been offered to the employees at par, although it's easily worth 150. When that's gone, the opportunity will be gone forever."

"Well, I'll see about it," said Ira.

The next day at his office he had an exemplification of the fact that credit is as good as cash. His credit always had been good, but that was because he never strained it. He had met his obligations promptly, and tradesmen and others were glad to let him have anything he wanted. Nevertheless, until now he had not had money and credit forced upon him. The new order of things began with the offer of Mr. Marley, of Galveston, to loan him any sum that he desired, but it did not end there. He was writing to Marley in care of the legal firm when Stephen Dunstan called to see him. As the local agent of a large importing house, Ira had had some dealings with Dunstan, and they were friends, although not intimate.

"Had any verification of the good news yet?" asked Dunstan.

"Well," replied Ira, "I have reasonably good evidence that it's authentic." And he told him of the Marley offer.

"That ought to satisfy anybody," asserted Dunstan. "But what's the use of bothering people in Galveston that you don't know? If you want any money I'll be glad to let you have it. I have $40,000 or $50,000 lying idle now, and you can have any part of it."

"I have no present security to offer," suggested Ira.

"That letter is good enough security for me," replied Dunstan. "All I want is the assurance that the legacy is really coming to you, and such an offer from one of the executors settles that."

"I confess I'd rather get it from you than from a stranger," said Ira, "and I was just about to write for $10,000."

"Better make it $20,000," advised Dunstan. "It may be a year before the estate is closed up, and if Mrs. Kellogg is like other women she'll want to make a change in your style of living right away."

"All right," said Ira. "Make it $20,000."

When Dunstan had gone Ira leaned back in his chair and communed with himself. "A fellow doesn't have to have money in this world," he mused, "if only he is supposed to have it. I'm really not a cent richer to-day than I was two weeks ago, but people are hunting me up to hand me things." And further proof came in a call from the president of the company that employed his son.

"I happened to be in this vicinity on other business," explained the president, "and I thought I'd drop in. Your boy told me you'd like to take that $10,000 of stock for him now. He's a bright young fellow—just the kind of an employee that we like to have get an interest in the business. We're satisfied that it's good policy. Shall I put it in his name? Of course, I understand that it may be some time before you will get this money, but you can give your note for it at five per cent., and the stock will pay not less than ten per cent. in dividends. It's not our purpose to make money on it, you know, but simply to make a few of our best employees more deeply interested in our success. In the market the stock would bring 150 or more."

"Why, yes, I'll take the stock," said Ira, "but I believe I'll pay for it. You can have it put in Harry's name, and I'll send you a check in a day or so—probably to-morrow."

"Quite unnecessary, Mr. Kellogg," protested the president. "I infer that you will have to borrow the money, and, under the circumstances, your note is quite as satisfactory to us as it would be to any one else."

Ira hesitated. He would have the $20,000 by the following morning, and he had planned to use $10,000 of it for this very purpose, but—well, he thought of his wife and her plans, and in his easy, careless way he replied: "All right."

His bank balance at that moment was $562.18. The next day he had to his credit $20,562.18, and his son was worth $15,000, if one figured the actual value of the stock in his name. His two daughters were shopping, and his wife, having already written for rooms at a California resort, was now looking at houses. "And a newspaper clipping and one letter have done this," he mused. "To him that hath the reputation of having shall be given. If there were two

"AND I DON'T WANT ANY MORE WORDS WITH YOU," SAID IRA

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clippings and two letters, I'd probably be buying private yachts."

His wife and his two daughters left in about ten days, but just before leaving his wife informed him that she had arranged for a house.

"But why rent a house just as you are leaving?" he asked.

"I haven't rented it," she replied calmly. "I've arranged to buy it. It's a bargain—only $22,000, and in a splendid neighborhood. The agent will be in to see you."

The agent came, and he demonstrated that it really was a bargain. Residences of that nature are not readily marketable. This one had cost $5000 or $6000 more than the price asked, but people who wish to invest that much in a residence usually prefer to build, so the owner, who was leaving the city and desired a quick sale, was ready to let it go at a sacrifice.

"The value of the land has increased since the house was built, too," explained the agent. "It's really worth not less than $30,000, if one could afford to wait for a purchaser. Of course, we understand your circumstances, Mr. Kellogg, and do not expect a cash transaction. Say $5000 down and the balance, secured by a mortgage, to be paid in one year, or, if you prefer, eighteen months."

Ira took the precaution, unusual for him, of verifying the statement as to its cost and value, and then gave his customary reply. "All right," he said.

He made the cash payment of $5000 and drew a long breath. As he put it to himself, "there was a swiftness about the way things were coming his way that was startling." He had a house and lot, a block of paying stock, his wife and daughters were in California, and he was $47,000 in debt.

"I never knew people were so kind and considerate before," he told himself, "but I think I'll quit right now. One clipping and one letter do not entitle a man to assume the national debt."

It was not so easy to quit, however. He had just settled down to the prosaic affairs of life again when another friend stopped him on the street one day. Ira's business friends were for the most part men with influence and money, and this one suggested that L., D. & X. was a good purchase. It was only an insignificant road, of course, but the friend happened to know that recent developments made it important to two trunk lines to control it, and the stock would soar when the fight began. "It's the chance of a lifetime," said the friend. "If you're quick you can get it for 28 now, and it will be above par in thirty days. It's better than letting your money lie idle."

"But I haven't got my money yet," protested Ira.

"Well, I'll carry it for you," returned the friend. "You're as good as gold with me, and I like to put a chance in the way of a fellow I like. Besides, you'll have chances to do me a good turn when you get your money."

Again Ira decided that the limit had been reached, and again he was mistaken. "What a lot of financial friends a fellow has when he has enough money so that their financial friendship isn't likely to cost them anything. But I'll stop right here." In a day or so, however, he got a letter from the headquarters of the importing house he represented. There was to be a merging of several large establishments in that particular line, and $15,000 of stock had been put aside for him. If he cared to take it, would he please wire, as this opportunity was being given only to a few of their principal agents? He deemed it unwise to take it, but when he mentioned it to Dunstan the latter was enthusiastic.

"I know something about that," he said, "and you really ought to get into the deal. I'd like to have the chance."

"Take it," said Ira.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," returned Dunstan. "I'll advance the necessary money for the deal, and let you have a half-interest, to be paid for on your own time, without interest."

"All right," said Ira.

When Ira next wrote to his wife he told her that, if the newspaper clipping had been a column long instead of about two inches and the letter from the lawyers had had a few more pages to it, he was satisfied that he should now own on credit a little more than a half-interest in the United States.

"I suppose it's all right," he added, "but, if anything goes wrong, I'll strike the earth with a thud that will jar the State."

She replied that, of course, nothing would go wrong, and then informed him that the young California millionaire, who had been attentive to Clara while he was in the East the year before, had joined them, and the engagement would be announced shortly.

"That's what comes of having money," she asserted. "We probably should never have seen him again otherwise."

Ira steadfastly refused to go into any other large deals, but he did get into a few minor ones, and he joined two clubs. He tried to live the same old life, but he found it impossible. Men were always coming to him with propositions of one kind or another, and he was interviewed on the slightest pretext. He found himself very much in the company of men who previously had been only business friends. Some of his deals prospered and some did not, but he had become accustomed to being wealthy, and he stood his losses with equanimity—especially as most of them were only on paper as yet. No one thought of pressing him for money. It is only the poor man who has to pay promptly.

The morning of the day Ira woke up the house agent came to him with an offer to return the $5000 he had paid.

"I don't believe I care for it," said Ira carelessly.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," urged the agent. "I'll return the $5000 and pay you $2000 additional to be released from the bargain."

"No," returned Ira. "Mrs. Kellogg likes that house, and I can't afford to let it go."

Two thousand dollars was nothing to him then, but that

"HOW THEY DO PILE IT ON A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN!"

afternoon it looked like a large sum. His son, Harry, found him curled up in his office chair, the picture of misery. Harry carried a paper in his hand, and was excited himself.

"The paper says a new will has been found, Dad!" cried Harry. "Is it true?"

For answer Ira pushed a telegram over to the youth. The telegram announced that a later will had been found, and that Ira received only a small "remembrance."

"And I owe, Harry," he moaned, "I owe enough to make a respectable sinking fund."

"Well, it's sunk," returned Harry.

"I wish I'd taken the $2000 offered me for a release in that house deal."

"Who offered you that?"

"The agent."

"Then he's found another purchaser who's willing to pay high for it," announced the youth. "Wake up, Dad! There's a chance yet."

"No use, Harry," answered Ira disconsolately. "If I could get $5000 for it it wouldn't pull me out. Why, just think what I owe, Harry. I've gone on the theory that I'm a national bank and now I find I'm not even a toy savings-bank."

"Well, just you keep cool and wait," urged Harry. "I'm going to find out who wants that house."

"Won't be a drop in the bucket, Harry. I can see the end; I'm ruined. I might let the stock go for what I owe on it, but there's $20,000 in cash, and the trouble will just about cost me this agency."

Nevertheless, Harry, who developed unexpected business sense, insisted upon making his investigation, and left his father brooding.

"Cash, $20,000," muttered Ira; "due on house, $17,000; due on Harry's stock, $10,000; due on stock of house I represent, $7500; due on L., D. & X. speculation, $10,000; total, $64,500. That's a pretty good indebtedness for a man who has nothing. Oh, it's no fun being a millionaire—that is, a newspaper millionaire, with only a letter for capital. But——" He suddenly sat bolt upright. "By George! I've got about $10,000 in the bank yet. I'm tempted to skip."

Then he thought of his wife and daughters and Harry; he would have to stay and fight it out for them. His predicament was serious, but he could do nothing else. Perhaps his creditors would be lenient.

He was in this mood when the house agent entered.

"Well," said the agent brusquely, "I suppose you don't want that house now."

"I suppose not," returned Ira resignedly.

"Under the circumstances," said the agent, "I don't feel at liberty to give you any bonus for a release now, but I'll return the payment you made."

"You must have seen the newspapers," said Ira wearily.

"I have," replied the agent. "I know that you can't carry out your part of the bargain, so I'm going to take the whole thing off of your hands."

"All right," said Ira.

"And you'll have to stand the expense incurred so far in the matter of the mortgage and the transfer of title."

Ira looked startled.

"I suppose so," he returned, "but I'm in no condition to do business now. Wait until to-morrow."

A little delay was necessary to arrange the details, so the agent agreed.

"How they do pile it on a man when he's down!" groaned Ira. "That fellow and his principal are going to make money out of my misfortune, but they'll stick me for the expenses just the same. And when I was supposed to be prosperous they were ready to pay me a bonus for doing this."

He was still waiting for Harry to return when Harry's employer came in. He also had heard the news.

"Of course I'll have to ask you to transfer that stock back to me," he announced, "and I may say I'm pretty thoroughly disgusted."

"So am I," said Ira.

"It looks bad," asserted the employer. "It looks like a scheme that miscarried because of a premature exposure. You might have made a nice little profit on that stock if the truth hadn't come out so unexpectedly. I rather suspect you had planned some such underhanded deal as that."

Ira winced, but admitted that the affair did have a bad look. "Bad!" exclaimed the employer; "it looks like a confidence game. I ought to prosecute you, but I won't. Just turn over the stock and I'll return your note."

"It's in Harry's name," said Ira, "and I'll have to wait until he comes back. I'll straighten it out with you to-morrow morning."

Ira was so miserable, so discouraged, that he was tempted to lock the door. And yet the way they had turned on him seemed so unjust, in view of their previous encouragement, that he was tempted to rebel, to fight. He would straighten himself up in his chair with a vigorous expletive, and then sink back again. They were crowding him to the limit of his endurance, but—it seemed so hopeless. He had been perfectly honest in the matter, but he was accused of trickery. That was the hardest thing to bear.

He had just reached the door, with the intention of locking it, when Dunstan entered, and Dunstan was angry.

"It looks like a swindle!" Dunstan announced, without preliminaries. "You and some confederate in Galveston put up the job, and you've got into me for $27,500." Ira tried to protest, but Dunstan wouldn't listen to him. If Dunstan had been an observing man he would have noticed a dangerous gleam in Ira's eyes. Even a discouraged man may have a little spirit left. "But, thank Heaven!" Dunstan went on, "the circumstances make the $7500 safe. I'll take the stock for that."

A few minutes before Ira would have surrendered it without question, but now he had been goaded to mental activity. It occurred to him that that stock was worth $15,000, and he had given his note for only $7500 in payment for it. When Ira began to think he thought rapidly. At any rate, he would not submit to this sort of treatment any longer; he would make a stand.

He pulled himself together with a jerk. The limit of endurance had been reached, and the dead man came to life.

"This is my office," said Ira, "and I won't submit to such language here." He reached for his check-book. "I'll pay you for that stock now, and then I want you to get out and stay out."

"But the $20,000 note," protested Dunstan, disconcerted by this sudden change of front.

"It isn't due," asserted Ira shortly. "When it is, I'll take care of it." Ira tendered his check. "Hand over the $7500 note I gave you for the stock, and the stock is mine."

Dunstan blustered; he wanted Ira to pay for the stock and then give it to him to secure the larger note; but Ira was

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thoroughly roused now. He wouldn't secure the note; it had been accepted without security, it wasn't due, and it would have to stand as made.

"And I don't want any more words with you," said Ira. "You annoy me. That's why I'm clearing off the indebtedness on the stock ahead of time. I don't want to be bothered."

When Harry came back he found his father a different man—an angry man of action.

"How much for the house, Harry?" he asked.

"Thirty thousand dollars in cash," answered Harry. "I got the man's name by pretending to have an offer for it myself, and he wants it badly. If you can raise the money to complete your bargain, Dad, you can sell to him."

Ira walked the floor thoughtfully.

"Harry," he said at last, "we've got some quick work to do, but I guess we can do it. Do you know any one who wants your stock?"

"John Bartley offered $15,000 for it a day or so ago."

"Tell Bartley to have that sum ready in currency at his office to-morrow morning and you will deliver the stock to him—in currency, mind. Then tell the man who wants the house to have his money ready, also in currency. Telephone your employer that I want to see him at 11:30, and to bring my note along. Get the house agent here, too. He's coming, anyway, but we might as well specify a time. I'll see Brown & Darwin myself, for I happen to know they're anxious to get the stock that Dunstan tried to beat me out of. And be here yourself, Harry; I'll need you."

"You seem to have waked up, Dad," suggested Harry.

"Well," said Ira, "I can stand being knocked down, Harry, but I don't like to be kicked. I've been jumped on so hard that it seems to have made a financier of me."

When Ira entered his office a little before eleven o'clock the following morning he carefully deposited a large wallet in the little safe that stood in one corner of the room.

"Here's where we give a few lessons to Napoleons of finance, Harry," he said cheerfully. "There's a little matter of $18,000 in that. Brown & Darwin paid me $16,000 for the stock, and I drew out $2000 of the little I had left in the bank. Has any one been here yet?"

"No," answered Harry, "but Conkling telephoned that you'd have to put up the money on that L., D. & X. deal right away or he'd have it transferred to his own account. He says he can't afford to give you the profit if you're not able to stand the possible loss."

"Telephone him to come over and get his money," instructed Ira.

"But you can't pay them all," urged Harry.

"You watch your poor old waked-up Dad," retorted Ira. "Conkling's so busy watching quotations that he can't get here inside of an hour or more, and a real live man can do lots of business in that time. Have you got a cab, Harry?"

"No."

"Get one. You'll need it."

Harry did the telephoning and went for a cab. Meanwhile Ira settled himself at his desk, and then things happened with the rapidity he had expected. Harry's employer was the first to arrive.

"Are you ready——" he began.

"Quite ready," interrupted Ira, as he reached into his safe and drew out the wallet. "I don't like to have business transactions with people who get nervous every time they see an item in the newspapers, so we'll just close the deal." He counted out $10,000, pushed it across the desk, and threw the rest carelessly into a drawer. "Kindly surrender my note, and the stock belongs to Harry."

"Really, Mr. Kellogg——"

"Please don't delay. I'm very busy to-day. There's your money."

The sight of $10,000 in currency frequently makes a man change his mind, and Harry's employer was disposed to think he had been hasty.

"Really, Mr. Kellogg——" he began again.

"I don't like to be disturbed by these trifles," said Ira. "I have a really important appointment in five minutes with a man who isn't nervous. My note, please."

The note was surrendered, and a dazed man left the office with $10,000 in his pocket. He had tried to explain and apologize, but Ira had cut him short with the statement that it spoiled his appetite to have people doubt his financial standing, and he didn't wish to take any chances.

Five minutes later Harry was speeding away in a cab, with the stock in his inside pocket, intent on letting Bartley have it for the $15,000 in currency he had agreed to have ready. Meanwhile Ira was entertaining the house agent.

"I have a check here for the $5000 you paid," said the agent, "and I will give that to you and release the mortgage on the payment of the costs and the re-transfer of the property."

"I don't like to do business with checks," asserted Ira. "People are so suspicious these days that it's better to deal in currency. Why, some men have even doubted me."

The agent looked bewildered.

"Surely," he said, "you didn't expect me to bring $5000 in cash here?"

"No," said Ira, "I merely expected you to bring the mortgage and I will give you $17,000 in cash and take the house."

"You're going to take the house!" exclaimed the agent.

"Certainly. Why not? I—— Pardon me," as a boy entered with a telegram. Ira opened the telegram and found the following message from his wife: "Clara's engagement announced. Both want to be married here. Shall we delay wedding for your arrival?" To this he hastily wrote the reply: "We need a millionaire in the family. Rush wedding. I can't come."

"You see," said Ira, turning to the agent as the boy left, "it is most distressing to be bothered by little affairs when there are really important ones requiring attention. There's not less than a million in that deal I just closed by wire."

"Would—would you accept a bonus of $2000 for the house?" ventured the agent.

"What's $2000 to me when I want a particular house?" demanded Ira.

"You talked in a different strain yesterday."

"Yes; you annoyed me, and when I'm annoyed I don't sleep well, so I'm paying you in cash to-day. I consider the payment of this money as nothing but a sleeping-potion. Ah! here's the boy now."

Harry entered, carrying a little satchel, which he deposited on his father's desk.

"How much, Harry?" asked Ira.

"Fifteen thousand," answered Harry.

"Dear, dear; no more than that. Why, Harry, you know I can't transact business for one morning with that. While you were at the safe deposit vault you should have got at least double that sum. But never mind! I had a few thousands left over at the close of business yesterday." He added the money in the drawer to that in the satchel, and then counted out enough to pay the agent his $17,000 with interest. A little later the agent left, as dazed as the man who had preceded him; and ten minutes after that Harry was speeding away in his cab again, carrying all the necessary papers to transfer the house to the new purchaser. Then Ira telephoned to a broker and asked how L., D. & X. was quoted.

"Seventy-six and still going up," was the reply.

"No wonder he wanted to take it off my hands," commented Ira.

Harry was back before Conkling arrived, and when the latter came Ira had a large stack of $1000 bills from which he counted out ten.

"I didn't like your message, Conkling," he said. "It betrayed a want of confidence in me that was displeasing, so I decided to pay you in currency, and then sell. As soon as you get back to your office please let the stock go at the market price."

"I didn't mean to offend you, Mr. Kellogg," urged Conkling, "but the reports were disquieting——"

"I know, I know," interrupted Ira, "but a man of my standing should be above rumors and reports."

"The stock is going higher."

"A few points one way or another is of trifling importance," said Ira. "I'd rather lose a little something than be annoyed. I understand it's still going up, but close it out just the same and telephone me the price and the margin of profit."

Conkling was also dazed, and he was disposed to kick himself. It seemed to him that he had lost a good customer.

An hour or so later Ira leaned back in his chair and smiled at his son. He had taken up the $20,000 note that Dunstan held and had about $5000 left.

"Not so bad, Harry; not so bad," he commented. "They really ought not to crowd a man when he's down, and then these things might not happen." The telephone bell rang. "See what it is, Harry."

"Conkling says he has sold your L., D. & X. and has $33,456 to your credit," announced Harry, after a brief conversation over the telephone.

"Tell him," said Ira, "that I always prefer currency to checks, but—well, he can send me a check this time, if it's certified."

"He hopes his unfortunate mistake won't prejudice you against him when you have any other business in his line," said Harry.

"They're all hoping that now," asserted Ira.

The next day he received another telegram from his wife. "Just heard the news from Galveston," it read. "Clara's fiancé says to draw on him for any sum you may need to protect your deals. They will be married next Saturday."

To this Ira replied: "Don't need anything. If I did, I could raise $50,000 here in two hours."

"And that's no lie, either," he remarked to Harry. "There's nothing like clever financiering to give a man credit; it's better even than a telegram and a newspaper clipping."

The Western "Gold Bugs"

By Clarence H. Matson

HOW THE MONEY BARONS OF THE EAST ARE BORROWING FROM THE WHEAT BARONS OF THE WEST

TWO men interested in financial matters were recently discussing the trend of business affairs. One was from the East and had just been touring the West; the other lived in the West. The Eastern man made this statement: "I shall not be greatly surprised if the end of the present decade sees the West the creditor of the East. A few years ago the East had a mortgage on the West, but I am not sure but what conditions are about to be reversed, at least in a degree."

This may seem like a startling statement when one considers the past relations of these two sections of the country, but events in the financial world during the past few months lend color to the prophecy.

Ever since the development of the West began in earnest the West has been more or less in debt to the East. The development cost more money than the Western pioneers possessed. They had to borrow. They were compelled to mortgage their farms and wait for the returns from the soil to pay off the mortgages. But now a change has come—the West has paid off its mortgages; it is no longer in debt. The change was first distinctly noticeable last summer when the West failed to send East for money to "move the crops," as had been its custom, and more recently additional evidence has been piling up to add force to the change.

For several years there has been a heavy drain on New York banks during the summer months. With the beginning of the harvest in Southern Oklahoma about the first of June there has come to New York a demand for money. It was needed in the West to "move the crops." The farmers needed cash to pay the expense of harvesting and threshing their grain. The grain buyers needed cash to buy the grain after it was threshed. The farmer borrowed from his local bank, and the local bank in turn had to borrow from the money centres. Therefore, when the Oklahoma farmers needed money to pay their harvest hands the little banks in Oklahoma drew on Kansas City for it, and Kansas City drew on New York. The harvest traveled north, twenty miles a day, and by the last of June the great Kansas wheat belt was busy—and still Kansas City drew on New York for the money to pay the harvest hands. During July the harvest traveled across Nebraska, and Omaha called for money. By August the wheat in Minnesota and the Dakotas was falling before the binder, and the demand for money came from Minneapolis and St. Paul. By the time the wheat was all gathered New York had sent from twenty-five to forty millions of dollars into the West for the express purpose of "moving the crops."

In the fall, when the wheat had started to market, the wealth began to flow back into the New York banks and those of other money centres. Not only the twenty-five or forty millions came back, but with them came millions more in interest and part of the principal of the mortgages.

So regular had this process become that the bankers of New York and other Eastern money centres learned to prepare for it. Two years ago, in the summer of 1901, when Kansas alone produced nearly one hundred million bushels of wheat, the demand for harvest money was greater than ever because of the great crop. Each year, however, the interest payments dropped off because the principal of the mortgages had been decreased, and when the money came back which had been borrowed to move the 1901 crop, the sum which came with it to pay off the mortgages and interest was small compared with what it had been two or three years before.

During recent years the West has paid every claim promptly. Each year it sent East a big slice of its profits and it borrowed no more except temporarily. Money became cheap. The West kept adding to the idle money in the East by paying off its debts. Interest dropped to three, four and five per cent. There were no more Western mortgages to buy and the East began to put its money into industry and trade. Business "boomed." Everybody made improvements, from the big railroad companies with their betterment of equipment and roadbed, to the humble owner of the two-room cottage, who built himself a chicken-coop or a pigsty.

Last spring the banks of New York prepared for the usual demand from the West for money to move the crops. It would be a profitable investment, they thought, for at least a part of their idle millions for a few months. The harvest began in Oklahoma, but there was no demand from Oklahoma for money. Word came that the Kansas harvest was in full blast, but Kansas gave no hint that she wanted to borrow. When Nebraska began gathering her wheat without asking financial aid, the East inquired what was the matter. The answer came back, "The West has plenty of money of its own to move its crops."

And it proved true. Not only had the farmers sufficient money to pay their harvest hands, but they also had fat bank accounts besides. The recent biennial report of Morton

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Albaugh, State Bank Commissioner of Kansas, shows that sixty-eight per cent. of the deposits in the State and private banks of Kansas are those of farmers and stockmen. On the basis of figures given in Mr. Albaugh's report it is estimated that fully one-half of all the farmers in Kansas now have bank accounts.

For this reason the West has paid off its Eastern mortgages. Now, if a Western farmer wants to borrow money his neighbors are only too glad to lend it to him. He no longer sends a mortgage East in exchange for a loan. A few years ago the agents of Eastern or foreign loan companies were among the "leading citizens" of every Western town; now one can scarcely be found.

What Caused the Recent "Squeeze"

Because the West had paid off its debts the profits of the harvest of 1902 did not flow to the Eastern money centres last fall as they had done every year before when a good crop was raised. Consequently this accustomed supply did not replenish that which went out in other directions. In the mean time vast sums had been steadily going into the channels of industry and permanent investment. Railroad companies issued new securities and the money secured on them went into extensions and improvements. Business expanded at a wonderful rate. New industries were established and the money that went into them became tied up in a permanent investment. Consequently New York began to experience a falling off in its supply of ready money as the fall of 1902 opened. As the season advanced and but little cash came in payment of Western mortgages to take the place of that going into permanent investments, a shortage developed. Borrowers found that interest rates were advancing. The shortage became a stringency and interest on ready money went still higher.

But the shortage did not touch the West. The West sold its crops to the East and then kept the money. Like the East, it is beginning to put a little of its surplus into factories and other industries. It needs them, and there is a wide field for their products. The West, too, has money to lend—not a great abundance, to be sure, but enough to become a lender.

During the fall the State of Massachusetts wished to float $500,000 of bonds. The investment was, of course, gilt-edged from a standpoint of security, but the interest was only 3¼ per cent. Eastern money commanded a much higher rate than that. New York banks were not anxious to tie up their ready cash in any 3¼ per cent. investments. The bonds did not have to go begging, however. The State of Nebraska was so anxious to secure them as an investment for its permanent school fund that the State officers took a test case through the Nebraska Supreme Court to ascertain if the State could legally purchase the bonds of another State. The Supreme Court decided in the affirmative, and on the first day of December, 1902, the prairie State of Nebraska, which was not settled fifty years ago, became the creditor of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

When one remembers the hard times of a few years ago, when practically the entire region west of the Missouri River was mortgaged to Eastern or foreign investors, it seems almost beyond the range of possibilities that the West should have amassed so much wealth as to enable it in so short a time not only to pay off its great debts, but even to loan money to its former creditors; but when one considers that the farms of Kansas alone last year produced wealth to the value of $371,109,467, and that, too, in the face of a comparatively small wheat crop, one can readily see that the total wealth produced by all the farms of the West each year is something enormous, running into billions of dollars. And to this should be added the products of the mines and factories, the oil wells and smelters—and the wealth produced by these is by no means inconsiderable. The total wealth produced by the State of Kansas alone in 1902 probably aggregated $450,000,000, or $1500 for every family in the State—an increase in the actual wealth without considering increased values of wealth existing before.

There was a time—and it is not remote—when the farm in Kansas, Nebraska or Oklahoma that was not covered by a mortgage was an exception to the general rule. In the older States east of the Missouri the conditions were not so bad, but they might have been better. During the boom days of the latter eighties the loan agent was a prominent and numerous member of every Western community. He flourished like a green bay tree. In many instances he was an Eastern man sent to the West by trusting friends or a loan company organized to invest Eastern money in Western securities. His advice was sought on all questions of public interest and he was a "leading citizen" in every community. He financed all sorts of schemes. The spirit of speculation was rife. Nearly every one borrowed. Farmers borrowed to improve their farms, to build houses and barns, and to buy machinery they did not need; and the townspeople borrowed to boom their towns, to lay out new additions and to build water-works and street-car lines where there was no one to use the water or to ride on the street cars.

Then came a day of reckoning. Investments did not turn out as well as expected. Money became short and interest rates advanced. The town booms collapsed. Everything was mortgaged, and the mortgages were practically all in the hands of Eastern investors. At a forced sale much of the property would not bring enough to pay the mortgage. A series of partial crop failures followed. They spread all over the West to a greater or lesser extent, but the newer States felt their evil effects most. Farmers could not meet their interest payments, to say nothing of the principal which was falling due. In many instances the mortgages were foreclosed and the former owners became mere tenants. The country newspapers lived to a considerable extent on the income derived from the publication of sheriffs' sale notices. Those who retained the ownership of their homes did so only because their creditors saw more hope in extending the loans than in foreclosing them. In the extreme western parts of Kansas and Nebraska, which had only recently been settled, the people were unable to exist. They had not yet learned the peculiarities of climate and soil, and vast areas became depopulated.

The memory of those four or five years in the first half of the last decade is a nightmare in the region between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. They were years of untold privation and suffering and hardship—years in which the farmer and his wife lay awake night after night wondering how they could pay their debts. The debts were the first consideration. The people were honest and industrious, and they lived on only the bare necessities of life while they struggled to pay what they owed.

The Lessons of the Lean Years

But those years were not wholly without their lessons. They taught frugality and economy of the strictest sort. The farmer studied the soil and sought the crops best adapted to it. He learned that it would not do to pin his faith to a single crop, but that he must have diversity. He learned that sorghums and kaffir corn would provide him with forage for his cattle no matter how dry the summer might be. He learned the value of alfalfa, and at the same time he learned more about the great staple crops of wheat and corn.

Then the skies began to brighten. The farmer turned defeat into victory, and little by little he whittled down his mortgage even in the face of adverse conditions. Then came better crops. The mortgages rapidly became less. Bank accounts were started. The more well-to-do began to buy back the land that the Eastern loan companies had foreclosed. Rubber-tired buggies appeared on the roads and the melody of the piano crept into a few farmhouses. Good crops continued; the bank accounts of those out of debt continued to grow, and there was a steady flow of money to the East to liquidate the remaining mortgages held there. From 1897 to 1901 the West sent millions upon millions to the East. It is no wonder that money became a drug in the financial centres.

The big wheat crop of 1901 practically completed the payment of the mortgages held in the East and the cash began to accumulate faster in the Western banks. The deposits were so great and the calls for loans so few that many banks ceased to pay interest on deposits. Humorous stories have been told of Western farmers compelling bankers to receive their deposits at the muzzle of a revolver. These stories are, of course, imaginary, but there have been instances where a debtor has invoked the aid of the law to compel his creditor to accept payment for a debt so as to stop the interest.

After its Eastern debts were paid and it had had a breathing spell, the West began to look for ways to invest its money. It had learned the lesson of wild speculation and it demanded safe investments. It began to build factories, and some of the money which has heretofore gone East for manufactured goods now remains in the West—only a comparatively small amount, to be sure, but it is a beginning and the amount is constantly increasing. More than half of the zinc produced in the United States comes from the southeastern corner of Kansas. Since the discovery of the great gas fields near the same locality gigantic zinc smelters have sprung up with millions of dollars of capital, besides a great variety of other industries.

No Further Fear of Hard Times

A large amount of capital has gone into telephone lines. Not only have exchanges been built in nearly every Western town and village, but the wires stretch away across the prairies in all directions. The farmers are rapidly learning the value of the telephone and they are putting their own money into telephone lines. The creamery industry is another which has developed with great rapidity in the last two or three years, and with its development it has added to the farmer's wealth by bringing him higher prices for his butter and enabling him to handle a greater product from his cows with less labor than under the old system of making butter by hand. A single creamery company which operates in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Oklahoma makes as high as fifty thousand pounds of butter a day during the summer season, and it recently sold seventeen carloads of butter in a single shipment to the United States Government for use in the Navy.

The growth of investments in the West is well indicated by the increase in the number of banks in Kansas in the past two years. The recent report of State Bank Commissioner Albaugh shows that during the biennial period ending September 30, 1902, 117 new State banks were incorporated, an increase of thirty-four per cent.

The West no longer fears a return of the hard times of the middle nineties. It is no longer in debt. If crop failures should come it would not have to borrow money to live. And crop failures are no longer the possibility they once were. The farmer knows better how to manage his farm. A partial failure in one line may enhance the value of another crop, so that the aggregate value is maintained. If the West continues to have good crops its wealth will continue to pile up. If the East needs money, the West will follow the example of Nebraska and repay the favors received while the country was developing; if not, the West can use its wealth in still further development.

J. Drew and John Drew

THE conversation drifted upon autographs and Mr. John Drew related several amusing anecdotes of his experience with collectors. The best of these was the account of a clever scheme to secure choice seats for the play without paying for them—a piece of fraud which was frustrated by the astute vender of tickets.

The famous actor received a note one day asking for his autograph. The writer, a woman, informed him that she should be quite satisfied if he would merely inscribe his full name on the blank half of the note sheet. Accordingly, the signature, *John Drew*, was affixed and the note returned forthwith.

On the following day a fashionably-gowned lady, stepping up to the window of the box-office, presented a half-sheet of notepaper bearing the words, "Three tickets. John Drew." The ticket-seller darted a keen glance at the woman.

"I am sorry, madam, but I cannot honor this," he said.

"Why not?" she demanded, in amazement and offended dignity. "Mr. Drew signed the order and sent it to me himself."

"Are you acquainted with him?" queried the man in the window.

An almost imperceptible hesitation, then, "Certainly," said the woman.

"Then you must know," was the triumphant rejoinder, "that Mr. Drew never writes his full name except when granting a request for his autograph. When he signs an order for seats it's plain J. Drew!"

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GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS — The Earl of Frothingham has just met with a dizzying rebuff. Miss Catherine Hollister, who had seemed to solve all his difficulties, has reconsidered her decision to marry him, but not until she had made all possible social capital out of his public devotion. So Frothingham's American manager, Honoria Longview, a shrewd and friendly young girl who has taken him under her protection, with her eyes wide open and just for the sport of the game, has advised his acceptance of an invitation from a Boston friend.

VIII

AT HALF-PAST four o'clock on a raw January afternoon Frothingham descended from a Pullman fiery furnace to adventure upon Boston. As he drove to Mrs. Staunton's the rain sifted through the cracks round the windows and doors of the musty cab and was deposited upon his face in a greasy coating by currents of the iciest air he had felt since he was last in Scotland. It was air that seemed to mangle as it bit, that sent the chilled blood cowering to the depths of the body instead of bringing it to the surface in healthful reaction.

"A loathsome town," he muttered as he looked out on either side. "Looks something like London — no, Liverpool. The people look English, too." A big, dingy street car with bell wildly clanging darted from a narrow side street into the narrow main street which the cab was following. There was a bare escape from a disastrous collision. "It's America, right enough," he said.

The rain was whirling in the savage wind; umbrellas were tossing and twisting, impeding without in the least sheltering the sullen throngs on the sidewalks. Everything looked wet and sticky and chilly and forbidding. "They certainly are English," he said as he noted the passing faces; and he did not like it. In New York he had been amused by the variety — specimens of all nationalities, often several nationalities struggling for expression in the same face. Here the sameness was tiresome to him, and he missed the alert look of New Yorkers of all kinds.

He began to feel somewhat better, however, when he reached the wide front hall of Mrs. Staunton's big, old-fashioned, comfortable house on the water side of Beacon Street. And he felt still better when the butler showed him to the room he was to occupy — the furniture and hangings, the woodwork and wall-paper, sombre yet homelike in the light and warmth of an open fire. At half-past five he entered the drawing-room in fairly good humor now that he and Hutt were established and safe from the weather. He joined Mrs. Staunton and her daughter-in-law at the fire where they were cozily ensconced with a tea-table between them.

"You must have a cheerful impression of Boston," said young Mrs. Staunton, called Mrs. Ridgie — her husband's name was Ridgeway.

"That wind was a bit nasty," replied Frothingham. "But I've forgiven and forgotten it. I always spill my troubles as soon as ever I can."

MR. GILSON — A DISCIPLE

"You'll detest Boston after New York," continued Mrs. Ridgie. "I've lived here ten years. It's — it's a hole."

Her mother-in-law's expression was not pleasant, and Frothingham saw at a glance that they disliked each the other. "Virginia is from New York," she said to him apologetically. "She determined in advance not to like us, and she does not change her mind easily."

"Us." Virginia smiled mockingly. "Mother, here," she said to Frothingham, "was born at a place a few miles away — Salem, where they burned witches ——"

"Hanged witches — none was burned," interrupted Mrs. Staunton.

"Thank you, dear — hanged witches. At any rate, she was born at Salem. And her people removed to this very house more than forty years ago. The other day I was talking to old Judge Arkwright and spoke of my mother-in-law as a Bostonian. 'But,' said he, 'she's not a Bostonian. She's of Salem town.' Think of it, Lord Frothingham! She's lived here nearly half a century and she married a man whose family has lived here two hundred years. And they still speak and think of her as a stranger. That's Boston."

"It reminds me of home," said Frothingham. "Very different from New York, isn't it? I asked the woman I took in to dinner the other night where her parents came from. 'Good Lord, don't ask me!' she said. 'All I know about it is that they came in a hurry and never went back.'"

"How sensible!" said Mrs. Ridgie, the more enthusiastically for her mother-in-law's look of disgust. "You'll notice that people on this side never talk of their ancestors unless there's something wrong with themselves."

Mrs. Staunton restrained herself. "You'll give Lord Frothingham a very false idea of this country, Virgie," she said with softness in her voice and irritation in her eyes.

"Oh, he's certain to get that anyhow. He'll see only one kind of people while he's here, and though they think they're the whole show they don't amount to *that*." At "that" she snapped her fingers so loudly and suddenly that both Mrs. Staunton and Frothingham started. "If you came really to know this country," she went on, "you'd find out that just as soon as people here begin to pose as 'our best people,' 'our best society,' and all that rot, they begin to amount to nothing. They're has-beens, or on the way to it. We don't stand still here — not even in Boston. We're always going up or coming down."

After a silence Mrs. Staunton ventured to say, "I think you'll find, Lord Frothingham, that the tone of Boston is, as I told you, far higher than New York's."

"Really!" Frothingham looked slightly alarmed. "That's bad news," he said. "I don't go in for a very high tone, you know. I'm keyed rather low, I should say."

"You needn't be frightened," said Mrs. Ridgie. "They beat the air a good deal here. But, if you'll be patient and not encourage 'em, they'll soon get down to the good old business of raveling reputations. At that they're far superior to New York."

Mrs. Staunton looked vigorous dissent, but said nothing. They listened for a few minutes to the drowsy crackling of the wood fire and to the futile beat of the storm against the windows. Then Mrs. Ridgie rose. "I'll see you at dinner," she said to Frothingham. "I forgive you for being so cross to me, *belle-mère*," she said to Mrs. Staunton, patting her on the cheek. Then her pretty little figure and pretty, pert face vanished. Mrs. Staunton frowned at the place where she had been — she disliked Virgie's hoydenish movements almost as much as her demonstrativeness; in her opinion, "no thoroughly respectable woman laughs loudly, uses slang or indulges in public kissing and embracing."

They were ten at dinner that night, and Frothingham, seated between Mrs. Staunton and a middle-aged, stiff and homely Mrs. Sullivan, tried to keep his spirits by drinking the champagne steadily — "Vile stuff," he said to himself, "and bad cooking, and a dull old woman on either side. And what's this rot they're talking?"

The conversation was of a Buddhist priest who was making converts among "the very best people." Mrs. Sullivan was contending that he was a fraud and that his teachings were immoral. Mrs. Staunton was defending him, assisted by a sallow, black-whiskered, long-haired young man on the opposite side of the table — a Mr. Gilson.

THE BOOK WAS A BURKE'S PEERAGE

Frothingham would not even pretend to listen. His look and his thoughts wandered down the table to Cecilia Allerton.

Her slender paleness was foiled by two stout red and brown men — Ridgeway Staunton and Frank Mortimer. They were eating steadily, with the slow, lingering movements of the jaw which proclaim the man or the beast that wishes to get food into the mouth rather than into the stomach. Between mouthfuls they drank champagne, holding it in the mouth and swallowing deliberately. Cecilia was evidently oblivious of them and of the rest of her surroundings. "She looks sickly," thought Frothingham, "and an iceberg."

She had a small head, a high, narrow forehead, a long, narrow face — pale, almost gaunt. The expression of her mouth was prim to severity. But her eyes, large and brilliant brown and full of imagination, contradicted the coldness of the rest of her face, and gave her a look that was certainly distinction, if not beauty. "I wonder what she's thinking about?" said Frothingham to himself. "Buddhism, I wager. How English she looks. But they all do, for that matter, except this long-haired beast opposite. He looks a Spaniard, or something else Southern and dirty."

"Did you find that the New York women swore much, Lord Frothingham?"

He started. It was the Puritanic-looking Mrs. Sullivan. "I beg pardon," he said, turning his head so that his entrenched eye was trained upon her.

"The New York women," repeated Mrs. Sullivan. "Were they very profane?"

"Ah — well — that is —— Now, what would you call profane?" asked Frothingham in his dryest drawl. "Devil and that sort?"

"I should call that profane in a woman, and worse. I should call that vulgar."

"Really!"

"Shouldn't you?"

"Ah, I don't know. I don't call things. What's the use?"

"But you must have opinions."

"Lots of 'em — lots of 'em — a new set every day. It's a good idea to look at everything from all sorts of directions, don't you think?"

"If one has no sense of responsibility. But I know you have. One of the characteristics I particularly admire in the English upper class is their sense of responsibility. I think it splendid, the way they support the church and so set an example to the lower classes."

"I don't go in for that yet — I lie abed. It's not expected of one until he's head of a family. When I am, of course I'll

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tuck my book under my arm and toddle away on Sunday morning to do my duty. I think it's rather funny, don't you? We do as we jolly please all week and then on Sunday, when there's nothing naughty going on anyhow, we do our duty. Cleverest thing in the British Constitution that!"

"But you believe in your — your church, don't you?"

"Believe? To be sure. Every one does, except ghastly middle-class cranks. Some of 'em go crazy and are pious every day. Others go crazy and chuck it all. They run to extremes — that's bad form. I don't like extremes."

Mrs. Sullivan looked at Frothingham suspiciously. His face was always serious, but the eyeglass and the drawl and a shadow of a hint of irony in his tone raised a doubt. She returned to her original question: "They tell me that the women — the fashionable women — swear a great deal in New York now — that it's the latest fad."

"I can't say that they ever swore at me — much," replied Frothingham. "But then, you know, I'm rather meek. It's possible they might if I'd baited 'em."

"A few of our women here — those that hang round horses and stables all the time — have taken up swearing. It is said that they contracted the habit in New York and Newport. But I doubt it."

"Perhaps it's the horses that make 'em swear," suggested Frothingham. "Horses are such stupid brutes."

"And they smoke — but that's an old story. All the women smoke in New York, don't they?"

"I'm not observant. You see, I don't see well unless I look sharp."

Mrs. Sullivan smiled amiably. "You're very discreet, Lord Frothingham. You don't gossip — I detest it myself."

She talked to the man at her left, but soon turned to him with: "Doesn't it shock you, the way divorce is growing nowadays? It's almost as bad in England, I understand, as it is with us. We're taking up all the habits of the common sort of people. Really, I try to be broad-minded, but I can't keep up with the rising generation. A young married woman called on me this afternoon — she and her husband are of our best families. She told me she was engaged to a young married man in New York. 'But,' said I, 'you're both married.' 'We're going to get our divorces in the spring,' she said. She asked me not to say anything about her engagement — 'for,' she said, 'we haven't announced it. I haven't told my husband yet that I'm going to get a divorce, and my fiancé hasn't told his wife.' What do you think of that, Lord Frothingham?"

"Deuced enterprising, isn't it, now? That's what we call a Yankee notion. Do you think it'll go through?"

"I've no doubt of it. She's extremely energetic — and conscienceless — I'd say brazen, if she weren't a lady."

When the women went into the drawing-room, Ridgeway Staunton brought to Frothingham a tall, ascetic-looking man with the bald, smooth, bulging temples and the sourly curled lips of habitual bad temper. "Lord Frothingham, Mr. Allerton." They bowed stiffly and looked each at the other uncertainly.

"I've heard much of you from my sister-in-law, Mrs. Staunton," said Allerton.

"She's been very good to me," replied Frothingham cordially.

"She is an admirable woman," said Allerton. "She has been a mother — more than a mother — to my little girl for years."

"Your daughter was most fortunate," replied Frothingham in a tone of what was for him enthusiasm.

Allerton began to talk English politics; and Frothingham who, like Englishmen of all classes, knew his country's politics thoroughly, was astonished at the minuteness and accuracy of the American's knowledge. But he was amazed to find that Allerton, though an aristocrat and a Tory in the politics of his own country, with narrow and bitter class views, was in English politics a Liberal of the radical type — a "little Englander" and a "Home Ruler." And he presently discovered that there were other inconsistencies equally strange. For example, Allerton was savage in his hatred of all social innovations, was fanatical against the morals and manners of the younger people in the limited Boston set which he evidently regarded as the pinnacle and pattern of the whole world, yet was almost a sensualist in literature, art and music. He sneered at superstition, yet believed in ghosts and in dreams. Finally, he was a theoretical democrat, yet had a reverence for his own ancestry and for the title and ancestry of Frothingham that, even to Frothingham, seemed amusing and contemptible.

At first Frothingham was afraid lest he should express some opinion that would rouse the cold and tenacious dislike of Allerton. But he soon saw that, for the sake of his title and descent, he was regarded by the banker as privileged and exempt from criticism. Just as Mrs. Staunton and Mrs. Sullivan thought Frothingham's slang trenching on profanity not only tolerable but proper in him, so Allerton smiled with frosty indulgence upon his light and not very reverent criticisms in politics, religion, morals and art.

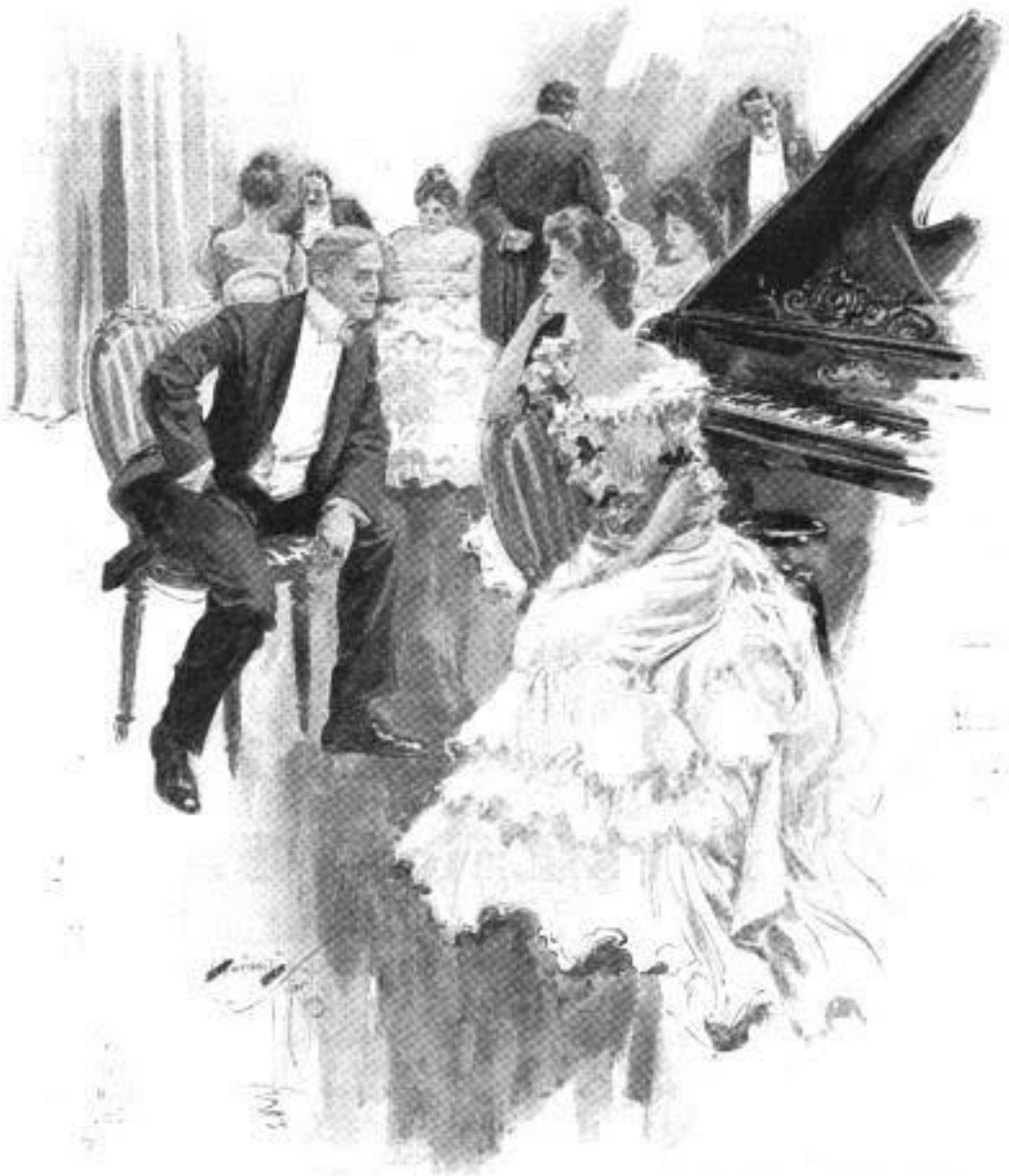
"What do you think of him?" Mrs. Staunton asked her brother-in-law when the men rejoined the women.

"A fine type of English gentleman," replied Allerton. "Manly and dignified, and his mind is keen. I liked him."

"I'm going to take him to Cecilia," said she.

"I'm sure Cecilia will like him. I don't think she's looking well, Martha."

"Poor child! You can't expect a girl of her depth of feeling, her spirituality, to recover soon. You must remember, it's been only a year and three months. This is the first time she's been out, isn't it?"



SHE SMILED PENSIVELY. "I'M TOO SERIOUS FOR FADS, I FEAR"

"I should not have believed she could be so disobedient as she has been in the past year," said Allerton sourly. "The night of the opening of the gallery I ordered her to come down and help me receive. I shall never forget that she locked herself in her room. It shows how the poison of the example of the young people nowadays permeates."

"But that was nearly a year ago, Edward. Be careful not to be harsh to her. She inherits — your imperiousness." Mrs. Staunton hesitated after "inherits" because the look in her brother-in-law's eyes reminded her that his wife — her sister — after enduring for eight years the penitentiary he made of his home, fled from him and refused to return, and lived by herself in a cottage at Brookline until her death.

After talking to several of her guests so that her action might not seem pointed, Mrs. Staunton took Frothingham where Cecilia was listening to Gilson's animated but not animating exposition of the true or Gilson theory of portrait painting. A moment after Frothingham was introduced Mrs. Staunton took the reluctant Gilson away.

Cecilia looked after him, a quizzical expression in her eyes. "Do you know Mr. Gilson?" she asked.

"No, I've only just met him."

"What do you think of him?"

"I can't say. I've barely seen him."

"But isn't Schopenhauer right where he says, 'Look well at a human being the first time you see him, for you will never see *him* again'?"

"I should say Gilson was — not very clean, then. Who is he?"

"He came here four years ago from we don't know where, and exhibited a lot of his own paintings, most of them portraits of himself in all sorts of strange attitudes and clothes. Everybody ran after him — we have a new craze here each year, you know. That year it was Gilson. A girl, a Miss Manners, married him. If it hadn't been for that he'd have been forgotten and would have disappeared. As it is, we still have him with us. That's his wife on the sofa."

Frothingham looked toward the enormously fat woman, disposed there and gazing round vaguely with a sleepy, comfortable, complacent smile. "How do you know it's a sofa she's sitting on?" he asked.

"Because I saw it before she sat down," replied Cecilia. "Her fad is a diet of raw wheat. If she'd been where you could see her at the table you'd have noticed that she ate only raw wheat. She's served specially everywhere since she got the idea last autumn. She brings her wheat with her."

"And what is your fad — you say every one has a fad?"

"Every one except me." She smiled pensively. "I'm too serious for fads, I fear."

"Then you're not a Buddhist or a Spiritualist?" he said with a sigh of relief.

The color flared into her face. "Spiritualism." Her lips compressed and seemed even thinner. Her expression vividly suggested her father. "But *that* is not a fad. Only the thoughtless and the ignorant call it a fad."

Frothingham's face became blank. "This is a time to sit tight," he said to himself. "She's looking at me as if I were a witch and she were about to burn — no, hang — me."

"It would be a dreary world, it seems to me," she went on, her voice low and a queer light in her softening eyes, "if it were not for the friendship and guidance of those in the world beyond."

"Really!" His tone might have meant almost anything except the wonder and amusement it concealed.

Her father came to take her home. "We should be glad to see you, Lord Frothingham, at our house," he said graciously. "I hope you will let Mrs. Staunton bring you."

"Thank you — I'll ask her to."

As he watched her leave he said to himself, "She's mad as a hatter — or is it just Boston?"

IX

ABOUT a week after he met Lord Frothingham at Mrs. Staunton's, Edward Allerton left his bank an hour before luncheon-time and went to the Public Library. His look as he entered was undoubtedly furtive; and as he drifted aimlessly round the reading-room, declining the offers of assistance from the polite and willing attendants, his manner was such that had he been a stranger he would have been watched as a suspicious character. He took several reference books from the cases; finally and most carelessly of all, a Burke's Peerage. Half concealing it with his overcoat, he bore it to a table and seated himself. He turned the pages to where "Frothingham" appeared in large letters. There he stopped and read — at first nervously, soon with an attention that shut out his surroundings:

> Frothingham — George Arthur Granby Delafere Gordon-Beauvais, ninth earl of Frothingham, Baron de Beauvais, b. at Beauvais House, Surrey, March 9, 1865, s. of Herbert Delafere Gordon-Beauvais, eighth earl of F., and Maria Barstow, 2nd dau. of the Marquess of Radbourne. Succeeded on the death of his father, Aug. 4, 1890.

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Allerton studied the coat-of-arms, which originated, in part, in the tenth century, so Burke said. He read on and on through the description of the secondary titles and other honors of his sister-in-law's guest, into the two columns of small type which set forth the history of the Gordon-Beauvais family — its far origin, Godfrey de Beauvais, a great lord in the time of Charlemagne, so Burke declared; its many and curious vicissitudes of fortune, its calamities in old France through the encroachments of the Dukes of Burgundy, which finally drove it, in poverty but with undiminished pride and unabated resolution, to live only by the sword and the tax-gatherer, to England in the wake of William the Conqueror; its restoration there and long and glorious lordship, so glorious that it scorned the titles a mere Tudor or Stuart or German nobody could give until 1761, when it condescended to receive from George III the Earldom of Frothingham. There were places in the narrative so weak that even the adroit and sympathetic Burke could not wholly cover them. But the Milk Street banker saw them not. No child ever swallowed a tale of gnomes and fairies and magic vanishings and apparitions with a mind more set upon being fooled. He read slowly. And when he came to the end he read it through again, and found it all too short.

He started from his trance, glanced at his watch, noted that no attendants were in sight, and stole hastily away from the scene of his orgie. But in his agitation he was guilty of the stupidity of the novice — he left the book on the reading-desk; he left it open at the second page of "Frothingham." An attendant was watching afar off; as soon as Allerton had slipped away he swooped, full of idle yet energetic curiosity.

When he saw that the book was a Burke's Peerage he was puzzled; then he turned back a page and his eye caught the name "Frothingham." Like all Boston, he knew that the Earl was in town, was staying at *the* Mrs. Staunton's, "on the water side of Beacon Street." And like all Boston, he had heard the rumor that the Earl was trying to marry "Celia" Allerton, the second heiress of Boston. Thus, the sight of that name caused a smile of delight to irradiate his fat, pasty face. He looked round for some one to enable him to enjoy his discovery of a great man's weakness by tattling it. He saw Gilson, industriously "loading up" for a lecture on "color in Greek sculpture and architecture."

He hastened to him and touched him on the shoulder. "Come with me," he whispered.

Gilson, a natural gossip, had not lived four years in Boston without becoming adept in the local sign language of his species. He rose and followed to the table whereon was spread the damning proof of Allerton's guilt.

"Look at this," whispered the attendant, pointing to the name "Frothingham."

Gilson looked, first at the page, then at the attendant. His expression was disappointment — he cared not a rap about Frothingham or Burke's genealogical romances.

"But who do you think was sitting here," whispered the attendant, "reading away at this for more than an hour?"

"Frothingham?" said Gilson, in the reading-room undertone. "Those adventurers are always crazy about themselves."

"No — Edward — *Allerton!*" As he hesitated on the name the attendant shot his big head forward; at the climax he jerked it back, regarding the artist with delighted eyes.

"You don't *say* so!" exclaimed Gilson, and then they had a fit of silent laughter.

"Don't give *me* away," cautioned the attendant.

By nine o'clock the next night there was not a member of the Beacon Street set, whether living in Boston or in Brookline or other adjacent suburbs, who had not heard the news; and the mails were carrying it to those at a distance. And wherever it was repeated there was the same result — derision, pretended contempt of such vulgar snobbishness, expressions of wonder that an Allerton had descended to such low trafficking. Of course, none dared tell the Stauntons and the Allertons or Frothingham. But Frothingham, who saw everything through that monocle of his, noted the curious smiles that always greeted him, saw the grins and nudgings and cranings when he and Cecilia Allerton appeared in public.

One of the many rules which Mr. Allerton had established for the guidance of his household in the lines he regarded as befitting the establishment of a gentleman of family and tradition was that Cecilia must be at the half-past seven o'clock breakfast with her father. Usually he did not speak after his brief, formal salutation — a "Good-morning, Cecilia," and a touch of his dry, thin lips to her forehead; but he might wish to speak, and it would be a grave matter if he should wish to speak and no one were there for him to speak to. Besides, he always gave his orders at breakfast — his comments on the shortcomings in the servants or in Cecilia's housekeeping; his criticisms of her conduct. These "breakfasts of justice" were not held often, because Cecilia made few mistakes, and the maids — Allerton kept no men servants but a coachman — had been long in the family service and had therefore been long cowed and trimmed and squeezed to the Edward Allerton mould for menials. But when there was a "breakfast of justice" it was memorable.

Toward the end of the second week of Frothingham's Boston sojourn Mr. Allerton laid aside his paper at breakfast and looked at Cecilia. Agnes, the second waitress, who always attended at breakfast, understood the signal and at once left the room, closing the door behind her. Cecilia gave a nervous little sigh, dropped her eyes and put on the pale, calm expression behind which she hid herself from her father.

"You were at Doctor Yarrow's lecture yesterday afternoon, I believe?" Allerton began.

Cecilia's nerves visibly relaxed as she noted that his voice was not the dreaded voice of justice. "Yes, sir," she replied.

"It was on the evidences of communication with the spirit world, was it not?"

"Yes, sir — the fourth in the series."

"Who accompanied you?"

"Aunt Martha and Lord Frothingham."

There was a pause, then Mr. Allerton coughed slightly and said: "How do you like the young Englishman, Cecilia?"

Cecilia lifted her eyes in a frightened glance that dropped instantly before her father's solemn, rigid gaze. "He's — well-mannered and agreeable," she replied. "I like him as much as one can like a foreigner."

"I'm surprised at your speaking of him as a foreigner. He — in fact, he seems to me quite like one of our own young men, except that he lives upon a higher plane and shows none of the degeneration, the vulgarization, I may say, with which our young men have become infected through the overindulgence of their parents and contact with New York."

Another long pause, and when Allerton spoke there was a suggestion of combating opposition in his voice. "I have been much impressed with the young man. Titles are very deceptive. As you know, I have no regard for them or for the system which produces and maintains them. But, his title aside, the young man comes of a family that has the right sort of blood. You must have noticed the evidences of it in his face and in his manners and character?"

As the statement was put interrogatively, Cecilia knew her duty too well not to reply. "He has a strongly-featured face," she said. "But it seemed to me to indicate rather a race that had been great, but was now — small."

Allerton frowned. "I am sure that, properly established, he would have a distinguished career." He paused, then went on in a tone Cecilia understood and paled before: "It would be most satisfactory to me to have my daughter married to him. I should regard it as satisfactory in every way. You would be established in an honorable and dignified position. You would exert in society and the wider world the influence to which your birth and breeding entitle you. You would maintain the traditions of your family and strengthen his."

Cecilia shivered several times as he was speaking; but when she spoke her low voice was firm. "But father, you know my heart is with Stanley."

Her father looked steadily at her — the look she felt like a withering flame. "I requested you more than two years ago — months before he died — never to mention his name to me and never to think of him seriously again. I repeat, it would be gratifying to me if you were to marry Lord Frothingham. When is he leaving your Aunt Martha's?"

"Next Monday, I believe. He goes down to Brookline — to Mrs. Ridgie."

"You are invited for the same time?"

"Yes."

"I shall expect you to go." Mr. Allerton rose. "I trust, in thinking the matter over, you will appreciate that I am more capable to judge what is best for you than you are, with your limited experience and the narrow views of life and duty not unnatural in youth." He left the room, severe and serene, master of himself and of his household.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MEN AND MEASURES

By Charles Emory Smith

THE RIVALRY FOR THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERSHIP OF THE HOUSE AND THE NOW ASSURED SUCCESS OF THE ADMINISTRATION TRUST MEASURES

THE first two months of the present session of Congress have brought little of the personal or spectacular order. They have been preoccupied with movements rather than with men. The period has been singularly fruitful in developments of momentous and far-reaching importance, but they have not been accompanied by the dramatic incident or the personal scenes which excite and absorb human interest. The actors have not found other occasion for appearance or have waited while the great events were shaping.

There have been two movements of the highest consequence — one in foreign and the other in domestic affairs. The Venezuelan dispute, with the vigorous and successful interposition of our Government, gives a new and living force to the Monroe Doctrine and opens a new chapter, as keen-sighted men perceive, in the relations of our country to the nations of this continent. The evolution of the trust legislation, now reasonably certain to be worked out, has the largest business and political significance at home. Behind the effective management of the first the President has gained stature as a still greater figure. Behind the skillful handling of the second Attorney-General Knox has engaged interest as an acute and deft adviser.

But in Congress the scenic display has been moderate. In the House a single passage at arms between General Grosvenor and Champ Clark has barely suggested the combats which we are wont to look for in that arena. These doughty champions of the two opposing parties are the keenest of antagonists and the best of friends. Each knows the strong points of the other and the weak points in his harness. They thrust each other in public and chum together in private. Their clashes in the House are good practice for their joint debates under the auspices of the lyceum or the Chautauqua, and *vice versa*. Both have sharp wit, ready repartee, large experience and strong forensic power.

General Grosvenor has long been one of the most effective leaders of his party in the House. His aggressive spirit and pungent sarcasm have left their stings, but when it comes to a rough-and-tumble contest on the floor they give him a rare equipment. Champ Clark is making a strong and promising play for the leadership of his side. He had an able competitor in the delegation from his own State of Missouri. Mr. De Armond is a fluent and forceful speaker, with a trained mind and quick penetration, but he is painfully serious. He has no humor and little adaptability, while Champ Clark is full of both. This has given Clark the precedence.

His only real rival on the Democratic side for the Speakership nomination and the recognized leadership is Mr. Williams, of Mississippi. Mr. Williams has decided qualifications for the place. He is facile and fertile. His humor is not so broad and radiant as Champ Clark's, but he has enough to redeem him and it is sometimes subtle and scintillating. He has much of the old style of the florid and exuberant Southern orator, and with his attractive personal qualities it wins a large following. Mr. Clark combines intense earnestness with true bonhomie. He is a stalwart, robust man with a hearty nature, and it gleams in his eyes. He is forceful and vehement as well as humorous and picturesque, and his native original powers are united with literary tastes and marked historical bent. If the leadership of the Democratic side be committed to him he will give it a piquant flavor.

In the Senate the real interest of the session has been behind the scenes rather than on the surface. Nothing has apparently been done, and ample, even superfluous, time has been taken in doing it. Yet it would not be fair to reproach the Senate with wasting time. Perhaps it was best employed. That body has an imposing way of filling the days and weeks with voluble and impressive emptiness before the public while it is privately preparing the way for important conclusions and quick action in the end. It often debates one subject with tedious prolixity while all its thoughts and efforts are centred on another. The cloak-room and the dinner-table are frequently the scenes of its real deliberations rather than the Senate Chamber. The secondary figures occupy the stage while the master spirits are behind the flies arranging for the dénouement.

The languid debate on the omnibus Statehood bill has served the purpose of consuming the time while the plans were being laid for the more vital questions. At one time it seemed that there might be a stormy contest on this subject. Strong personal interests were enlisted for the admission of the Territories and deep feeling against it. But as time passed by interest declined, though it may flame out again, and Senator Quay's bold challenge and defiant ultimatum look as if he reckoned on his votes for the bill even more confidently than his opponents on their majority to side-track it. It is not yet clear what the outcome will be.

Meanwhile, what was little more than an episode served to whet the appetite for the moment. The reappearance of Senator Vest in the field of debate deepened the general regret that his career is coming to an end. Feeble in body, scarcely able to hold himself up, his intellect flamed out with much of

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its old brilliancy. He has been one of the most trenchant debaters of his side and at times has blazed forth with a splendor of oratorical power which has enchained the Senate. He was bold, incisive and radical. He neither asked for quarter nor gave it. He did not "mince the sin nor mollify damnation with a phrase"—but what he considered the sin he assailed with unsparing denunciation. Peculiarly strong as an aggressive debater, he flung aside on rare occasions the helmet and sword of the gladiatorial arena and appeared caparisoned only in the lighter and brighter colors of the gentle tourney, and then the glow of his imaginative eloquence charmed all within its spell. The extinguishment of his light will be a distinct loss to the Senate.

What the "Iowa Idea" Means

In the by-play on the tariff—for it was only by-play incident to the exigent coal question—the speech on the Republican side which arrested most attention was that of Senator Dolliver. Naturally, since it was the one speech which struck out of the fixed lines. Senator Dolliver vigorously espoused what has come to be known as "the Iowa idea." That idea is itself rather indefinite. It depends chiefly on the interpreter. In the translation of Governor Cummins it means one thing; in that of Secretary Shaw quite another. In the one case it means early and signal tariff revision; in the other it means delayed and conservative action at the chosen time. Under the one leadership it signifies reciprocal trade arrangements which shall give and take even at some sacrifices; under the other it signifies reciprocity agreements with full home protection.

Senator Dolliver cast in his lot fully with Governor Cummins. This is a declaration which is not without political significance. Governor Cummins is the leader of those Republicans who hold that some of the tariff rates are too high and openly advocate a reduction. They inferentially admit that these rates sustain monopolies and imply that to strike at monopolies we should strike at the tariff. There is nothing in the terms of the Iowa platform, as they stand, to which all Republicans cannot assent. But Governor Cummins puts upon them an interpretation which makes them mean more than they say. Perhaps the interpretation of others makes them say less than they mean. The prevailing Republican sentiment does not go so far as Governor Cummins, but, though holding that there is nothing sacred about the schedules and that they should be governed and modified by conditions of production and price, holds at the same time that revision should be regulated by a conservative spirit and by business security.

Thus "the Iowa idea" may not be altogether harmonious with itself. It is partly economic and partly political. Probably Governor Cummins fully believes in the policy he expounds, and probably also he sees in it a way of making an issue and gaining the leadership of the Republican party in Iowa. In this respect the contest is more political than economic. When Senator Dolliver joins Governor Cummins he gives new force to his view. The junior Senator is less wary and more positive than the senior. During the campaign the astute Senator Allison showed that the Iowa platform is entirely in harmony with the National platform. So it is upon the plain construction of its language, but whose interpretation is to be followed? Senator Allison, with his great experience, his cautious temperament and his adroit methods would avoid an issue. But Senator Dolliver follows Governor Cummins and plants himself with the advanced revisionists. He is a vigorous and courageous advocate and adds strength to any cause he accepts.

On one phase of the question he was partly right and partly wrong. He was right in contending that the Dingley law was framed with a view to reciprocity and in repelling the charge that the contemplation of such a purpose in fixing the rates was a reflection on Mr. Dingley's honor and good faith. Certainly there is nothing in the idea of reciprocity which is open to criticism. It is a legitimate national policy. The door was opened in the McKinley law. The plan was carried out in the Blaine treaties. And if reciprocal trade arrangements are right and wise, it is indisputably legitimate to fix tariff rates so as to prepare the way for them. Senator Dolliver's defense of the policy of putting tariff rates higher than was needful in order to use them to trade on was effective and complete.

But he was wrong in urging that the obligation of reciprocity involves the duty of ratifying the Kasson treaties. Because the Dingley bill was constructed with a view to reciprocal agreements it does not necessarily follow that any particular agreements which may happen to have been made must be confirmed. They are to be judged and determined on their own merits. The general policy is morally obligatory and economically wise. But the measures for carrying it out are matters of detail, and are to be considered with reference to the question whether they are best adapted to the end. If the treaties sacrifice some important interests for the sake of others, it is legitimate to weigh the question whether the gain justifies the loss. If they can be dropped and more advantageous arrangements made, there is no reason why it should not be done.

The anti-trust bill of Senator Hoar was so extreme and radical that much interest attached to his explanation of its assumptions. But his speech was rather a discussion of general trust evils than an exposition of proposed remedies. As an ethical discourse on corporate dangers and needed restraints it was brilliant and impressive. Senator Hoar is never lacking in the elements of moral atmosphere and strong portraiture. But as an analysis of his own measure and a justification of its provisions the speech left something to be desired. His bill was revolutionary in the scope of its governmental supervision of business, in the sweep of its trade prohibitions and inquisitions, in the extent of its individual responsibility and in the character of its personal penalties. There was curiosity to see how he would explain and vindicate these sweeping and searching powers, and his speech did not go so far into these questions as was hoped.

The bill has been spoken of in these articles as monumental, but this was rather because the question it presents is transcendent than because of its own intrinsic importance. The legislation which will be the outcome of the trust agitation will be the supreme measure of the session in its immediate significance and in its future import; but it soon became plain that though Senator Hoar's bill crystallized in drastic form the new idea of governmental control and regulation, it was too extreme for an initial experiment and too theoretical for ultimate attainment.

To the President the Credit

The policy which will prevail is the President's, and the master-hand in shaping the concrete act is the Attorney-General's. The genius and courage of the President initiates a new departure for the country, and the skill and grasp of Mr. Knox as an expert in law and constitutional power give it practical form. They have command of the situation, and to those who can rightly estimate moral forces it has been plain from the first that sooner or later, in one form or another, they would control. It needed the moral insight, energy and purpose of the President to propel the blow. A man of less will and resolution would have dallied with the delicate and difficult question. When he saw the dangers and evils of unregulated corporate power and insisted upon regulation for the public protection, he not only struck the popular chord but touched the root of a subject which involves both public safety and political success.

His deliverances evinced political penetration, sagacity and courage of the highest order; but, beyond and above that, they exhibited the best moral qualities and conscientious and bold devotion to the public welfare. It was not at all surprising that at first the President was a little uncertain of his ground. He was not sure but that a constitutional amendment was required. The question was new, obscure and perplexing. But the one thing he was sure about was that some measure of restraint and regulation must be found, and the problem was to do this without exciting the antagonism of powerful and conservative elements in Congress and especially in the Senate, without alarming legitimate business, without arousing an influential and dangerous hostility.

This problem has been worked out with the persistence of the President, with the skill of the Attorney-General, with the growing perception of the Congressional leaders, and with the ripening sense of the corporate capitalists. The enactment of a law regulating trusts is now accepted as reasonably certain. It will be neither extreme nor ineffective. It will be a rational compromise between doing nothing and doing too much. It will inaugurate the experiment of Government control of corporate combinations within safe limits. Supervision as a part of the work of a responsible executive department and not through a special commission with its overzeal; publicity through reports and thorough inquiries where needful without vexatious interference or unnecessary exposure; the prohibition of rebates or discrimination; the expedition of pending litigation with the enlightenment of the expected decisions—these are the cardinal features.

Under the development of the plan, with the resolute determination behind it, opposition has practically melted away. The skeptical leaders in Congress have yielded to its wisdom. They have come to see that the President's heroic leadership has created a public sentiment which compels legislation. It is fair to them to say that their counsel has moderated action, and has contributed to the evolution of a judicious measure to which they could assent. The result is another striking illustration of the fact that under our American system, with all its conflicts and cross-currents, we work out sound conclusions in the end.

Not the least notable result is the attitude of the corporate interests which are directly affected. It cannot be said that they welcome the proposed legislation, but the wisest and most conspicuous capitalists who direct them have come to acquiesce in it on the ground that it is more prudent to accept moderate and wholesome legislation than to provoke more violent and radical action. Indeed, it is not unlikely they will recognize what other observers perceive, that the measure now undertaken is really in the true interest of sound property and conservative corporations. It protects them against their own temptations and safeguards them against more extreme assaults. It may deter special favoritism and speculative selfishness, but it will conserve healthy business enterprise.

The consummation of this act will be a great triumph for the President. It will be the most signal personal achievement of his administration up to this time, and it will be difficult for him to overmatch it in all the elements of success, no matter what opportunities may come to him. It is distinctly his work. He began it alone. He alone recognized the urgency, saw the way and had the courage. He found a deep but indefinite and disorganized public sentiment, and he crystallized and consolidated it into an irresistible force. He has had able and invaluable help, but the initiative, the inspiration and the momentum were his.

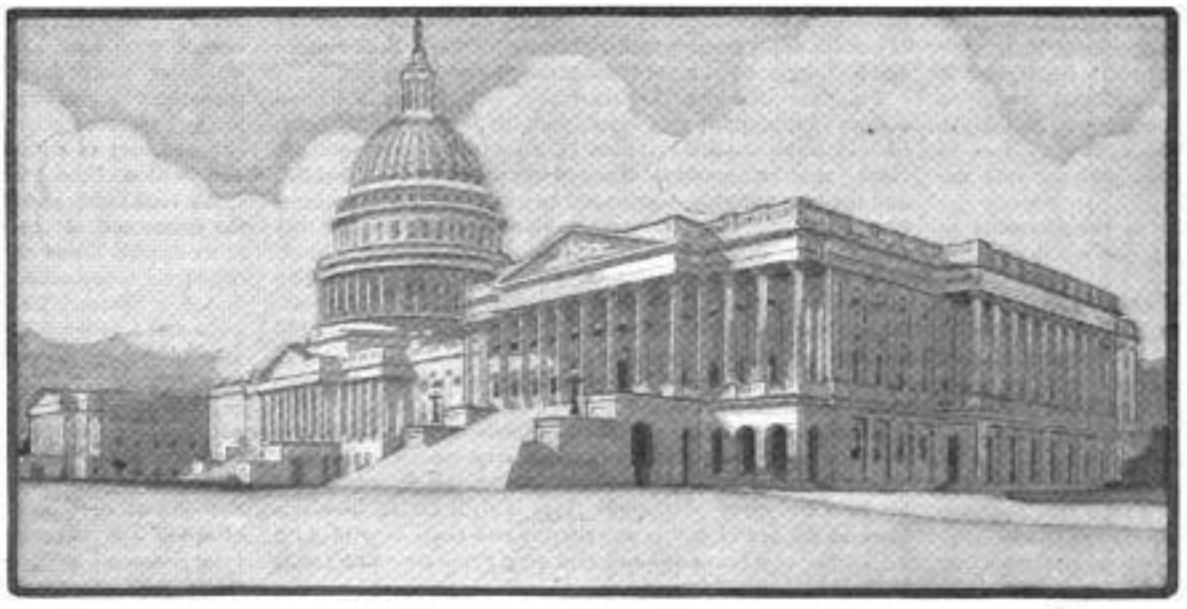
When we consider the difficulties and obstacles—the inherent perplexities of the question, the fear of business disturbance, the skepticism and backwardness of political leaders, the opposition of powerful interests—this speedy and successful solution must be esteemed one of the most striking achievements in our public annals. If it be regarded as a relief from public evils and dangers, it shows bold, penetrating and elevated statesmanship. If it be regarded as a stroke of political policy to remove party perils and disarm ominous cries, it shows strong and masterful leadership. It has been a critical test for President Roosevelt in many ways, and it is now well assured that he successfully passes it.

A Mechanical Envelope-Licker

A MACHINE that will seal from 8000 to 15,000 envelopes an hour will commend itself to large commercial houses, government departments, political committees, and other institutions and organizations that send out mail in great quantities. Such a machine to handle envelopes of any ordinary bulk has recently been invented. Mixed sizes also may be fed to it.

The envelopes are supplied to a hopper, and are carried by an infeed belt and cooperating attachments to a moistening device. The latter holds the flap turned down during a portion of its travel through the intricate mechanism, moistens it and presses it into a sealed position. The envelope is then delivered from the contrivance and is ready to be stamped and mailed.

In large institutions at present the business of sealing letters for the mail is a formidable undertaking. In the Treasury Department, for example, from ten to fifteen thousand letters are deposited daily in the mails. To seal these, the envelopes are placed face downward with their flaps overlapping, and clerks moisten them with paint-brushes dipped in water or paste. Each envelope then must be withdrawn, folded and sealed.



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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Not doing wrong is not doing right.

¶ Wit clothed in dialect is wisdom masquerading as folly.

¶ Creative wit is rare, but not so rare as the appreciative.

¶ Some men keep their word because no one will take it.

¶ A battleship that is five years old is as out of date as an egg fried three hours ago.

¶ The worst of plagiarists is he who says something which we could have said but didn't.

¶ Every man who hears his pet story told by another becomes a firm believer in strict copyright.

¶ Instead of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb Providence sometimes toughens the lamb. *Vide*, lamb chops.

¶ "The trouble about feeding a man before you reform him," said the nailkeg philosopher, "is that after he is fed he does not want to be reformed."

From the Frying-Pan to the Fire

A GOOD many people laughed at a Chicago man when he began to collect statistics to discover the relation between divorce and bad cooking. But they laugh no longer; for the ingenious Chicagoan has shown from the local records that in no less than one-fourth the divorce cases in a given period the avowed cause was the wife's cookery. She either cooked badly herself or permitted her cook's failures to undermine the digestion, the strength, the patience and the temper of her husband.

These wonderful facts call attention to the low state in which the art of housekeeping still lingers — not in Chicago alone, but wherever the free flag floats.

Our ancestors were content with the fried steak and the burnt potato, with the greasy flapjack and the dish-water coffee — first, because they worked hard in the open air and so had digestive apparatuses that ground like the mills of the gods; second, because they didn't know any better. But we are not thus content. We go to restaurants where the cookery is done fairly well. We travel on Pullman trains where the things served are up to a fair average. And a man who has once tasted good cooking becomes like a tiger that has once tasted human blood — he is never again satisfied with anything else, but goes grumbling and scowling and prowling until he finds what he seeks. In like manner the man who has once seen a well-managed, attractively furnished home is never content until he has one himself.

One of the curses of our imperfect, unformed though forming civilization is a certain uppishness that makes men and women foolishly discontented, that makes them talk and think much on false and silly ideas of their own dignity and deserts. This curse is a passing matter, doubtless inevitable; but it is serious while it lasts. It makes men careless at their work; it makes women careless at theirs. The man is peevish because he has a twenty-five-dollar-a-week job instead of the presidency of the company. The woman is fretful because she has to help or do her own work instead of spattering mud on the masses from the wheels of her own chariot. The men are kept in order somewhat because they have an unfeeling employer over them; but the women are not thus monitored, are free to give way to their discontent — and they, being human, do give way.

Hence this general tilting of feminine noses and curling of feminine lips at such "vulgar" things as housekeeping. It must busy itself with higher things — such, for example, as aping and envying the silly idle rich, as spending upon alleged artistic trash all the surplus income, as sighing and striving after show and pretense — in fact, anything but the plain, homely work in hand.

The true theory of marriage is a partnership on equal terms for a safe and comfortable journey through a world in which the ideal is hard and fast inclosed in a bristling burr of the material. To this partnership the man gives his ability as an income-getter, the woman her ability as a home-maker. On the good ship Matrimony not husband or wife is captain and pilot, but Love; and husband and wife are his hard-working crew; and if they don't work, each at the equally important duties, smash goes the ship on the rocks.

If the men had the housekeeping end of the work they would in all probability fall even further short of perfection than do the women. There is not anywhere in organized society an occupation that can absorb more intelligence, skill, energy and patience than housekeeping. Perhaps that's why men discreetly leave it in the hands of the women. But is it not strange that they do not rise more rapidly to their opportunities, that they do not develop the great science and art which the world looks to them to elevate and improve? Is it not a reproach to any woman that a mere restaurant can set a better table than she can, that any mere hotel can be more comfortable, better ordered, better cleaned and dusted than her house?

If the average woman worked as many hours each day at her housekeeping — thinking, doing and superintending — as her husband thinks he works at income-getting, there would be cobwebs on the divorce calendars, and, thanks to the women, men and women would be marching forward to the millennium quickstep.

It is important that men educate themselves. It is more important that the women, the mothers and counselors and inspirers of men, educate themselves — in that only true education which teaches that as the secret of the mystery of the universe lies hid in the "flower in the crannied wall," so does the mystery of progress and happiness lie hid in the small, homely things which the ignorant call trivial and vulgar.

Cheating the Children

ONE of our multi-millionaires who began life as a poor lad and did not succeed until middle age is said to enjoy the fun and luxury which his money brings him like a hot-headed boy. He goes to balls and the play incessantly; he buys pictures, yachts, automobiles, and exults and rejoices loudly in each, until he becomes a bore to his blasé companions.

"How can you find so much pleasure in such things?" one of them asked him the other day.

"Because they are new to me. Remember that I had nothing when I was a boy," he answered.

Isn't there a significant hint here to well-to-do American parents of to-day? They are cheating their children's lives of certain enjoyments which rightfully belong to their mature age by forcing them upon them almost in their cradles.

Two generations ago the respectable, God-fearing father and mother in this country believed that the first virtue to teach their children was self-sacrifice. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was their maxim. The rod was not spared to the child, and the boy, as a rule, was forced to work hard for his education or living. Money was scarce in those days, and the root idea of religion was asceticism. Emerson's mother laughed at him when he winced at their clothes in winter and an always empty stomach. What was cold or hunger, she cried, when Greek or philosophy could be conquered? Down to old age his body showed the scars of that cruel neglect in childhood; but he and his cult always glorified the Roman virtue of his mother.

Where will you find such Roman mothers now? We have gone to the other extreme in our treatment of children. Money is plenty. The "old man" has heaped up enough for his boys and girls. He stuffs them with luxuries, he roasts them in the fire of his prosperity, as live geese in Strasburg are stuffed and roasted — and with very much the same result to their brains and hearts.

Other nations are wiser. The heir to an English dukedom is kept in the nursery until he is old enough to go to Eton and be thumped and mauled by other boys. A royal princess of ten eats her boiled mutton and pudding with her governess at noon, and wears clothes as simple as those of any farmer's child. They never hear of "Society," although they are being trained to rule over it.

The child of the wealthy American at two years old is probably a competitor in a Baby Show at Asbury Park, arrayed in satin and lace and stared at by thousands. Or if her parents are a little too well-bred for that they take her to hotels in summer or scamper over Europe with her until she is grown. She is, as a rule, overdressed and self-conscious. She has at twelve the jewels, the manners and the effrontery of a middle-aged woman.

In all our large towns the children of wealthy parents have their theatre and card parties, their cotillons and balls, for which little boys engage their partners days in advance, and provide them with bouquets of costly roses. Their talk is of flirtations and engagements — a feeble parody of the feeble doings of their elders.

Now, is this state of things fair to the boys and girls?

At ten they are cheated out of the fun of childish games, out of the relish for plain food, out of the joyous ignorance, the dreams, the innocence which belong to childhood; and at thirty they are cheated out of all enjoyment or the pleasures of middle age because they were satiated with them when they wore kilts.

What the Rough Hands Show

IT IS now pretty well settled that this country has attained the leadership of the world. Lord Charles Beresford admits it, Mr. Carnegie proclaims it, and the figures show it. Nor is there anything in the prospect to endanger our pre-eminence. We have the supplies to feed the world, we have the raw materials, and we have the manufactories to turn them into clothing, steel and other products that fit human needs. On other continents are vast resources, but the simple fact is that this country is a hundred years ahead of them in turning its advantages into machinery and wealth.

But we should not be too proud. It is a favorite figure of the poets to show that the man or nation that climbs to the greater heights must bear the penalties of prominence. Below are the cold jealousies of rivals who can see the defects of the one who has surpassed them with shining clearness. A peacock is a beautiful bird until he stands on a fence and shows his feet or tries to sing. So our very prominence has brought into light some of the misfortunes which we might hide were we content to sit idly on the shady side of progress.

We think we are a well-dressed people, but we are not. We think we know how to eat, but we bolt our meals and spend enough on dyspepsia medicine to convert the heathen. We think we have free government, but we bow to plundering politicians as though they were absolute monarchs of our lives and thoughts. Thus it goes until we find ourselves clinging to the main fact that the almighty dollar is running the world, and that we are sitting on the top of the rim.

In one thing especially we are lacking. Foreigners comment upon it every day. They have columns in their newspapers and reviews every week. They write letters about it constantly. It is so firmly fixed in their thoughts that they tell it to our faces. We have no leisure class. Leisure please, not laziness or worthlessness or do-nothingness, but the fine art of employing time without employment. Go to the clubs of most of our cities throughout the day and you will find them empty. Go to the assembling places of men where trade is tabooed and you will not find a real man on hand. They are always somewhere doing something, and in order to get in shape for functions or for the evening chat many of them are obliged to use hard brushes and common soap to remove the stain and grime of the day.

A very lovely woman gazed upon the somewhat reddened hands of the man who sat beside her at dinner. He very sheepishly said that he wished he could have left his hands at home for they looked and felt like two beets. They had, of course, been hard at work all day — they had been hard at work for many days. The lovely woman said, "I see in them the most beautiful thing in the world — power." (They are not married yet; so far as we know they are not even engaged, but of course they will be.) In a way this is an explanation of the American leadership of which we boast.

We read much and hear much of the elegant manners of the courts and of the powdered and low-bowing customs of other days. These thin speeches and idle forms were but masks for many evils, as at heart the old dandies were cads and often brutes. Real manhood and womanhood do not need frills and powder. Time is so valuable in this world that idling, whether it is spent in scholarly leisure or in pure laziness, is a sin.

Thus acknowledging our deficiencies we may swing back with greater satisfaction to the beauty and nobility of hard work and of the power which the rough hand shows. Frankly, we would rather have what we have than all the elegance and richness of dressing and nimbleness of wit that could be crowded into the drawing-rooms and clubs. Power is the most beautiful thing in the world — except love — and it is never quite so beautiful as when expressed in useful work.

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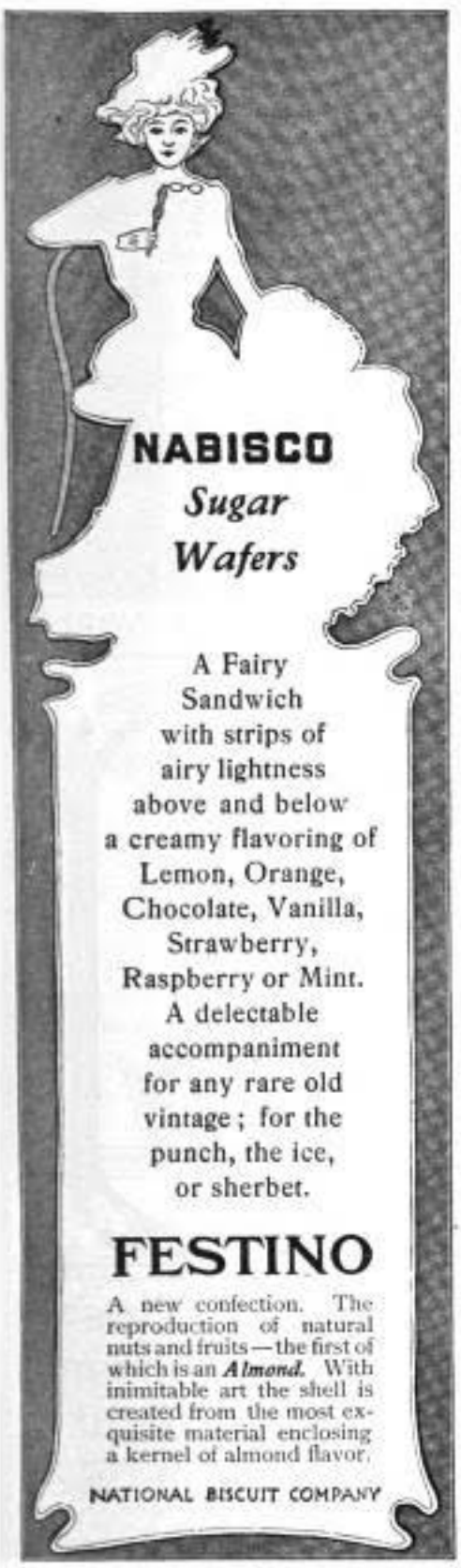

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LETTERS BY THE WAY

Telephone and Telegraph Trials

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS
Author of The Man of Putty, etc.

EN ROUTE TO ST. LOUIS.

Dear Reader: The best thing about writing to you informally this way is that I can say anything that comes into my head. Now, if you had written to me asking my autograph I should have felt obliged to limit my answer to my signature, but as I write here with mile after mile of landscape reeling past me and telegraph poles pursuing each other with a regularity that is monotonous I feel that one subject is as good as another.

Speaking of telegraph poles reminds me that up in some parts of New England they called them telephone poles because there are more telephone than telegraph wires.

There! My subject has come to me. Which gives one the more annoyance: telegrams or the telephone?

If you live in a far-off country place the casual telegram is more expensive, but less irritating, because, as a general thing, you are not gasping for air and expiring of heat when you receive it; but, on the other hand, although you can telephone to thousands on your own circuit at fifteen cents a message, the refinements of cruelty to which "Central" will subject you are enough to give the telephone first place.

Suppose you have five minutes in which to get a man in New York who leaves his office at the stroke of five with the precision of a machine. Perhaps you want to tell him you have decided to take his country house for next summer during his absence abroad. It is five minutes to five when you call him up and hang up the receiver. One, two, three minutes pass and then in an agony of impatience you call Central and hastily explain your position. She cuts you off when half through with the cold cry of "Busy." It is a cold cry, but it does not cool you in the least. You have been shut up in a hermetically sealed hole that stands right next to the radiators and your thoughts are on the poor wretches in the Calcutta one.

Another minute and the bell tinkles and you get your man. No, it is his stenographer. You speak hastily and say, "Stop Mr. Blank; I want to speak to him." The answer comes back, "He has just left the office, but I'll get him in the hall. Hold the wire." Five hours pass. Time is only relative and your sufferings in that pit of Tophet make it really seem like five days. From time to time Central says "Through?" and each time you snap at her like a man with hydrophobia.

At last you hear the voice of the stenographer breathless and annoyed. "He's gone. I followed him down in the next elevator but he had stepped on a trolley a minute before. Anything important?"

"Yes, I wanted to tell him that I will take that house next summer."

"Oh, you're Mr. Myles. Why, that's too bad. He waited until a minute past five and then he said he guessed you didn't want it and he's gone out to tell Mr. Schuyler he can have it. Too bad."

Too bad! Central says in that irritating voice of hers, "Through?" and you yell "Yes" at her and shut off. Too bad!!! Maddened by prickly heat you sulphurize the air of the box and then fling open the door and stagger out into the sweet sunshine, and a voice says, "You had it ten minutes. Seventy cents."

But the worst of the telephone annoyances is the "cut off." Bell invented the telephone but the devil invented the cut-off, and I hope he's sorry for it by this time.

Let me tell you. Last year I was called up on the telephone by an artist friend in New York, Velasquez Hopkinson. I had a little difficulty in getting his name as it seemed as if every trolley car in the East was buzzing over the 'phone, but at last I made it out and he said, "Myles, there's going to be a little dinner to-morrow in honor of Rembrandt Smith and eight or ten artists will be there and we want you to join us. Every guest is to receive a little water-color by Smith as a souvenir and La Farge is going to make a speech, and we want you to come and look solemn. Can you do it?"

"I sure can," said I. "The La Farge part is the best of it next to the water-colors—and the dinner. Who else is going to be there?"

"Well, there's (no, no, Central)—there's Inniss Junior and Murphy and McCord and Crane and Curran and a lot of the boys. Get there at seven and never mind evening clothes. Come in your smoking-jacket if you haven't anything else. It'll be the greatest dinner of—shut up, Central——"

Again the hum of trolleys and then silence.

Now, he shouldn't have spoken that way to Central, and I suppose she cut him off as a rebuke, but just out of curiosity I wanted to know where that dinner was going to be held—you know a fellow *will* sometimes have an uncontrollable longing for some footy bit of knowledge—so I called up Central and asked her to get me my friend again.

"What was his number?" said a voice.

What was his number! What a question. I didn't know his number. Didn't know he had a number. He was an artist, not a policeman. I said as much, and then I was made to realize that I was an ass when I was asked for his 'phone number. But of course I didn't know that, either. I couldn't find his name in the directory and I didn't have any idea where he lived.

Not till a week later did I meet Velasquez Hopkinson in New York. He asked me why in thunder I disappointed them. He was most sorry when he learned that the telephone was the cause of it, and he sent me the water-color I should have received, and now it hangs in my parlor a souvenir of a dinner that I didn't attend.

So much for telephones. Now let me tell you of a telegraph annoyance before I stop writing. This car joggles so that I doubt if I can read what I have written.

Some years ago I lived in a little hill town up in Connecticut. I was not a millionaire *then* and a dollar meant a shoe for James or perhaps two rubbers for Betsinda. It didn't mean fun, let me tell you. It never meant fun in those days, and as for its meaning a luxury I could not have imagined such a thing—even during my inventive hours.

I lived three or four miles from the nearest telegraph office and the W. C. T. U. charged a dollar for delivering messages. Therefore I told editors and friends not to wire me unless it was of the primest importance.

One day I received a letter from a friend in the West. He said he was on his way to Boston and he wanted to spend a night with me and talk over old times.

Well, I was glad. I had plenty of chickens and the spare bed was left me by a luxury-loving aunt, so it was soft. I could feed him and sleep him without paying out a cent. Not that I didn't have a cent. Counting the money in the baby's bank I had one hundred and twenty-three cents.

The day dawned on which my friend was to come and to my great sorrow it was raining pitchforks. He knew the April roads for he had lived in Connecticut when he was a boy, and I knew perfectly well that his asthma would not allow him to attempt to come. I was sincerely sorry, but I said to Mrs. Myles, "Lucky it is raining so very hard because he won't think of telegraphing. He knows I sha'n't expect him in this rain."

Along about the middle of the afternoon, while I was wondering whether the clouds of all sorts were ever going to break away, I saw a bedraggled boy on a bedraggled horse painfully wading through the slough that they dignify by the name of road—because a road means civilization and a slough doesn't.

I recognized the telegraph messenger while he was yet a great way off and I said to Mrs. Myles, "The worst has happened. One dollar to the telegraph trust."

Just ten words, ten unnecessary words for which I was about to pay a dollar. No shoe for James, no two rubbers for Betsinda.

Fifty cents was in my Sunday trousers; twenty-five in Mrs. Myles' purse. That was all we had. But there was the baby's bank. Dear little baby. What is home without a baby—and her bank?

I got it out in the usual way. I used to buy hairpins by the dozen in those days, and there was as I had thought forty-eight cents—one hundred and twenty-three cents in all.

I don't know what mad whim led me to do it, but when I handed the boy the dollar for the telegraph company I also handed him twenty-three cents as a tip.

After all, what's twenty-three cents on a rainy day?

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. Loomis' Letters. The next will appear in an early number.

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Between the Lines

ONE of the oddities of fiction and fiction readers is the frequent alleged identification of imaginary characters with real persons. When Sir Gilbert Parker published The Seats of the Mighty serially his hero was named Stebo. The name was not euphonious and in the book it was changed to Moray. Thereupon the voice of one crying in the wilderness was heard from a distant Kansas town. The owner of the voice wrote the author that Captain Stebo who figured in the Canadian campaigns described in the story was his grandfather with several "greats." He had read the account of his honored ancestor with much zest. But now in the book his ancestor was abolished, and a stranger reigned in his place and appropriated his exploits. Therefore, the writer inquired pathetically what had become of his grandfather.

Not long since Miss Sara Beaumont Kennedy received a letter from a lady in Memphis who had read a novel by Miss Kennedy portraying Revolutionary days in North Carolina. The writer recognized a revered grandmother in the heroine and wrote an appreciative acknowledgment. But Miss Kennedy was forced to reply that the ancestor was unknown to her and the heroine was wholly fictitious.

Concerning Corrections

When Stephen Crane published The Red Badge of Courage it was supposed at first by many readers that he was a veteran, tried by fire. This delusion took firm root in England when the book became known, and it is even said that he was spoken of as General Crane. Incidentally, there was much dispute as to the exact battle which he had in mind in writing his book. As a matter of fact, he had seen nothing of war when he wrote, but in his reading his attention had been arrested by the bloody conflict of Chancellorsville, and it was this which formed the basis of the imaginary conflict in the book. Later, in Cuba, this young civilian shared in actual warfare and showed himself devoid of fear.

A change which represents a tale was made by Rudyard Kipling in one of his verses. In his noble poem, The Song of the English, he pictures the various colonial cities greeting the motherland. In the verse on Quebec he suggested her as looking down from supreme heights on corruption below, meaning political immorality in the United States. It is said that an American friend gently but firmly reminded the author that though New York political history might be discreditable, that of Quebec was likewise vulnerable. New York had Tweed, but it was shown that patriotic Canadians had no reason to be proud of certain similar experiences in the civic life of Quebec. Mr. Kipling saw the force of the argument, and when the poem appeared in The Seven Seas the verse was changed. The Venezuela message which was made public at about that time gave an opportunity for the substitution of a defiant note. But it must be added that in the English edition the original version remained.

In one way or another the author of to-day is apt to be concerned with very practical affairs. There are two local booksellers in Sayville, Long Island, a little town which is the home of Miss Louise Forssland, author of a recent novel. The booksellers were fired with local pride and entered into a keen rivalry to secure the first copies of the new book by their townswoman. For some reason only one received the books and the other was left lamenting, but not for long. He promptly betook himself to the author, explained the accidental delay, and persuaded her to write an explanation in her own hand, stating that he had sent an early order for the books, that the fault lay elsewhere, and that the books would be received and supplied shortly. This autographic explanation was posted conspicuously in the dealer's window and doubtless his reputation was vindicated.

Hall Caine's Next Novel

After various studies of the elemental passions, a novel of the new Christianity as it were, and another of the new democracy, Mr. Hall Caine, it is said, is to deal with the drink problem in his next novel, which will be due possibly in a year. He is described as peculiarly eloquent over the tyranny of alcohol, particularly in London, and those who have seen the crowded gin-shops of the metropolis and the drinking habits of the poor will realize that there is ample material. It is reasonably certain that the novelist will

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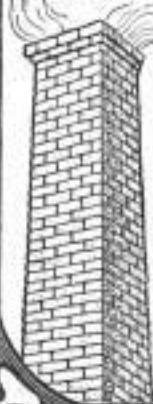

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not confine himself to the slums, since the habits of the West End furnish texts, and possibly New York may be included. He once went slumming in New York with a newspaper reporter, but he found the situation mild as compared with London.

It is probable, indeed reasonably certain, that Mr. Caine would be recognized by more passers-by on the streets of New York than Mr. Howells or Mr. Aldrich. His striking appearance attracts attention and the caricaturists as well as the photographers have helped in his identification. The story is told that Mr. Caine boarded a street car in New York and presently became conscious of the intent regard of the conductor. After a little the conductor approached him: "Is this Mr. Hall Caine, the novelist?" and being reassured on this point he explained that he was a reader and admirer, and expressed the conventional desire to shake hands. Whether his emotion led him to overlook the prosaic ceremony of fare-taking the deponent has nothing to say.

Mr. Caine has returned to England, and presently he will be installed again in Greeba Castle, which with its terraces and broad stairways has a rather more effective appearance in photographs than in reality. It stands at the base of a broad hill. The zest of landed proprietorship grows upon the author, who is likely to become one of the largest landowners of the Isle of Man.

De Wet and Sargent

One of the stories which has recently come from London indicates that the reconstructed Boer will hold his own in the new South African order if native shrewdness counts. When the English publisher of General De Wet's book was planning its various features he hit upon the idea of a portrait by the most successful portrait painter of the day—John S. Sargent. Obviously it is not an easy matter to secure the services of a man so sought after as Mr. Sargent, but after more or less diplomacy the matter was arranged. Mr. Sargent presumably receives from $10,000 upwards for his regular portraits, and the publisher felt that he had embarked upon a large enterprise. The unconquered De Wet was informed of the arrangement. He failed to be impressed, but at the appointed time accompanied the publisher to the renowned painter's studio. Everything was in readiness. De Wet was asked to pose, but he showed a reluctance which was finally explained when he blurted out, "What am I to be paid for this?" The publisher's horror may be imagined. That any one should ask to be paid for having his portrait painted by Sargent was an impossible idea. Nevertheless, the sturdy warrior took the matter seriously and it is hinted that he won in this skirmish, as he usually did in the field, but affidavits are lacking.

The dangers of relationship to a genius are illustrated anew in the case of Mrs. Fleming. Her name means probably nothing to the average reader, and yet Mrs. Fleming is the author of an interesting novel which was published in this country as well as in England. In the latter country there has just been issued a volume of poems called Hand to Hand Verses by a Mother and Daughter. They are said to be good verses. This in itself means little, nor will it help the verses greatly when it is known that they are by the mother and sister of Rudyard Kipling. Mrs. Fleming, of course, is the sister. Her novel was received with a hardly veiled protest, as if there were an attempt to profit by his fame. As a matter of fact, the novel was quite able to stand alone, and this is true doubtless of the verses.

A German on German Ambitions

Apropos of the Venezuela complications, it is of interest to find in Wolf von Schierbrand's recent book on Germany one of the warning notes familiar to those who have heard the intimate conversations of our naval officers. The author asks, "Has Germany absolutely relinquished those old but never more than half-formed designs upon West Indian and South American territory? Does she consider herself bound, under all circumstances, to abide by that interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine which rests not so much upon the vigorous yet withal conservative enunciation recently made by President Roosevelt as upon that somewhat hazy yet tangible and more far-reaching idea of it held by the larger half of the American people?" On the literary side it may be said that the situation must have attracted the interested attention of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who has found in South America so congenial a field for his romantic and adventurous heroes.

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We have given each letter in alphabetical order, a numerical value, commencing with one and ending with twenty-six, as follows: A-1, B-2, C-3, D-4, E-5, F-6, G-7, H-8, I-9, J-10, K-11, L-12, M-13, N-14, O-15, P-16, Q-17, R-18, S-19, T-20, U-21, V-22, W-23, X-24, Y-25, Z-26. Persons entering the contest are to write out three reasons why Borax should be used in the Toilet and three reasons why it should be used in the Laundry. In no one of the reasons are more than thirty letters to be used. After the six reasons are written out, add up the numerical values of all the letters used. (Some letters will be used a number of times. Add the numerical value every time.) The person who submits the six reasons in which the sum of the numerical values of all the letters used totals highest will receive first prize, and so on down. In case of ties the prizes will be awarded on the merits of the reasons submitted (to be judged by a committee of three disinterested chemists).

When sending in your entry use one side of one sheet of paper. Write your name and address at the bottom of the sheet with your three reasons why **BORAX** should be used in the Laundry immediately above. Over them write your three reasons why **BORAX** should be used in the Toilet and at the top of the sheet in plain figures mark the sum of the numerical values of all the letters you have used in your six reasons. Each entry must be accompanied by the **top** of a **1-lb.** package of **"20 MULE TEAM BORAX,"** to be had of your druggist or grocer. Please do not write us for any further explanation. There is no catch. The contest is very clear and simple and the prize winners will get good returns for comparatively little effort. Below is shown the check which we have deposited with the National Bank of the Republic, Chicago, for division among the prize winners. We believe that it is worth trying for.

Borax Prize

The following letter from Edward Gudeman, Ph.D., the food and sanitary expert, will partially explain the value of **BORAX.**

Chicago, November 26, 1902.

Pacific Coast Borax Company, Chicago.

Gentlemen: Replying to your inquiry, I have the following report to make: Water is said to be "hard" when it contains lime and magnesium salts, which retard the saponification or lathering of soap and interfere with the cleaning action and the solubility of the soap itself. All natural waters contain a certain amount of this "hardness" which is eliminated by strong alkalies (soda, ammonia and other caustic materials) or by borax. The strong alkalies, used directly or as found in strong soaps, will destroy organic tissue and are very harmful in their effects. Borax is harmless and even healing in its effects. A mild or neutral soap used with water softened by borax will cleanse better than strong soap or washing compound (which is generally a mixture of soap and soda) used without borax.

For toilet and bathing purposes, I would recommend that only sufficient borax be used to counteract the hardness of the water so that the soap used will become soluble and be readily rinsed from the skin and out of the pores. For laundry purposes I would recommend that a larger proportion of borax be used with a mild soap, as the borax itself is an excellent and a harmless cleanser besides a water softener. I have examined Lake Michigan water for you and find that it is not so "hard" as the average natural water. It contains only 7 to 9 grains of lime and magnesium salts to the gallon. A quarter teaspoonful of borax will soften two quarts of Lake Michigan water, counteracting all the lime and magnesium salts therein contained. Harder water will require a proportionately larger amount of borax.

(Signed) EDWARD GUDEMAN,
Chemist and Chemical Engineer.

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A Life Struggle

(Continued from Page 3)

futility of her efforts to escape the visions that haunted her vigils and her sleep. She declared that during the night she received orders which she had tried to resist, but which she obeyed, for she no longer had any hope of escaping from them by entering a convent. She assured me that she was now engaged in the fulfillment of the latest order which she had received, that she had just returned from Scotland where she had quitted the last refuge where she thought to recover her peace of soul, that she was bound to go to Eletot, and that she was equally constrained to beg me to accompany her thither.

The Final Attainment of Peace

"Do you remember," said she, "that when we went to see Cardinal Jacobini a man of imposing appearance entered? It was Ledochowski, and it is he who has done me the greatest harm which I have ever experienced in all my life. He appeared to me first as an archangel bound to cure all my wounds. I have seen him since and told him all my tortures, entreating him to confess me. My admiration for him appeared to irritate him, he refused to become my director, and one day when I insisted that he should protect me against myself, he rose up suddenly, extending his hand, and showed me the door, exclaiming:

"'Away, away, cursed woman, for when you cross my threshold you shake my soul with the terror of everlasting punishment!'

"I quitted him and since then have felt that I was abandoned of Heaven and destined to irremediable destruction."

We reached Eletot. Eletot is a little village not far from the sea, which a great plain behind the church separates from the waters of the Channel. To reach the plain you have to pass behind the church, a characteristic little Roman church of the sort to be seen along this coast. We abandoned the carriage at the entrance of the village. I had been there but rarely, and never stopped there, but Eloa seemed to know the place perfectly. She took the path which, behind the church, leads into the plain bordering the sea. She crossed the corn and wheat fields at the edge of the plain. For a few moments she gazed at the steeple of St. Pierre en Port that emerged on the right from the verdure of the hills. She shook her head, and turning, while she gazed upon the sea, her arms outstretched, exclaimed:

"Yes, I know where I am; this is the spot. It is here I am to find him of whom I am in search and who is in search of me. Ah, yes, it is here; I run to him."

Then, turning to me:

"Thank you, thank you," she exclaimed. "You have guided me to him, and he — he means rest."

Then, her arms outstretched, her figure, as it were, magnified by a superhuman effort, she dashed forward across the plain. The plain stops suddenly at the edge of a precipitous cliff high over the sea, and thus it is that this marvelous expanse of water has never been utilized and that the point where meet this plain and sea seems to be haunted by a spirit of solitude and aridity.

Eloa had dashed thither, running with extraordinary speed toward the eastern edge of the plain, where stakes and a wire fencing have been fixed to prevent accidents by a fall into the sea when with the rising tide the waters bathe the base of the cliff. Before I had recovered from my surprise Eloa was some six hundred feet ahead of me. So rapidly had she dashed forward that the breeze had detached one after another from her hat-brim the great black ostrich feathers, and as she bounded on, her arms outstretched, her skirts floated about her like wings, while the feathers of her hat, borne up by the wind, marked strangely the madness of her flight. I tried to overtake her. It was all in vain. I had not gained upon her half the distance when I saw that she had reached the edge of the cliff; then for a moment she stopped, looked all about her, flung upon the air a horrid cry of anger and despair, and as quick as a flash traversed the wire paling which protects the passers-by against a fall into the sea.

Out of breath I gained the spot. I gazed all about me. I passed beyond the circle delimited by the wire hedge. I scrutinized the waves that rose and fell gently under my feet. I beheld nothing, nothing, nothing. The surface of the sea wore its habitual aspect. Merely the ostrich feathers borne upon the wind flitted across the great expanse

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as if drawn outward and downward to the sea. Two men strolling along by the wire fence came up to me.

"You are looking for something?"

"Yes," I replied. "It seems to me that I beheld here on the edge of the cliff outside the wire hedge a person with outstretched arms. Have you seen anything?"

The two men looked at one another.

"We have seen nothing," they said, "yet we have been all the time near by."

And once again we three scrutinized the sea. The two men went their way. I lingered on for a long time still, wandering by the brink. I cried, I called; no voice came back to mine, no sign rewarded my search. And never since, in spite of my investigations, in spite of my despairing researches, never since, either dead or alive, have I been able to discover the slightest trace of her capable of explaining to me either the enigma of her life or the key to her death.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in M. de Blowitz' Recollections.

A Dog's Gratitude

THE appointment of Dr. David Jayne Hill, Assistant Secretary of State, as Minister to Switzerland, calls to mind an incident of his university days which has never been made public before, and sheds an interesting light upon a trait in his character which but few of his friends appreciate. This is his love for animals, especially dogs. While Doctor Hill was President of the University of Rochester he owned a beautiful Irish setter of which he was exceedingly proud, and the two were seldom seen apart. Occasionally the dog would bring a friend to the house, and was never disappointed in the manner of its entertainment. One dark and stormy night late in November Doctor Hill was reading in the hall of his home when he was arrested by a sound of scratching against the storm-house door. Thinking that perhaps his Irish setter had been shut out in the rain and cold, he arose and threw open the portal. A drenched and sorry figure stood in the glare of the light. It was an aged dog, of the breed of the doctor's favorite, but worn and weak with hunger and exposure. It stood half crouching, and wagging its drooping tail with hesitating and doubtful motion. Touched by the helplessness of the animal, Doctor Hill called it in, made it lie down in front of the fire and then with his own hands gave it something to eat. The food was devoured ravenously, and after every scrap had been consumed the thankful old setter rubbed its scarred muzzle against its host's hand. Doctor Hill decided to keep it for a while, at least, and gave orders that it should be treated with kindness and consideration. But its stay was not destined to be long continued, for one day it fell sick, and lay in the kitchen by the fire, growing weaker hour by hour.

On a night Doctor Hill sat at the desk in his study deeply immersed in work when he was aroused by a faint scratching at the door, like that which had taken him to the storm house three nights before. He arose and opened the door. Tottering and swaying, the wasted tramp dragged its feet inside with an heroic but difficult wag. Doctor Hill went back to his desk and was soon buried in the depths of work. Thus he sat in the rim of light from his reading-lamp for an hour. Of a sudden he felt a pressure on his foot. Looking down, he saw the old dog lying at "charge," with his weary head resting on his friend's foot.

Something in the attitude struck the student, and he leaned forward and touched the quiet muzzle. Then he lifted it. It dropped back limp and inert. The old dog was dead.

"The tears sprang to my eyes," said Doctor Hill when he told the story afterward. "My heart was never more deeply touched. I thought I understood dog nature before, but after that I saw that I had but reached the threshold. Driven through the world with kicks and cuffs, worn and weary, the dying dog knew his end was approaching, and with the warmth of gratitude to me, who had taken compassion upon him, the faithful creature dragged himself to my side and breathed his life out in one last expression of his thanks."

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I HAVE been elected to membership in the Tantalus Club, and a few nights ago I attended my first meeting of that body of congenial spirits. The Tantalus Club is an organization composed of Republican kindergartners—that is, men who are serving their first terms. It originated in the fertile brain of Sam Powers, one of the Boston members, who, coming here two years ago, soon learned that there was nothing for a kid member to do except sit around and listen while the old fellows were talking, and to vote as he was told. Powers, who is a successful lawyer, and did not relish the idea of being treated like a schoolboy and simply talking when the teacher allowed him, thought he might as well get some fun out of Washington life, and proposed to the new members that they found a dining club, where they could meet once a month and have a jolly good time.

The first dinner this session was given in honor of Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, General Henderson, and the other men who a few months ago for a week or so amused themselves with the belief that they were really in the Speakership race. Payne, of New York; Dalzell, of Pennsylvania; Littlefield, of Maine; Burton, of Ohio; and Babcock, of Wisconsin, were the other Speakership candidates who were invited, and who were not only toasted but were beautifully roasted from beginning to end.

The man who was put over the hottest coals and kept there longest was Charlie Littlefield, of Maine, the successor of Dingley, the famous tariff specialist, the "new man from Maine," as he is called here. Everything that was said was in good part but with a "tang" that made it bite, and I observed an undercurrent of feeling against Littlefield that rather surprised me. This was especially noticeable when Henderson got up to reply to his health, and for about ten minutes most delicately and scientifically flayed the Maine man. I sat next to Beidler, of Ohio, and asked him what it all meant. "The cheapest way for a man to gain notoriety is to differ with his party," was Beidler's terse reply. Then I understood. Later that evening, I got up alongside Gaines, of West Virginia. Gaines was the chairman of the special committee appointed by the club to report on the qualifications of the candidates for the Speakership, and who brought in a witty report that hit off the weaknesses of the various candidates. There were six members of this committee and each member made a mock speech advocating the claims of the candidate whom he placed in nomination, but in reality holding him up to good-natured ridicule. "When our committee got together," said Gaines, "to divide up the work, every man made a bid for Littlefield. They all wanted to take a crack at him."

All of which shows that it is a dangerous thing in Washington for a man to try to kick over the party traces. Littlefield came here three years ago to fill out the vacancy caused by Dingley's death. He is a born fighter, and one of the first things he did after taking his seat was to differ with his party on the Roberts case.

Roberts, you remember, was the Mormon Congressman elected from Utah. The House did not regard it as a good example for the rising generation to permit a Mormon to be a member of Congress, and it was determined not to allow him to take the oath. A special committee, of which Littlefield was a member, was appointed to investigate the matter. Inasmuch as Roberts was a Democrat and the House was Republican, it was known in advance that he stood no show, because it is the custom here to decide contests on their politics and not on their merits. When Littlefield was made a member of this committee he startled every one by announcing that his vote would be governed solely by the evidence and politics would not influence him in the slightest. As a result of his investigations Mr. Littlefield recommended that Roberts be seated and then expelled, but as it requires two-thirds of the House to expel a member and only a majority to refuse to permit him to take the oath, the Republicans, fearing they could not command the necessary two-thirds, decided to take no chances and declined to allow him to be sworn in. Some of the best lawyers in the House tell me that Littlefield was right and the other members of the committee were wrong, but

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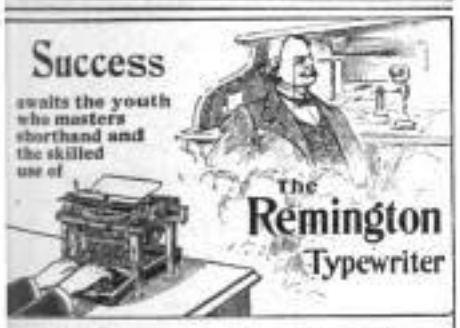

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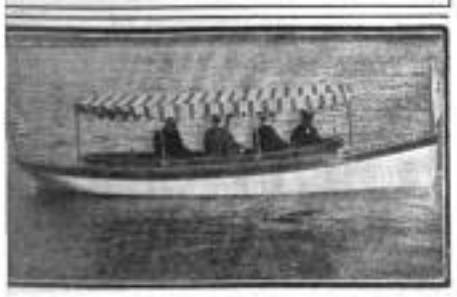

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the old stagers thought it was establishing a mighty bad precedent to countenance a man who had just entered the House in raising a fuss and disregarding the commands of the political leaders.

A little later he differed with his party on Porto Rico, claiming that Porto Rico was domestic territory and not subject to the tariff, and he carried his convictions to the extreme of voting with the Democrats against the bill. In the last session Mr. Littlefield was the leader of the opposition to Cuban reciprocity. He had nerve enough to fight the Administration from start to finish, and he made the fight with such ability that although the bill passed the House it was loaded down with an amendment that made it so odious to the Senate that it has never been acted upon. During the excitement of that debate, when the President was using all his influence to have the House pass the bill, a man made a remark one day at the White House about Littlefield, to which Mr. Roosevelt replied:

"Littlefield, Littlefield; why, he is an off ox, but apparently an off ox that must be considered."

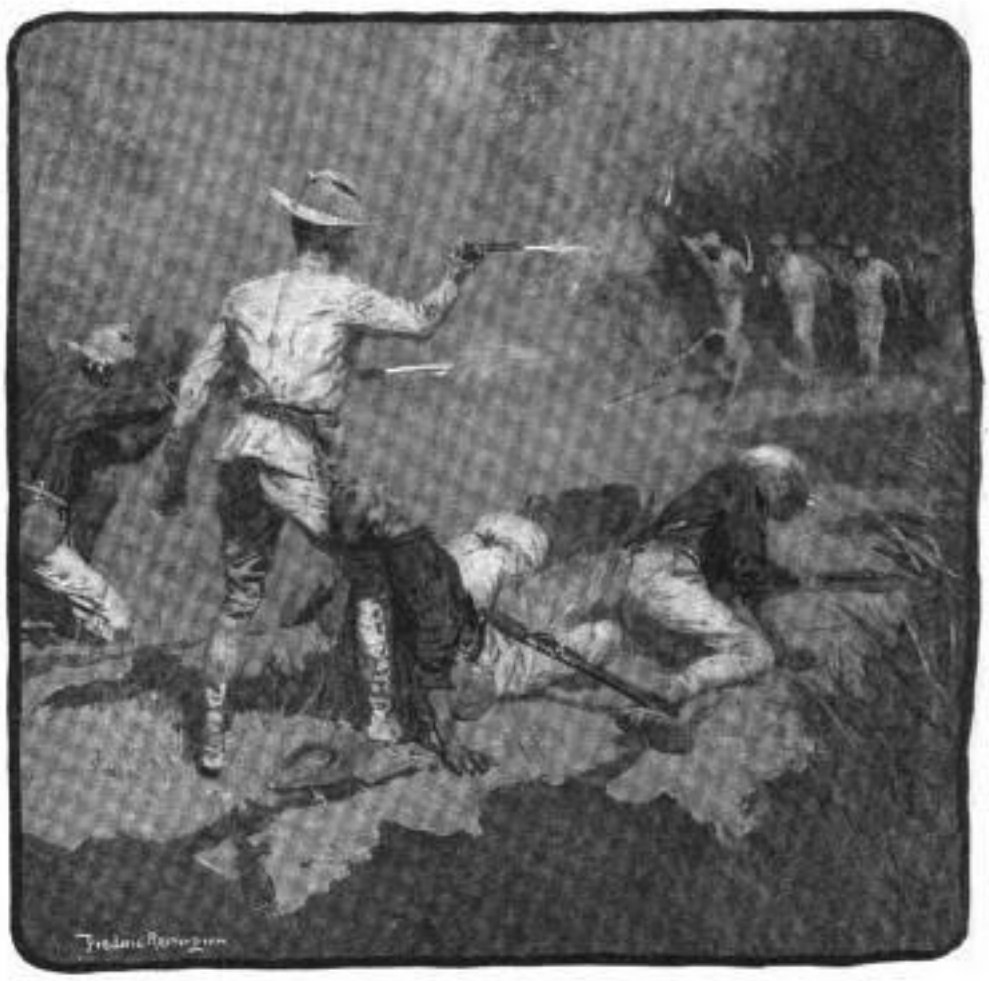
That sums him up in a sentence. He is a good deal of an off ox and can prove very obstreperous at times, but he is honest and square, fights in manly fashion, has ability, makes a lucid, convincing speech, and pours out a stream of words at the rate of two hundred a minute. The members of the House may not like him, and some members both old and new may sneer at him because he has had the courage on more than one occasion to break from his party, but they realize that he is a man who will be heard from before he is many years older. He is only fifty-one, although he looks much younger, and is one of those rare men with an insatiable appetite for work and for acquiring knowledge.

Beveridge and Littlefield are much alike in at least one respect. They are both, it is easy enough to see, consumed with limitless ambition; but Beveridge succeeds where Littlefield fails; Beveridge is "mentioned" as a Presidential candidate and Littlefield is laughed at when he aspires to the Speakership.

We were talking about that in the committee-room yesterday and Bob Nevins, of Ohio, told a story. At one time the candidates for prosecuting attorney in his county were a young fellow just out of law school and a man with grown-up children. The young fellow was having everything his own way, telling stories and kissing the babies, and his rival's manager saw that his candidate was beaten unless he made himself more popular, and he suggested to him that he kiss a few babies the first time the opportunity presented itself. Shortly afterward he went to a Sunday-school celebration and with his manager's injunction in mind dutifully kissed all the small children, and then, having started in on his gay career, jocularly told the young women teachers that he was sorry he couldn't kiss them as well. That remark his opponent got hold of, told every one what a desperate flirt the old man was, and the good people of the county were so shocked that they snowed him under at the polls. "Which proves," said Nevins in conclusion, "that everything in this world is luck—just pure, sheer, unadulterated luck."

"Say rather opportunity," said the scholarly Hitt. "You remember what Goethe says: 'Opportunity makes relations as it makes thieves.'"

After listening to "Joe" Cannon I have some doubts as to whether Nevins and Hitt are not wrong. Cannon made the principal speech at our dinner. He is a typical middle-class American. Do not think I am sneering when I talk about a "middle-class" American, but we might just as well be sensible between ourselves and frankly confess that there are classes in this boasted land of the free and equal; classes and distinctions of society just the same as there are in other countries. There is a middle class exactly as there is an upper and a lower class, and some men, no matter what the accidents of position or place, always remain in the middle class and never get in the upper. Probably one is more impressed with that in Washington than anywhere else. Certainly I never realized it at home, but I am forced to say I cannot help realizing it since I have been in Washington. Cannon belongs to the middle class and is representative of that great, respectable, solid stratum of society which is the foundation of the Republic. He is an honest, useful, industrious man, who has made his place by sheer hard work, whose imagination will never be great enough to lead him into a path of peril, and who has, as the French say, all the defects of his qualities.



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Magic Lanterns (M. W. & Co.'s Home Circle)	14.00 up

Also complete assortment of plain and colored Lantern Slides, Stereopticons, Kinetoscopes, Photographs and all accessories and appliances, Electrical Apparatus and Devices of every description, etc.

Our reputation of 31 years is back of our guarantee that all of our goods are of reliable quality, exactly as represented, and sold at wholesale prices direct to consumers.

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$8.00 Cash $4.00 Every Month

For all cash with order, deduct 5 per cent. and pay $34.96. Certainly an investment.

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Pay nothing in advance. We pay express charge to your town. If not satisfactory and better than you expected, send them back at our expense.

Any diamond bought of us can be exchanged for larger diamond any time at full price. Save every pay-day and own diamonds. They never wear out.

"How to Buy a Diamond" is interesting to every up-to-date person. Explains our very low prices and shows the newest rings, pins, studs, earrings and brooches. Glad to send it FREE. Write

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Your money back if you want it. Catalogue free for the asking.

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PATENTS No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for *Inventor's Guide*.

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C.

Cannon came to Washington twenty-eight years ago. He is now sixty-six, but he doesn't look his age by at least ten years. He is a small, spare man, with a reddish beard streaked with gray, which in the old days straggled about his face in a manner that showed he visited his barber only at occasional intervals when he happened to remember there was such a thing as a barber. Since the beginning of this session, and it has been settled that he is to be the next Speaker, he keeps his beard closely trimmed and has brought it to a point in the French fashion. That's the only change in his appearance that the prospective Speakership honors have made upon him, so older members tell me. He moves about with rather a mincing step and, as a man said the other day who met him at a White House dinner, all that Cannon required to suggest a French marquis was a rapier and a cocked hat.

Cannon began life as a struggling attorney in Southern Illinois. Richardson, of Tennessee, told me how he came to win his first office and his wife the same day. Joe was a modest Quaker lad who said "thee" and "thou" and dressed in sober Quaker garb during the day, but many a night after the old folks went to bed he put on a suit of store clothes that he kept carefully hidden from the eyes of his watchful parents, who were resolutely set against the vanities of this world, and hied himself to the little village of Danville to trip a very un-Quakerlike measure. Young Cannon danced so well that the village belles felt themselves honored when they received an invitation from him. At one of these dances he met Mary Reed, a handsome Ohio school-teacher who was visiting her brother.

Joe made a dead set for Mary, only to find that his fancy scrapings and his most artistic pigeonwings were unsuccessful in making the heart of that proud belle capitulate. Mary returned to Ohio at the end of her vacation, and Joe resolved that he would capture her some way or other. He studied law and the next time Mary came to Danville Joe was the rival candidate for justice of the peace against Mary's brother. Joe was now in a quandary. He wanted Mary worse than ever, but there was open war between him and her brother, and he was tactician enough to see, and thought he knew enough of a woman's heart to feel sure, that if he defeated her brother his chances for winning the girl were gone, as Mary was taking an active part in her brother's campaign; while, on the other hand, if he was defeated the girl would have no use for a man who was a failure.

So the campaign was waged furiously, but somehow or other Joe got it into his head that although Mary was backing her brother, secretly she wanted Joe to win, and for half the night he sat up and pondered over this momentous question: "If I win the brother won't let me have the girl, and if I lose she won't have me." After turning the problem over in his mind he finally said to himself: "Reed is mad at me anyway; I'll win the election and get the girl, so I'll be two ahead, and after I am married I'll get the brother, too, because he can't stay mad at his sister's husband." The thing worked out just as he anticipated. He was elected justice. He married Mary Reed and in a short time he and his brother-in-law were on the best of terms.

"Uncle Joe" told us that one day during his first term Senator Frye, of Maine, now the President *pro tem.* of the Senate, who at that time was a member of the House, came to him and said: "Cannon, I know what you are thinking about."

"If you are a mind reader," said Cannon, "go ahead and tell me what it is."

"You are thinking," Frye replied, "whether you will write out your resignation now or wait until to-morrow morning."

"You guessed right the very first time," was Cannon's answer, and then he went on to say that he had the same feeling about being in Congress that he imagines every other new member has. It all seemed like such an utter waste of time and as if it were impossible for a new man to make any headway. He looked around and he saw the older men, making the speeches and being on the committees and running the House, while the younger men had nothing to do and were never given an opportunity to say anything, and were having generally a rather hard time of it. But Cannon said he came to the conclusion that his time would come some time or other, and so he just stuck to it, and here he is to-day, after twenty-eight years, the next Speaker of the House. He advised us kids not to be disheartened, but simply to dig away and make up our minds some time or other to win the Speakership.

MESSRS.
CHAPMAN, MUCKLOW & BOSSON
Fiscal Agents
Majestic Copper Mining & Smelting Co.
78 Pearl Street, Hartford, Conn.

GENTLEMEN: You may reserve for me .....shares of Majestic Stock, at $7.50 per share (par value $10), provided that you prove to my complete satisfaction the worth of this investment. It is understood that if after receiving complete information from you and a free copy of your book, "Above and Below the Surface," that if I am dissatisfied with your proposition, that I have the privilege of cancelling this reservation.

Your prompt attention to this inquiry is requested.

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NOTE.—The price of the Majestic Stock will be advanced in February, and as so little time remains before this advance, that we now offer to investors this unusually fair plan. You may, without obligating yourself, put in a reservation with us, subject to cancellation if you do not find that every statement we have made regarding the value of the Majestic Copper Mining & Smelting Co. is literally and exactly true. Send for our book, "Above and Below the Surface," which is mailed free, and our latest reports from the mines, which are under the management of Col. William A. Farish, the great mining expert. Immediate answers only will secure treasury stock at present price.

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Are you one of the thousands of clerks, bookkeepers and stenographers who draw $15 per week?

THE DAY LABORER Earns from $12 to $14 per week. He is not educated and you are. Is the slight difference in remuneration consistent with the difference in station?

ADVERTISING WRITERS Earn from $35 to $150 per week. Their earning capacity is limited only by their mental and physical qualifications. The demand for advertising writers is far in excess of the supply. It is the youngest of the professions, the most easily learned and pays the best.

TEN LEADING ADVERTISING MEN of Chicago back this institution. Their influence will help you all your life. Why throw away your time and talents in clerical drudgery? Be somebody! Take a course in this college and become independent. Send for free prospectus and

FREE Test Blank which will enable us to advise you exactly what we can do for you.

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C. W. Glass, son of Adam Glass, the well-known furniture man of Mobile, Ala., desired to study advertising but his wish was ridiculed by his connections. Nevertheless he persisted—came to Chicago, enrolled in this college and took the three months' course by correspondence. At its conclusion he returned to Mobile and persuaded his father to give him full control of his advertising. A few weeks ago Mr. Glass wrote to Mr. Cochrane as follows:

"I have proved the efficacy of advertising and have already produced splendid results for my father. Every Ad. I have written has brought us lots of business, and I owe it all to your course of instruction. If any one in this section wishes to know about your course and what it can do for one, tell him to write to me."

Write for test blank and prospectus NOW

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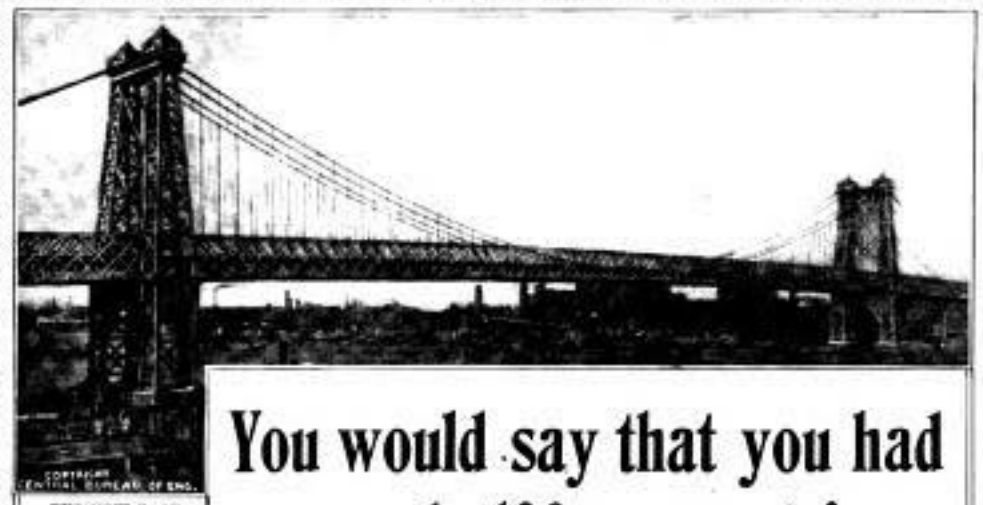
WITT K. COCHRANE, President
Dept. 110, Williams Building CHICAGO



THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE
To be finished this year.

You would say that you had made 100 per cent.!

This is addressed to **YOU.** If you bought a lot from us a year ago for $500, on which, during the year, you had paid $80, and you saw that we were now selling all lots similar to yours at $625 each, you could fairly say that your *cash* investment was earning at least 100 per cent.

Now this was done with every one of the 4000 customers who bought $3,400,000 worth of our Brooklyn lots last year. It is not guesswork but is shown by our books and price list, and can be proven by every one of these customers. We are selling lots on these older properties at the advance above stated and no person, whether he be a large buyer or a small one, can get these lots at a cent less.

And take further notice, please. These lots are increasing even faster in value than they were when they were put on the market. You would have considered it fortunate to have secured this bargain, would you not? Well, we are giving you just one more equally good chance. Marlboro, which was put on the market the first of November, will be the last large property ever offered for sale in Brooklyn.

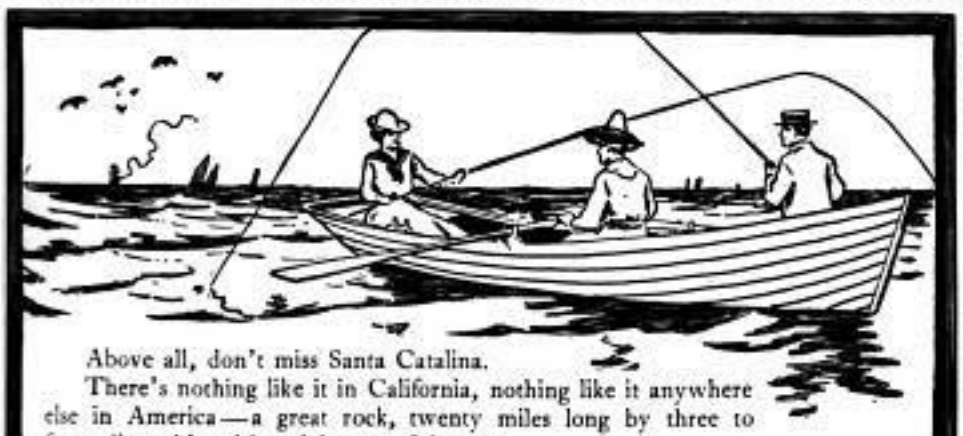
Hundreds of people have already bought and we are getting large numbers of letters every day. There are two reasons why **you** have not written to us before now. The first one is, "If your lots are what you represent them to be, why are they not snapped up by New Yorkers?" Second, "If they are what you say they are, why do you not keep them yourselves?"

If we could show you that the property was increasing in value as rapidly as we say it is, and that today we are selling as much property to New Yorkers and building as many houses for them as any 12 other New York firms combined, you would buy, would you not? Now, won't you give us the chance? It is all we ask. You have not written. You thought of doing so. Now do it today; tomorrow you may forget it. A postal-card, a penful of ink, a minute's time,—but the minute should be today, not tomorrow.

A great many know us and believe in us, and have intended to send us the first payment of $10. You may be one; if so enclose the $10 bill in a letter at our risk and we will make a better selection this week than we can next, upon the definite understanding that if you are not absolutely satisfied the $10 will be returned to you upon demand. But at any rate write us. That's all.

WOOD, HARMON & CO.

Dept. G14 **257 Broadway, New York**



Above all, don't miss Santa Catalina.

There's nothing like it in California, nothing like it anywhere else in America—a great rock, twenty miles long by three to four miles wide, rising right out of the sea.

The fishing is unequaled—yellowtail, barracuda, sea bass and tuna.

Santa Catalina is only 3½ hours from Los Angeles, and Los Angeles is less than three days from Chicago, via the

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The best train, via the best route.

Rock Island System

Compartment and standard sleepers; dining, library and observation cars. Electric lights; electric fans; barber shop; bath room; Booklovers' Library. Runs over the El Paso-Rock Island route.

Tickets and full information at this office. Call or write.

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Prepares its Students for the Successful Career of the Professional Nurse by a Study Course of Carefully Prepared Lectures, Together with Personal Instruction.

Every woman, especially those engaged in nursing, who has not had the benefit of a hospital training, can, in her leisure time, gain the complete theory of the art of nursing as applied in the leading hospitals.

The opportunity thus afforded to become perfect in the theories of the profession is now offered to women not able to devote the long years necessary to graduate from a regular hospital training school.

An interesting booklet on nursing, with full details of the course, sent upon application to

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(2) The Page-Davis graduates are constantly sought for by representative houses throughout the land, willing to pay $25 to $100 per week.

(3) The students of the Page-Davis School know that Page-Davis Co. stand back of them long after positions are secured.

(4) The Page-Davis correspondence system represents the highest standard of advertising instruction in the world.

Do you realize the full significance of these facts to you?

We will be glad to have you ask us, what has the Page-Davis Co. done, what our students are doing, and what we can do for you. We will answer promptly and completely, if you write to us for our large prospectus, mailed free.

PAGE-DAVIS CO., Suite 18, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

PAGE-DAVIS CO.

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I Propose to More than Double My Fee

My system is built around Alois P. Swoboda. It depends upon me and my intimate knowledge of human ailments and their treatment.
There is a limit to my personal effort. I cannot give individual attention to more than a limited number of pupils.

I must either restrict the number of my pupils or neglect some of them.

I will not neglect a pupil—I certainly have no intention of reducing my income, hence the increase.

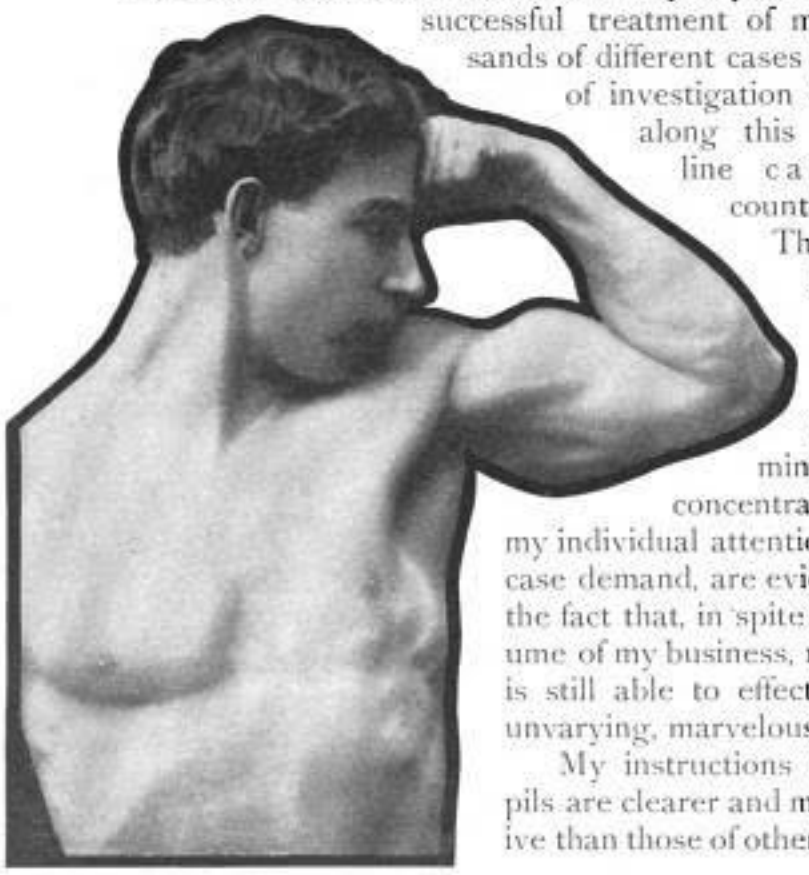
My system has always been worth more than twice the amount I have charged and many times as much as any other system.

Out of a spirit of fairness to those to whom I have already stated my fee, I make this public announcement so that they may either enroll themselves at once, or have no complaint at the future increase.

I cannot regard great swelling muscles, or the ability to snap chains and lift horses, or even a knowledge of the Marquis of Queensbury rules, as qualifying a man to keep in repair the most delicate of all organisms, the human system.

I am glad when a thinker begins to investigate the various systems for attaining physical excellence, for when a thinking man investigates, MY system is invariably selected. There is no other like it.

It is obviously impossible to imitate my instruction, not only because it differs according to the needs of each individual case, but also because my experience in the successful treatment of many thousands of different cases; my years of investigation and study along this particular line cannot be counterfeited.

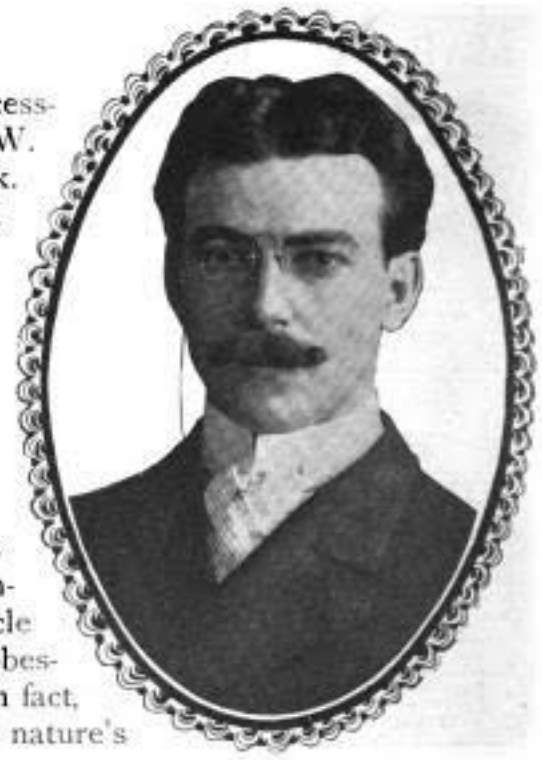


The breadth and depth of this knowledge—the determination and concentration which my individual attention to each case demand, are evidenced by the fact that, in spite of the volume of my business, my system is still able to effect the same unvarying, marvelous results.

My instructions to my pupils are clearer and more effective than those of others because I speak from years of successful experience. I KNOW.

There is no guesswork.

Scientific physiological exercise is NOT a fad. Fads do not relieve hopeless cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, neurasthenia, insomnia and rheumatism, liver trouble and nervous diseases of every description, etc.



My system not only does this, but it rounds out the ungraceful form, puts muscle where it is needed, reduces obesity, purifies the blood and, in fact, fits man, woman or child to nature's perfect mold.

It is right living in condensed form. By it the evil effects of wrong living are neutralized and a splendid condition of robust mental and physical health assured.

This is done without distasteful dieting and without discomfort of any nature. It makes men strong, alert and graceful. It gives women beauty of figure and grace of carriage, with a clear skin, bright eyes and rosy cheeks.

My system is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires no apparatus whatever and but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

There is no wasted effort, no wasted time, the instruction is entirely individual and will fit the exact requirements of YOUR CASE. I don't ask you to take my word for this; judge me by my works—they speak louder than words. Below is the unsolicited testimony of a man who knows through personal experience what the Swoboda system will do. This man is one of thousands. He has no earthly interest in me or my system beyond what it has done for him.

Here is a Letter Received from the Cashier of the German National Bank of Marietta, Ohio. It Tells an Interesting Story, Because It's True.

Alois P. Swoboda, Chicago, Ill. Marietta, Ohio, Feb. 21, 1902.

Dear Sir:—It gives me pleasure to be able to testify to the benefits I have derived from your system of physiological exercise.

Last winter I suffered all the time with neuralgia in back of head and neck. I began this winter with same trouble. After four weeks under your system, I was entirely free from neuralgia pains and have not had a return of them. I have not felt so well, or enjoyed such good spirits in years as I have in the past few months, and I give your system the entire credit. It is great. Yours very truly, (Signed) S. L. Angle.

If you want the names and addresses of others for personal investigation, I will gladly furnish them.

I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, upon application. This information which I furnish free is very interesting and cannot be secured elsewhere at any price. Write at once.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 594 Unity, CHICAGO, ILL.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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VOLUME 175 — PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 14, 1903 — NUMBER 33

The Boss of the United States

SENATOR NELSON W. ALDRICH

By David Graham Phillips

THE POWER BEHIND THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE. THE MAN AND HIS METHODS

NELSON W. ALDRICH, senior Senator from Rhode Island, and father-in-law of the heir of *the* Rockefeller, is often called the most powerful man in our public life. But even those who assert it upon the clearest knowledge of the facts do not vividly believe it. How can mere force of reason, unaided by imagination, retain in the foreground a figure so shadowy, so unreal, so retiring, so visually innocuous? In spite of reason and knowledge, Mr. Aldrich is quickly permitted again to hide himself behind the speechmakers whose shouts fill the public ears and whose swellings fill the public eyes. He is forgotten—he makes few and unimpressive speeches, he proposes no important legislation, he gives few and meagre interviews, he seems to have no opinion but "the party's." As a public figure he is as diaphanous as a ghost. You no sooner recognize him for what he is than you think you were mistaken.

John J. Ingalls said of another Senator that compared to his stealthy tread the silence of a fox slipping to cover was as the clamor of hobnail boots on the loosest board in a rickety floor. But Mr. Ingalls would never have made so inadequate a comparison for Mr. Aldrich. To call him silent and stealthy would as ill describe him as to call him noisy and headlong. Silence and stealth look mysterious, excite suspicion. Mr. Aldrich does neither. He is no vanisher like the cat that made Alice so uncomfortable in Wonderland. He simply does not appear at all. He is not noted because he isn't there.

We often hear of a something called "the power behind the throne"—a thrilling, half-admired, half-dreaded figure. But we do not hear of the real power—the power *behind* "the power behind the throne." Mr. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, master of the United States Senate, which is master of the Federal statute book, is not the power behind the throne—the Senate is that. He is the power behind "the power behind the throne." That is, he is The Power. Others have influence; he has power.

You lean over the rail of the Senate gallery to look down at him. You search among the curly heads and white, the iron-gray heads and bald. Presently, with the aid of guide or diagram you find him; and the chances are that you say: "Why, there's nothing extraordinary about *him*. *He's* quiet and commonplace enough." But don't look away, convinced that rumor has exaggerated him. The superficial view of the extraordinary man, whether he be good or bad or the usual mixture of good and bad, is always disappointing, deceptive.

A Leader Without Horns or Halo

Senator Aldrich has a head, features, arms and legs, a trunk, clothes—all not unlike those of other men. He is unusually tall and slender and straight—but not amazingly handsome or startling in face or figure. He wears no halo, neither does he exhale a sulphurous odor. His presence does not act like a benediction, nor does it spread a blight. Possibly he may be sneezing or snuffling, or cackling over one of Doctor Depew's jokes. You say to yourself at once: "Plain human."

So continue to watch Mr. Aldrich. Your first impression grows stronger. Obviously he is a quiet, business person—the kind of man who might naturally start as did he, a retail grocer and a ward politician; the kind of man who would surely, as did he, rise slowly to prosperity and position. But never to eminence! True, there is a hawk look about the nose and eyes, a suggestion of great firmness under the shadow of that beautiful, graceful white mustache, a piercing quality in those bright brown eyes. But, a man of unrivaled power, the ruler of the Senate? Impossible. A handsome, cheerful, well-preserved man of sixty; a leader, under some of those with obviously superior brains. But not a ruler.

What Goes on Behind the Speaker's Desk

He rises to make a few remarks. The subject under discussion is one of those matters in which he is alleged to be intimately interested. One of his pet tariff schedules has been attacked and he has drawn his own sword to defend it. Your former impressions are almost unshakably confirmed as he talks. It is the talk of a plain business man, and not at all adroit. The arguments he advances in the effort to make the worse appear the better reason are almost schoolboyish. You cannot listen; your wandering eyes observe that his colleagues are not listening. They are talking, reading, writing, sleeping. Certainly the Senate would not dare treat its master thus. No, it is ridiculous to call this man the custodian of the statute books of the Republic.

Presently, as the opposition attack grows hotter, the leaders of the majority withdraw to one of the retiring-rooms behind the Speaker's desk. There go all the greatest great Senators of the party in power—Allison and Hale, Lodge and Beveridge and Spooner and the others whose names are known wherever newspapers are read. And Aldrich goes also. You cannot follow, but if you could and did you would still retain your first impression of Aldrich. Each of the leaders talks, Aldrich not more than the others, far less than some. What he says seems in the main to be assent to parts of what the other speakers are saying. After a while the "conference" breaks up. The policy has been settled.

Each man fancies there has been a real conference, fancies he has contributed something to the policy finally adopted. But it was not a conference; it was a gathering to receive orders. And Mr. Aldrich was the man who gave the orders. The policy as finally adopted is in every essential the policy he has worked out in his brain before the "conference" began. In every *essential;* in no *unimportant* detail.

How did he do it? In the way that nature taught him, in the way that he has been improving through forty years of experience in public life with men of the kinds most difficult to handle. He ordered by suggestion—the mode that spares human vanity, that enlists support where any other mode would have excited irritation and opposition, might have provoked revolt; the only possible mode for the easy and continuous and viselike control of such sensitive souls as Senators. Take a cue from Senator Aldrich, and whenever you have an order to give to a sensitive soul, give it in such a way that it seems to be an idea originating in the sensitive soul and not coming from you at all. True, he had the enormous advantages of being the only man present who knew what was essential and what non-essential. But this alone would not secure him such peaceful sway. For that, power must be coördinated with method.

The Aldrich method is not spectacular. It does not give the man of power the intoxicating vision of strong and weak cringing and crawling and trembling before him. But it "gets there"—and Mr. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, cares not a fig for the robes and titles and homage of authority; cares only to "get there." He could issue orders in true Napoleonic fashion if he wished. Usually they would be obeyed. But in just those cases where he most needs obedience he would not get it. Nor would he have risen to his present position of absolute power. Nor would he have his present prospect of indefinite tenure. What a vast advantage it is to him that while all Senators individually admit his despotism as to others, every Senator of high ability believes himself a sharer in, not a servant of, that despotism.

What is the source of Mr. Aldrich's power? What, whom does he represent?

The answer lies in the phrase—"The party."

Apparently, a clear-cut and easily understood phrase. In fact, vague and most misleading. In one sense "the party" means sundry millions of voters who habitually support certain candidates and platforms. But that is "the party" only in the sense that the feathers are the chicken. Again, in a sense "the party" means the "organization"—certain thousands of heelers and workers, of toilers in torch-light processions, of "rooters" at political meetings, of "hustlers" to get out the vote, of delegates to conventions, of candidates for any old thing within reach or just out of reach. In a third sense "the party" means the public leaders—the men who "fire opening guns" and "strike keynotes" and write platforms and introduce bills and make opening and closing speeches thereon. In a fourth sense "the party" means the permanent campaign committee or its leaders—consuming tons of stationery and great grosses of sheets of stamps, "frying the fat" out of corpulent partisans, getting some fat from patriots, more from those personally interested, most of all from those with that quaint, unanalyzable combination of patriotic with pocketbook or ambitious interest in "the party's" success.

The Heart of the Party

In a fifth sense "the party" means—a Mr. Aldrich. When we arrive there we are at the heart of the bird. Far, far within, well protected from view or reach, lies this really, truly "the party"—some one man who receives and pumps out the propelling force, the blood that quickens the whole corpus to the tip of the farthest feather. Search through any human institution, vast or small, and at the seat of its life you will find this personality-heart—not many personalities, not many men guarding an altared ideal, but just one personality, one man who is in his own person the essence of what that institution actually represents.

The essence of "the party" of which Mr. Aldrich is the actual ruler is the protective tariff system. And Mr. Aldrich, senior Senator from Rhode Island and chairman of the Senate's most powerful committee, Finance, *is* the protective tariff system personified.

In 1890 there went upon the statute books a law popularly known as the McKinley Tariff Act. But it should be called the Aldrich Tariff Act. In 1894 it was repealed and in its place was put the so-called Wilson Tariff Act. But it should

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be called the Aldrich Tariff Act. In 1897 it was repealed and what is known as the Dingley Act was substituted for it. But our present tariff law is not the Dingley Act, but an Aldrich Act again. When the Republican party was dominant, in 1890 and 1897, "the party" was triumphant. When the Democratic party was dominant, in 1894, still Mr. Aldrich's "the party" was triumphant, getting most of the essential things that he—that is, it—wanted and almost provoking President Cleveland to veto the so-called Wilson bill, Democratic measure though it purported to be.

A tariff bill, being a measure for taxation, must under the Constitution originate in the popular branch of Congress. But the power-loving, power-flaunting Senate rarely fails to "amend" the bills which come up from the House; and whenever the bill touches on "the party," to "amend" means that Mr. Aldrich practically cuts the animal off behind the ears and sticks on a new body—it starts out a horse, and at the finish it still looks a horse if you have eyes only for its face; but on side view it is seen to be more of an elephant. The Senate "amends" in committee—"the party's" measures of taxation in Finance Committee. And Mr. Aldrich is the Finance Committee. In the case of the Wilson or Democratic tariff bill the "amending" was done by the Senate in committee of the whole. The Democrats had a majority—nominally. But when it came to a tariff bill, for his own particular purposes Mr. Aldrich had a majority—"the party" is not constricted to or by political party lines. Yet Mr. Aldrich's name was hardly mentioned in the fierce wrangle between the Democratic factions.

Mazzini said of Italy that all its public questions of whatever kind analyzed into the religious question. And it may be said of this country that all its public questions analyze immediately or ultimately into some phase of the tariff question. The tariff itself is only the centre of a system. From it a system—"the party's" system—ramifies out and out in all directions, penetrates into every policy of the national administration, affects even State administrations, even the direction of the public affairs of county, city and town. Not only the tariff, but also the whole system and all its friends must be looked after—all men and all interests that in any way touch on the tariff. Thus there can hardly be a public act proposed which Mr. Aldrich must not scrutinize, must not edit or amend or kill in the open or emasculate in the interest of the system which he represents, in the interest of "the party" which he is.

The Secret of His Power

When he thinks that a bill, whether it be about the industrial or transportation combinations or about the civil service or about our Asiatic jewels, contains matters detrimental to "the party," that bill does not pass. Something that reads like it may pass; something that suggests it may pass; something that seems to accomplish the same purpose in another way may pass. But not that bill.

The secret of his power is that he alone possesses *all* the secrets of the system that is the essence of "the party." Some one must occupy that position. The some one must be a Senator—the system requires length of service and remoteness from the dangers of sudden currents of public anger. A Senator, therefore, and a Senator from some sure State, such as right little, tight little Rhody, full of tariff-benefited factories. And a Senator of the calm, cool, practical, unpretentious "get-there" type—an Aldrich and no other. If you wish to know why Mr. Aldrich was chosen, look over the list of Senators for the past fifteen years. You will find no other with all the essential qualifications. It was Mr. Aldrich by the process of natural selection.

Concentration is the watchword of the hour. For years Mr. Aldrich has been illustrating concentration in its most highly organized form. He took hold of the system when his party seemed about to abandon it by the circuitous route of the reciprocity treaty and the anti-trust law. He concentrated it into himself. He built it into the creed of his political party, made it the source of campaign contributions and of votes, carried it through the troublous times of Mr. Cleveland's second term, is now entrenching it against the renewed assaults of the reciprocity treaty and the anti-monopoly law. He has so spread abroad the reverence for it and the fear of it that a politician, goaded though he may be by an imperious outburst of public sentiment in his own locality, ventures the mildest protest against it with stammering tongue and quaking legs. And all this has Mr. Aldrich accomplished without attracting public attention sharply to himself. The openest and frankest of servants of the system, he is less noted than many of its secret agents. A writer of schedules the most profound and adroit—schedules that place an article on the free list in large type and load it with an enormous duty in small type—he is not credited with the authorship of a single tariff bill or tariff schedule. The very men whose hands he guided as they wrote are unconscious of him; would if they spoke their candid minds say at most, "I and Aldrich—but Aldrich had really nothing to do with it."

All who closely watch the Washington currents, see how invariably Aldrich gets his, "the party's," own or nearly all of it, how often he gains most when he has apparently lost all. And sometimes they wonder that his power is never conceded by any Senator where that Senator himself is concerned, though almost always conceded nowadays as to all the other Senators constituting the majority.

The explanation of this unimpaired vanity of uninfluenced personality is Mr. Aldrich's simplicity and directness and openness to counsel and eagerness for counsel. Each man in turn has his entire confidence—any Senator will tell you that Aldrich, so secretive with many, has often unbosomed his inmost soul to him: "He trusts other Senators now and then, but he leans on me." Each man in turn has his advice taken—"perhaps not in its original form, but after Aldrich had acted as my pacemaker to limber my mind out to its true gait." "Yes, Aldrich influences the other fellow. But me? Ha! Ha! Why, he takes my advice." And he does—in the interesting Aldrich fashion.

Mr. Aldrich is a very rich man. He was rich before he made the powerful alliance through the intermarriage of his family and that of *the* Rockefeller. He began life poor. He built himself from a retail grocer to a wholesale grocer, to a street-car magnate with all the street railways of Rhode Island under the control of his syndicate. It cannot be said of him that he loves money. Rather is he a lover of power—one of those secret, silent, passionate lovers of power who bar the doors, draw the blinds, retire to the cellar, to the coal bin, and there beneath the closed lid shut their eyes and venture to indulge in their ecstasies.

His Control of His Own State

He knows Rhode Island politics as a Tammany leader knows his district. It is a little State and he receives election returns from all parts of it by telephone at his house in Providence. It has less than 60,000 votes, about 425,000 inhabitants—there are six American cities with more. Eight Rhode Islands would just equal New York City in population; four would just equal Chicago; three would just equal Philadelphia. It has fewer inhabitants by 75,000 than Baltimore.

With the House practically extinguished, it is Mr. Roosevelt face to face with Mr. Aldrich. And, be it remembered, Presidents come and go, but the Senate goes on forever, and Mr. Aldrich could be dislodged from his seat only by a political cataclysm. Mr. Roosevelt can't succeed without the Senate, but the Senate can do very nicely, thank you, without the White House. As for Mr. Aldrich—"the party" lies secure, deep below party strife and all kinds of political commotion. He therefore comes nearer to being a permanent institution and a real ruler than any man this Republic has thus far had in its public life.

A Valentine Letter

By Thornton Sherburne Hardy

GOD, who gives all things at their worth,
Gave you the shape, the semblance—
Your face the glass wherein men see
The magic of their own devising,
Your soul a page whereon men write—
What they would have you,
What you'll never be.

Is it not strange
That you who have no memory
Should be the source
Of all men's memories who knew you;
That your easy loves—
Sincere, soon lost, soon sought again—
Should rest the type to all your lovers
Of what they never came to,
Yet secured eternally?
A thing to be approached and savored
In imaginings,
Caught at in sleep
And loosed in waking—
To be won never quite
And so to be lost never wholly.
And who will pay the cost
And where the profit goes
Is far too shrewd a reckoning for me;
I would not quarrel with the gift of God,
Or break the mirror
Questioning its riddle.
Who was your lover once
Will still be dreaming
In his last sleep
The vision of your seeming,
Which, prove it as he may,
He must believe in still.

So shall he yet, as I do now,
Write himself false—
Know himself true.

The Wrong Man

By William Mathews

A CURIOUS anecdote is told of an unlucky remark made by Bishop Burnet, of Queen Anne's time, who, though a learned and pious man, is said to have been a somewhat greedy gossip. Asking the Duke of Marlborough one day to introduce him to the Prince Eugene, he was told that the Duke would do so on one condition—viz., that of his speaking only when the Prince should address him. This was agreed to, and the Prince, on the Bishop being presented, asked him if he had ever been in Paris. "Yes," was the reply; "the first time I was there was when the Countess of Soissons was apprehended for having suborned a villain to administer poison." The Prince turned instantly away with horror. The Countess of Soissons was his own mother!

There are persons in every community who in the social circle have an astonishing talent for saying and doing the wrong thing. One of these unfortunate gentlemen, at a reception in London, once said to Lord North: "Who is that uncommonly ugly lady opposite to you?" "That uncommonly ugly lady, sir, is my wife." "No, my lord," said the querist, "I mean the one at her right." "That, sir, is my daughter."

It is well known that Alexander Pope was greedy of praise, and resorted to the most contemptible tricks and artifices to win it. On one occasion, angling for a compliment, he asked his friend Mallet what new things there were in literature. "Nothing worth notice," was the reply; "only a thing called an *Essay on Man*, made up of shocking poetry and insufferable philosophy." "I wrote it!" cried the poet, stung with rage; and his friend blushed, bowed and darted out of the room, never to return.

It is said that during the late Civil War Wendell Phillips was spending a day or two at a hotel in Springfield, Massachusetts, when a "copperhead" guest entered into a conversation with him, not knowing who he was. After violently anathematizing all abolitionists, and especially Mr. Phillips, the gentleman added: "And, by the way, I see that Wendell Phillips' name is on the hotel register." "Yes," said the latter with an air of utter unconcern; "I wrote it there."

One of the most eminent Baptist preachers of England a century ago was Dr. Andrew Fuller, author of "The Gospel its Own Witness" and other noted works which won for him the title of "The Franklin of Theology." Great as was his fame, there was a time in his life when he was deemed heretical—an Armenian—by his Calvinistic brethren of London. While he was visiting that city a friend and admirer, who knew that his views were misunderstood, arranged with the leaders of a Baptist association which was in session there that Mr. Fuller, who was a stranger to its members, should preach to them without his name being announced. After some objections to the arrangement the preacher was persuaded, on assurances of the good that would result, to consent to it, and on the day appointed delivered one

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of his most powerful and effective discourses, in which his supposed heretical views were frankly set forth. All his hearers were delighted with the sermon, and as he came down from the pulpit many hurried forward to express to him their admiration of it. Among these, one clergyman, as he grasped the preacher by the hand, exclaimed with great earnestness: "Oh, how I wish Andrew Fuller could have heard you to-day. *Sir, you have demolished his doctrine*, and *cut him up, root and branch!*"

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet, critic and speculative philosopher, once told the following diverting story of himself and "many-toned Pinkerton," the Scottish historian and antiquary, who died in Paris in 1826: "When my Lyrical Ballads first came out it was anonymously, and they made a good deal of noise. A few days after their publication I dined at Mrs. Barbauld's, and sat beside Mr. Pinkerton. We talked a good deal together, and I found him very amusing and full of general information. When we retired to the drawing-room he led me to a recess, having taken up a copy of the Lyrical Ballads, which lay on the table. 'Pray, sir,' said he, 'have you read this thing?' 'I have looked into it.' 'Do you know the author?' asked he. 'Do *you* know the author?' echoed I, resolved not to be caught. 'No,' said Pinkerton; 'but I never have read such trash as his book, particularly an extravagant farrago of absurdity called *The Ancient Mariner*. Don't you think it insufferable?' Coleridge: 'Intolerable!' Pinkerton: 'Detestable!' Coleridge: 'Abominable!' Pinkerton: 'Odious!' Coleridge: 'Loathsome!' Pinkerton: 'Sir, you delight me. It is really delightful to meet a man of sound sense in these days of our declining literature. If I have a passion on earth, it is an abhorrence of these *Lyrical Ballads* of which every one is talking, but most especially of this *Ancient Mariner*.' Coleridge: 'Hush! Not a word more! Here comes our hostess! I know she is acquainted with the author, and might be hurt.' Pinkerton (pulling Coleridge by the button, taking a huge pinch of snuff, and speaking in a whisper): 'I'll tell you what, sir, we mustn't let this matter drop. Let's fix a day for dining together at the Turk's Head. We'll have a private room, a beefsteak, a bottle of old port, pens, ink and a quire of foolscap. We'll lay our heads together and review this thing; and if we don't give it such a slashing, such a tearing, such a ——' 'If we don't!' said Coleridge. 'Is it a bargain?' 'Most certainly.' 'Done!' 'Done!'"

THREE IN A GAME

By Morley Roberts

IN WHICH SHANGHAI SMITH OF THE BARBARY COAST TAKES A HAND AT MATCHMAKING

THINGS were quiet in San Francisco—that is to say, though there was the usual spouting on the Sand-lot on Sundays, there was no great political row on just then. The President had still three years to run before any chance of a second term, and local politics had quieted down. The Governor of the State, though an angel to one side and a devil to the other, had been "let up on" at last. So it was a blessing to them without any disguise when the rivalry between young Jack Hunt and Sibley Gawthrop for the hand and the money and the affections of Edith Atherton became public property. It was most of all a blessing to Gardiner, the smartest new man on the San Francisco Era, who knew both of the boys well.

For how could any "story" fail to pay dividends when two of the swagger "Anglo-Franco-Californians," the most beautiful girl on the Coast, and Shanghai Smith, the most scoundrelly boarding-house keeper on the Pacific, played leading parts in the drama? And when one reflects that San Francisco, the Pacific itself and the Atlantic, and the Sailors' Home in Wall Street, London, came into the newspaper play quite naturally, it seems obvious there was meat for any reporter's teeth.

Gardiner, of course, was not in the high-toned gang to which Hunt and Gawthrop belonged, but he knew them both very well. Although he had only been in California a short year he knew every one in San Francisco, from the biggest toughs in Telegraph Hill and the political bosses to the big pots and some of their womenkind. He knew Miss Atherton, too. He wanted to know her better. Though he was on the staff of the Era it was his own fault. If he could have only got on with his father in New York he might have been as rich as Hunt himself. But the boy who cannot differ on vital points with his father before he is sixteen is no true American, and Gardiner was U. S. to his finger-tips.

"I'll get there yet," said Gardiner. His chance was coming.

"How is it that you bow to a reporter on the Era, my dear?" asked a friend of Edith Atherton. "I understand that is what he is."

"I do it because he might have been my brother," said Edith Atherton.

"What *do* you mean?"

"I mean that his father nearly married my mother," said Edith, "but he was too autocratic and he married an Englishwoman. I don't wonder George Gardiner could not hit it off with him. Poor boy, I wish he could!"

Certainly he was far finer looking than either Hunt or Gawthrop. That is the way her friend interpreted the girl's sigh.

"And he's cleverer, too," said the elder woman acutely; "nevertheless——"

And "nevertheless" was very easy to interpret. "Which will it be, I wonder?" said her friend.

The solution lay on the knees of the gods and in the hands of Shanghai Smith.

That night Hunt met Gardiner at the club.

"What are you looking so down about?" asked the newspaper man. "You are drinking too much. Ease up on it."

Indeed Hunt was drinking too much. He drank enough to loosen his tongue.

"Confound that Gawthrop," he said.

"Ah, I see," cried Gardiner; "is that it?"

And Hunt nodded sulkily.

"If he was only out of the way," he moaned, "I believe I could work the racket with her."

Gardiner shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well, buck up. Come on, I'm going to the office."

They walked into Kearney Street and turned east toward the Era offices. As they passed Bush Street a very hard-looking citizen nodded to Gardiner.

"Who's that?" asked Hunt.

"Don't you know him? That's 'Shanghai' Smith, the biggest scoundrel unhung. He's a sailor's crimp and daylight robber, and a man with a 'pull.'"

Certainly Smith had some political power.

"And why do they call him 'Shanghai'?" asked Hunt.

"Because he 'shanghais' men," answered Gardiner, "and nowadays that means drugging a man and putting him aboard some ship. Oh, he's a daisy. He'd ship your dad to New York around the Horn if there was money in it. When a man disappears in this city we look first in the Morgue and then make inquiries at Smith's."

"I wish Gawthrop was in the Morgue, I do," said Hunt, "and here I'll say good-night. You're a good chap, Gardiner, if you are a newspaper man, and it's a relief to talk to you."

They shook hands and parted, but Gardiner had not walked ten yards before he turned and came back. His eyes glittered curiously. Hunt's were blurred and fishy. He had certainly taken a little too much. Gardiner wondered if he had taken too much to remember in the morning what happened now.

"You wish he was in the Morgue, eh?"

"I do," said Hunt firmly; "I do."

"Why not get him shanghaied?" asked Gardiner. And he walked away very swiftly and did not return when Hunt called to him.

"By the Great Horn Spoon and the tail of the Sacred Bull, I'll not give her up," said Gardiner; "certainly not to a man like Hunt or Gawthrop. Sooner than that I'll write to the old man and squeal. He'll rub it in, but after all he's the dad and she's——"

Ah, she was everything!

"Let the best man win. I'm in the game, after all," said Gardiner, "yet if she hadn't recognized me to-day I'd have thrown it up!"

He was not surprised to see Hunt the next afternoon, though every one else in the office was astonished to find him looking for a mere reporter.

"Do you remember what you said to me last night?" asked Hunt rather nervously.

"About what?"

"About somebody called Shanghai Smith?"

He stared out of the window as he spoke.

"I remember, Hunt."

"Can it be done?"

"Can what be done?"

"Could I get rid of that Gawthrop for a month or two?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if you put up the dollars."

"Will you help me?"

"And get myself—disliked?"

He was going to say "get myself in the penitentiary," but on reflection he did not desire to frighten Hunt. After all, the affair would call so much laughter that legal proceedings were not likely to rise out of it.

"I don't want you to show. Only give me a pointer. Could you bring this Smith to me?"

Gardiner stabbed his desk with a penknife and considered the matter for a moment.

"Look here," he said, "I want to deal as squarely as I can with you. I don't want either you or Gawthrop to marry this particular lady."

Hunt stared at him.

"You don't—oh, I say, Gardiner——"

And he burst into laughter, which Gardiner apparently did not resent.

"Yep, I know I'm a newspaper dog and so on. Let that be. If I choose to crawl down and go East I could stack dollar for dollar with half of you in time. What I'm telling you is this. I think Gawthrop has more show than you and I'd be glad to get him out of the way, just as he'd be glad, no doubt, to get you out. I'll help if you'll hold your tongue about me, whatever happens."

"Very well," said Hunt, "I give you my word."

"Whatever happens?"

"Whatever happens."

"Of course I shall do everything I can to win."

"That's only natural," said Hunt. "But I'll bet you a thousand dollars that if I get Gawthrop out of the way I'll marry Miss Atherton inside of three months."

"Whatever happens?"

"Whatever happens."

"Then I take that bet," said Gardiner. "And to-morrow you shall meet Shanghai."

But when Hunt had gone Gardiner winked steadily at nothing and stroked his chin.

"Great Scott, this *is* a game," he said. "I wonder where Gawthrop is?"

But before he found out he sat down and wrote a letter to the elder Gardiner in New York. It was late that evening before he went down to that undesirable quarter of San Francisco known as the Barbary Coast, where Shanghai Smith kept his sailor-robbing den.

As he went along the water-front and saw the ships lying at the wharves it was "plumb" dark. Though he knew every tough in the city he walked some way from the edge of the wharves and kept his hand on his six-shooter in the

"DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAID TO ME LAST NIGHT?"

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right-hand pocket of his coat. There is never any knowing what may happen in the low quarters where all the scum of the world gathers, and it is well to keep one's eyes skinned lest worse may befall. Gardiner had no desire to turn up on a trestle at the Morgue at his next public appearance. But though he was careful he went cheerfully, and could not help laughing.

"To think of Sibley Gawthrop as an Able Seaman on board the Harvester or the Wanderer! But won't it do him good! These young Californians are a rotten crowd!"

He came at last to Smith's house and stepped upon the veranda floor boldly.

"Why, it's Mr. Gardiner of the Era, so it is," said Billy, who was Smith's runner and, next to his boss and a few politicians, the hardest case in California. "Is it Mr. Smith you want to see, sir?"

"I'm only just doing a walk-around, and thought I'd look in, Billy," said Gardiner carelessly.

"Ay, just a *cultus nannitch*, as they say in Chinook," replied Billy. "But we're always glad to see you."

Gardiner doubted that. But Smith was always civil to newspaper men. He hadn't bought Gardiner as he had the police, and he knew that a true column and a bit on his doings might bring down an avalanche any day.

"And here is Mr. Smith," said Billy.

"How are you makin' it?" asked Smith, "and what'll you drink?"

But Gardiner was not drinking. It was so notoriously unhealthy to drink at Shanghai's place that few sober men were reckless enough to take a cocktail there.

"How are you off for men?" asked Gardiner. "Is business good?"

Smith shook his head.

"Men, there are too many of 'em! Now hell ain't fuller of devils, Mr. Gardiner, than what San Francisco is of sailors, and you know as well as me that with sailormen a drug in the market I don't come out on top."

"To be sure," said Gardiner, "but I was thinking, as I came along, that you might get a ship for a young friend of mine."

"I'll be glad to do anythin' for any friend of yours," said Smith, "but, as I'm tellin' you, 'tis as easy to be President of the United States as to do business with the streets full of men that lets on to be sailors. What kind of a job is your friend lookin' for?"

Gardiner laughed.

"I want him to go a voyage before the mast. It will do him good."

"Ah," said Smith quickly, "what's the game? But whatever it is, with you I'm on! Say it and mean it, that's me!"

Gardiner edged him up to the quiet end of the veranda.

"Smith, can you hold your tongue and earn a thousand dollars?"

"Can I do what?" asked Smith. "Look here, so help me, I'd cut my tongue out for a thousand. I *tell* you things are tough. What's the game?"

And Gardiner, after looking round, whispered in his ear.

"Whew!" whistled Smith, "you don't mean it. Young Sibley Gawthrop! Holy Sailor, I'd rather not touch him. His father is a power in the land."

Gardiner shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, very well, there are others. And in any case who need know you took a hand in it? Now will you or won't you? Yes or no, or I quit right here."

"You don't quit. I'll do it," said Smith. "I'll do it for you, C. O. D."

It can be judged how much he did it for Gardiner when C. O. D. is translated "Cash on Delivery."

"Right," said Gardiner, "and pick him a nice easy ship. A good old English limejuicer will be the thing. I want him to go to Europe."

He went up town and curiously enough found himself having supper in the swagger restaurant of the city at the next table to Hunt's victim.

"Gawthrop, I want to have a talk with you on very special business," he said; "can you spare me half an hour to-morrow morning if I call on you?"

And when they parted next morning, after their talk on "very special business," Sibley Gawthrop was in a high state of excitement.

"If I can only get that Hunt out of the way for three months I believe I can work the racket with her. But what I can't understand is Gardiner's notion that he has any chance. I suppose that's what he meant by keeping on saying, 'Don't think I do this for you. I'm not in it for friendship or for my health; I'll do you if I can.' Poor beggar, he hasn't the least show. Oh, but isn't this a game! To think of old Hunt turning up in the London Docks!"

He actually drove along the water-front that morning in order to gloat over the ships in the harbor, and when he saw men working up aloft he burst into laughter. The notion was splendid, whatever motive Gardiner had in putting him up to it. It was odd that he had never taken any interest in the seafaring trade of the city before. Gawthrop eyed the very loafers on the wharves with new feelings. Though he did not know it, he saw Shanghai Smith and his runner, Billy, at the bottom of Spear Street.

"Jehoshaphat," said Smith, "now this is a queer coincidence. Billy, that's the young feller I've been telling you about. See him!"

"Rather," growled Bill; "when do you want him shipped, and how am I to get him?"

"I'll tell you when it's fixed up," said Smith; "I've got to see the chap that's runnin' the show."

"There'll be a holy row on about it," growled Bill. "It ain't exackly legitimate business, Mr. Smith. It's all mighty well doin' what I *know*. I can get a crew out of a ship in the Bay with any man. But shanghaiin' sons of millionaires——"

"You're a forsaken fool," said Smith. "If you do it neatly who's to know till he comes back? And who knows then you or I done it? And ain't I reckonin' to allow you a bonus of ten dollars extra? With times as they is now and blood-money low, ten dollars is ten dollars, lemme tell you. And you've taken to growlin' lately in a way I'm not goin' to stand, Bill. I don't want any slack-jaw from you, so there."

"Who's givin' any slack-jaw?" expostulated the runner. "I suppose a man can hev an opinion?"

"And he can keep it till called for, too," said his boss. "I can lick you any time."

And Bill growled, "Who says you can't? Would I be workin' for you if you couldn't?" The inference was not exactly obvious.

That afternoon Gardiner came down again to the Barbary Coast and had another talk with Shanghai Smith.

"What, another of 'em?" asked Shanghai. "I say, Mr. Gardiner, this is a bit thick!"

"Yep, it's two thousand dollars thick," said Gardiner. "If you could only ship a whole crew on such terms you might retire and go in for politics."

"And who's the man this time?"

"It's Jack Hunt."

"Him as is payin' for Gawthrop?"

Gardiner nodded.

"And who's payin' for Hunt?"

Gardiner took him by the greasy lapel of his coat.

"I'll tell you—it's Gawthrop."

II

WHEN Gawthrop left the theatre some nights later he went straight down Market Street to the water-front and found his way to Shanghai Smith's without any difficulty. He had plenty of pluck and plenty of ignorance of the real conditions of life in San Francisco. What he heard and what he read about the matter did not touch him; he lived in security, in quite another world from the scoundrels at the bottom of Clay Street and the toughs of the "Coast." Life there was a theatrical representation. He sat in the stalls and said, "Poor devils, do they really live that way?" He was Sibley Gawthrop, the son of a big man: he was a power himself: he had no fear and went into the trap smiling. If he carried in his hip-pocket what Westerners call a "gun" it was on account of Western traditions. He showed no caution, though he walked whistling in the middle of the road. He had no chance to use any weapon and he never saw Smith. He never even saw Billy, Smith's runner, till Billy sandbagged him on the back of the head. For Smith was not to be found at his house. He was with Gardiner and they were both waiting till they heard from the runner that Gawthrop was safely disposed of.

"I ain't goin' to show in it," said Smith, "and why should I? The Hampshire is short of two hands as I shipped on her myself. They don't go aboard when they should, and they turns up drunk at my house—and Billy puts them on board. Can I help it if he puts the wrong ones on her? Of course I can't. And if Billy finds the cash agreed on in 'em and hands it to me, why I'll keep it till it's claimed by the owners of it!"

He winked his eye at Gardiner and the journalist burst into laughter.

"They'll not touch me," he said; "and if they do I shall either have the laugh on them or sha'n't care."

As he spoke there was a message sent up from the street. A boy wanted to see Mr. Gardiner.

"From the office, of course," said Gardiner. But he knew the word came from Billy.

"Billy, Mr. Smith's runner, gimme a quarter to run up to you, sir, and say it's all right," said the young boodlum, "and *he* said you was to gimme another quarter."

Billy had said nothing of the kind, but the boy got it all the same.

And half an hour later Jack Hunt interviewed Billy the runner in about the same place in the dark road that Gawthrop had met him. The runner went through his pockets eagerly.

"Two thousand in the one night!" said Billy. "Oh, ain't Smith doin' well? And two first-class guns as belongs to me. I'll shove these boys on the Hampshire bright and early. Oh, I done it clean and neat."

He had great professional pride, and when he came alongside the Hampshire at four o'clock in the morning and found all hands getting up the anchor he felt that the thing was going to finish itself without a hitch.

"Once at sea and the job's complete. Hallo there, send down a whip into the boat," he cried; "I've got them two as skipped. And good men, too, when they're sober."

He heard the first mate bellow:

"Mr. Jones, get these swine on board quick. Drunk, are they? We'll sober 'em. Up aloft and loosen the topsails!"

And the two lights of San Francisco society were carried into the foc'sle.

They dropped Hunt and Gawthrop into two empty bunks and went on deck.

"Can't you turn these men to?" asked the chief mate, Mr. Ladd, of Jones. And Jones went for'ard and punched both of these gentlemen in the ribs.

"Wake up, you drunken galoots," said Jones. In answer they both sighed and snored, and turned peaceably to rest. Jones, who knew a bit, unhooked the lamp from the sweating beam overhead and lifting Hunt's eyelid with his thumb saw the man's pupil was down to a pin-point. It was the same with Gawthrop.

"Hocussed, of course," he said, and he reported aft that not even putting them under the hose would wake them for some hours.

"Confound all California and its manners and customs," said Ladd. But the manners and customs of Shanghai Smith at any rate saved Hunt and Gawthrop from eight hours of the finest education in the world. It was noon and the Hampshire's crowd was at dinner when Gawthrop showed signs of animation.

"Ah, humph," said Gawthrop, and without opening his eyes he reached out and pressed the head of a small bolt with his thumb.

"What's the josser doin' of?" asked Tom the Cockney.

"Johnson, give me some tea," said Gawthrop. He believed that his man had answered the electric bell. But there was a Johnson, or more properly a Johanssen, among the crew.

"Here, Dutchy, give him some tea."

Gawthrop opened his eyes and yawned. He shut his eyes again but did not shut his mouth in time to prevent Bill Jarley, who was the joker of the crowd, dropping a piece of soaked biscuit into it. Gawthrop spluttered, coughed violently, and sat up. As he did so he of course hit his head a smart crack on the deck above him. He raised himself again on his elbow and stared about him stupidly.

"'Ere, come out, matey, and 'ave yer grub," cried the kindly crew with one voice.

"You've 'ad a rare good caulk," said Tom encouragingly.

"Eh, eh, what?" asked Gawthrop. He blinked at the men and with a fallen jaw wagged his head from side to side.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"On board the 'Ampshire, sonny," said Tom. "Come, show a leg!"

"Humph," said Gawthrop, and he rolled a dry tongue against his teeth. "Am I asleep?"

"I'll lay odds you won't be in ten minutes," said Tom. "What's the game you're playin'?"

Gawthrop stared at him and rolled his eyes round the foc'sle. He saw fifteen grinning faces in the light from the scuttle above. Outside the open foc'sle door he beheld the foremast with its rail and the gear coiled on the pins.

"It's a ship," said Gawthrop. "It's obviously a ship!"

The men looked at each other.

"D'ye think he's a greenhorn?"

"Hocussed!"

"Shanghaied!"

The word shanghai fetched Gawthrop clean out of his dreams. It hit him fair and square, and though it half-stunned him it woke him all the same.

"Where am I?"

"On the Hampshire, at sea," said all hands eagerly. They saw what had happened quicker than he did. For reasons which he did not yet understand they believed him a seaman, but they saw he had been shipped against his will.

"D'ye think it was Shanghai Smith as done it?"

"Ah," said Gawthrop; "why, where's Hunt?"

"D'ye mean your mate as come aboard wiv you?" asked Tom. "There 'e is, 'ard and fast asleep. Wake 'im up, chaps; I say, 'ere's a game!"

Gawthrop put a leg out and dropped on deck just as Tom got Hunt by the hair and gave it a yank that nearly raised his scalp, but did not wake him.

"Is this 'im?"

In the half-light Gawthrop saw a face which was the color of dark mahogany, and did not recognize his rival.

"No," he said. He did not know that Billy, with a professional ardor that did him credit, had colored Hunt and himself with walnut juice on their faces and hands till they appeared to have been tanned three skins deep.

And just as Gawthrop denied that he knew Hunt the bosun's whistle blew.

"You'd best come on deck. They're goin' to pick the watches," said Tom. And Gawthrop, still in a maze, followed the rest. When the fresh air blew on him his mind cleared as suddenly as if a fog had rolled up.

"By the Lord, I've been done," he said. And he knew it was Gardiner who had done him.

"All right," he said, "I'll get even. The Captain must put back; I'll pay him to do it."

His knowledge of the sea was limited. Though he was the citizen of a Republic he had been accustomed to deference. That was when he was Sibley Gawthrop. He was now a nameless man in dungaree trousers and a blue shirt, in a ship

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bound for London with a fine, fair wind. He walked aft with the defiant yet shamed air of a man who has been at a fancy ball and finds himself surprised by daylight.

"I want to see the Captain," he said to the first man whom he met aft. It happened to be Jones, the second "greaser."

"That's him on the poop," said Jones, staring at him; "take a good look at him, you drunken swab. Why the blue blazes didn't you come on board before?"

"My good fellow," said Gawthrop haughtily, "there has been a mistake; I must be put on shore immediately."

"Oh," said Jones—"Oh, indeed! There has been a fatal error, has there? And I'm your good fellow, am I? Take that, you swine."

And what Gawthrop took caused him to sit down very suddenly on a hard teak deck.

"What's the matter, Mr. Jones?" asked the Captain, coming to the break of the poop.

"Nothing, sir, nothing," said Jones, foaming at the mouth, "only this ratty hoodlum isn't sober yet. I'll have him in my watch if Mr. Ladd hasn't any fancy for him."

"Sir," said Gawthrop, still in a sitting position, "I'm not a sailor and have been put on board against my will. My name's Gawthrop, Sibley Gawthrop, of Menlo Park. I'm well known in San Francisco."

"Dry up," said Jones. "Known to the police, I should say, and your name's either Fisher or Bates. And where's that other josser? I'll soon see if he's one of the same sort."

He shot forward and was presently seen emerging from the foc'sle holding the astounded Hunt by the nape of his neck. He ran him aft and discharged him like a catapult right among the men. He fell down alongside Gawthrop.

"Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones," said the Skipper mildly. But if he was going to remonstrate with Jones on his American methods the two hands who had caused the fuss put him off. For Hunt and Gawthrop, on recognizing each other, as they did now in spite of their high coloring, lost no time in speech, but went for each other without a word. They locked together and rolled headlong into the starboard scuppers. For though the ship was on an even keel with a fine northerly breeze the deck had a big camber to it. And Captain Singleton lost all his mildness at this outrageous insult to his high authority.

"Pull them apart," he roared, as Jones dived for Gawthrop's ankle and two of the crew got Hunt by the legs.

"What the devil does this mean?"

"It means he's had me shanghaied," said Hunt. "I know it."

"And you—oh, I'll kill you," spluttered Gawthrop.

"Send them both up here," said the Captain. He stared at them like a fury when they stood before him. No two harder-looking cases ever had an interview with the Skipper. For Gawthrop was bleeding from the nose and Hunt had lost all his shirt but the neckband. They glared at each other and Jones stood between them.

"Now then," said Singleton, "before I put you in irons I'd like to know what you mean by daring——"

It was paralyzing to both Gawthrop and Hunt even yet to be looked at as the Captain looked at them.

"It's a mistake, a dreadful mistake," said Hunt. "If you will put me ashore I'll give you five thousand dollars."

And the eager crowd on the main deck sniggered.

"Lord, 'e's very big in drink, ain't 'e?" said Tom. The Skipper frowned and shook his fist right against Hunt's face.

"You hound, don't joke with me. What's the man's name, Mr. Jones?"

"It's either Bates or Fisher," said Jones.

"No, my name's Hunt," cried Hunt. And one of the men on deck, an insinuating beggar who liked to curry favor with the powers, cried:

"His name's Fisher, sir; I've seed him often about the Front."

"It's not, it's not," said Hunt furiously; "I'm a man well known in San Francisco."

"Shut up," said Jones; "the other joskin said that."

"I won't shut up," roared Hunt, quite losing his temper; "I warn you all to put me ashore or I'll ruin the lot of you."

"Oh," said the Captain, "indeed; well, we'll see. Mr. Jones, you can have the one there—Bates, I think; Mr. Ladd, look after this sailorman with the five thousand dollars. Now, if there's another word comes out of either of you, or if you start fighting again, and I hear of it, I'll make the pair of you wish you'd died before you saw me."

And Jones shoved both of them down on the main deck. The two unfortunates recognized that their only chance, and that the faintest, lay in speaking together.

"But we're neither of us sailors, sir," they said piteously.

"This is where we manufacture sailors," said Captain Singleton, who was not without humor. "Mr. Jones, Mr. Ladd, you hear that. I hope they won't be able to say as much for themselves this day three months."

And the crew laughed as in duty bound. But Hunt and Gawthrop did not laugh.

"D'ye think there's any truth in what these two men said?" asked Captain Singleton of his mates.

"Likely enough, sir," replied Ladd; "aren't we out of San Francisco?"

"I certainly don't seem to remember their faces," said the Skipper, "but they'll have to do. Make what you can of them. If it's anyways true, it's no good letting on we think so."

"Certainly not, sir," said Ladd. "But what's their remedy?"

He knew perfectly well that there was no practical remedy against the ship. And Hunt and Gawthrop were well aware they had none against their friend Shanghai Smith, or against Gardiner.

They had no chance of speaking to each other till the second dog-watch, and then only in the presence of the whole crowd, who were very anxious to fathom the mystery. "They ain't sailormen, not they," growled the oldest man on board, who came from Brook Street, Shadwell, and was known as "Shadwell," though his real name was Shaw; "and a nice thing for hus. Two less to take the wheel. I calls it a bally shime."

He looked at Hunt with an air of unutterable contempt, and sniffed every time the man spoke. Gawthrop, who was younger and more elastic, sat on the other side of the foc'sle and presently addressed Hunt:

"I suppose we must make the best of it, Hunt."

"Don't speak to me, sir," said Hunt.

And the crew roared.

"Tell us 'ow it 'appened, do," said Tom. "Oh, ain't your friend 'aughty! Tell us, 'as 'e got that five thousand dollars?"

"Not on him," said Gawthrop.

"Look 'ere," said Tom, "if you'll tell us the troof, I'll stand you a drop of rum. I've a nip left, and this is a teetotal ship, this is."

He could not conceive any man refusing such a bribe. And Gawthrop, in spite of everything, could hardly help laughing at Hunt's face. He took the rum partly to have an excuse for telling the story. It was the wisest thing to be friends with every one, and after all, if he was out of the running for a time, so was Hunt.

"Well," said Gawthrop, "I and my cheerful friend over there are very good friends, indeed. But I wanted him out of San Francisco for a time, for reasons. And I got Shanghai Smith to arrange for it."

"*We* know him," said the crowd eagerly. "Oh, yes, we know him!"

"I stayed in 'is 'ouse."

"So did I."

"Shut up, and let him tell us."

And Hunt by now was all alone on the starboard side. Even old Shadwell came across to hear the yarn.

"Another friend of mine suggested it," said Gawthrop, "and fixed it up for me."

"That was Gardiner," said Hunt.

"It was," said Gawthrop, "and I paid a thousand dollars to have Mr. Hunt put here."

"That's what *I* paid to have you put here," said Hunt. "A friend of mine put me up to it."

"That was Gardiner," said Gawthrop.

"It was," said Hunt.

"And that's why we're both here," said Gawthrop, and his aspect was at once so melancholy and so comic that all hands shrieked with laughter. Old Shadwell creaked like the *cheep* of a block.

"But what's this hyer Gardiner to do with the show?" asked the only American in the crew. "It looks like as if he played the pair of you for suckers."

"You ain't told us hall," said Shadwell, with a gloomy air of suspicion. "I knows somethin' of life, and somethin' about woman. And there was a woman in this."

"Mr. Shadwell is right," said Gawthrop.

"I was to have taken her for a drive this morning," said Hunt, "and a pretty sort of man I shall look not turning up."

"Never mind," said Gawthrop, "I was to have taken her out this afternoon."

Old Shadwell nodded gloomily.

"What 'ave I often told you about 'em, mates?" he said. "This proves it. A woman's like a cat with nine lives and nine sorts of dispositions, and if she don't satisfy 'em with nine sort of men fools she ain't happy. I've known 'em as nine couldn't satisfy. And they're all the same; there's different nations of men, but women is all one nation. You can bet your boots, you two fellers, that your girl is out with some one else. This here v'yge will do yer good if it rams that into you."

He turned to the others.

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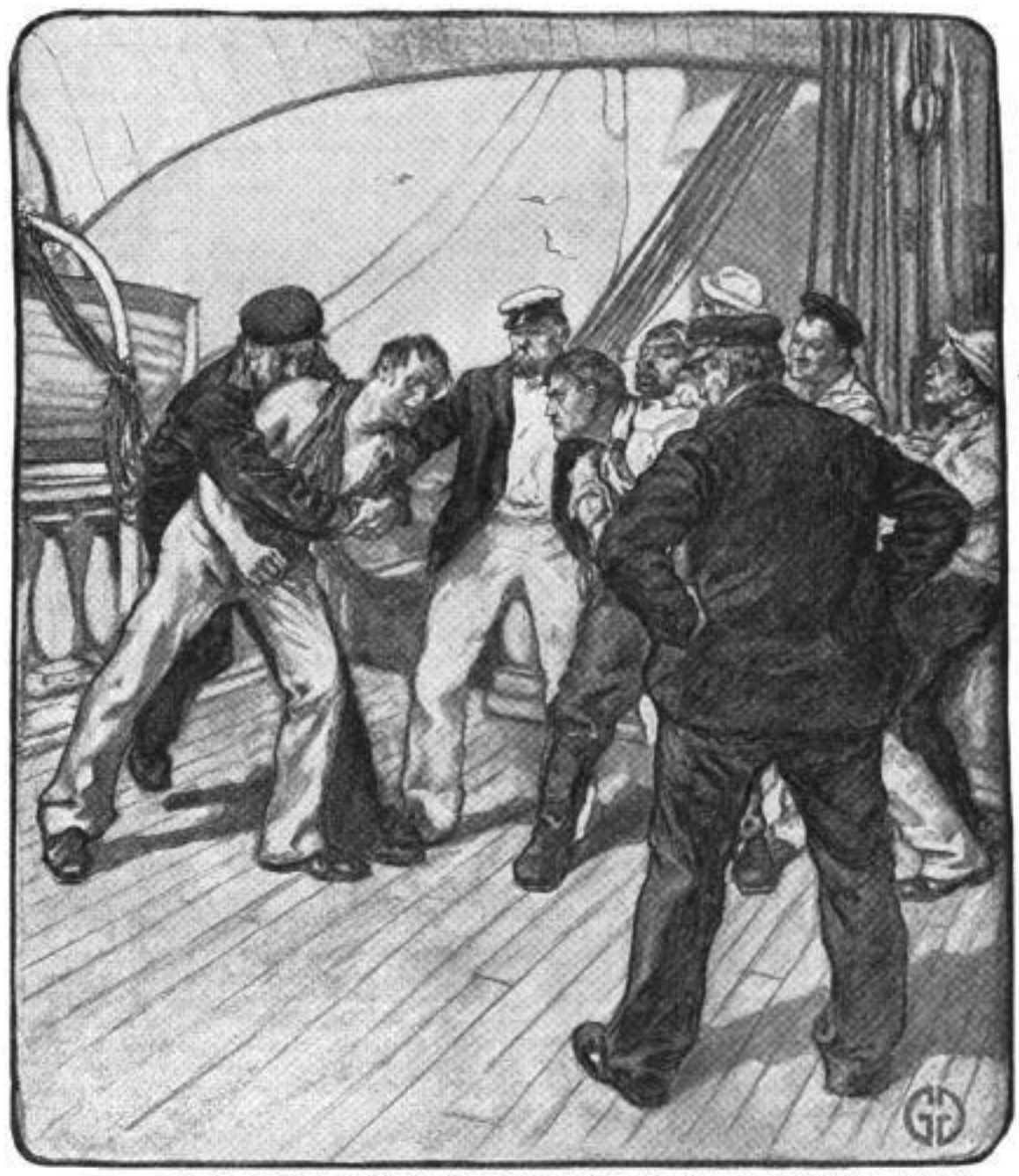

HUNT AND GAWTHROP, ON RECOGNIZING EACH OTHER, LOST NO TIME IN SPEECH

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The Autobiography of a Beggar

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

Author of "By Bread Alone," Etc.

Meh Start in Life

WELL, old gent an' anterpolergist, ter go back in meh story a foot er two, I never runned away from meh home, sweet home; I jist natcherally quit, bein' a independent boy an' wantin' ter earn meh own livin' an' not support meh parents any more. I was fourteen den, very tall an' strong fer meh age, an' hungry; more hungry en tall, I guess.

De man what give meh a start in life was a blind "yeager" by de name ef Wily Will. I've seen all de beggars der is (includin' meh friend Foxy Basket), but dat blind man was de king ef 'em all in some ways. I ain't got no reason ter love him, but I give him credit; he knowed his bizness. He's dead ez a door-nail now, so de truth won't hurt him none, which is de big joy ef bein' dead. Peace ter his cinders! He was a short, thin, small, rather gray on de top kind ef a feller when I knowed him first, all bone an' muscle, wid a grip like a bulldorg's teeth. Bulldorg's teeth an' handcuffs has de two best grips ef anything on earth, an' I've had 'em all tried on meh.

Wily Will was de oddest beggar in de world, which yer will learn ez I go along. He jist kep' ter hisself, not 'cause he was proud er stuck-up (few beggars is), but jist 'cause he thought it was good fer bizness. Yer knows how most ef 'em is, livin' in a house tergither, an' tradin' secrets an' marks, er workin' wid a boss er a king; but Wily Will he jist went his own lonely way an' wouldn't speak ter eny ef 'em.

—AN' HE NEVER LET ME GIT LOOSE TILL I RUNNED AWAY FROM HIM

I seen him beggin' around when I started out on meh own hook, an' I axed him ef it wouldn't be a good idee fer meh ter lead him up an' down, an' he reached out an' nabbed me by de wrist an' he never let me git loose till I runned away from him.

We lived in a shanty in de rear ef a shop on Quincy Street, an' de only furniture was newspapers on de wall, a bed on de floor, an' a stove where he done his cookin'. Fried eggs an' a bit ef bacon an' coffee was his faverite dish. Also he liked ter play de fiddle an' ter sing. Also he was a miser, which is a strange combination, an' comes later on. His perticler game was ter sell lead pencils.

De first day we went out he says ter meh, "Keep yer eyes open an' yer mouth shut. Don't talk none. I'll do all de talkin'. Yer mother is dead an' I'm yer father, an' dat's all yer needs ter rimimber ef it comes ter a pinch."

"But meh mother ain't dead," I says.

"I ain't takin' yer ter Sunday-school," says he, handin' meh a nice lick on de ear. "Hold yer tongue."

"Yer might change wrists," I said ater a bit.

"Git used ter it," he says.

He didn't beg on de streets none 'cause he said he had reg'ler customers in de stores an' it looked bad. We wint around from place ter place an' he got a nickel here an' a dime dere, an' oncet er twice a quarter.

He didn't talk none ter meh, only mumblin' to hisself agin bad bizness an' hard luck all de time. I kin tell yer afore dat mornin' was over I was dead tired ef meh job. I could hardly pull meh legs along, but when I lagged behint he gives meh a pinch an' says, "Yer leadin' meh; I ain't a-leadin' you." I was hungry, too, an' he wouldn't give meh nothin' ter eat, sayin' two meals a day was enuff fer a boy. He didn't drink none an' he kep' out ef saloons altergither, sayin', "Saloons is no good fer our line. Dey wants a dollar worth ef fun an' time fer ivery cent dey gives up."

"Yer made a dollar an' ninety-five cints already dis mornin'," says I, countin' up; "ain't yer goin' home?"

"Keep still," he says; "de pencils cost meh a dollar."

"But dey didn't keep de pencils; yer got 'em yet."

"Ye little fool," he says, "don't I have ter sell de pencils afore I makes anything? An' how does yer know I took in a dollar an' ninety-five?"

"I counted up," I says.

"Yer ter mind yer own bizness," he says.

"Yer told meh ter keep meh eyes open," I said.

"An' yer mouth shut," he says, pinchin' meh arm.

De first place we went inter dat afternoon, de cove says ter him, "I don't berlieve in encouragin' beggars; but ef a man comes in ter sell somethin' I allus berlieves in buyin' what he's got."

"Dat's a good principul," says Wily.

"But yer pencils ain't no good at all," says de man; "de last ones what I bought had no lead in 'em."

"Well," says Wily, "yer knows how iverybody cheats a blind man. It's a shame. Dose pencils cost meh two cents an' a half apiece an' I sells 'em fer five. I'm sure dese new ones is all right."

"How much will yer give meh a dozen fer?" axes de man.

"Fifty cents," says Wily.

An' de man gives him de half, an' Wily says, "I see I only got eight. I'll leave de rest de next time I comes aroun'."

"I don't do bizness dat way," says de cove.

"Come ter think," says Wily, "de boy has got a package in his pocket."

"I ain't," I pipes out.

"Yer fergot," he says; "I put 'em in yer coat dis mornin';" an' he slips his hand in meh pocket an' sure enuff he pulls out de pencils.

An' when we gits outside he says ter meh, "I got a notion ter take yer in de alley an' wallop de life out ef yer. Didn't I say ter keep yer mouth shut? Yer nearly cost meh a half-dollar."

"But de pencils come ter most a quarter," I says, "an' ——"

"Shut up," he roars; "yer too smart; I've a mind ter let yer go."

"I wish yer would," I says; "I'd start in de pencil bizness fer mehself."

"I'll pencil bizness yer when we gits home," says he. An' he starts in an' cusses dat cove fer keepin' de pencils, callin' him de puttiest names what ever I heard fer cheatin' a blind man. He was crazy 'bout dose pencils; it seemed ter hurt him more en ter lose money. I never seed de like, fer dey didn't cost no more en two fer a cent. An' I says ter him ater a bit:

"Is yer goin' ter bring de cove de new pencils in de mornin'?"

"I ain't crazy," he says.

"But you'll lose a good customer," I says.

"I ain't lookin' fer customers," he says; "any fool kin sell things."

"I know," I says, "but——"

"Yer knows nothin' at all," he says; "not even enuff ter hold yer tongue." An' all de way home dat night he kept cussin' an' mumblin' agin people what wanted somethin' fer dere money. "Dey kill de beggar bizness," he says; an' like de little fool I was I pipes up an' axes:

"Why don't yer quit sellin' things an' jist beg, den?" An' dat rimark cost meh a crack on de ear.

In de night fer supper he gives meh a hunk ef bread, an' he says ez he would give meh a fried egg an' a piece ef bacon, which he cooked fer hisself, only it was meh fault dat he lost dose dozen pencils. Den he gits out a book an' writes down de names an' de numbers ef de people an' what dey gives him, an' I watches him close an' says:

"Don't fergit de man what kep' de pencils."

"You undress an' go ter bed," he says, sharp.

An' I undresses, not thinkin' ef what was ter come, an' what does he do but take meh clothes an' search meh pockets. De dime an' de nickel what I managed ter steal on him rolls on de floor, an' he seen em jist es ef he had eyes. "Yer rascul!" he yells, "stealin' from meh! I'll learn yer!"

"I had de dime an' de nickel afore I come ter yer," I says.

"Den yer should have given 'em ter meh," he growls; "boys ain't got no bizness wid money, anyways." I'd ruther not write down how he tried ter separate meh skin from meh bones. "Now yer turn over on yer side an' go ter sleep," he says when he was thru whalin' meh.

Den he takes his fiddle an' plays an' sings, an' I pretends ter sleep, but I didn't, fer I wanted ter see where he put de coin what he took in dat day. Along ten o'clock he puts de fiddle away an' ties meh clothes up in a bundle an' puts 'em under his bed, so I seen dere was no chanct ter run away. Den he moves de bed a bit an' lifts a plank out ef de floor, an' he takes out a bag ef money (a whole bag ef it; I hope ter die ef it ain't so, Mr. Anterpolergist) an' he counts it, an' plays wid it, an' sings ter it, an' talks ter it, like ez ef dat coin was kids. Den he ties it up agin an' puts it back under de bed agin. I 'spose he had de notion dat ef he slept over de coin it would hatch de same ez ef it was eggs. Den he mumbled some more ter hisself 'bout de cove what kept de dozen pencils an' he went ter sleep.

—AN' SINGS TER IT, AN' TALKS TER IT, LIKE EZ EF DAT COIN WAS KIDS

De next mornin' I made up meh mind ter keep meh eyes wide open, an' run away de first chanct I got, 'cause he fed me worst den I could feed mehself by playin' basket, which means de same ez playin' door-mat, er beggin' fer food at kitchen doors. 'Sides, I seen der was no chanct ef gittin' de bag ef coin, seein' he slept over it an' meh clothes too. I was a-dyin' ter ax him how much coin der was in de bag.

On de way downtown he says ter meh, "Yer go an' get dem pencils back. Tell de cove dat yer father made a mistake an' give him de wrong ones, an' dat he'll come round dis afternoon an' give him a dozen new ones in deir place. I'll wait for yer right by de outside door, an' ef yer brings 'em back I'll give yer two fried eggs an' a slice ef bacon fer yer supper; an' ef yer don't I'll wallop yer."

So I goes inter de cove an' tells him what Wily says, an' he laffs an' gives meh de pencils, takin' 'em out ef his drawer. An' I seen de chanct I was a-lookin' fer, an' 'stead ef goin' out de front door I steals out thru de back an' leaves Mr. Wily a-waitin'. I bet he swore some.

I begged on de street a bit dat day, bein' hungry, an' oncet I got a dime, but a cop seed meh an' he says ter meh ef he catches meh agin he'd pull meh in, an' I got skeered. Why is it I was so young an' green den?

In de afternoon I reaches in meh pocket an' feels de dozen pencils, which I clean fergot; an' idee strikes meh, an' I walks back to de cove's place, thinkin' ez maybe I could giv' him de pencils back an' work him fer a dime. An' I no sooner pokes meh little blond head in de door den de cove yells, "Dere's yer boy now!" An' Mr. Wily, who was standin' dere, makes a spring fer meh, an' I runned lickety split down de street, never turnin' ter look. I have been skeered often in meh life, most enuff ter git used ter it, but dat was de wust skeer a man could have. But dat was de last time Mr. Wily ever got in de same block wid meh. Awful smart feller, Wily; yer see, he figured out dat I would come back ter sell de cove dat dozen pencils, an' he must have been waitin' dere all day ter grab meh. I guess dose pencils worried him until de daisies turned away from his toes.

GITTIN' ALONG IN DE WORLD

WHOOP! Mr. Anterpolergist, ef it's all de same ter you I'd like ter skip de time when I jined a gang ef kids what made it deir trade ter break inter empty houses fer de sake ef cuttin' out de lead pipes. It wasn't no lead-pipe cinch, as I found out aterwards when de fly cops grabbed meh an' dey sent meh to de riform school fer three years. I made up meh mind den an' dere dat I'd quit stealin', riform, leave dese git-rich-quick schemes alone, an' earn a honest livin' by beggin'. Beggin' is a heap slower, but it's surer.

SAM DE SCRIBE COME TO MEH AN' SAYS: "MOLLBUZZER, I GOT A SCHEME"

When I came ter Chicago agin, riformed but still happy, I made direct fer "De Star Ef Hope," a dime lodgin'-house on Union Street, which is de winter haven ef rest an' plenty fer hobos an' "yengers." I made de acquaintance ef Sam de Scribe dere, an' I kin say dat meh fortin' was fixed from dat day on. Sam was makin'

Editor's Note—This is the second story in the series. The third will appear in a fortnight.

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in his bizness den ter write letters an' ter surply infermation. He kept reg'lar books in which was writ all de names ef de easy marks in Chicago. His book was big ez de Chicago directery almost. He charged yer ten cents fer givin' yer de name ef a house where yer could git clothes, an' from ten cents up ter fifty fer de name an' number where yer could git money. Pay was allus in adwance. Sam got us goin' an' comin', fer ef de clothes we brung back was good, he bought 'em back from us agin an' sold 'em oncet agin. I used ter wonder what he done wid all his money.

One day I started out from "De Star Ef Hope" wid anudder feller what we called Shirtless Sam, an' we didn't git very far afore we seen a plumber comin' out ef a saloon, wid a bag ef tools, drunk ez a bottle ef rum.

"Seein' plumbin' tools an' lead pipes," I says ter Sam, "make me feel kinder ter home. I used ter be in de plumbin' line fer a short time mehself."

An' thinkin' maybe I could git de tools away from de plumber, him not bein' in de condition ter use 'em anyways, I starts ter speak ter him an' he axes us ter come in an' have a drink, which we done. An' he takes out a paper wid a name an' a address on an' he says, "I got ter go ter dis house an' fix a leakin' water pipe, but I ain't a-goin' ter fix no water ter day, not meh!"

So I takes de paper way from him when he puts it in his pocket, an' Sam he grabs de tools an' runs an' I ater him.

When we got inter de alley, Shirtless Sam says ter meh, "We kin take dese tools ter Sam de Scribe an' sell 'em."

"Ater fixin' de pipes fer de lady," I says, fer de thought ef lead pipes kind ef made meh homesick, an' I was timpted agin.

"But yer ain't no plumber," says Shirtless Sam.

"Yer jist come along an' watch meh an' see," I says.

So we went to de name an' de number, an' de gurl, which was a Swede, comes to de door an' axes us why we wus so late, growlin' 'bout de water leakin' thru de house an' spoilin' de carpits.

"Don't yer worry none," I says; "meh an' dis gent here'll fix it quicker en yer kin wink yer eye." An' den I tells her de boss said ez we was ter collict de bill in adwance.

"De missus is out," she says; "she jist had ter go down-town fer a bit, an' I don't know what ter do!"

"Well," says I, "de missus bein' out" (which is what I wanted ter know), "yer kin fix de bill wid de boss aterwards!" An' she shows us inter de parler where de leak was, an' says it must come from de bathroom.

Sam an' meh shins up to de bathroom an' I says ter him, closin' de door tight, "Sam, dis is a cinch, de missus bein' out an' dis lead pipe bein' wuth a couple a inch easy!"

"What yer goin' ter do?" he says. "Cut de pipes out an' flood de house out? We'll be sint over sure!"

"I knows meh bizness, I guess," I answers. "Now you keep busy downstairs an' leave meh an' dese pipes alone fer a while." An' I goes downstairs in de basement fer ter find de place ter turn de water orff, but I couldn't find de place an' de Swede gurl didn't know where de water pipe was, an' bein' in a big hurry I says, "Well, we kin let it go jist ez well ez not."

When I come up to de bathroom agin I finds Sam a-cuttin' a hole thru de floor big enuff ter put de bathtub in.

"What are yer doin'?" I yells.

"It's de only way fer ter find de leak!" he says.

"Yer kin leave de plumbin' part ter meh," I says, "an' go down in de parler an' look out fer de missus."

"All right," says he, grabbin' a hammer an' a saw an' a chisel, "I'll take dese ter make a bluff at bein' busy."

An' while I was cuttin' two wood plugs ter stuff in de ends ef de pipes what I intended ter cut out, I hears a terruble noise from de parler, an' Sam he yells up, "Oh, Mollbuzzer, come down quick; de ceilin' is cavin' in, an' I can't find de leak!"

I kites down de stairs a skeert out ef meh wits, an' sure enuff dere was a hole in de parler wall big enuff ter put de bathtub in, an' de water was a-comin' out like from a summer fountain; fer Sam must 'a' cut a hole thru de pipe! An' de Swede gurl was a-sittin' on a chair, rockin' herself up an' down, an' a-hidin' her head in her apron like she was goin' crazy.

"Who toled yer ter do dat!" I hollers. "Didn't I say ter leave de plumbin' ter meh? Does yer want de whole house ter come down?"

"Well, Mollbuzzer," he whispers, "de Swede gurl was a standin' around an' lookin' an' I had ter do somethin' fer a bluff!"

"Fer Heaven's sake don' touch it agin," I says, an' I climbs up de ladder he had dere, an' I puts meh head in de hole ter look aroun', an' all de time dere was a little river flowin' northwest by southeast thru de parler. It made meh turn pale, I kin tell yer.

"Dere ain't much time ter monkey, Sam," I says, thinkin' about de nice lead waitin' upstairs. "Jist yer hand meh a couple ef dem rugs on de floor an' I'll stuff 'em in here ez best I kin."

An' when he grabbed de rugs de Swede gurl come ter herself, an' she lets out a most fierce yell, grabbin' Sam by de arm ter git de rugs from him. "Meh Heavens!" she screams, "what is youse goin' ter do! De house is ruined now! O Lord, what'll I do? I wish missus was back, I do. It'll take a week fer ter git dis parler back inter shape!"

"No it won't, neither," says Sam, pullin' de rugs away from her an' handin' 'em ter meh, "yer kin turn de hose on, light de stove an' use de broom, an' dry it out in less en no time!"

"Wimens makes meh nervous when I'm workin'," I says to de gurl. "Now yer jist run out ef here. I knows meh bizness when it comes ter plumbin', I guess."

"I ain't goin' out, neither; I'm goin' ter stay right here an' see what yer doin'," she says.

An' jist den de water breaks out like from a fire-engine hose an' dose rugs falls out on de floor an' I gets wet to de skin, an' de Swede gurl hollers like a ijiot.

"Dere, yer see what yer done!" I yells, flyin' orff de ladder, "'count ef yer wimen's ways ef standin' around here. Go an' git a candle, fer dat pipe broke in anudder place an' I must find it. Run fer yer life er de whole ceilin' 'ill be down in a minute!"

"Sam," I says when she was gone, "we're in a lively fix. Dis job is wuth two years apiece now, an' it'll be worth more every minute. Dere ain't nothin' ter do but ter saw orff de legs from dat gold chair an' stuff 'em in de pipe."

"Yer had better put de rugs back, Mollbuzzer," he says, lightin' his pipe an' puttin' his feet on top de marbul table like ez ef dere wasn't nothin' de matter.

"I'm wet enough," I says; "you kin do it. It's yer fault, anyways!"

"No use ef both ef us gettin' wet," he says, sittin' calm an' smokin' an' leavin meh ter saw de legs ef de chair orff.

Den de Swede gurl, not findin' de candle in de kitchen, goes up ter de bathroom fer it, an' when she seed what we done up dere she screams like a whole insane 'sylum.

"Shin upstairs, Foxy," I says, "an' lock de gurl in de bathroom, fer I'm afreerd she'll make trouble fer us!"

An' I climbed up on de ladder agin, feelin' wet an' mad, ter plug de pipe wid de chair legs an' ter put de rugs an' two soffee pillers in de hole. De leak stops den, but dat Swede begins ter scream agin an' ter pound de door ef de bathroom.

"Sam," I yells, goin' inter de hall an' callin' up, "de leak is stopped an' de gurl is locked up, so I guess it's a good time ter fly de coop!"

"But de pipes an' de plumbin' tools is locked up wid de gurl an' where is we goin' ter be ahead?" he axes.

"We'll have ter go, anyways," I says; "it's gettin' dangerous. Maybe we kin take a couple ef coats ter make up fer our loss ef time an' trouble!"

"I tell yer what yer kin do, Mollbuzzer," he says, "cut a hole thru de parler wall an' we kin pull de tools thru de hole."

"I ain't a-goin' ter do no sich thing," I says.

"If you don't I will," he says, a-startin' down; "a few more feet ef hole ain't a-goin' ter make no differunce, an' dose tools is ourn, anyways. Why fer should we leave 'em here?"

An' afore I could stop Sam he climbs up de ladder agin, jerks de rugs out an' begins ter hammer an' chisel thru de plaster an' de slats.

"Yer crazy," I yells, a-tryin' ter stop him.

"I ain't, neither," he answers; "I kin put meh head thru already!"

"De Swede gurl'll ketch yer by de neck an' choke yer ter death!" I says.

"An' sure enuff, jist ez I said, de Swede gurl sticks her foot thru de hole which Sam made an' gives him a kick what sent him tumblin' orff de ladder. "Oh, Mollbuzzer, I'm dead!" he yells, "I'm dead!" An' so he would 'a' been ef I didn't ketch him.

"Dose Swede gurls is terruble," he says, sittin' down an' feelin' ef his head. "I'm never goin' in a house agin where a Swede gurl is!"

"Got enuff?" I axes.

"We kin cut down de whole wall," he says, "an' let de Swede gurl an' de tools an' all come thru!"

"Dere's de missus!" I says, hearin' de bell ring; "I guess dere won't be time!"

"I guess not," he says; an' we went out by de back door, meh freezin' ter death wid de cold an' de wet an' him cussin' all de time 'cause I didn't do as he wanted an' sell dose tools ter Sam de Scribe. I guess he was right.

—AN' DE WATER WAS A-COMIN' OUT LIKE FROM A SUMMER FOUNTAIN

GITTIN' EVEN WID DE WORLD

I STAYED in "De Star Ef Hope" up till January de first, which waz de day when Sam de Scribe come ter meh an' says, "Mollbuzzer, I got a scheme. I want ter be de J. Pierpont Morgan ef de beggar world. We kin make a trust ez easy ez not, an' I'll be prisident an' yer kin be secretary. Morgan's got everything else an' I guess he won't bother 'bout us none. Ef he does I kin squeeze him inter a corner. It might be a good idee," he says wid a wise wink, "ter take Morgan in, ef he behaves hisself."

"Quit yer jokin', Sam," I says; "what's up?"

"Well," says Sam, "de cops has got dis joint spotted pretty clost an' I think we better move out an' rint a place ef our own. I knows a whole house near Fulton Street what we kin rint fer twenty dollars a month. We kin take de best "yeagers" in de town wid us, an' ef we work things proper we kin run all de rest ef 'em out, er make 'em work fer us!" I said ez I was willin', an' de next day Sam picked his men, which was about a dozen, an' we went over near ter Fulton Street ter live. De house wasn't much ter brag about inside ner outside, an' all we put in it was ourselves an' heaps ef rags an' newspapers fer beds.

Our earnings was mighty good, fer Sam said he wouldn't have no beggar in de place what couldn't bring in two dollars a day, an' he made 'em all work an' contribute der share to de treasury. Ef yer wants ter know what Sam done to de treasury yer'll have ter ask him, 'cause he never tole meh.

De twelve ef us jist took what part ef de town we wanted, an' ef we caught any other beggar on our quarters we jist made him join us er git out. Dey bowled first, but dey soon found out it was cheaper ter come in, 'cause we follered 'em aroun' an' made sich trouble fer 'em dat dey got sick. Afore de winter was over we had twenty-five in de house, an' we was collectin' from ten to twenty-five cents a week from ez many more.

Den Sam de Scribe he got de swell head an' changed his name ter Samuel de Cadger King; which made trouble. I warned him, but he wouldn't listen, sayin' he was goin' ter be king er nothin'.

Sam invented a system ef signs which we used ter mark on de houses. De sign ef a cross dog was ×; fer a cross dog an' a cross woman it was ✳; fer a kind lady it was ⊖; fer food an' clothes it was ⊕; fer money it was ▣. An' so we had signs fer most everything, which saved a heap ef time an' trouble. But Hungry Henry an' one or two more ef 'em got mad at Sam fer puttin' on airs an' playin' king, an' dey left de house an' went aroun' de town changin' our signs, an' I nearly lost meh leg by goin' inter a house marked wid de money sign an' findin' a lively bulldorg in de back yard.

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The Stock Exchange from the Inside

A DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW EXCHANGE—WHERE THE ASSOCIATION GETS THE MONEY FOR THE HUGE EXPENDITURES—THE RIGID CENSORSHIP OF ITS PRIVATE AFFAIRS

By S. Mac Reynolds

Author of The Blowing of an Oil Bubble, The Home of Trusts, etc.

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

LIKE the famed temple of Athene, dispenser of fortune to the Greeks, the New York Stock Exchange is an oblong structure, consisting chiefly of a great masonic canopy, supported by a peristyle of majestic marble columns (pilasters on the two sides, where walled in by abutting structures) and in front adorned by a massive pediment, in which, carved in bas-relief, is an allegorical group symbolic of the ideals of its builders. Viewed from the façade, this classical resemblance is emphasized by what may be deemed the most remarkable feature of the edifice. It will be recalled that the temples of Attica were without walls, being built simply of foundation, upright columns and roof, affording no protection from the elements, save from above. The rigorous climate and the necessity for greater seclusion would, of course, render such a scheme impracticable in New York, but another exigency, equally urgent amid skyscrapers, viz., abundance of light, has led to an almost exact reproduction of the classic model. Wall there will be none, but an unbroken expanse of plate glass, rising fifty-two feet to the full height of the great Corinthian columns and extending across the entire width of the building one hundred and twelve feet, will afford both light and shelter to the interior. And the architectural effect of the transparent front is as if the Pantheon had been transplanted from Attica to Manhattan, save that instead of Zeus, in his golden raiment, with his court, will stand posts and standards to the modern deities: St. Paul, MoP, The Coalers, Steel, Coppers and a numerous band of others.

Never did the great builders of more leisurely civilizations display more prodigality in gratifying the supposed whims of their deities than has the committee in charge of the appointments of the new Exchange. On the floor of the board-room, where trading is conducted, are five hundred telephones, and terminals for thirty different systems of pneumatic tube service. Three and one-half miles of ventilator pipes permeate the building. On the east wall of the board-room is a glass annunciator or bulletin-board checkered into twelve hundred colored squares, one for each member of the Exchange. The lighting of a green incandescent in any member's square indicates that he is wanted at the Broad Street entrance, and the burning of a red bulb apprises him of a telephone call. By these and numberless other devices, which only showers of gold could command, the magic palace produced by the fabled Aladdin is, in strict verity, put to shame.

The World Building, which when built was deemed by many to be one of the wonders of the world, cost $1,125,000. But the cost of construction has cheapened since then and the Tract Society Building, twenty stories in height and more elegant in its appointments, was completed for $900,000.

Yet the new Stock Exchange, the equivalent of only five stories in height, cost in excess of $3,000,000, and is perhaps the most beautiful edifice of the sort in the world.

But whence came this wealth so profusely and lavishly spent? Did the members of the Exchange each contribute their quota of the amount for the sake of having more commodious quarters in which to transact their business? Or as popularly supposed, did the dues of members accumulate in the treasury from year to year until the $3,000,000 was available?

If neither, then what individual undertook the financial responsibility for a contract involving such a sum? The Stock Exchange as a whole could not be held responsible, for the Stock Exchange is merely a voluntary association or society without a charter and legally unaccountable for contractual obligations.

These questions may be answered negatively by saying that none of the members furnished the capital for building the structure; neither do the members of the Exchange pay any dues from which such a fund might be derived; nor did the Exchange either as a body or in the person of any of its members stand responsible for the contracted sum. To reply affirmatively to these self-propounded queries and others which might occur to the thoughtful, it will be necessary to go into the organization and maintenance of the institution more fully, though the secrets there involved have been most sedulously guarded.

The organization named in its by-laws, The New York Stock Exchange, is limited to a membership of twelve hundred for the convenient dispatch of business on the floor by all who desire to attend. This business is chiefly buying and selling stocks and bonds for outside clients, and members are permitted to charge a commission of one-eighth of one per cent. on the par value of every transaction. The demand for their services is so great that an average of probably $200,000 a day or $70,000,000 a year is distributed among the members in commissions. As one must be a member, or in the parlance of the street, "have a seat" on the Exchange, to share in this golden flood, "seats" are worth from $65,000 to $75,000.

Yet the organization derives no income from the sale of seats, all original seats having long been sold, though any member is at liberty to sell or bequeath his seat to any one acceptable to the Membership Committee.

The Autocratic Powers of the Committee

From the beginning of history, when the masses struggled with the few for power, the rich consistently favored the concentration of authority and strict, rigid discipline among the governed—not so much out of any desire to monopolize authority themselves, but because they, accustomed to heavy responsibilities, realized more clearly than their fellows the advantages of concentration and the waste and delay of bickering. The Exchange is an organization of the classes *par excellence*, and in it we find their principles of government ideally exemplified. Twelve men, elected annually and known as the Governing Committee, are, during their term of office, absolute in their power, and from their decisions there is no appeal; no, not even to the courts. A resort to the courts, where the secrets of the organization might be divulged and the authority of its officers curtailed, is punished with the greatest penalty within their power to inflict. Article XVII, section 3, of the by-laws reads thus:

> *Legal Interference with Officers or Committees.*
>
> Sec. 3. Any member of the New York Stock Exchange who, or whose partner or partners, shall apply for an injunction, or legal instrument, restraining any officer or committee of the Exchange from performing his or its duties under the Constitution, shall, by that act, cease to be a member of the Association.

It is somewhat doubtful now, since the Gates pool executed their famous corner in corn in the Chicago Board of Trade and the court decided that it was unlawful for an organization to prohibit to its members the use of the courts of justice, whether this article of the by-laws could be enforced; but since the forfeiture of a seat spells the loss of something like $75,000, no member has yet developed sufficient curiosity to test its legality.

One of the anomalous functions which the members of this strange society have assumed is that of insuring one another's lives. The plan is mutual, and, we might say, simple to the point of absurdity. Mortality tables are ignored as being the visionary theories of long-haired philosophers; the youth and the aged, the weak and the strong, are all, unless they be chronic invalids, insured for a like amount ($10,000) and pay the same premium—ten dollars on initiation and ten dollars on a member's death.

The surplus after these policies are paid goes into an investment fund, which, according to agreement, is to remain inviolate until it amounts to $1,000,000, when the proceeds will be devoted to the reduction of the death assessments. This fund, which was established in 1892 with $10,000, is said to be worth now approximately $25,000. The conduct of the insurance department is ridiculously unscientific, but it conduces to easy bookkeeping, and the members, viewing it as a benevolent enterprise anyway, are not critical.

There seems to be a quite general impression that the Exchange is supported by membership dues. This is erroneous. An initiation fee of $1000 and the insurance assessments mentioned above are the only obligations which a member owes the association. Not only has it been seen to that outsiders shall pay the expenses of the organization, but that they shall salary the officers and committeemen and rear them a palace of unexampled splendor withal. The money comes in three separate streams, whose sources are:

First. The railroad, industrial and banking corporations whose securities are traded in on the Exchange.

Second. The telegraph and cable companies holding exclusive franchises for the dissemination of the market reports.

Third. The holders of the local "ticker" privilege.

Before any stock or bond may be bought or sold on the floor of the Exchange the corporation issuing it must make application to the Committee on Listed Securities, which is appointed by, and subordinate to, the omnipotent Governing Committee. If the corporation is willing to submit to an investigation regarding its assets and liabilities and shall be found to have been in solvent existence for at least one year, and if its securities are estimated to be of sufficient importance in the financial world to add appreciably to the business of the Exchange, they are "listed" and may be openly sold in the board-room. If a corporation declines to make a statement of its financial condition, then its stocks are placed on the trading list as "unlisted securities," as the vernacular of the street paradoxically expresses it. An unlisted stock possesses all the nominal advantages of a listed stock, but is always viewed with suspicion by traders.

The sum paid by a corporation for the privilege of being permitted to have its securities dealt in by these brokers varies according to its capitalization. For every million dollars, par value, of securities admitted to the trading privilege, the Exchange exacts an annual fee of fifty dollars.

What the Privileges of the Exchange Cost

The Erie Railroad Company, for example, is capitalized at $290,000,000, of which $65,000,000 is preferred stock, $112,000,000 common stock, and $113,000,000 bonds of various issues and kinds. On the preferred stock at fifty dollars for each million the company pays an annual fee of $3250; on the common, $5600, and on the bonds, $5650, or a total of $14,500 annually. The United States Steel Corporation pays $50,900 for the listing of its stock. All told, the securities called on the floor of the Exchange aggregate in round numbers as follows:

Railroad stocks, $4,500,000,000; miscellaneous stocks, $3,500,000,000; railroad bonds, $5,000,000,000; miscellaneous bonds, $500,000,000; or a grand total of $13,500,000,000. At fifty dollars a million, this yields $675,000 each year for the support of the Exchange.

What amount the telegraph companies contribute for the privilege of reporting the market to outside towns is unknown save to the immediate parties to the contract. There is scarcely a city of importance between the two oceans, however, where some bucket-shop or brokerage house does not pay liberally for these reports, and it may be fairly assumed that the Exchange receives no inconsiderable percentage.

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The "ticker," which has become well-nigh ubiquitous in the larger centres of population, is an ingenious contrivance which receives and prints telegraphic messages in plain English, instead of the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet. From 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. thousands of these little animated machines throughout the East click off a record of the sales as fast as they are made. The company owning the ticker franchise rents them to brokers, restaurateurs and keepers of public resorts generally for from ten to twenty-five dollars a month each and divides the proceeds with the Exchange. These three sources of income—listed securities, telegraph and ticker franchises—are estimated to yield not less than $800,000 annually—a sum greater than the total revenue of any one of the States of New Hampshire, Delaware, Florida, Montana or Washington. And this is but a ninth part of the amount received by the members in commissions.

In mitigation of the apparent extravagance displayed by the Exchange in providing itself new quarters, it should be said that the money in the treasury was accumulating at such a tremendous rate and the current expenses were so insignificant—$5000 annually to the president, a similar amount to the secretary, a few hundred to certain members to attend occasional committee meetings, maintenance of building, stationery, and so on, comprised about all the demands on the institution—that it was a knotty problem how to spend the surplus. The majestic pile of Georgian marble which was finally decided on was a happy solution of a rare problem, and will ever stand a pride of the metropolis. Yet the deed to this magnificent structure, built with the revenues of the Exchange, is in the name of an outside corporation, the very existence of which is practically unknown even to the frequenters of Wall Street. This corporation received its charter at Albany in 1863, under the name of The New York Stock Exchange Building Company, and was created for the sole purpose of supplying a medium in which might vest the title to all real property owned by the Exchange. It is the Exchange's legal self, having a recognized standing before the law: an artificial person possessing all the rights of property and the courts; things which to the Stock Exchange, being unchartered, are denied.

Though not organized for profit, the Building Company is a stock company and in form resembles other corporations. It has an authorized capital of $350,000, divided into shares of the par value of $500. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of this stock has been issued and the remainder is held in the treasury. Its assets in January, 1902, were stated by the president to be $2,000,000, but with the accumulation of additional property and the construction of the new building, the real estate held in its name should be worth $5,000,000 and its stock $10,000 a share.

Possibly there is another reason for this dual, me and myself, existence. There are occasions when it is quite desirable to have a legal status, and then there are times when even a stock exchange might wish to melt into airy nothingness, and it may have occurred to some wise head sometime that the institution would be more secure from harassing legislation if it possessed at once a tangible and an intangible form. A body for powers, a spirit for responsibilities; a husband to conduct the business and a wife to hold the property, as it were. Whether any such motive was responsible for this twin arrangement can only be conjectured, but it can hardly be doubted that an immense amount of annoyance has been escaped by it. The country legislator harbors a profound antipathy for stock operations of all kinds, and a State-given charter would have offered a most vulnerable point of attack.

Why it Pays to "List" a Stock

A prominent Treasury official at Washington—Milton E. Alles, then Assistant Secretary of the Treasury—in discussing the income of the Exchange, recently asked two very pertinent questions: "Why do the railroad companies consent to pay such enormous fees for the listing of their stocks? Does it add anything to their earnings that their stocks should be traded in on the Exchange?"

The first is a psychological question. It depends on who runs the road. Under the recent reorganization of one of the Western railroads a clause was inserted in the charter empowering the corporation to deal in its own and other securities. In other words, aside from the powers incidental to the railroad business, the directors are permitted to use the funds of the corporation for speculation on the Exchange.

Nothing is deplored more by the better element in the financial world than the all too common practice of directors of corporations using their inside knowledge of company affairs for speculative purposes. For such men, a ready market such as the Stock Exchange affords is necessary to the execution of their schemes, and they are quite willing that the company shall pay the listing charges.

This aspect, though important, should not be exaggerated, however, for at times the listing of a stock does add indirectly to the earnings of a company. As every bond merchant and promoter will testify, one of the most frequent questions asked by prospective purchasers of securities is, "Will it be listed on any exchange?" They will invest much more readily if assured of a quick market, where they can realize on their investments without a sacrifice if necessity demands. And so, as a corollary of this, it may be said that a corporation desiring additional capital can float its securities at a better price if it be known in advance that they will be listed on the Exchange.

And not infrequently underwriters, burdened with stocks that they have guaranteed to float, place them in the hands of investors through their brokers on the floor; and were it not for such facilities for reaching the investing public, worthy enterprises might suffer for want of capital.

But these are minor, yes, almost negligible, features of this institution. The real, bona-fide investor exerts but little influence on the stock market in New York. When interest rates for call loans fluctuate from two and one-half per cent. to one hundred and eighty-six per cent., as they have in the past three years, borrowers are not looking for two per cent. dividends for their profits. And when men pay vast premiums for a controlling interest in a corporation, it is not because they love responsibility or that they delight in the exercise of their executive faculties. The New York Stock Exchange is not primarily a market where people come to buy, but a table around which a nation gathers to play. It is the gaming instinct of the race found expression; the spirit of Raleigh and John Law and Human Nature, unsuppressed despite our Puritanic legislation. And if a coterie of bankers, by means of their long purses, drive the little man from the board, be it known that such are the terms of the wager. It is a game without a limit. The public plays and loses; ultimately, always loses, or the game would stop.

GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

By David Graham Phillips

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Arthur Gordon-Beauvais, Earl of Frothingham, after a most dispiriting reverse in New York, has decided to try his fortunes in Boston. His friend and adviser, Honoria Longview, had urged him to accept Mrs. Staunton's invitation to spend ten days at her house in Beacon Street. Acting on this advice he has there met the wealthy, if not the beautiful, Miss Cecilia Allerton, and the dashing Mrs. "Ridgie," Mrs. Staunton's daughter-in-law, together with a numerous company of the younger and, as Mrs. Staunton *mère* is inclined to think it, the fast set.

IX—Continued

THE Allertons were traditionally Chinese in their beliefs in the sacredness of the duty of obedience from children to parents, and the duty of despotic control by parents over children.

They lived in one of the old houses in Mount Vernon Street—a traditional New England home for a substantial citizen. There was no ostentation about them—the carriage in which they drove forth was deliberately ancient in style and in appointments, looked modest even among the very modest or, if you choose, "badly turned out," equipages of the Boston "aristocracy." Mr. Allerton's public expenditures—on an art gallery, in partial support of an orchestra and a hospital, in subscriptions to colleges, lectures, charities—were greater by ten thousand a year than his private expenditures. Cecilia had few clothes and, though they were of the very best, and were in good taste and style, they modestly asserted that in the Allerton conception of dress for a lady conspicuousness for inconspicuousness was the prime requirement. Mrs. Ridgie, who often complained that she "hated to live in a town where the best people didn't wear their best clothes every day," called Cecilia a "dowd"; but that was unjust, because Cecilia was most careful in her dress and adapted it admirably to her peculiar charms.

If Honoria had not forewarned Frothingham he would have been deceived by the modesty and frugality of the Allerton establishment. After New York, it seemed to him most un-American for people of great wealth to live thus obscurely. But, properly pointed by Honoria, he soon discovered that Allerton was indeed enormously rich. And he saw that he was favorably inclined to a titled son-in-law. But Cecilia——

MRS. RIDGIE

"There's some mystery about her," he reflected. "She acts as if she were walking in her sleep. But if I could get her I'd do even better than if I'd taken a wife from among those nervous New Yorkers. She's meek and a stay-at-home. She'd not bother me a bit, and she and Evelyn would hit it off like twins. She's not exactly stupid, but she's something just as good. It doesn't matter whether one's wife is stupid or absent-minded—the effect's the same."

But he walked round and round the fence between her personality and the world in vain. He found no low place, no place where he could slip under, no knot-hole or crack even. They went down to Brookline together—he was more puzzled than ever by her attitude toward him that morning. She was less friendly, but also less forbidding. She seemed to him to be awaiting something—he suspected what. He tried to muster courage to put his destiny to the touch on the journey, but when the chances to lead up to it naturally offered, he refused—her expression was too strongly suggestive of a statue.

Instead, he said: "What do you think about—away off there—wherever it is?"

"Think?" She smiled peculiarly. "I don't think—I feel."

"Feel what?"

She looked mocking. "Ah—that's my secret. You would stay where I do if it made you as happy as it makes me."

"You're mysterious," he drawled. "I'm a blockhead at riddles and all that."

But she did not assist him. Mrs. Ridgie herself was waiting for them in a two-seated trap with a pair of exceedingly restless thoroughbreds. Half-way to the house they shied at an automobile and started to run. She got them under control after a struggle and glanced round at Frothingham for approval—he looked calm and seemed unconscious that anything disturbing had happened. "Ridgie told me not to take this pair out," she said. "But I make it a rule never to obey an order from him. In that way we get on beautifully. He loves to give orders—and I never object. I love to disobey orders—and he never objects."

The Ridgie Stauntons lived in what seemed to Frothingham little more than an exalted farmhouse, though it was regarded in that neighborhood as a sinful flaunting of luxury, the worst of Mrs. Ridgie's many sins of ostentation and extravagance. These were endured because she was married to a Staunton and because she was from New York, and therefore could not be expected to know what was vulgar and what well bred. But Frothingham was more comfortable than he had been since the day before he left Lake-in-the-Wood. Mrs. Ridgie would live in free-and-easy fashion—one could smoke all through the house; there were drinks and plenty of good cigars and cigarettes available at all times; and the talk was

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the unpretentious gossip and slang of fast sets everywhere—intelligent people intelligently frivolous.

Frothingham thought Ridgie Staunton "a harmless sort, a bit loud and noisy," but well meaning and good enough except when he had his occasional brief spasmodic fits of remembering his early training and feeling that his mode of life was all wrong. He was, in his wife's opinion, a perfect husband, except that he hung about so much.

"What do your English women do with their husbands, Lord Frothingham?" she said. "It's a horrible nuisance, having a man—a husband—round all day long with nothing to do. I try to drive Ridgie out to work. But he's a lazy dog. He goes a few steps and then comes slinking back. I'm opposed to a leisure class—of men."

"And you said only yesterday," complained Ridgie, "that Englishmen make better lovers than Americans because they have leisure and the sense of leisure, while Americans are forever looking at watches and clocks."

"Did I? But that was yesterday," retorted his wife. "Besides, I said lovers—not husbands. Give me an English lover, but a hard-working, stay-away-from-home American husband."

"Do you wonder that I watch a wife who talks like that?" said Ridgie cheerfully.

Frothingham and Cecilia rode the next morning. Getting away from the staid old house in Mount Vernon Street seemed to have revived and cheered her. There was color in her cheeks, life in her eyes, and she showed by laughing and talking a great deal that she was interested in the earth for a moment at least. Ridgie had given Frothingham a difficult horse, but as he rode well he succeeded in carrying on a reasonably consecutive conversation with Cecilia. She asked him many questions about country life in England and drew him on to tell her much of his own mode of living. And he ended with, "Altogether, I'd be quite cheerful and happy if I were properly established."

"THE WOMAN'S A FRAUD—A——" HE BEGAN

Cecilia became instantly silent and cold—and again he had the feeling that she was expecting something to happen.

"What the place needs," he went on boldly, "what I need, is—a woman—such a woman as you."

His horse reared, leaped in the air, tried to bolt. It was fully a minute before he got it under control. "Nasty brute," he said, re-settling his eyeglass and turning his face toward her again. He thrilled with hope. "Is there a chance for me?" he asked. "I have not spoken to your father—that isn't the American way, is it? And I sha'n't trouble you with a lot of—of the usual sort of talk—until I know whether it's welcome. You're not the sort of girl a man ventures far with unless he's jolly sure he knows where he's going."

"Thank you," she said simply. "I shall be frank with you. My father wishes me to marry you. If his will were not stronger than mine I shouldn't think of it. It is only fair to tell you why." She was looking at him tranquilly. "I loved a man—loved him well enough to have, where he was concerned, a stronger will than my father. But he died. I love him still. I shall always love him. When my father told me that he wished me to marry you, I asked my lover—and he—said that I ought to obey. He has been urging me to marry—except occasionally—ever since he died."

Frothingham stared at her in utter amazement. "Do you mind——" he began, but again his horse tried to throw him. When he got it under control he saw that she was much amused—apparently at him. She laid her hand on his horse's neck and said, "Please, Stanley, don't!" in a curiously tender tone. The horse instantly became quiet.

"You were saying?" she asked.

"Do you mind if I admit that—— Really, I'm not sure that I heard you aright a few minutes ago."

"You mean when I spoke of talking to Stanley after he was dead?"

"Stanley——" Frothingham regarded her quizzically. "Is this horse named after—him?"

"No—I don't know what the horse's name is. The reason it was so restless was that Stanley was teasing him to make him a little troublesome for you."

Frothingham paled and looked all round nervously.

"The second night after he died," she went on, a far-away look in her eyes, "he came to me in a dream. He assured me that he was happy and that I must be so, too, and that he would always be with me, nearer, in more perfect communion, than if he had remained alive. It was just when Doctor Yarrow was beginning his experiments to establish communication with the other world. Stanley and I had been most interested. And when he appeared to me after his death he explained that he had been able, through the intensity of his love for me, to pierce the barrier and bring his soul and my soul face to face."

Frothingham showed that he was profoundly moved. "When I was a little chap," he said in a low voice, "I ran straight into the ghost of an ancestor of mine—old Guy de Beauvais, who has paced a hall in the east wing of Beauvais House the night before the head of the house dies, for hundreds of years. They laughed me out of it, but, by gad, I knew I saw him—and my grandfather was thrown from his horse and killed the next day. I pretend not to believe in that sort of thing, but I do—all we English do."

"Nothing could be more certain," said Cecilia, radiant at this prompt acceptance of what she expected him to try to laugh her out of. "I have told no one—I shouldn't have told you if it hadn't seemed the only course I could honestly take."

"Can you see him now?" asked Frothingham in an awe-stricken voice.

"No—I *see* him only in dreams—and sometimes when I go to Mrs. Ramsay. But we talk together at any time. You noticed how he stopped teasing the horse?"

The horse was, indeed, perfectly quiet. Frothingham nodded. His habitual look of vacancy and satire had given place to earnestness and intense interest. "And does he wish you to marry?" he asked.

"Yes—he has said it, and he has written it—in one of the first letters he sent me through Mrs. Ramsay. I've only asked him verbally about you, and he consents and approves. I'll take you to Mrs. Ramsay and we'll get his written permission."

"But why does he consent?" asked Frothingham. "Is there no—no jealousy—there?"

"Jealousy? Impossible! Don't you see, he can look into my soul—he knows that I am his. And all the interest he has in this gross mortal life of mine is that it shall be honorable and that I shall do my duty as a daughter and as a woman."

Frothingham said no more. He was overwhelmed with a sense of the imminence of the unseen world—that world with which his nurses, bred in the legends and superstitions of England, and his similarly trained companions at school, at the university and ever since, had made him familiar. It was a shock, but nothing incredible to him, this revelation of a daily and hourly commerce with that other world of which, he was certain from his own childhood experience, every one had glimpses now and then. From time to time he looked at Cecilia, now returned to her wonted expression of abstraction. She seemed the very person to have such an experience. He was filled with awe of her; he was fascinated by her; he began to feel the first, faint, vague stirrings of a jealousy which he dared not express even to himself lest the spirit eyes of Cecilia's lover should peer into his soul, and see, and punish.

X

AT DINNER that night Willie Kennefick, who was staying in the house, began to tell his experiences in New York—he had just come from a little visit there. "The woman I took in to dinner," said he, "gave me a solar plexus while I was busy with the oysters. She said to me, 'I went to see such a wonderful man to-day. He told me the most astonishing things about my past and future, and he sold me a little wax image that I'm going to burn for my gout.' 'What!' said I. 'For my gout,' said she. 'I have to burn it slowly, and when it's consumed my gout will be gone. I got it *so* cheap! Only twenty-five dollars.'"

"And what did you say, Willie?" asked Mrs. Thayer.

"I said, 'Cheap? It was a shame to cheat the poor devil in that fashion.' And she said, 'Wasn't it a bargain? He wanted a hundred, but I brought him down.'"

"You must have been keeping queer company in New York," said Henrietta Gillett.

"Not at all. It was at Mrs. Baudeleigh's house, and the woman—well, her husband's one of the biggest lawyers in New York. But, then, that's no worse than the astrology some of us here have gone daft over."

"Oh—astrology—that's a different matter," objected Mrs. Thayer. "You evidently haven't looked into it. That is a science—not at all the same as palmistry and spiritualism and those frauds."

Cecilia smiled—the amused, pitying smile of wisdom in the presence of ludicrous ignorance—and looked at Frothingham. He returned her look—pleased to have a secret, and such an intimate secret, in common with her. "But don't you think you're a little rash, Mrs. Thayer?" he drawled. "You certainly believe in ghosts, now, don't you?"

Miss Gillett's handsome, high-bred face expressed astonishment. "Do *you*?" she asked, before Mrs. Thayer could answer him.

"We can't doubt it over on our side. We've too much evidence of it. And—I was listening to an old chap from Cambridge—your Cambridge—very clever old fellow, *I* thought—Yarrow, wasn't it? Yes, Yarrow."

"Yarrow!" Miss Gillett's eyes flashed scorn. "He's a disgrace to New England. We pride ourselves on having the culture of Emerson and the other great men of the past. What would they think of us if they could look in on us with our Yarrows and our Gonga Sahds and our Mrs. Ramsays? All the sensible people in the country must be laughing at us. Pardon me, Lord Frothingham—I'm very indignant at what I regard as superstitions and impostors. It's only my view."

"Not at all, not at all," said Frothingham with an uneasy glance at Cecilia's angry face. "I'm not one of those who wish all to believe alike. What the deuce should we do if we hadn't each other's opinions to laugh at?"

"You're such an ardent disciple," continued Miss Gillett, "you ought to go to Yarrow's Mrs. Ramsay. She'll put you in communication with spirits, as many as you like, or rather as many as you care to pay for. I think she gets ten a ghost—twenty for letters."

The discussion was raging hotly round the table, all but two of the men and all but four of the women deriding astrology, palmistry, Buddhism, spiritualism; and the respective devotees of these cults deriding each the others. "Cut it out," said Mrs. Ridgie finally. "We'll have 'rough house' here the first thing you know."

Every one laughed. They liked slang, and Mrs. Ridgie's was the boldest and quaintest. When the men and women were separated, "metaphysics" was again attempted by both. But the men who did not believe summarily laughed it down in the smoking-room. "Those fads are all well enough for the women," said Kennefick. "They've got to do something to pass the time, and they won't do anything serious, or, if they do, they make a joke of it. But our men, Lord Frothingham"—he was addressing himself to the Earl, whose

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spiritualistic views he had not heard and did not suspect — "are too busy for such nonsense."

"That's a libel on the women," said Thayer — his fad was a militant socialism that had a kindly eye for a red flag. "It's only women of the so-called fashionable class that go in for such silliness. The great mass of American women have something better to do."

"That's a libel on the women of the better class," retorted Kennefick. "Precious few of them are so silly."

"If it isn't that it's something else equally idle," said Thayer. Except Frothingham he was the best-dressed man in the room. "I've no time for idlers."

"Why don't you give your money away and shoulder a pick?" asked Kennefick teasingly.

"I'm not fit even to wield a pick" — Thayer was one of the ablest lawyers in Massachusetts — "and I'd give my money away if I could without doing more harm than good. There are two kinds of parasites — the plutocrats and the paupers. I'm 'agin' 'em both. And, as for spiritualism, I don't think we know enough about the relations of mind and matter to dogmatize as you fellows have been doing."

Kennefick winked at Frothingham as if saying: "Another proof that Thayer's a crank."

When Frothingham was beside Cecilia in the drawing-room she said: "Would you like to go to Mrs. Ramsay?"

"Yes — will you take me?" he replied.

"I'll write to-night making an appointment for Wednesday."

He was liking her immensely now, and, while he believed — not nearly so vividly as at first — in her connections with the other world, he felt growing confidence that they would rapidly fade before reawakening interest in this world. Meanwhile, he reasoned, his cue was to ingratiate himself by sympathizing with her and encouraging her to closer and closer confidence. "It's only a step from best friend to lover," he said to himself. And he made admirable use of the two days between her tentative acceptance of him and their visit to Mrs. Ramsay. He was justly proud of his manner toward her — a little of the brother, a great deal of the best friend, the tenderness and sympathy of the lover, yet nothing that could alarm her.

Mrs. Ramsay lived in a little old brick cottage in a quiet street near Franklin Park. In the two days Frothingham had become somewhat better acquainted with Henrietta Gillett and had a strong admiration for her intelligence. As he and Cecilia entered the dark little parlor he remembered what Henrietta had said about Mrs. Ramsay and was on guard. The first impression he received was of a perfume, unmistakably of the heaviest, most suspicious Oriental kind. "Gad!" he said to himself, "that scent doesn't suggest spirits. It smells tremendously of the world, the flesh and the devil, especially the devil."

As his eyes became accustomed to the faint light he discovered the radiating centre of this odor — a small blackish woman of forty or thereabouts, with keen, shifty black eyes and a long face as hard and fleshless from the cheekbones down as from the cheekbones up. The mouth was wide and cold and cruel. She was dressed in a loose black woolen wrapper, tight at the wrists, and her scanty black hair was in a careless, oily coil low on the back of her head. Her eyelids lifted languidly and she gave Cecilia her hand — a pretty hand, slender and sensitive.

"Good-morning, my dear," she said. "This is the Earl of Frothingham, is it not?"

At this both Cecilia and Frothingham started — Cecilia because it was another and impressive evidence of Mrs. Ramsay's power; Frothingham because he knew that voice so well. His knees weakened and he looked at Mrs. Ramsay.

But she was not looking at him. She was saying to Cecilia: "Doctor Yarrow was here two hours — I am *so* exhausted!"

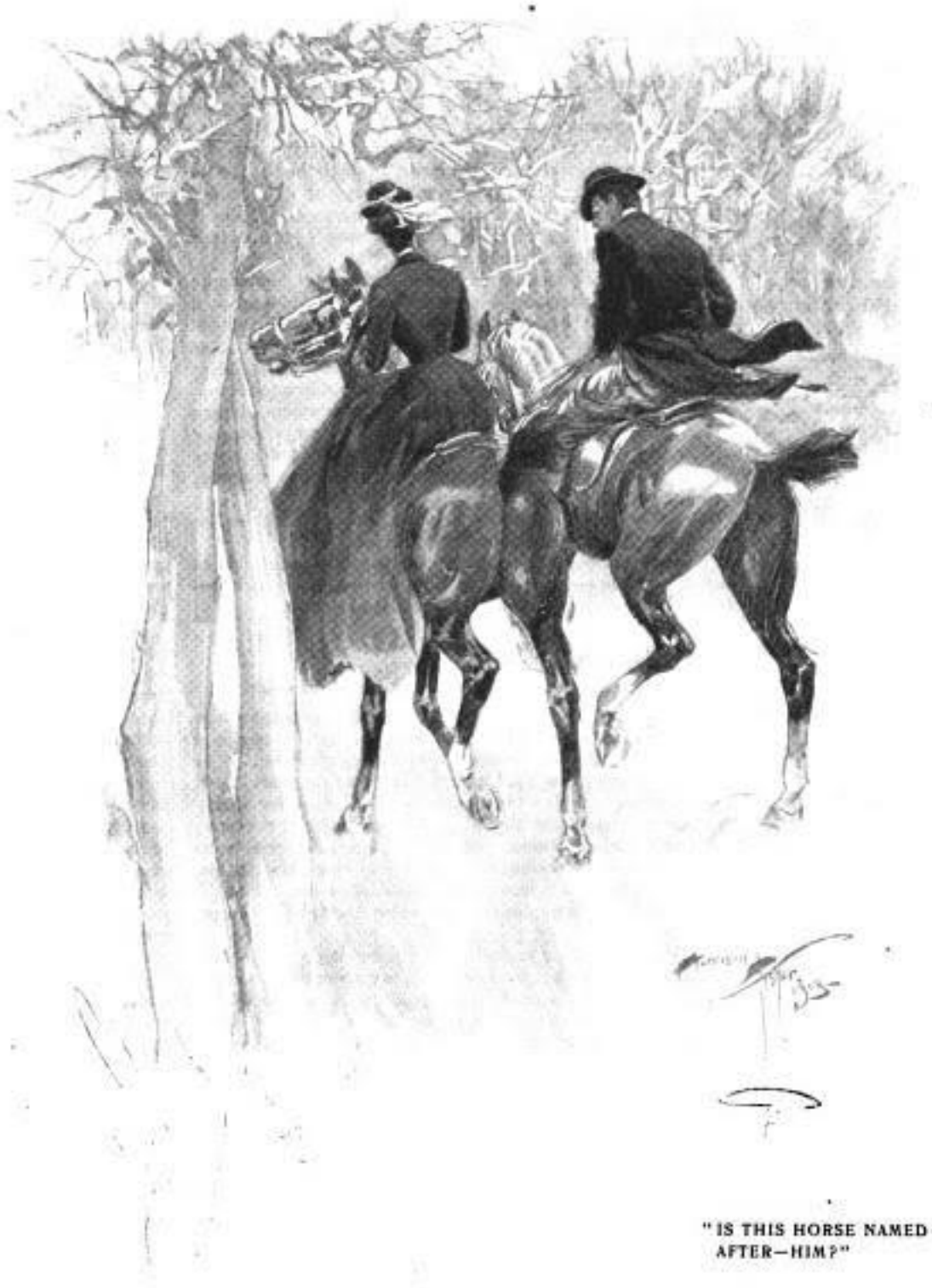
"Perhaps we would better come to-morrow?" said Cecilia, appeal, apology and disappointment in her voice.

"No — no," replied Mrs. Ramsay wearily. "Doctor Yarrow tells me he has never known me to be so thoroughly under control as to-day. And" — she smiled faintly at Cecilia — "you know I would do anything for *you*."

"You *have* done — everything for me," said Cecilia, and her tone of humble, even deferential, gratitude filled Frothingham with pity and disgust. He was staring stolidly at Mrs. Ramsay, but if the room had been lighter his changed color and white lips might have been noted. Cecilia seated herself, and Frothingham gladly sat also where he could see Mrs. Ramsay's face without her seeing him unless she turned her head uncomfortably.

She rang a small, silver bell on the table at her elbow. A girl answered. "The light, please," said Mrs. Ramsay.

The girl went away and returned in a moment with a lamp whose strong flame was completely and curiously shielded by a metal sphere except at one point underneath. When it was set upon the table it threw a powerful light in a flood upon a part of the surface of the table about six inches square. The girl went to the windows and drew the heavy curtains across them. It was now impossible to see anything in the room except that small disk of intense light. In it presently appeared the slender, sensitive right hand of Mrs. Ramsay — it seemed to end at the wrist in nothingness. It laid upon the brightness a pad of white scribbling paper and a thick pencil with the heavy lead slightly rounded at the end; then it vanished. There was a long silence — Frothingham was sure he could hear Cecilia's faint breathing. His own breath hardly came at all and his heart was beating crazily. He stared at those inanimate objects in the circle of dazzling light until his brain whirled.



"IS THIS HORSE NAMED AFTER—HIM?"

A long sigh, apparently from Mrs. Ramsay, as if she were sinking into a deathlike sleep; a quick catching of the breath from the direction of Cecilia. He heard her move her chair to the light and then in it appeared her hand — long and narrow, looking waxen white, its nails, beautifully rounded, the most delicate blush of pink. It took the pencil and moved across the paper. Frothingham bent forward — she had written large, and he could easily read:

> Dearest!

Her hand disappeared and again there was only the pad, the pencil and the heart-call into the infinite — "Dearest!"

A long pause, then the weird, severed hand — Frothingham could not associate it with Mrs. Ramsay — crawled haltingly into the light, hovered over the pencil, took it, began to make its blunt point scrawl along the paper — a loose, shaky handwriting. With the hair on the back of his neck trembling to rise, Frothingham read:

> My wife — I am glad you have come, though you bring another with you to profane our holy secret.

In the darkness a sharp exclamation from Cecilia, then a sound like a sob. The hand ceased to write, dropped the pencil, vanished instantly. In the light appeared Cecilia's hand, trembling, its veins standing up, blue and pulsing — Frothingham was amazed that a hand by itself could express so much; it was as perfect a mirror of her feelings as her face would have been. She wrote eagerly:

> But, dearest, you told me only this morning that he might, should, see all.

Her hand lifted the sheet, now filled with writing, laid it beside the pad, then disappeared. Again there was a long silence, and again the mysterious hand crawled out of the darkness, loosely held the pencil and wrote slowly, staggeringly, faintly:

> No, I have not spoken to you, seen you, since he came into your life — It has been hard for me to push my way through to-day — There is a barrier between us — You have been deceived — Can it be that you — but no, I trust my wife ——

The hand paused. "Oh! Oh!" sobbed Cecilia. The hand was moving again:

> My friends here tell me that you are going away across the sea with an English fortune-hunter — with him. You have been cruel enough to bring him here to our bridal chamber — Oh, Cecilia ——

The end of the sheet had been reached, but the hand wrote on for a few seconds, making vague markings in space, then vanished, dropping the pencil with a noise that in the strained silence sounded like a crash, and made both Cecilia and Frothingham leap in their chairs. After a moment Cecilia's trembling, eager, pathetic hands lifted off the filled sheet and withdrew. But the hand did not return. After a long wait her right hand — it seemed bloodless now — appeared once more upon the paper and wrote:

> I have been deceived. I love only you. I thought I was obeying you. Speak to me, dearest. You see into my heart. Speak to me. Do not leave me alone.

Her hand laid the sheet upon the other filled sheets and withdrew from that neutral ground of dazzling light between the two great mystery lands. Immediately the other hand darted into the light, caught the pencil and scrawled in great tottering letters:

> Yes, yes — but I cannot until he has gone far from you — Then come again — Good b ——

The hand vanished and there was a moan from the darkness that enveloped the medium — a moan that ended in a

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶Dreams are thoughts with the facts left out.

¶Poets whose feet are lame should have limp bindings.

¶The man who can bottle up his wrath at all times is a corker.

¶Optimists get more fun in hoping than pessimists do in having.

¶A remark which is pertinent to the subject may be impertinent to the object.

¶Trouble will meet you half-way and will gladly accompany you the rest of the distance.

¶There may be no very close relationship between fate and furniture, yet it is doubtful if any of the world's great problems have been solved by men sitting in easy rocking-chairs.

The Man Who Resigned

A MERCHANT pointed out to a new stenographer the other day several serious and wholly inexcusable mistakes which he had made. The stenographer colored at the first word of the lecture and waited impatiently—and without listening—until it was ended. Then he resigned.

"Why do you resign?" asked the merchant.

"Because I won't let any man take advantage of his power as an employer and speak harshly to me."

"What did I say?" asked the merchant.

"I don't know just what it was. I only know you were jumping on me about my work."

"Why did you leave the position you had before you came to *us?*" asked the merchant.

"For the same reason that I'm leaving here. The man thought he could jump on me just because I was an employee."

"But didn't you make any mistakes? Was your work perfect?"

"Of course I made mistakes. Nobody is perfect."

"Then you don't permit any one to speak to you of your mistakes?"

"I don't think harshness is the way to help a man to get along."

"And you regard any form of reproof as harshness?"

The stenographer was silent.

"The only talk about your work that you will listen to is praise?"

The stenographer was silent.

"You can't see that praise is not of the slightest value to you, that criticism is invaluable?"

The stenographer was silent.

"You can't see that by speaking to you of your mistakes I was showing myself to be your friend; that if I had passed over your mistakes I should have been doing you an injury?"

The stenographer was silent.

"Don't you think you'd better give me another trial?" asked the merchant.

"Yes," said the stenographer. But he resigned again within a week and was let go.

At first blush every employee who reads this story will scoff at this stenographer as a fool, as a horrible and unusual example of inordinate vanity. But—isn't the story worth thinking about? Is this stenographer so unusual, after all? Is such vanity rare, or is it only his courage of it that is rare?

It may have been by ambition that the angels fell. It is by self-excuse that men fall.

A very great man once said that no man had ever yet lifted his head so much as an inch above the mass of his fellows who had not the power of self-criticism—the ability to see his own faults either on his own initiative or when some friend or foe pointed them out. The smaller kinds of superior men close their ears against their enemies, but learn when their friends are venturesome enough to criticise them. The larger kinds of superior men learn much from the frankness of friends, more from the fierce and scorching criticism of their unintentionally friendly foes. And on the day that a man ceases to be capable of self-criticism, ceases to be tolerant and eager for criticism from without, on that day his undoing begins.

Again and again you hear it said of a man, "He has reached his limit." What does that mean? In every case close study of the man and his career will show that he has reached that stage at which self-exaltation has succeeded in silencing self-criticism.

Study the man who works beside you. Study the man who was promoted the first of the year. Study the man who wasn't—especially if he happens to be yourself. This is not a world of chance, but of causation. There was a "why" for the one man's promotion, another "why" for the other man's dismissal or failure to advance.

Scratch an anarchist, or a social malcontent of almost any kind, and you will find a personification of self-esteem, a furious hater of criticism. Men used to blame the gods for their shortcomings; then it was the devil and his imps; now it is the social system. And we find competition, which is life's criticism upon one's self and one's acts, erected into a satanic spirit; and all the failures and all who love to indulge the supercilious and contemptuous emotion of patronizing pity are crying out for "mutual aid." As if there could be any higher, any more effective "mutual aid" than the searching, convincing, correcting criticism of competition.

What the world most needs is not alms or crutches, but more friendly criticism, more self-criticism.

The place to begin to correct the evils in the social system is with the one member of it who is wholly under your control. Other corrections can wait. That one can't.

A Billion-Dollar Labor Trust

THE new year opened with indications of a general desire on the part of capitalists in control of the industries of the country to take their employees into partnership. The offers of several great corporations, headed by the Steel Trust, to allot stock to their workmen, to be paid for on the installment plan, were most liberal, as far as concerned the terms on which the investments actually provided for were to be made. The only possible criticism was that these investments were limited to such a small amount of stock that the interest of the workmen in the companies could never become really substantial.

But that is a matter entirely under the control of the men themselves. They are not compelled to restrict themselves to the limits fixed in the profit-sharing plans. There is an institution through which they can invest as heavily in the shares of the corporations that employ them as their savings permit. It is called the stock market. There are many philanthropists, known as brokers, any one of whom, on receipt of a hundred dollars, will buy ten shares of any stock the purchaser may designate and give him time to pay the balance.

If the employees of the Steel Trust really want to acquire a substantial interest in the business that employs them, the way is open. They can get not only such an interest, but absolute control. The preferred stock of that corporation has sold below 80 and the common stock below 30. It would be a liberal estimate, then, to put the prices the workmen might have to pay at 90 and 40 respectively. At these rates, the $510,314,100 of preferred stock would be worth $459,132,690, and a majority of it $229,566,435. The $508,495,200 of common stock would be worth $203,398,080, and a majority of it $101,699,080. Thus a controlling interest in the United States Steel Corporation could be bought for $331,265,515.

The workmen in the steel trade are well paid. Probably they would not find it a great hardship to lay aside, on an average, four dollars a week apiece, or $200 a year. That amount, invested by each of 168,000 men, would aggregate $33,600,000 a year, and would give the workers complete control of the Steel Corporation in ten years. Then they could elect their own directors, and, if they chose, substitute the president of their union for Mr. Schwab.

The Eclipse of Silver

THE disappearance of the silver question from politics no longer appears mysterious in the light of the statistics of production of the precious metals furnished by the Director of the Mints. It appears that in the calendar year 1902 the mines of Nevada turned out $2,120,000 in silver and $3,514,212 in gold. The original Silver State is now a Golden State. A few years ago it appeared a safe prediction that, if the fortunes of the white metal ever became desperate, Senators Jones and Stewart would be seen looming above the wreck like Ney on the retreat from Moscow.

"Marshal, where is the rear-guard?"

"I am the rear-guard."

Jones and Stewart show no inclination to be the rear-guard on this occasion. With their State producing more gold than silver they are very sensibly occupying comfortable quarters near the head of the procession. Colorado used to be Nevada's twin star in the silver firmament. Six years ago "goldbugs" were as scarce there as bears in Mississippi. You might have tramped with your gun from the Kansas line to the Utah Desert without getting a shot at one. Now Colorado digs out $27,502,429 in gold to $9,085,714 in silver. She is by far the greatest gold-producing State in the Union. And by a coincidence the gold party won at the late election.

California's output of the precious metals is almost entirely gold—$17,124,941 to $480,793 in silver. Arizona and New Mexico produce more than twice as much gold as silver. The production of South Dakota is almost exclusively gold. Wyoming, which some ill-informed people have classed with the silver-mining States, turned out only $2756 worth of silver last year. The only States that produced any substantial excess of silver over gold were Idaho, Montana and Utah, and even in these the gold furnished a very respectable proportion of the total output.

For the United States as a whole the product was $80,853,070 in gold and $31,040,025 in silver. The value of our silver harvest was less than one-thirtieth that of the corn crop and a little over a twentieth of that of our hay. Both the precious metals together are insignificant compared with any of the principal farm crops. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that any financial policy we may adopt will be chosen on its merits and not under pressure from any class of miners.

A Representative American

IN THE death of Abram S. Hewitt the country has lost a statesman who in more than one national crisis has rendered her services of inestimable value; New York a citizen who to the very last was not afraid to raise his voice in behalf of truth and justice—ofttimes in defiance of popular clamor and at the risk of personal abuse; and the great cause of public benevolence one of its most conscientious, intelligent and powerful administrators.

So wide, indeed, was the field of his effort that it is not easy to say in what particular capacity he rendered the greatest service to his fellow-men, but it is not unlikely that his prompt and substantial aid in the important work of purchasing arms abroad and making them in this country at the outbreak of the Civil War will always be regarded as his chief claim to the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. And in this connection it is worthy of note that at the time of his selection by President Lincoln for those difficult and delicate negotiations with the English gunmakers, Mr. Hewitt, because of his affiliation with the Democratic party, was openly accused in the North of "copperheadism"; just as in recent months he was held up to popular execration as the enemy of the working-classes, despite the fact that he had devoted a great part of his life and an immense amount of his private fortune to the amelioration of their condition.

Apart from the lofty example which he set to a generation which has suffered much from the specious reasoning of false prophets, Mr. Hewitt rendered his most conspicuous services to the city in which he lived in his capacity of administrator of the great work of philanthropy and education founded nearly half a century ago by Peter Cooper. New York may well be grateful to Mr. Cooper, whose broadminded benevolence is immortalized in the poor man's university which bears his name, but to Mr. Hewitt is due the extraordinary growth of that institution in endowment, in scope of usefulness, and in the influence that have marked its progress during the past quarter of a century. At the time of Mr. Cooper's death the income of Cooper Union was so small that it was found necessary to rent out the greater part of the building as stores and business offices. Since that time the number of the tenants has been diminished one by one and the number of classes increased, until a short time before Mr. Hewitt's death he notified the very last of these tenants—who had also been the first to establish himself in the building—that his lease could not be renewed.

In summing up the life work, character and influence of this most distinguished New Yorker, it may be said of him—and of very few other citizens of his wealth and social standing—that he never held himself aloof from his fellows, but was of the bone and sinew of the city, thoroughly in sympathy with all schemes of education and beneficence, in personal touch with citizens of every class, and keenly appreciative of whatever good things the town had to offer.

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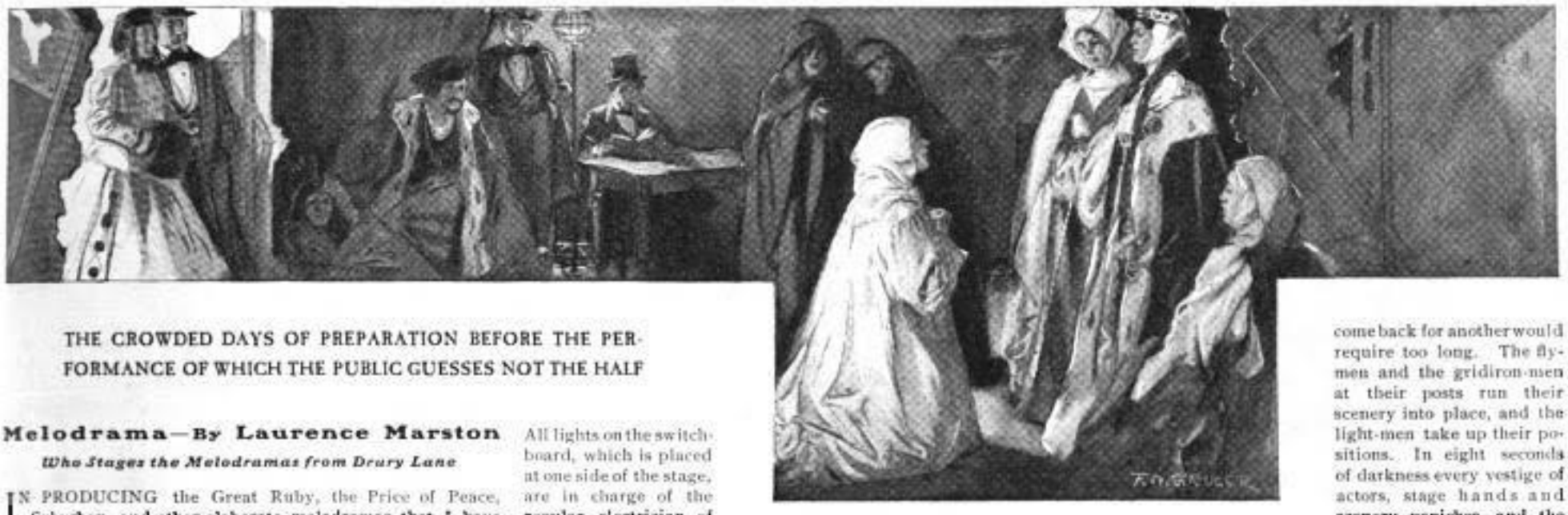
PUTTING ON THE PLAY



THE CROWDED DAYS OF PREPARATION BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE OF WHICH THE PUBLIC GUESSES NOT THE HALF

Melodrama—By Laurence Marston

Who Stages the Melodramas from Drury Lane

IN PRODUCING the Great Ruby, the Price of Peace, Suburban, and other elaborate melodramas that I have staged, three hundred people, a vast deal of stage settings, properties, and every conceivable variety of stage lighting have to be prepared and rehearsed until all chance of hitch or mishap is impossible. In handling this mass of actors, auxiliaries, electricians, stage hands, scenery and properties from five to eight seconds is allowed for a change of scene which must be made in the dark. Every actor and auxiliary must consequently know his place, every scene-shifter his special piece of scenery, every electrician his particular light, and each individual must move in a way to avoid the slightest confusion to any one else engaged. All this requires a drill, military in precision, and every detail must be prepared with absolute accuracy.

MR. LAURENCE MARSTON

When a manager thinks favorably of a play he sends for his stage manager, of whom he requires a written opinion. Personally, I have found that the first reading is the best upon which to base a decision, for I then see the play as the audience will view it. In later study and planning of effects enthusiasm enters in too strongly to allow the same clear, dispassionate view. After this first reading comes the analyzing, the seeking for defects, and the proper hinging of the story. The final judgment rests, of course, with the manager.

Once a play is accepted the first thing is to make out a ground plan of the scenery from the manuscript as the scenario of the story suggests. The scene painters are sent for, and after a talk they set about their models. No one painter is given the contract for all; in Suburban, for instance, five different studios were engaged on the settings. They carry out the ideas in accordance with the time and place of action, when the stage manager is again required to make a study of the models to see whether they will act—that is, that every door, window and bank is in its proper place required by the action of the piece, and no obstruction presented.

While the scenery is being painted the property-men make designs for the interior furnishings—a library, drawing-room, what the requirement may be. Some of these articles are bought outright; others are let out to be manufactured. But in this branch distinctions are closely drawn. For instance, a set bank is a property, and a tree that is let down from the fly gallery, and the foliage of which is carried out in the general setting, is scenery. No scene-shifter is allowed to touch a property, no property-man is allowed to touch the scenery; each is in his own department by a law established by the Unions. In the same manner the stage electricians keep solely to their own branch.

Lighting the stage has become in a measure an art. When a scene is nearing completion I say to the artist: "You know how you are painting this and your color scheme; tell me your idea of lighting it?"

He gives his opinion on the subject, I advance mine, and after a long conference the matter is finally settled. In Suburban, for instance, twenty-three electricians are required. All lights on the switchboard, which is placed at one side of the stage, are in charge of the regular electrician of the theatre. Another man has the direction of the extra electricians. The latter use electric calciums divided into two kinds of lights, known technically as open box and lense or spot-lights. The first of these can be focused and directed to a special point; the second, as its name implies, is to counteract the effect of other lights, to obviate shadows, and so forth, as may be required. These lights are placed against the wall, on the fly-bridges above the stage, in the gallery—in fact, at any point where they may prove of artistic use. To accomplish this every scene is gone through and a light plot is made and rehearsed, each assistant receiving his part from the head electrician, and each being held responsible for his particular light. Meanwhile, the actors have been engaged, and the stage manager has gone through the manuscript of the piece with its author. Of course, every author has an idea that all his words are gems, and are so pertinent to the development of the story that to eliminate one will cause the whole structure to fall. I don't think so. In this reading I point out such things as seem to retard the action, for I have discovered that almost any climax can be killed by too many words. The wise plan is to get to a climax with as few words as possible.

This done, the company is called for rehearsal. I never read the play through on such first occasions, for experience has taught me that it is a day lost, as the actors listen only to their own parts.

At the very first meeting I make it a practice to define a character as to dress, make up, and the author's ideas on the subject. Aside from this I make it a rule to give to the interpreting artists leeway in characterization in order to get the advantage of the individuality of both—for individuality is one of the chief essentials in an actor.

Day by day as we rehearse we keep on developing the characters to the best possible advantage in action, called in stage parlance "business."

When I get the principals into pretty good shape, the auxiliaries, who have been drilled separately, are brought together with them in rehearsal.

In Suburban seventy-six women, two hundred men and thirty boys are required, and in addition a great many other people are needed to handle the number of scenes which demand a quick change made in the dark. These additional people comprise forty stage hands, twenty property-men and twenty-three electricians. Each of these three hundred and eighty-nine people, and sixteen jockeys with their horses besides, must be got to a certain place in a certain way in the dark, and there is only one right way to do it.

In one scene in Suburban there are thirty set pieces, twelve hanging pieces, twenty-four tables, forty-eight chairs, seventy-six women and two hundred men. In the gridiron above the stage all the hanging stuff hangs, and there are two fly-galleries. The stage hands move the set stuff, the property people the properties, and the electricians the lights. In making the change from this scene to the succeeding one eight seconds are required. The seventy-six women and two hundred men separate, the women to one side, the men to the other, as they dress on opposite sides of the theatre, and move down stage. This leaves the rear of the stage free to the property-men, carpenters and stage hands; and of these each one grabs his piece and runs—to take one piece and come back for another would require too long. The fly-men and the gridiron-men at their posts run their scenery into place, and the light-men take up their positions. In eight seconds of darkness every vestige of actors, stage hands and scenery vanishes, and the next set is dropped into position, with those engaged in the scene properly grouped.

One scene in Suburban represents the race-track at Sheepshead Bay, an exact reproduction of the original. On the back-drop thirty-five thousand people are painted. The front of the stage is left free for the sixteen running horses. Between this and the back-drop which represents the grand-stand are grouped three hundred and six actors and auxiliaries, and back of them eight rows of set pieces, figures of people cut out of wood and painted. The first row of these is six feet tall, the second five, and so on, graduated down. Each of the people in the real scene flutters a handkerchief or holds a parasol. To carry out the idea of animation and life, handkerchiefs from the regulation size to bits of muslin half an inch square are pinned to the hands of the wooden figures and those in the great painted scene back of them. Electric fans are set in motion, and the squares of muslin flutter and wave under the lights. Past this cheering, animated mass the horses are rushed on a run. Not a principal has a line in the scene, which is enacted entirely by the auxiliaries. Cheering, waving, calling out the progress of the horses in the race, which they are supposed to see on the off side of the track, out of sight of the audience, the thrilling effect is splendidly kept up. Meanwhile, the animals are led behind the scenes to the opposite side of the stage. Then with a dash the horses rush in front of the footlights before cheering, handkerchief-waving masses, completing a tremendous effect.

The Author's Part—By Clyde Fitch

Who Stages All His Own Plays

IN WRITING a play the entire action presents itself to me as I work, and I seldom find it necessary to make changes in it later. The action of each character grows in my mind with the development of the dialogue. Sometimes a player will say to me, "I would like to cross the stage at this certain point." But that very contingency has been provided for a moment later, and I will reason out the situation with him. Of course, a change is made if it appears wiser, but this seldom happens, and for the reason, I think, that each character has so graphically played out his or her part to me as their words sprang into my mind.

MR. CLYDE FITCH

I always give a reading of the entire play to the company. In this reading I endeavor to give a strong suggestion of what I expect each character to be. The working out of that suggestion rests, of course, in large degree, with the individual imagination of the player. No man in staging a play can do more than strongly suggest, explain and illustrate; then the individuality, the intuition and imagination of the player must take up and complete the task. Above all, in the acting of a modern play, naturalness is absolutely essential; it is the first quality necessary to the actor, and must govern the very best of his gifts—imagination.

In the matter of stage-setting, I oversee everything. In this way only can I approximate the effects which I desire.

The rehearsals usually last four weeks or thereabouts, and, as a rule, the first public performance does not suggest change.

From the day a piece is put into rehearsal every moment is fully occupied with thoughts of it—planning of scenic

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effects, and study with each individual player engaged in it. Some days a single act is taken over, and again, on others, the play is gone through from end to end. Aside from these general rehearsals are the private ones, sometimes lasting for hours, given to the actors individually, that every point and detail may be developed to the fullest.

To see a play lived out as I see it in its writing and preparation for performance leaves no moment for anything else but the piece in hand, and once produced there is no time left for any pleasure but the writing of another.

Staging Grand Opera

By William Parry

For Twenty-five Years Stage Manager at Covent Garden, London, and at the Academy of Music and Metropolitan Opera House, New York

THE staging of grand opera productions twenty-five years ago and the elaborate scale on which works are presented to-day make a strange comparison. There is decided humor in the contrast, too. When Bizet's Pêcheur de Perles was brought out at Covent Garden under Colonel Mapleson's management I was allowed just one hundred and twenty pounds ($600) for scenery, properties and costumes. The scene painter touched up a collection of old stuff, and I bought a lot of Turkish toweling for costumes. The next morning after the first presentation the London Telegraph pronounced it "a most gorgeous production," and wondered at Mapleson's lavish generosity.

When Mr. Grau produced Salammbo at the Metropolitan Opera House two seasons back thirty thousand dollars was expended on scenery and accessories, and the opera had only a few performances.

In the prime of Madame Adelina Patti's triumphs Colonel Mapleson presented La Gazza Ladra at the Academy of Music in New York. He was in a saving mood in those days, and we used the old stock scenery for the production. A piece of wire was needed on which the magpie was to float down and steal a spoon off a table, an episode on which the whole plot hinged.

"Use string," said the Colonel.

We did. On the night of the first performance the string broke, and the improvised bird fell with a thump on the boards. But the mishap made small odds, for Madame Patti had so many encores in this particular scene that the man who had been concealed under the table cover to fasten the spoon to the thieving bird fell asleep.

On the other hand, in this matter of contrast, when Mr. Grau produced Saint-Saen's Samson and Delilah at the Metropolitan the breaking columns in the temple alone cost three thousand dollars. They were made of cane and papier-maché, with wires inside, so that when they broke apart they would not fall into the orchestra.

In staging a grand opera, the first thing done is to have made cardboard models of each scene complete on the scale of half an inch to the foot. From these models the scene painters and carpenters go to work. The list of properties, of which careful sketches have previously been prepared, goes to the property-man. Water-color drawings of the costumes are turned over to the head costumer, the materials having previously been selected.

The principal women singers have their costumes prepared long in advance, generally by celebrated Parisian dressmakers. The planning of these gowns and the fitting of them require weeks, while the average cost is a thousand dollars apiece.

Every spare moment of the stage manager is given to overseeing the progress of the multiplicity of details under his direction. Meanwhile, the regular routine of almost nightly performance is in progress.

In America the question of rehearsals of a new opera is a grievous one, so little time being allowed in this all-important branch of preparation. At Baireuth, where the Wagnerian music drama is mounted in its greatest perfection, a whole year is given to preparation, for as soon as one Festival series is done they begin to arrange for the next. At any of the Broadway playhouses in giving a musical comedy, with the conventional village girl and swain as central figures, six weeks are allowed for rehearsal, while abroad in the mere item of scene shifting and stage lighting at least six rehearsals are held. In staging a grand opera in America we think ourselves exceedingly fortunate if we get one rehearsal in this latter branch, while the actual time allowed for preparing the singers on the stage for their arduous undertaking is but two weeks.

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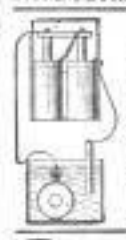

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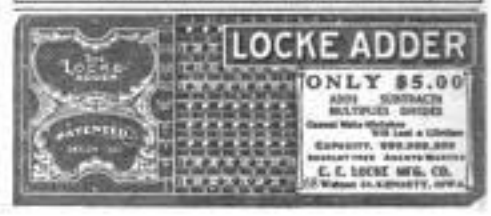

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A NEW ERA IN ENGINEERING EDUCATION

By Forrest Crissey

A NEW era has just been begun in the great modern movement of giving instruction by mail: the co-operation of the resident technical school with the correspondence school "to make the work of correspondence co-ordinate with the work of the shops and laboratories." This departure is so significant that it will always stand out conspicuously in the history of teaching by correspondence.

The correspondence school is so distinctively new as a factor in popular education that this latest and most important phase of its development comes as a surprise to the public. The

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE

place of the correspondence school in popular education is now generally recognized. After years of experience, the true founder of correspondence teaching in America, President Harper, of the University of Chicago, goes so far as to say: "The work done by correspondence is even better than that done in the class room. Students who come to us after a year of such work are better prepared than those who have taken it with us in the class room. The correspondence student does all the work himself; he does it in writing, and does 20 times as much reciting as he would in a class of 20 people. He works out the difficulties by himself, and the results stay by him."

This co-operation, therefore, of the resident technical school with the correspondence school is a matter of general moment to the entire educational interests of the country, and especially is it of vital interest to every person ambitious to win a resident technical school degree but who is without the means of spending the *entire* four years in class room work. Then, too, it offers parents who have not the means to send their children to college an opportunity to give them the benefit of higher education at a moderate cost under men of acknowledged educational standing. It brings, through the instructor, the benefits of a magnificently equipped resident engineering school, with all its costly laboratories, shops and libraries and its modern methods of teaching, to the humble home on the farm, in the mountain or in the village. How many parents, worn out with the life struggle, are obliged to send their children out into the world handicapped by inadequate early training. To such homes, and to the thousands of earnest, ambitious people in every walk of life who are eager to make their leisure contribute to their intellectual growth, correspondence instruction, under resident school supervision, will prove an inestimable blessing.

Admittedly, there have always been three weak spots in the correspondence system of instruction: a lack of genuine "educational spirit" on the part of the teaching corps: a sense of solitary struggle on the part of the student; the impossibility of directly applying the work done by correspondence toward a course in a resident technical school.

CORNER INSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT, AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE

In its recent arrangement with the management of Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, the American School of Correspondence, formerly of Boston, has overcome the three traditional defects of the correspondence methods. It has given the correspondence school a FACULTY instead of an office force, and has supplanted the commercial spirit with the *academic* spirit; it has given the solitary student in the veldt of the Transvaal and the busy clerk in Wall Street the feeling of brotherhood and association that in the resident school voices itself in a class yell; it has placed within the grasp of aroused ambition the possibility of a personal resident course in a great technical school, and that without the sacrifice of a single hour of study under the "solitary candle."

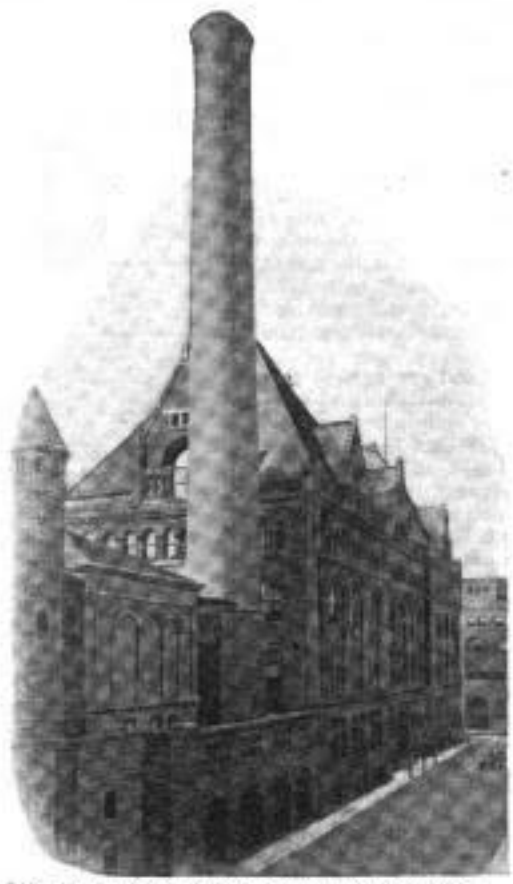
This work of fusing into the far-reaching mechanism of the correspondence system the true educational spirit has not been done in a tentative or half-hearted manner in this initial instance. Members of the Faculty of Armour Institute of Technology constitute the directing Faculty of the American School of Correspondence. The correspondence student thus works under the supervision of the very men who preside over the laboratories and teach the regular classes at Armour Institute. This means correspondence instruction in its best sense.

President Gunsaulus, of the Institute, defines the purpose of the arrangement in these significant words:

"The aim is to make the work of correspondence co-ordinate with the work of the shops and laboratories. The work done by the students by correspondence in accordance with this standard will therefore be duly accepted and credited at Armour Institute of Technology when students desire to complete their course by actual residence here. We co-operate to conduct this educational enterprise by correspondence in the hope that wage-earners and aspiring students of all ages may have the results of the latest and completest laboratory work and experimentation in the Armour Institute of Technology. For the reason that all examination papers will be reviewed and corrected by members of the Faculty of the Armour Institute of Technology, *full credit, as above stated, will be given here for work done,* according to this arrangement with the American School of Correspondence."

Now a word on the value of the correspondence system in general: Already the three weak points have been touched; it has threescore of strong ones. Some of them are:

The correspondence school is the People's University, from which neither occupation, age nor poverty can shut out the ambitious. Only indifference and indolence can bar the aspiring from its benefits. Entrance into the correspondence school means personal initiative—spontaneous, voluntary expenditure of individual energy, often at the cost of sharp personal sacrifice, in order to keep pace with the march of industrial progress. This explains why the average correspondence student has the right sort of timber. He is not "sent to school"; he brings the school to himself because he wants it, and he appreciates it because he feels the need of it.



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The biggest capital a young man has to invest is his spare time and the use he makes of it largely determines both his moral and commercial success. No agency for the utilization of spare moments approaches the great modern movement of correspondence instruction. A clearing house of individual adaptability, a corrector of misfit vocations, a reclaimer of lost educational opportunities—this is exactly what a correspondence school, affiliated with a resident school, is. It gives the man of mature years a chance to catch his "second wind" in life, to grip another educational "life-line" and to show practical repentance for "wasted opportunity."

The man who is looking for a corrected examination paper by tomorrow's mail is more alive and has a greater stake in life than the man who is simply waiting for pay day and whose chief interest is to hold his job. And the man with the examination paper in mind climbs higher on the pay roll and is a better patriot because he has a vested interest in the United States mails and what they bring him from the correspondence school.

Only the sons of the wealthy can afford the luxury of a "private tutor" in their school work; every correspondence student has a "private tutor," and those of the American School have the help and direction of the professors of a great technical school.

Correspondence education does not entail costly sacrifices upon "the folks at home."

Sometimes a college education is too dearly paid for in this way. It never happens in correspondence work, for the student *earns while he learns,* and the main sacrifice involved is that of his own leisure. The correspondence student generally swings hammers instead of Indian clubs, does his gymnastics under the eye of a foreman or shop boss, instead of under a professional athlete; and in "hustling" to reach the factory or the office on time he does not particularly miss the exercise of the football rush. To-day every thoughtful observer recognizes how great a force in our national life is the technical correspondence school and how powerful a factor in America's commercial supremacy. An article on the American School of Correspondence in the *World's Work* says: "It is the men behind the machines who have won industrial leadership for the United States. There never was a time in the history of the world when employers were so eager to get men of brains as now, or when the opportunities of such men were so great."

MACHINERY HALL, ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

But to resume about the American School of Correspondence in particular. The correspondence curriculum includes these full courses in Engineering: Electrical, Mechanical, Mechanical-Electrical, Stationary, Marine, Locomotive, Civil, Architecture, Textile, Heating, Ventilating, Plumbing, Mechanical Drawing, Perspective Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy, Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting, Tool Making, and some forty Short Courses for General Students.

Nothing about any correspondence school is more vital than the manner in which its instruction papers are prepared. Recently *The American Machinist,* the highest authority in its field, made this comment on an instruction paper of the American School on Mechanical Drawing:

"There are not many books on Mechanical Drawing which the practical draughtsman feels

MACHINE SHOP, ARMOUR INSTITUTE

are satisfactory. With all their effort they somehow fail to 'get there.' We have just seen a copy of the instruction paper on this subject which is put out by the American School of Correspondence and feel bound to say that we have found an exception to the rule. Indeed it is not too much to say that in the methods followed it stands in a class by itself. * * * If this is not effective instruction, we do not know the article."

The conclusion of the whole matter is clear and emphatic: Correspondence school work pays the ambitious and energetic who are determined to improve their position, to increase their efficiency, to expand their earnings; it is within the reach of the humblest and poorest wage-worker who cannot quit his place on the pay-roll; it gives the high school graduate who has not the means to enter a "resident" school a chance to begin a technical education while he is earning the money that will enable him later to take his degree in the "resident" school.

But the recent step taken by the American School of Correspondence, in perfecting an alliance with the management of the Armour Institute of Technology of the intimate and practical nature I have described, is altogether the most significant event in the entire evolution of giving instruction by mail.

It does away with the elaborate expenditure and commercial methods of soliciting students through a horde of agents so commonly practiced by correspondence schools in the past. Too many of these schools have built up a vast machinery which seems to have but one aim,—that of "coining money." By the method now adopted by the American School of Correspondence a new era in correspondence instruction has dawned. What agents have been costing correspondence schools is, by this School, put into apparatus and teachers, and employed toward the reduction of the tuition. Further, it has made possible for the correspondence student, through the reduced cost of his tuition, to complete his course in residence at the Armour Institute without excessive cost and with the added benefit of credits for work done by correspondence. The management of the American School of Correspondence as now constituted and the management of the Armour Institute of Technology will exhaust every resource to enlarge the influence of this institution toward the laboring man who aspires to larger power and opportunity.

Thus has the American School of Correspondence acquired a recognized status in the regular educational system of the country. It has by its work secured at last a truly educational and not commercial place in the scheme of popular education.

Only general features of this interesting educational departure have been here presented; full details may be had by addressing a postal card of inquiry to Mr. A. E. Zapf, the Secretary of the American School of Correspondence, at Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago.

The Saturday Evening Post Advertiser.

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CUT GLASS
Direct from the Works

A Saving of 40%

CUT GLASS
HAS
THREE PROFITS

when bought regularly from your dealer: manufacturer to jobber; jobber to dealer; dealer to consumer. We sell you direct from the works. Being manufacturers, we save you at least forty per cent. Here is a sample saving. Two-piece sugar and cream set, $3.75. Express prepaid and money refunded if not thoroughly satisfied. Sugar bowl 6¾ inches wide and 2½ inches high; creamer of proportionate size. We sold eighteen hundred pairs during the month of December, 1902, and have received hundreds of letters of commendation. It is a $6.00 value. Write for illustrated catalogue "B," which tells all about how fine cut glass is made, and also explains how to care for cut glass.

Liberty Cut Glass Works
Egg Harbor City
N. J.

30 Years Selling Direct

We are the largest manufacturers of vehicles and harness in the world selling to consumers exclusively.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS

but ship anywhere for examination, guaranteeing safe delivery. You are out nothing if not satisfied. We make 195 styles of vehicles and 65 styles of harness

No. 573—Stanhope. Price, $65. As good as sells for $50 more.

Large Catalogue FREE—Send for it.

Visitors are always welcome at our factory.

No. 105—Winter Front Station Wagon. Price, $175. As good as sells for $100 more.

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO.
ELKHART, IND.

Kitchen Utensils
HAVING THIS
TRADE MARK

AGATE
J. L. G. Mfg. Co.
NICKEL-STEEL WARE
WE MAKE 1529 KINDS
ARE SAFE.

NO POISON
Has Ever Been Found in the Enamel of
Agate Nickel-Steel Ware

The BLUE LABEL
Protected by Decision of United States Court, pasted on every piece.

PROVES IT
If substitutes are offered, write us. New Booklet Free.

Agate Nickel-Steel Ware is sold by the leading Department and Housefurnishing Stores.

Lalance & Grosjean Mfg. Co.
New York, Boston, Chicago.

Puzzle Books
"Mental Nuts."—Can you crack 'em?
"Knuts."—100 catch problems.
"1400 Conundrums and Riddles."
"Great American Puzzle Book."
Brain Teasers. 10c each; all 4 for 30c.
HOME SUPPLY CO., D. 97, 135 Nassau Street, NEW YORK

WHAT ART NEEDS IS A SALESMAN

By James L. Ford

ONE hears a great deal about the unfortunate conditions under which the arts of painting and sculpture carry on the struggle for an existence in this country, and it is generally considered that it is because of ignorance and lack of artistic perception on the part of the public that the sculptor and his brother of the brush do not enjoy so much prosperity as do the successful playwright, actor, and man of letters.

"What Art needs in America to-day is an elevated public taste," wail the philosophers of the commonplace with their usual capacity for not understanding a question. What Art really does need in this country is a good salesman, and until it can be put on as sound a commercial basis as the theatre or the book trade its followers will continue to wring their hands and deplore the lack of artistic atmosphere, public appreciation, and all the other things that they think they ought to have.

It is the fashion to decry "commercialism," and those who live by the pen or the brush fall into the habit of doing it without knowing what the term means. A writer of my acquaintance once told me with solemnly uplifted finger that commercialism in literature was fast sapping the vitals of the country. And when I asked him what he meant by "commercialism in literature," he replied quite ingenuously that the term stood for paying on publication instead of on acceptance of contributions.

Yet despite this hue and cry against this "commercialism" the playwrights and novelists are making money simply because the art which each one represents has been put on a good commercial basis. This is because the publisher and manager really do something to promote the interests of the author or actor. They encourage them to divert their efforts into the most profitable channels, they place their literary and artistic wares before the public in a favorable light, they awaken interest in them by crafty and judicious "booming" in the columns of the press—in short, they do a great deal of work that their clients could not possibly do for themselves. It is for this reason that there is much less enmity between the publisher and the author, and the manager and the actor or playwright than there is between the picture dealer and the artist.

The last named invariably grudges the percentage he must pay on a sale of his work, which is not to be wondered at when we consider how little is done, as a general thing, to earn that percentage. The dealer simply hires what he calls a "gallery" on Fifth Avenue, covers its walls with pictures which have been intrusted to him to sell on the percentage basis, and then lies in wait for his prey. He has not yet learned the art of newspaper booming which enters into every form of industry, and consequently the public knows nothing of the domestic life and personal characteristics of even our most distinguished artists.

The Talented Young Kersloop

His front room is devoted to American landscapes, but he uses these only as a sort of "blind" for his real business, which is conducted in a back parlor hung with thick curtains and provided with the most elaborate contrivances for lighting and exhibiting pictures to the very best advantage. Visitors who are attracted by the exhibition in the show windows—for your true art dealer is also an expert "window dresser," as it is termed in the vernacular of the department store—enter the front room where they are permitted to examine the works of art at their leisure, while the dealer "sizes them up" and wonders what their chief weakness may be. If, prompted by an unusual interest in some landscape, they ask questions about it, the dealer shakes his head with a despondent smile. He knows nothing of the picture save that it was brought there by an American artist. Perhaps the ladies are interested in pictures? Yes! Then if they will step this way he will show them something that has just arrived from Europe. It is the work of the brilliant young Dutch artist, Kersloop, of whom they have certainly heard, for he is the talk of the Continent. Such color! Such atmosphere!

And thus softly gabbling, he leads the way into the back room, the curtains close noiselessly behind them and a velvet-footed attendant places on an easel the Kersloop masterpiece, a windmill on a ditched and

The Old Way In Turkey — The New Way

Comfort
Ease and
Luxury

with strength, speed and stability, make the ideal motor-carriage. For practical, everyday service, at the minimum of expense, on all roads, in all kinds of weather, there are no motor-vehicles made that excel

Rambler

Touring Cars

The unusual margin of safety in every component part has enabled them to stand every conceivable test with credit. Made from best quality materials, by skilled and experienced workmen, they afford the highest efficiency at the lowest cost consistent with absolute reliability.

Complete Illustrated Catalogue, describing in detail many points of manifest superiority, mailed free on request.

Model E (like cut) $750.00

THOMAS B. JEFFERY & CO., KENOSHA, WIS.

MARLIN

THE MARLIN RIFLE, Model 1892, .32 calibre, is the best rifle made for the farmer, combining the good points of the old muzzle-loading squirrel rifle with the convenience and rapid fire of the most improved repeater. It is so constructed that the same rifle uses the following cartridges: .32 short and long rim fire, .32 short and long center fire, and is the only repeater made using rim fire cartridges larger than the .22 calibre. The short cartridges are just the thing for small game while the long ones kill hogs and beef handily. On the first 2000 cartridges used you have saved the cost of a Marlin.

The Marlin Hand Book for shooters explains why this is so and tells how to care for, and how to use, fire arms. This valuable book free if you will send stamps for postage to

THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO., New Haven, Ct.

RIFLES MODEL 1892 .32 CALIBRE

The "Best" Light

Brighter than Electricity or Acetylene and Cheaper than Kerosene

Makes and burns its own gas. It is portable. Requires no pipes, wires or gas machine. A safe, pure white, powerful steady light. 100 candle power costs 1 cts. for fifteen hours. Permitted by Fire Insurance Underwriters. No wicks to trim, no odor or smell. Saving effected by its use quickly pays for it. Over 100 styles for indoor and outdoor use. This is the Pioneer Incandescent Vapor Gas Lamp. It is perfect. Beware of imitations. Agents wanted everywhere. Every lamp warranted. THE BEST LIGHT CO., 8-28 East Fifth St., Canton, Ohio

SHORTHAND COURSE WITHOUT CASH

DEAR READER:—Shorthand is a money maker and a time saver. If you will allow me to send you our new 86-page catalogue, I believe it will convince you that you ought to enroll with us at once for a Course in Shorthand. Stenographers get more at the start and have better opportunities than average employees. We have a Short Course for busy people, a Complete Course for those expecting to make a business of shorthand, and a Special Advanced Course for practising stenographers. Our instruction is based on actual daily experience in difficult shorthand work. I studied shorthand reporting under David Wolfe Brown, Senior Reporter U. S. House of Representatives, and am highly endorsed by Mr. Brown and other shorthand experts. If you will get up a club of subscribers to CHAT, our bright, helpful magazine, we will give you a course by mail FREE. Let us send you full particulars and acquaint you with what we HAVE DONE and are doing for ambitious people whose names and addresses we will furnish. Ask for Free Lesson in Shorthand.

Cordially yours, PATRICK J. SWEENEY, Principal,
Manhattan Reporting Co., Dept. 2, 150 Nassau St., New York

A 50-Cent Hat by Mail

MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal-order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. We are hat manufacturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for catalogue.*

MEN'S HAT No. 2
In smooth finish. *Colors:* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl.

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY, 66 Mill Street, Middletown, N. Y.

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New Books Worth Having

Hypnotism *By Edward H. Eldridge, A.M.*

There is no more popular or interesting form of entertainment than hypnotic exhibitions, and every one would like to know how to hypnotize. By following the simple and concise instructions contained in this complete manual any one can, with a little practice, readily learn how to exercise this unique and strange power.

Proverbs *By John H. Bechtel*

The genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs, and the condensed wisdom of all ages and all nations is embodied in them. A good proverb that fits the case is often a convincing argument. This volume contains a representative collection of proverbs, old and new, and the indexes, topical and alphabetical, enable one to find readily just what he requires.

Electricity *By George L. Fowler*

An interesting and thoroughly reliable presentation of the subject for the amateur or skilled electrician. If you wish to install an electric door-bell, construct a telephone, wire a house, or understand the workings of a dynamo, this volume will furnish the required information. A practical book of inestimable value to every one.

Toasts *By William Pittenger*

Most men dread being called upon to respond to a toast or to make an address. What would you not give for the ability to be rid of this embarrassment? No need to give much when you can learn the art from this little book. It will tell you how to do it; not only that, but by example it will show the way. It is valuable not alone to the novice, but the experienced speaker will gather from it many suggestions.

Cloth Binding, each, 50 Cents

Sold by all Booksellers, or mailed for the price

The Penn Publishing Company

921 Arch Street, Philadelphia

MONEY SAVED!

and well invested, means a life income. Our depositors participate in the earnings of a non-speculative business, which has been operating for ten years in gilt-edged New York real-estate securities.

We will pay

5% Per Annum

on your savings. Deposits may be made or withdrawn at any time, and bear earnings for every day invested.

Our business is under the immediate supervision of the State Banking Department. Our depositors include many of the most prominent clergymen and professional men in the country, who heartily endorse our methods.

Full particulars will be sent on request.

Capital and Surplus, $1,200,000. Assets, $3,000,000.

Industrial Savings & Loan Co.

1135 Broadway, New York City

STANLEY Straight Back Trunks **$4.00**

New Kind. Saves space and trouble. Sets close up to wall. Does not mar plaster or woodwork. Has corner hinges. Strong and durable. Finely made. Many styles and sizes. Costs no more than old styles. Direct from factory.

DRESSER TRUNKS

A Bureau and Trunk Combined

Everything within easy reach. No unpacking for clothing. No heavy trays to lift. Light, smooth-sliding drawers. Perfectly durable. Holds as much as any other trunk. Sent privilege of examination. *Write for Trunk Catalogue A-1032.*

THE HOMER YOUNG CO., Ltd.
Toledo, Ohio

dyked plain with a gray farmhouse in the distance and two forlorn geese in the foreground. No human beings are in sight—Mr. Kersloop would not know how to draw them if they were—but his work shows "breadth of treatment," "mystic tenderness" and several things in Italian which sound very well. Of course the ladies know that the poor fellow has the consumption and is not long for this world? Alas, it is only too true.

After the bargain has been concluded the visitors depart through a side door so that there is no possibility of their seeing again or even remembering the American works of art with which the dealer baited his hook.

A patriotic press is eager at all times to exploit the works of Kersloop and the others of his school, but the Fifth Avenue dealer has not yet learned the art of newspaper booming. Consider for a moment the amount of information of a useful and entertaining nature that is disseminated about even the least important of our soubrettes and authors, and compare it with the pitifully meagre details of life in the homes of artists of the brush that is vouchsafed by the picture dealers who ought to be also managers and press agents. Surely there must be some artists who live in "dainty flats" and are "wedded to their art," like soubrettes, or "do their creative work in the morning" and "study the congested districts of the East Side at close range" like budding authors. The material for booming is there. All it needs is a press agent to put it before the public.

There is one thing, however, that the art dealer should do for his clients which is of far greater importance than newspaper puffery, and that is to furnish fuller information regarding the pictures that he offers for sale than he does now. We are essentially a practical-minded people, and the majority of us are more apt to buy a picture because of some personal interest in what it represents than because of the technical skill in drawing or coloring that it represents, and which, after all, only a very few of us can appreciate. The buyer who is not an art connoisseur is certain to ask questions about a picture that catches his fancy. Where was it painted? What water is that in the background? Who is the man in the foreground? What sort of an old-fashioned machine is that standing by the roadside? They are the sort of questions that an artist would probably scorn to answer, but the best way to sell a picture is to make known all these details to the prospective buyer.

The sort of titles that artists bestow upon their works have been aptly characterized by Mr. Munkittrick in one of his poems:

His "Digging Clams at Barnegat,"
His "When the Morning Smiled,"
His "Seven Miles from Ararat,"
His "Portrait of a Child."

These titles represent precisely the amount of information concerning each picture that can be extracted from the average exhibition catalogue that sells for a quarter of a dollar. Let the manager of one of these art exhibitions print twenty lines of description for each picture instead of one and he will certainly reap his reward in a larger attendance and a much larger sale of pictures.

A Priceless Paradise

By Edmund Dance Cooke

IF SOME weird gnome should seek my home.
Some genie, fairy, witch,
To blink my eyes with every prize
Of life, and ask me "Which?"
I think I'd choose, in half a trice,
This boon: to never ask the price.

I would not claim a gilded name,
Or be a financier,
Not would I hold the wide world's gold;
And yet I somewhat fear
I'd ask a just sufficient slice
That I might never ask the price.

A coat-of-arms has meagre charms
To men of modern views,
Yet were it mine to make design,
I know which one I'd choose:
An open purse, with this device,
"He never, never asks the price."

Is Heaven a state, a place, a fete,
A rapture, or a rest?
The question's old and each may hold
His own opinion best;
But my idea of Paradise
Is where one need not ask the price!

All the world's a stage. Elgin Watches are the prompters.

Elgin Watches

are the world's standard for pocket timepieces. Sold by every jeweler in the land; guaranteed by the world's greatest watch works. Booklet free.

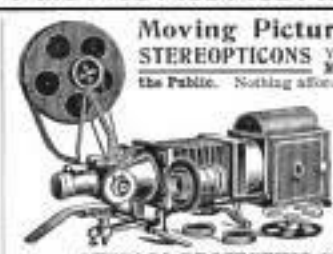
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century

PREPARED BY

J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.



Moving Picture Machines STEREOPTICONS You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. Our Entertainment Supply Catalog and special offer fully explains everything, sent free.

CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
225 Dearborn Street, Department L, Chicago, Ill.

PATENT SECURED or FEES returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for our Guide Book and What To Invent, finest publication ever issued for free distribution. Patents secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE. EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

defended and protected their country while they lived.

The Father of a family should defend and protect his family, not only while he lives but after he dies.

This can best be accomplished by Life Assurance. An Endowment policy in the Equitable will protect your family in the event of your death, and will provide for your own future if you live.

For full information fill out coupon below.

Vacancies in every State for men of character and energy to act as representatives. Apply to Gage E. Tarbell, 2d Vice-Pres.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES
120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK Dept. No. 30

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for $.....

if issued at.....years of age

Name.....

Address.....

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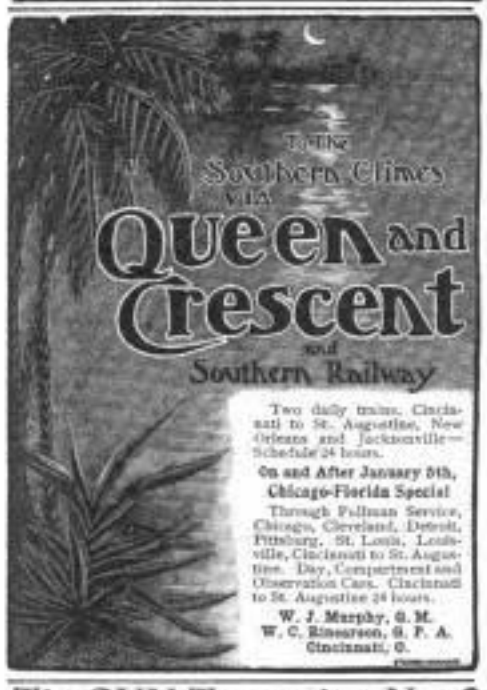
Economize

The Peerless Combination Suit Hanger enables you to save closet space — to keep your

Whole Suit on One Hanger

to save money — by pressing the trousers while hanging and by keeping the coat and vest in shape. Pleases all who use them. Single hangers 35c. prepaid. Six hangers and bracket $2.00 express prepaid. Try ten days, if not satisfactory return and your money refunded.

HINCHER MANUFACTURING CO.
Lock Box 312 Burr Oak, Mich.



The SUN Typewriter No. 2

Built on standard principles with superior advantages.

A revelation in every feature including

Price $40.00

Sun Typewriter Co.
239 Broadway
New York

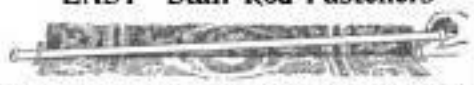
CORRECT WEDDING INVITATIONS

Announcements, visiting cards and society stationery direct from the makers at one profit prices.

A Book Free Simply send us your name on a postal and we will send you a 24-page book of correct society forms, lithographed from original steel engravings on fine paper—Shows over 100 forms—Write for it to-day.

THE FRANKLIN PRINTING & ENGRAVING COMPANY
207-211 Superior St., Toledo, Ohio

"EASY" Stair Rod Fasteners



can be put in place in a minute with no other tool but a little tack hammer and need never be removed. When you wish to take up the stair carpet, just open the catches at each end (it is as easy as opening a door) and remove the rod.

A full set of fasteners for any stairway sent prepaid for 75 cents and the name of your dealer. Write for booklet.

BLOY & RICHARDS MFG. CO., 94 Hill St., Calumet, Michigan

A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON

By The Congressman's Wife

DAVID always wondered why a wise Deity had created idiots and mosquitoes, and in view of some of the recent idiocies among the fashionable votaries of this town, I am constrained to wonder with David why idiots were created, though no doubt the answer would be that society here at the Capital will be made to profit by the idiots just as David profited by both idiots and mosquitoes.

Robert says that it is not becoming in me to notice the idiocies of others of my smart friends, considering the probable idiocies I myself have been guilty of since we came here, and in view of the fact that it is the lot of all humanity to pursue trifles, for "whether we strut at a coronation or shout at a bonfire" it is all one in the long run. But it seems to me to be a very particular sort of idiocy that will make the entire social set of a town become convulsed over every little matter of precedence, and every little bit of etiquette, and, above all, that will split it into factions over interpretations of the invitations to the White House. The question as to what constitutes a "summons" or a "command" has been carried to every tea, dinner and reception of the winter. We took up this subject at a recent luncheon.

"I consider," said the wife of a Cabinet officer, speaking with decision and as though she expected her remarks to rhyme with the Gospels, "that *everything* which emanates from the White House should be regarded as a command from which nothing but death should excuse us."

"And I consider," said Mrs. Blank, who always took a moderate view of everything, "that there are distinctions in the invitations that emanate from the White House. Any message, or any intimation even, coming from the President himself to Senator Blank is necessarily in the nature of a command to be acted upon at once. Also, any formal card in the name of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt bidding one to dinner is a summons before which any and all other engagements must give way. But I do not regard an informal invitation or request either in the light of a command or a summons, and when Kermit or Ethel telephones to my children to come up there to play with them, why, I do as I please about letting them go, and that is all there ought to be in the whole thing."

"And that is all that is desired by the inmates of the White House," said I, speaking positively, because I knew it was the truth.

"For my part," said Mrs. Z——, "I never shall hold with all this to-do about precedence and etiquette. You folks down here are awfully stuck-up, and I can't see for the life of me that your ways are any better than ours out our way. Anybody in our town is perfectly free to drop in at the Governor's mansion with her knitting if she's a mind to, without waiting for a command, or a summons, that you think so much about down here. And I actually hear that some high and mighty ones of the foreigners think that folks ought to courtesy to the first lady in the land when they go to her parties, just as they do over in Europe. Now, I'd look nice, wouldn't I, at my age, making 'a cheese' before any one? Half the people seem to think that the Almighty sent a little handful of men into this world all booted and spurred to ride through life, and then sent the rest of us millions here to hop-and-go-fetch-it as best we can."

There was a good deal of homely truth in her words, even if we did have to smile at her way of putting it. Mrs. Z—— is always vigorous and plain-spoken. Mrs. Z—— is from the West and has joined the upper ranks of officialdom comparatively lately. She is continually drawing comparisons between Washington and her Western home, and particularly bemoans the fact that she could not bring her cow along when husband came to assist the Government at Washington. She hopes to find ample compensation, however, in her efforts to reform society here. Then an ex-Ambassadress, whose husband had represented us abroad some time ago, said:

"I think the customs and etiquette here are perfectly delightful. They are just the right thing for our country and are a great contrast to what prevails in Europe, I can assure you. I suppose," and she glanced around with a deprecating smile, "all of you have heard of my first appearance at Court, when the General was Ambassador at ——, and I sat down in the presence of Royalty?"

Why Ad. Writing Pays

Incomes from $100 to $500 a Month Through Mail Instruction.

What Two Students Have Accomplished in a Short Time.

BY GEORGE H. POWELL
The Leading American Expert

THE readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who read in the January 3 issue what I said about advertising writing as a money-making business were, in many cases, surprised at the rapid growth of this new vocation, although they have realized that the magazines and newspapers are constantly increasing their space devoted to publicity.

Just how rapidly this increase is going on may be fairly judged by an examination of the various National publications of to-day and of a year or two back, although the daily papers likewise show the trend of the times in an equally conclusive manner.

And a wonderful bearing, too, it has on the future of the advertising writing business. Taking two different types of the daily press, the New York *Sun* and *World:* the records show that the net gain in the amount of advertising carried by the former in its columns during the year 1902 was twenty-eight per cent. over its 1901 total; while the latter publication shows a gain that exceeds one thousand columns for the same period!

These figures are readily comprehended, and they go to prove that commercial America finds advertising so profitable that it is increasing its expenditure over a hundred millions of dollars annually in this one direction.

The young man or woman who is thinking of learning the art of "Ad. writing," as it is commonly called, will, in face of facts and figures, cease to wonder that the competent writer is able to earn from $100.00 to $500.00 a month, and that the picked workers are filling positions at far greater salaries.

Columns might be written showing scores of reasons why modern advertising is forging to the front in leaps and bounds, but this space forbids more than a reference or two.

In the first place, it has been demonstrated in every conclusive test that the retailer who advertises wisely is bound to absorb most of the trade of his competitor who doesn't advertise, and in a like manner the manufacturer is wonderfully successful or not, as he practices or declines the great momentum that only comes with up-to-date advertising methods.

Never before since the creation of man has any one factor appeared in the business world bearing such a mighty money-producing wand as does modern advertising. It is less of an uncertainty than formerly, because its principles are getting to be thoroughly understood and appreciated.

In a word, the new advertiser can be quickly put next to the right methods, and competent advertising writers will take care of his copy and other details, when he has not the time to attend to this himself, as is generally the case.

The lack of a sufficient number of good ad. writers, however, has compelled many a business man to take up correspondence instruction himself, or to put one of his clerks under my tutelage. Scarcely a week passes that some very prominent merchant does not enroll in my course for the specific purpose of learning how to branch out into a wider field. The wholesale grocer wants to create a National demand for his coffees, the shirt manufacturer wants to establish stores in all large cities, the department store is anxious to build a new building or develop a mail order trade—and they all realize that their salvation depends almost wholly upon the judicious use of printers' ink.

And in this onward march to greater prosperity I want to go on record with a prophecy: within the next ten years the present volume of advertising will be doubled over the figures of 1902! So marvelous a weapon as scientific advertising will never be allowed to get rusty from want of use. Let a man discover gold in the coldest confines of the North, and thousands will flock thence if they have to walk. So, too, will our merchants and manufacturers follow the golden path blazed by good advertising and gather their fortunes. The failures of the past will be avoided by reason of greater knowledge, and there will soon be no valid reason for groping in the dark and stumbling over obstacles.

Now a word about the men and women who are being called upon to write the advertising that returns such great dividends. The two young men whose portraits appear above are fair types of my students. Both have achieved skill within a comparatively few months. Mr. C. E. O'Neill to-day presides over the advertising department of one of the largest department stores in Wheeling, W. Va., a position he obtained almost before completing my course of instruction, and within a few years I shall confidently expect to see him in the $5,000.00–$10,000.00 ranks. Mr. Norton Mattocks, the other student whose portrait appears above, is also another success, and although he is employed by one of the largest Duluth wholesale grocers and packers of advertised specialties, yet he does much outside work, and is frequently consulted by advertisers in the grocery trade.

The fact that the Powell System of mail instruction can do so much is amply strengthened day by day by the continued successes of students. That it is the one correct system of teaching advertising there can be no doubt, and the testimony is so different, so much stronger and so much more specific than ever before heard of, that I know it is a power for good, alike to the man or woman who wishes to earn more, or to the business man who is anxious to seize his golden opportunities.

To these I shall be glad to mail my beautiful new Prospectus, the most interesting work of its kind ever issued, together with the strongest kind of testimony. Simply address me George H. Powell, 176 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

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Free Whist Lessons.

$20 series of Whist Lessons, free, with each set of Paine's Whist Trays bought from a dealer. Write for particulars.

Paine's Duplicate Whist Trays—

PAINE TRAY.

Most satisfactory for playing Duplicate Whist—in which skill—not luck, wins. Sold by dealers. 8-tray set, $4.00; 12-tray set, $5.00, etc.

Booklet, "Simple Whist," teaches principles of Whist in an evening. Sent for a 2-cent stamp.

The U. S. Playing Card Co.

Department 38 Cincinnati, U.S.A.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

103

No attempt to improve upon the work of nature in making Shredded Wheat. The properties naturally organized are scientifically cooked. That is all.

Send for "The Vital Question" (Cook Book, illustrated in colors) FREE. Address

The NATURAL FOOD CO.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

When Ordering Shades Specify First Quality Shade Cloth to be cut square and well mounted on IMPROVED HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

All to be done in a workmanlike manner and left with the shades running freely and rolling up straight.

Genuine Shade Rollers bear the Autograph Signature of *Stewart Hartshorn* on label

WOOD ROLLERS —— TIN ROLLERS

Some of us had heard a rumor of the tale, but we were too polite to admit it, so we waited. She went on with a fine touch of humor:

"Before we made our first appearance at Court the General asked for some instructions. I was given two or three points. I was told that I must back out of the presence of the Emperor and Empress, and I was shown how to do it. I was also instructed that I must not turn my back to any member of the reigning family, and as almost every other man and woman at Court was of the blood royal, you may fancy what a task was before me. When the first Court function came around I went in all the splendor of Court dress and tight shoes, and, as you all may see, I am no sylph. I got along very well, however, and backed away from the Emperor and Empress in good shape, and was congratulating myself on being safely over the worst of it when the General whispered to me, suddenly, in a suppressed voice:

"'Wife, wife, you are turning your back to the Archduke C——'

"I wheeled about promptly only to be met with:

"'Take care; the Archduchess is just behind.'

"I wheeled again, and then heard the General warn me agonizingly:

"'The Prince, the Prince!'

"By this time I was not only very nervous but dizzy, and I said in a whisper to the General, 'Good Heavens! I've got to turn my back somewhere; do, pray, pilot me up against the wall; I suppose I won't be committing any breach if I turn my back to the wall?'

"But the General was obdurate and insisted that the wife of the American Ambassador must face the music, and before the evening was a quarter gone I felt perfectly sure that I had backed all over the map of Europe, and besides, my tight shoes had begun to bite as only tight shoes can on such occasions. At last, when it was almost impossible for me to spin about any longer, a space was cleared and I spied a gorgeous green satin sofa. I said to the General:

"'You see that green sofa over there? Well, Royalty or no Royalty, I'm going to sit on that sofa, even if the Grand Chamberlain makes a face at me.'"

"And did you?" I asked, as the ex-Ambassadress wiped away a tear of laughter.

"Of course I did," she said, "and to this day the General can't bear to see the color, green, anywhere about. But I'm thankful we don't have to back around over here."

"For all that," said the Secretary's wife, "our etiquette is too elastic. If it were not so there would not have been that little episode at my house when I gave a young people's dinner in honor of the Countess de Blank, who is one of the most charming young women who has ever graced the diplomatic corps. At this particular dinner the man who sat next to her, and who ought to have known better, called out to her, aloud, when she playfully purloined some of his salted almonds while his head was turned, '*Cochon! Cochon!*' He was in jest, of course, but fancy my consternation and chagrin next day when I was waited upon by a chargé or attaché of her country, and forced to explain that 'pig' in the United States is only a playful term for greediness, and that everybody at the table had perfectly understood it. Now where, I ask, but in Washington, where etiquette is lax, could such an impossible thing have happened?"

"Ah, but the worst mistake and the funniest thing happened here in Mrs. Fish's time," put in Mrs. Blank, "when Mr. Fish was Secretary of State in Grant's Administration. The Fishes gave every two weeks what were called in those days State receptions, to which everybody of importance went. A certain diplomat who was newly arrived in this country and who spoke little English attended one of these State affairs, and became embarrassed because he had to take his leave early in order to keep another engagement. He did not know how to frame his excuses in English, so he sought the help of a young fellow about town, who was a wag, and this wicked young man said:

"'Just go up to Mrs. Fish, bow very low, and say, "I regret, Madame, that I must go, but I have other *fish* to fry."'"

This yarn capped the absurdities. Then Mrs. Blank went on more seriously:

"What a popular man is Mr. Pulido, of the Venezuelan Legation. He is to become Minister, I hear."

"Yes, he is popular," said I. "Mr. Slocum says he is one of the most popular foreigners in the Metropolitan Club, and that when some of the youngsters in the club the other day, with daring temerity, dubbed him 'Castro,'

David Wasn't Content

with tending sheep;
that's why he killed the giant.

Don't stay in a business where you can't hope to do things.

Employees:

Are you progressive? Has daily routine taken the life and ambition out of you? No?

Well, then, are you fitted by training or experience for some special position or responsibility? Some post where your best abilities will be better appreciated and rewarded?

Write Hapgoods. We need men capable of filling such positions as Cashiers, Tellers, Secretaries, Treasurers, Superintendents, Managers, Engineers, Insurance men, Expert Bookkeepers, Traveling Salesmen and High-Grade Solicitors. We are also looking for bright young College men of all kinds.

Employers:

Don't let your business methods grow rusty. Study the personnel of your working force and see if the men whom you hold responsible for results are the best you can get.

If you need more or different men—enthusiastic, vigorous, experienced men of all-around ability—or trained specialists, we have them or can get them for you.

I wish to express my complete satisfaction with the service rendered me by Hapgoods. I registered late in September. The day I registered you offered me three positions, at salaries ranging from $3,500 to $5,000, and am happy to state that the position I finally accepted through your efforts, is with the largest and best house in its line—color printing—and will pay me considerably more than $5,000.

P. C. SHERMAN, 269 58th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

We supply men who can do things for men who want things done.
If interested in either class write us for plan and booklet.

HAPGOODS
HELPFUL IN BUSINESS

HAPGOODS

Registration for business men

257 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Save Time and $10

To study advertising under Mr. Helms you'll have to enroll without delay. His system of personal instruction limits the number of his pupils. He has absolutely no assistants. The limit is now nearly reached. Then all enrollments will have to go on a waiting list, and taken up as students are graduated. These tardy applicants will also have to pay an advance of $10 on present terms.

If you're going to be an ad-writer, why not have the best teacher? Mr. Helms was long connected with the John Wanamaker advertising offices. Business men know him and prefer his graduates. In fact, a recommendation from Mr. Helms means

Many Dollars For You

We'll gladly tell you more about this superior course, if you wish. Write, but—*be prompt.* There's a penalty for procrastination.

THE FIFTH AVENUE SCHOOL.
114 E. Fifth Avenue New York

CALIFORNIA

Reliable Information

about orange growing, fruit culture, vegetable gardening, grain growing, poultry, climate, soil, water, lands, power, markets, manufacturing facilities, wages, etc.

Send 5c. for illustrated book "San Francisco and Thereabouts." All other printed matter and information sent free upon request. Low railroad rates February, March and April.

California Promotion Committee
Representing
State Commercial Organizations,
Dept. LL, 20 New Montgomery Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

DEAFNESS

The Morley Ear-Drum

is the most recent and most effective *invisible* device for the relief of deafness. It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.

The Morley Company, Dept. T
19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

TELEGRAPHY

taught thoroughly. Our institution established in 1874, and is endorsed by officials of the Western Union Telegraph Co.

Opportunities Very Great

Unable to fill all positions that are open. Total cost—tuition (telegraphy and typewriting), board and room, 6 months' course $60. This can be reduced.

Catalogue Free.

DODGE'S INSTITUTE, Valparaiso, Ind.

MUSIC

TAUGHT BY MAIL. Piano, Organ, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Violin and Cornet. Send for free Catalogue and Testimonials. Address Box 109.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 19 Union Square, New York, N. Y.

YOU'RE LOOKING

for just such a machine as Miller's new

Ideal Incubator

the perfect hatcher, sent on 30 days' trial. Absolutely automatic. Test it yourself. Big poultry and poultry supply book free.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 54, Freeport, Ill.

STAMMER

Our 206-page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering" sent Free to any address. Enclose 6 cents to pay postage.

LEWIS STAMMERING SCHOOL, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

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LEARN LAW
At Home

Too hard? Write and learn how we lighten the load and clear the road to

LAW PRACTICE

In state board examinations, in every state, for admission to the bar, our students have passed with distinction. Our course is endorsed by bench, bar and law schools. During thirteen successful years we have proved its practicability.

Every man who aspires to the highest

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

will be helped immensely by our short course in Commercial Law. The demand of the day is for business men with sufficient legal knowledge to guide great enterprises safely. No business man can afford to miss this opportunity to enlarge his capacity.

IN PUBLIC LIFE

legal training is almost essential in an efficient executive or law maker. Our government must, in all its branches, be dominated by minds with legal training.

Send us your name and we will send catalogue, best terms, evidences of our students' success, opinions of leading men and everything needed to convince you of our sincerity, ability and standing. If there are special difficulties in the way of your studying law, perhaps we can help remove them.

Preparatory Law Course.
Commercial Law Course.
College Law Course.

SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
247 Majestic Building
Detroit, Mich.

A man never knows what real comfort is until he wears the

"WORLD'S BEAUTY"

SUSPENDER-BELT

Can be changed in a twinkling from suspenders to belt, and vice versa. Think of the convenience of this while dressing, shaving, etc., when the hands are not worn over the shoulders! No more bagging, dragging, wrinkling trousers. In warm weather the W. B. may be worn as belt or suspenders as desired.

The W. B. Suspender-Belt is sold by furnishing goods stores and retailers generally. Bolted Calf or Fine Webbing Bands, with cordetts ends, 50 cents a pair; Webbing Bands, with cord ends, 25 cents. Don't accept imitations. They are worthless. If your dealer has not the genuine W. B., send us his name and order direct with remittance.

WECHSLER BROS., Patentees, New York

I Print My Own Cards

Circulars, Newspaper. Press $5. Larger size, $18. Money saver. Big profits printing for others. Type-setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, etc., to factory.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

he took it all in good part, but drew himself up and said with fire, quoting from Cowper, to the surprise of his listeners:

"'Ah, Castro, yes. "Who hath not owned with rapture-smitten frame, the power of grace, the magic of a name?"'"

"That was fine loyalty," we exclaimed. Then the Secretary's wife said:

"I am very glad that Baron von Sternberg is coming back. He used to be very popular here, and he is very popular at the White House from the President down to the children. You know his name is Speck von Sternberg, and when he was here in November visiting the President, and the children, Archie and Ethel, heard his name, they went out at once to take stock of their pets, and the only thing they could find that was suggestive in any way of the Baron was an old speckled hen, which they promptly named Speck von Sternberg, much to the amusement of the Baron, and when the children naively told the Baron that she was the best scratcher among the lot, they were quite overcome at the hilarity this provoked."

"Which of those boys was it who made the remarkable answer to his teacher's question as to his parent's occupation?" asked Mrs. Blank.

"Oh, that was Kermit. Last spring his teacher had his class up and was giving a little talk on the usefulness of work and occupation, and he asked each boy in turn what his father's occupation was. When it came Kermit's turn to answer he seemed entirely surprised to be asked such a question. He seemed embarrassed how to reply. He said haltingly:

"'My father? Why, my father doesn't do anything, sir.'

"'Oh, yes, Kermit, your father is a very busy man. What is his occupation?'

"'Why, my father is—is—— Why, sir, he is—it.'"

We laughed at this, for any of the tales about those children amuses everybody in Washington. Then Mrs. Blank said:

"Little Archie, when he is gotten up for a ride, with his sombrero precisely like his father's, and real spurs and long leggins, and mounted on his pony, is the cunningest little chap I have seen for many a day. He is like a little Hop-o'-my-thumb. To see his pony try to keep up with his father's big horse, and to see that boy try to sit like his father, and to see him dash along over the stones and through the mud with his father's encouraging words of 'That's well done, my son,' is one of the sights about Washington that I am glad to have seen."

"I have often wondered," said I, "whether the President's orderly does not nearly die of laughter sometimes out on these famous rides, particularly when Senator Lodge happens to be along. Senator Lodge rides in the English fashion, and it is the President's delight to steal up and suddenly stir up his horse into a hard run. But no matter how hard they go Senator Lodge just bobs up and down majestically, and seems never to be able to catch up with the President, who is usually a quarter of a mile ahead or just disappearing over a fence, and that orderly never smiles."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Blank, "Senator Lodge's riding might be regarded as scholarly rather than brilliant. He certainly never has ridden a bronco in his life, but it is the conviction of two-thirds of the Senate that he is a power behind the throne. Isn't this about true?" she asked, turning to the Secretary's wife, who was supposed to know the innermost secrets of the court.

"Oh, I think Mr. Lodge is consulted, as are many other public men, but——" And the Secretary's wife broke off with conscious reserve.

"Well," said I, taking up the thread as I remembered what Robert had told me lately about a midnight meeting on the streets of Washington, "I believe that Senator Lodge is the closest confidant the President has. All of us know that the very chairs at the White House have eyes and the walls have ears, and thus some of the most secret and weighty conferences of the nation take place elsewhere. Sometimes when the President is troubled about some particularly bothering public affair he has been known to slip quietly out of the White House in the middle of the night, elude the Secret Service men who are ever on guard, and unattended go to Senator Lodge's house, rout him out of his sleep, and the two, arm-in-arm and with heads bent down, roam the streets together, which, as everybody knows, are the most utterly deserted thoroughfares after twelve o'clock on this continent. They discuss presumably public affairs of moment, until the President, fearing he may be missed and a hue and cry raised, goes home again."

Nowadays it's California!

The new overland service between Chicago and San Francisco is via the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul
and
Union Pacific Line

This is the route of The Overland Limited and two other handsomely equipped trains to California every day.

The new overland service also includes thro' train service to Nebraska, Colorado and Utah points, and direct service to North Pacific Coast points.

If you are going that way, it is well worth your while to ask about the new overland service. A postal card will bring complete information.

W. S. HOWELL,
General Eastern Agent, 381 Broadway, NEW YORK.

F. A. MILLER,
General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

"LEST WE FORGET"

Due respect for our departed loved ones demands that we erect **ARTISTIC and ENDURING MEMORIALS.** Marble has proved an unfortunate failure. Moss-grown, broken and tumbled down slabs appear everywhere. Some cemeteries now prohibit marble entirely. Granite, too, soon gets discolored, moss-grown, cracks, crumbles and decays. Besides, it is very expensive.

WHITE BRONZE MONUMENTS are cheaper and **Infinitely Better.** They are strictly everlasting. Rust, corrosion and moss-growth are **IMPOSSIBILITIES.** They **CANNOT** crumble from the action of frost.

WHITE BRONZE is far more artistic and expressive than any stone. Then why not investigate it? It has been on the market for over twenty-five years and is an **established success.** It has been adopted for more than a hundred public monuments and by thousands of delighted individuals in all parts of the country. Many granite-dealers have used White Bronze in preference to granite for their own burial plots.

We have hundreds of beautiful designs at prices from $4 to $4,000. We deal direct and deliver everywhere. Distance is no obstacle. Write us at once for designs and information if you are interested. It costs you nothing and puts you under no obligations whatever. Address

AGENTS WANTED

THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.,
361 Howard Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

BURPEE'S SEEDS are the BEST that can be grown

If you want the choicest vegetables or most beautiful flowers you should read BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1903,—so well known as the "Leading American Seed Catalogue." It is mailed **FREE to all.** Better send your address **TO-DAY.**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA

IRVING'S WIZARD TOP IS A SCIENTIFIC WONDER
and the World's Greatest Mechanical Novelty

A top within a top. **A veritable rotary engine. Made of steel.** Makes 20,000 revolutions per minute. Performs over 40 tricks. Spins on a pocket or anywhere and at any angle placed. Its average spin is 8 minutes. **NO WINDING; NO SPRINGS.** A child can spin it in 3 seconds. It interests every intelligent person. One Dollar would be only a fair price for it, but here is an opportunity to procure one for **NOTHING.** Send us 25c., and we will forward you by mail, postpaid, a Top complete, and a bonafide proposition, whereby you can get your 25c. back, making the Top absolutely **FREE.**

WIZARD NOVELTY COMPANY, 1344 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The why some shopkeepers do not sell

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

is they make more money on imitations.
Fifty cents and a dollar.
Ask at favorite shop
or post prepaid from
C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 231-I, Shirley, Mass.
Send 6 cents for catalogue.

The Automatic
Sure Hatch

30 Days' Free Trial

of the best incubator ever made. New automatic, direct-action regulator—greatest improvement ever made in incubators. No complications. Sold at reasonable price. Don't pay double for out-of-date machine.

Large illustrated catalogue FREE.

SURE HATCH INCUBATOR COMPANY
Clay Center, Neb., or Columbus, Ohio

SPRING TOURS TO FLORIDA

via Pennsylvania Railroad. Leave New York and Philadelphia February 17 and March 3. Special train to and from Jacksonville, except on March Tour when regular trains are used returning. Round trip rates, $50 from New York, $48 from Philadelphia. Two weeks in Florida. Tickets for March Tour good until May 31. For detailed information address GEO. W. BOYD, A. G. P. A., Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

DON'T SET HENS the same old way while a **200 Egg Natural Hen Incubator Costs But $3,** other sizes equally as low. Over 125,000 in use. **Indispensable** to anyone who keeps a hen. Our Patents protected against infringements. Agents wanted everywhere, either sex, no experience necessary. Catalogue telling all about and **20c Live Formula FREE** if you write to-day. **Natural Hen Incubator Co., B 102, Columbus, Neb.**

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From the book that has taken New England by storm

Jan. 6
THE
it snowed last nite and today. Speaking in school today, I spoke the berrial of sir John More. Old Francis said he never heard enuything wirse in his life. I hope he wont tell father. This afternoon we pluged stewdcats.

Jan. 7
REAL
Ed Tole has got a gote, the fellers stumped me to hold him by the horns and he buted me over in the slush. Mother said I had no bisness to be playing on sunday.

Jan. 8
DIARY
brite and fair. there is going to be a nigger show in the town hall tonite, father says I cant go because I sassed aunt Sarah. It is uncle Toms cabbin.

Jan. 9
OF
brite and fair. Beany went to the nigger show. he led one of the bludhounds in the procession and got a ticket. Beany had on a red coat jest like the dogs. he said it was duty.

Jan. 10
A
rany. Nipper Brown is the best scolar in my class. I am the wirst. I can lick Nipper easy.

Jan. 11
REAL
brite and fair. After school me and Beany and Prut and Fatty Melcher and Percy Chadwick and lots of fellers went skating on fresh river. I was skating backword and got one leg in a eal hole. gosh the water was cold.

Jan. 12
BOY
nobody got licked in school today, guess why, because there wasent enny school. old Francis was sick, I went skating.

From "THE REAL DIARY OF A REAL BOY," written 35 years ago by Judge Henry A. Shute, of Exeter, N. H. (Harvard, '79). The greatest book of real humor for a generation. A book you will read again and again. Cloth, $1.00, postpaid. Everett Press Company, Publishers, 74 India Street, Boston, Mass.

PURE DELIGHT found in The EDISON
PHONOGRAPH

The Phonograph is the only machine that does not scratch nor screech, giving pure musical tones and clear speech, with great volume and sweetness. The Phonograph is the machine with which successful records can be made at home, affording unending amusement and instruction.

National Phonograph Co., Orange, N. J.

NEW YORK, 83 Chambers St. CHICAGO, 144 Wabash Av.
SAN FRANCISCO, 933 Market St.
EUROPE, 33 Rempart Saint Georges, Antwerp, Belgium

TRIPS TO ORANGE LAND

Pennsylvania Railroad Personally Conducted Tours to Florida, February 17 and March 3. Two weeks to three months in the Tropics. Special Pullman train. Grand trip rates, $50 from New York, $48 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates from other points. For itineraries and tickets, apply to Geo. W. Boyd, A. G. P. A., Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

Kitchen Cabinets $11.25 buys a handsome kitchen cabinet and $9.85 a handsome cabinet such as some retail dealers sell at $16.00 each. Good sewing-machine $2.50. Send 25c. for 15 packages of flower seeds, and 10c. for 10 packages vegetable seeds. Ask for grocery bargain list. Write to-day stating your wants.

B. F. FOSTER, Allegan, Mich.

The Reading Table

Specimen Pages from a Revised Edition of Mangrall's Questions on Common Subjects: A Book for Schools

By CAROLYN WELLS

(Q.) Whence have we mohair? (A.) Mohair, a most irritating fabric, is made from the hair of the Mo, a large fur-bearing animal found chiefly in the United States. (Q.) Where is the finest specimen of this animal found? (A.) The St. Louis, Mo., is the largest and best known.

(Q.) Whence have we sole-leather? (A.) Sole-leather is the tanned and dried skin of the sole. (Q.) How is the leather prepared? (A.) The sole, which is but French for flounder, is cooked in oil until it is overdone. This is sole-leather.

(Q.) What is an angleworm? (A.) An angleworm is a small worm which has no curves, but disposes its length in sharp, acute angles.

(Q.) What is a cat? (A.) A four-footed domestic animal. (Q.) What is the plural of cat? (A.) Cattle.

(Q.) What is a dog? (A.) Another domestic pet. (Q.) What is the dog's mother called? (A.) A dogma.

(Q.) Are the dog and cat antagonistic? (A.) Yes. (Q.) How can you prove this? (A.) By the fact that there are so many conflicts between dogmatism and catechism.

(Q.) What is a theory? (A.) Something that must be so because there is no reason for it. (Q.) What is an exploded theory? (A.) One whose report goes off in smoke.

(Q.) What is poetry? (A.) Rhyme or blank verse. (Q.) What is better than blank verse? (A.) Blank lines. (Q.) What is the science of poetry called? (A.) Arhythmetic.

(Q.) What is a miser? (A.) One who mises.

(Q.) What is a viper? (A.) One who, or that which, vipes.

The Right of Way

President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, is a big-hearted, broad-gauged man little given to ceremony and red tape.

The latest story of his methods comes from a Western city in which his line has car yards and many side tracks. A prominent citizen of the place desired to have a subway built to his property. Its construction involved tunneling under the tracks of the Great Northern.

It seems that he had experienced some delay in getting the corporation's consent, and so when President Hill passed through the city recently the citizen bearded the magnate in his car.

"I want this subway bad," Mr. Hill's visitor explained. "I have petitioned your company but without getting satisfaction. So I have come to you for advice."

The railway builder smiled.

"I have found," he said, "that the best plan in such cases is to go ahead and get permission afterward."

The subway is now in course of construction and no protest has been filed by the Great Northern.

A JIG

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

OH, MISS LIZE, come eat wid me,
Unnerneaf the blue gum tree;
What you gine to have fu' to eat, my deah?
'Possum meat an' 'simmon beer;
Git you ready.

Oh, Brer Samson, what'll I waih,
Fo' I come to meet you thaih?
Waih de little linsey dress o' yo'n
An' slick yo' haih wid a 'possum bone;
Git you ready.

Now, Miss Lize, I tek yo' han',
Sweetes' chile in all de lan';
What you gine to do ef I walk wid you?
I's gine weavin' thoo an' thoo;
Git you ready.

Come, my lady, don't you wait,
I's done got yo' cup an' plate;
What you gine to do w'en de feas' is spread?
Den, my da'lin', we will wed!
Git you ready.

40-Volume Shakespearian Library
for 6 Cents a Day

For six cents a day, for a short while, you can buy a complete Shakespearian Library — forty volumes — containing all of Shakespeare's Plays, Poems and Sonnets, with copious notes and explanatory matter. If you are a student of Shakespeare, or if you are accumulating a library of standard authors, or if you wish to read merely for pleasure, you cannot do better than buy a set of the Booklovers' Shakespeare on our Club plan. An entire set will be sent you, on your request, for examination before purchasing.

The Booklovers' Edition

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THREE IN A GAME

(*Continued from Page 5*)

"D'ye believe what this young feller has told you?"

They said they did. Shadwell turned again to Gawthrop.

"It's 'ard lines on men as is sailormen, and ships so short'anded as they always is with greedy owners, to 'ave shipmates as can't do their work. But you look bright, young feller, and if you skips quick and does your best, there ain't no reason as you shouldn't be *some* kind of use in the world before we're off the Horn. And I say the same to you over there!"

"Go to the devil," replied Hunt sulkily.

"Sailormen don't go there. *They* goes to Fiddler's Green," said Shadwell. "And mark me! Put the girl out of your minds. This was a put-up job, and *she* was in it. She'll marry this here Gardiner!"

"He hasn't a cent," said Gawthrop contemptuously.

"It don't follow," said Shadwell stubbornly, "that because women is wicked by nature they ain't silly by ch'ice. I tell you Gardiner 'as gone to wind'ard of you! He's laughin' this very minute!"

And so he was. But Edith Atherton was by no means amused at the sudden disappearance of the two men who were supposed to stand highest in her favor. Whether she cared much or little for either of them or not, it was unpleasant to have them fail to keep their appointments, and to leave San Francisco without a word of explanation. Her first and very natural impulse was to let every one infer that she had rejected both of them. But when old Mr. Gawthrop called on her on the second day she had to own that she understood the mystery as little as the newspapers did. And all the papers were very keen on any scent.

There was one newspaper which suggested that they might have been shanghaied. It was the Era on which Gardiner worked. For though he had made up his mind to do very little more work on any paper, he was loyal to his flag so long as he hoisted it, and meant that the Era should be able to sail in at the last and say "We told you so." And when every one else on the paper failed in getting an interview with Miss Atherton, he volunteered to try.

"You must understand, however," he said to his editor, "that even if I see her I don't promise to write anything about it. You see, I knew her a little when she was in New York two years ago, and though I'm not in the gilt-edged crowd she adorns here I owe her something."

And Edith Atherton saw him, although she did consider a man on a newspaper little, if anything, better than a deck-hand on a Bay ferryboat. She had never understood what he was doing in California at all. He went to interview her, and she interviewed him.

"I'm here as a man from the Era, Miss Atherton," said Gardiner. He spoke almost timidly. It was the first time he had ever been alone with her.

"You are *not* here as a man from the Era," said Edith.

"You mean——" said Gardiner eagerly.

"I mean that," said Edith; "just that. You are here as the Mr. Gardiner I met in New York."

Gardiner's eyes sparkled. He looked at her, smiled and then laughed.

"But mayn't I ask you anything about the —Mystery?" he asked.

"I don't see what it has to do with me," replied Edith. "But I see your paper says they have been shanghaied. Tell me what that means."

He explained; no man knew better.

"You mean they have gone to sea as common sailors?" she exclaimed.

"That is the theory of the Era," said Gardiner dryly. "If we are right, it will do them both good."

"I'm rather sorry for Sibley Gawthrop," she said. But Gardiner was not so young as to be discouraged by her sympathy for Sibley.

"May I be sorry for him, too?" asked Gardiner boldly. Edith Atherton stared at him and dropped her eyes.

"How is your father?" she asked irrelevantly. "He was a very nice old man."

"So he is," replied Gardiner; "the only trouble was that he believed he owned me. He came from the South, and was one of the few Southerners who, on losing their slaves, played their own game on the men from the North. He and I quarreled about a subject in which I considered he had no right to interfere."

There were no obvious implications in the way he spoke, and Edith Atherton saw none.

"What was that?" she asked innocently enough.

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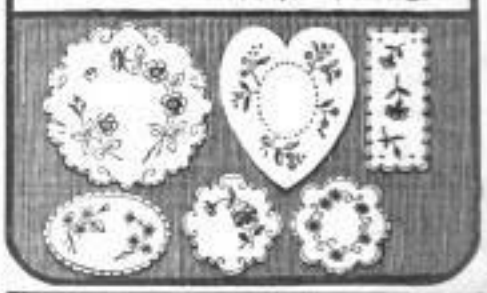

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"His view was that I shouldn't marry until he let me. I wanted to marry you."

Edith gasped a little and took hold of her chair as she bent forward.

"Indeed, Mr. Gardiner."

"I still want to, Miss Atherton. And as the lady whom he asked me to marry was married a month ago, I think he will forgive me if I ask him. It was always understood, even when we parted, that he would reinstate me as his partner if I succeeded for myself."

"And have you succeeded?" asked Edith with bent head. Gardiner rose from his chair and went toward her.

"That is for you to say," he cried.

And when he returned to the office he handed in no more than a paragraph. It was considered in some quarters an adequate explanation of the disappearance of Hunt and Gawthrop. Yet it was not adequate for Edith. It was only when she became Mrs. Gardiner, and they were on their way East, that her husband told her the truth.

"I'm really very sorry, now," said Gardiner. "Nevertheless, it will do them lots of good. They required it. You never really liked either of them, Edith?"

"No-o, not that way," said his wife. But she said to herself, "That next day I should have accepted Mr. Gawthrop."

They ran into Laramie Junction, that horrible desert of sagebrush and alkali. A bitter wind drove dust against the windows of their car.

"It's a ghastly prospect," said Gardiner, as he looked out on the prairie.

"It would have been," replied his wife absently.

"It would have been?" asked her husband in surprise.

"I mean it is, of course," said Edith.

The Way of a Bird in the Air

RECENT developments in aërial navigation have renewed interest in the comparative study of the mechanical principles involved in the flying of birds.

There is one exceedingly puzzling law in regard to birds and all flying creatures, the solution of which may work far-reaching influences in the construction of flying craft.

This law, which has thus far perplexed scientists, is that the heavier and bigger the bird or insect, the less relative wing area is required for its support. Thus the area of wing surface of a gnat is forty-nine units of area to every one of weight.

In graphic contrast to that, a condor *(sarcorhamphus gryphus)* which weighed 16.52 pounds had a wing surface of 9.80 square feet. In other words, though the gnat needs wing surface in a ratio of forty-nine square feet per pound of weight, a great condor manages to sail along majestically with 59-100ths of a square foot to a pound of weight.

The unexplained phenomenon persists consistently throughout the whole domain of entomology and ornithology. Going up the scale from the gnat, it is found that with the dragon-fly this ratio is 30 to 1, with the *tipula*, or daddy-long-legs, 14.5 to 1, the cockchafer only 5.15 to 1, the rhinoceros beetle 3.14 to 1.

Among birds the paradoxical law that the smaller the creature the bigger the relative supporting wings holds good. A screech owl *(scops zorca)* weighing one-third of a pound had 2.35 square feet of wing surface per pound of weight. A fish hawk *(pandion haliaëtus)* weighing nearly three pounds had a wing area of 1.08 square feet to each pound. A turkey buzzard weighing 5.6 pounds had a little less than one square foot of wing surface to each pound. A griffon vulture *(gyps fulvus)* weighing 16.52 pounds had a wing surface of only .68 square feet to the pound.

To this law, which is a baffling problem thus far to both ornithologists and members of aëronautical societies, there are no exceptions among flying creatures extant, but it is possible that the pterodactyl which winged its way over the cretaceous sea that once extended from the Gulf of Mexico through Kansas was an exception.

Prof. S.W. Williston, of the State University of Kansas, believes that the body of this strange flying reptile was little more than an appendage to the wings, which had a spread of twenty feet.

Scientists, however, hesitate to speak with certainty in regard to the body of the pterodactyl, although more is known of the wings from their impressions in the lithographic stone of Solenhofen, which has a fine grain.

Students of aërial navigation who are devoting much attention to observations of birds say that if the peculiar law governing extant flying creatures could be fathomed the problem of human flight might be solved.

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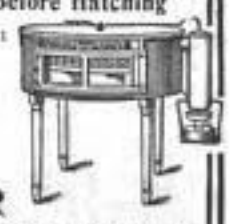

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GOLDEN FLEECE

By David Graham Phillips

(Continued from Page 11)

suppressed shriek—and Frothingham saw Cecilia's hands hastily snatch the written sheets from under the light. Then he heard a voice in his ear—he hardly knew it as hers:

"Come—come quickly!"

He rose and with his hand touching her arm followed her. The door opened—the dim hallway seemed brightly lighted, so great was the contrast. The maid was seated there. She at once rose, entered the medium's room and closed the door behind her. Cecilia and Frothingham went into the quiet little street—the brilliant sunshine, the white snow over everything; in the distance the rumble of the city.

He gave a huge sigh of relief, and wiped the sweat from his face—his very hair was wet and his collar was wilted. He was sickly pale.

"She always wishes to be left that way," said Cecilia, as if she did not know what she was saying.

They walked to the corner together. "I am not well," she said. He ventured to look at her; she was wan and old, and her eyes were deep-circled in blue-black and she was blue-black at the corners of her mouth, at the edges of her nostrils. "I must go home—they will telephone Mrs. Ridgie. Don't say where I was taken ill. Forgive me—it was all my fault—yet not mine. Good-by——" She did not put out her hand to him, but stood off from him with fear and anguish in her downcast eyes.

"The woman's a fraud—a——" he began.

She turned upon him with a fury of which he would not have believed her capable. "Go! Go!" she exclaimed, as if she were driving away a dog. "Already you may have lost me my love. Go!"

He shrank from her. She walked rapidly away, and he saw her hail a cab, enter it, saw the cab drive away. With his head down he strode back the way he had come. He turned into the quiet little street, went to Mrs. Ramsay's door, lifted and dropped the knocker several times. The maid opened the door a few inches and showed a frowning face.

Frothingham widened the space by thrusting himself into it. "Tell Mrs. Ramsay that Lord Frothingham wishes to speak to her," he said in a tone that made her servant his servant.

She went into the ghost-chamber and soon reappeared. "Mrs. Ramsay is too exhausted to see any one to-day."

"Bah!" exclaimed Frothingham, and stalked past the maid and into the ghost-chamber.

The curtains were back and the slats of the shutters were open. Mrs. Ramsay in her great chair by the table was using a bottle of salts. She did not look in Frothingham's direction as he closed the door sharply behind him.

He went to her and stood over her, scowling down at her. "What the deuce did you do that for, Lilian?"

Mrs. Ramsay did not change expression and did not answer.

"No one ever treated you decenter than I did. *You*——"

"No names, please, Slobsy," said Mrs. Ramsay, shaking her bottle and sniffing it again.

At "Slobsy" he shivered—he was not a lunatic on the subject of his dignity, but he did not fancy this nickname of his Oxford days, thus inopportunely flung at him. He felt that at one stroke she had cut the ground from under his feet.

"I was sorry to do it," she continued. "But I couldn't have you poaching on my preserves, could I now, Slobsy? It cut me to do it"—she looked at him with friendly sympathy—"but you could better afford to lose her than I could. You forgive me, don't you? You always were sensible."

"I'll expose you," he said—he was once more imperturbable, and was looking at her calmly through his eyeglass and was speaking in his faintly satirical drawl.

"Expose—what?" asked Mrs. Ramsay, sniffing at her salts.

He reflected. What *could* he expose? Clearly, no one but himself to Cecilia, or Cecilia to the public. He knew nothing about Mrs. Ramsay that would prove her a fraud. He turned and hurriedly left the room and the house.

"What luck—just my rotten luck!" he said to himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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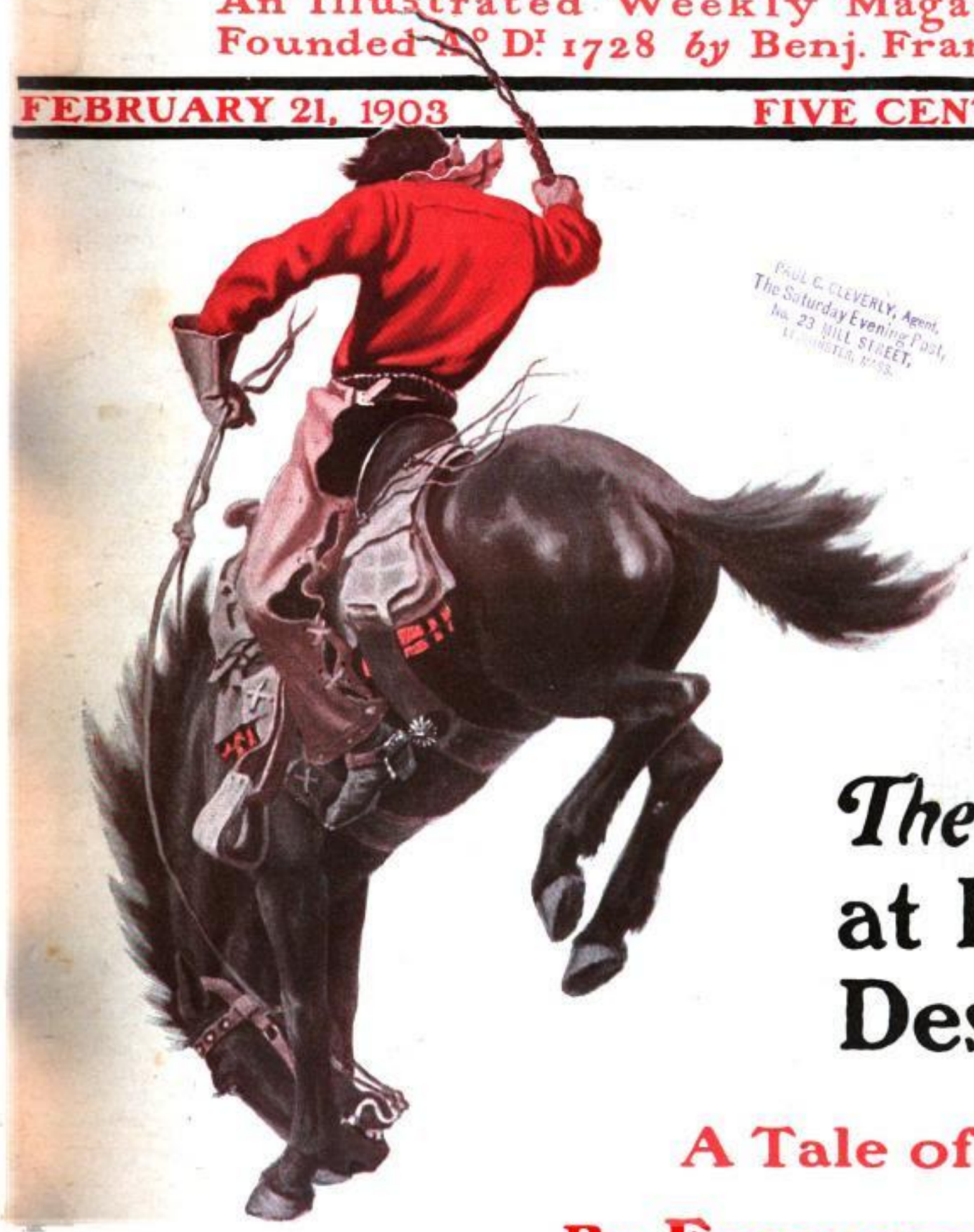

PAUL C. CLEVERLY, Agent,
The Saturday Evening Post,
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The Law at Heart's Desire

A Tale of the West

By Emerson Hough

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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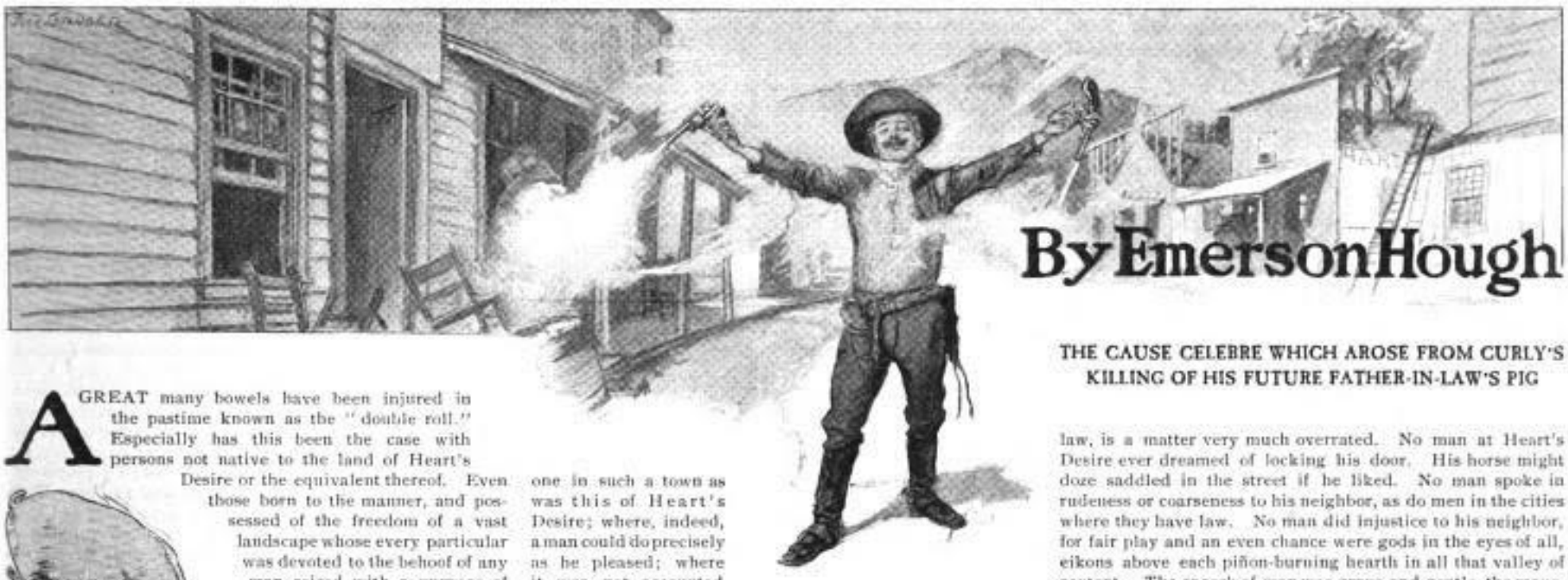
The Law at Heart's Desire



By Emerson Hough

THE CAUSE CELEBRE WHICH AROSE FROM CURLY'S KILLING OF HIS FUTURE FATHER-IN-LAW'S PIG

A GREAT many bowels have been injured in the pastime known as the "double roll." Especially has this been the case with persons not native to the land of Heart's Desire or the equivalent thereof. Even those born to the manner, and possessed of the freedom of a vast landscape whose every particular was devoted to the behoof of any man seized with a purpose of attaining speed and efficiency with firearms, did not always reach that smoothness and precision in the execution of this personal manœuvre which alone could render it safe to themselves or impressive to the beholder. The owner of this accomplishment was never apt to find himself much crowded with company, in the way either of participants or spectators. Yet the art was a simple and harmless one, pertaining more especially to youth, enthusiasm and the fresh air of high altitudes, which did ever evoke saltpetreish manifestations.

The evolution of the "double roll" is executed by taking a six-shooter — let us hope not one of those pitiful toys of the East — upon each forefinger, each weapon so hanging balanced on the trigger-guard and the trigger itself that it shall be ready to turn about the finger as upon a pivot, and shall be ready for instant discharge, the thumb cocking the weapon as it turns; yet so that it shall none the less be discharged only when the muzzle of the weapon is pointed away from the operator's person and not toward it. It is best for the ambitious to begin this little sport with an empty weapon. Thus one will readily observe that the click of the hammer is all too often heard before the whirl of the gun is fully under way, and while the muzzle is pointed midway of the operator's person; the weight of the heavy gun being commonly sufficient to pull back the trigger and so discharge the piece. When the ambitious soul has learned to do this "roll" with one empty gun he may try it with two empty guns. If he finds it possible thus to content himself it will perhaps be all the better for him. To stand upright, with a gun in each hand, even an empty gun, and so revolve the same while its own cylinder is revolving, is not wholly easy, though, when one has finally gotten both hemispheres of his brain into accord with his forefingers, he will ever thereafter be able to understand fully the double revolution of the earth, upon its axis and around the sun; provided always that he is able to perform the "double roll" without hitch or break, pulling right and left forefinger alternately and rapidly until he has heard what in his tentative case must be a series of six double clicks.

This performance with an empty six-shooter is but a pale and spiritless form of the sport of high altitudes. Instead there should be twelve reports, so closely sequent as to sound as one string of explosion. Thus executed the game is a fine one, the finer for being risky. To so stand erect, with an eight-inch Colt in either hand, each arm at full length, one gun shooting joyously down the centre of the street of your native town, the other shooting as cheerfully up the same street — to do this actually, with bark of powder and attendant puffs of dust-cut — this is indeed delightsome when the heart is full of red blood, and the chest swells with charged wine o' life, and the eyes gleam and the muscles harden for very search of some endeavor immediate and difficult! It is the more delightsome when this moment of man-frenzy finds one in such a town as was this of Heart's Desire; where, indeed, a man could do precisely as he pleased; where it was not accounted wrong or ill-balanced to claim the whole street for a half-moment or so of a cloudless morning, and so to ease one's self of the pressure of the joy o' life. To own this little world, to live free of touch or taint of control or guidance, to be brother to the mountains, cousin of the free sky — to live in Heart's Desire and be a man — ah! would that were possible for all of us to-day! Were it so, then assuredly we should exult and take unto ourselves all the privileges of the domain, perhaps even to the extent of attempting the "double roll."

Perhaps, if we were each and every one of us a prospective bridegroom, as was Curly, upon this morning in question, we should be all the more persuaded to execute the "double roll" in mid-street, as proof to the public that all was well. Perhaps, also, if there should thus appear to any of us, adown street upon either hand, an object moving slowly, pausing, resuming again across the line of gun-vision its slow advance — ah! tell me, if that slow-moving object crossing a bridegroom's joyous aim were a pig, a grunting, fat, conceited pig, arrogating to itself much of that street wherefrom one's fellow-citizens had for a moment of grave courtesy withdrawn — tell me, if you were a bridegroom, soon to be happy, and if you could do the "double roll" with loaded guns and no danger to your bowels, and if while so engaged you should see within easy range this black, sleek pig, with its tail curled tightly, egotistically, contemptuously over its back, what, as a man, would you do? What, as a man, could you do in a case like that, in a land where there was no law, where never a court had sat, where never such a thing as a case at law had been known? Consider, what would be the abstract right and justice of this matter, repeating that you were a bridegroom and twenty-three, and that the air was molten wine and honey mingled, and that this pig — but then, the matter is absurd! There is but one answer. It was right, indeed it was inevitable that Curly should shoot the pig; because in the first place it had intruded upon his pastime, and because in the second place he felt like it.

And yet over this act, this simple, inevitable act of justice, arose the first law case ever known in Heart's Desire, a cause which shook that community to the centre of its being, and for a time threatened its very continuance. Ah, well! perhaps the time had come. Perhaps the sun was now to set over all the valleys of Heart's Desire. Perhaps this was the beginning of the end. The law, they say, must have its course. It had its course in Heart's Desire.

But not without protest, not without struggle. There were two factions from the start. Strange to say, that most bitterly opposed to Curly was headed by no less a person than his own intended father-in-law, the man from Leavenworth. It was his pig. The rest of us had lived at Heart's Desire for a considerable time, but there had hitherto seemed no need for law. Order we already had in so far as order is really needed, though the importance of order, or indeed the importance of law, is a matter very much overrated. No man at Heart's Desire ever dreamed of locking his door. His horse might doze saddled in the street if he liked. No man spoke in rudeness or coarseness to his neighbor, as do men in the cities where they have law. No man did injustice to his neighbor, for fair play and an even chance were gods in the eyes of all, eikons above each piñon-burning hearth in all that valley of content. The speech of man was grave and gentle, the movements of man slow, easy and unhurried; neither did any man work by rule, or by clock, or by order. There was no such thing as want or hunger; for did temporary poverty encompass one, was there not always the house of Uncle Jim Brothers, and could not one there hang up his gun behind the door and so obtain credit for an indefinite length of time, entitling him to eat at table with his peers? Had there been such a thing as families in Heart's Desire, be sure such a thing as a woman or child laboring had been utterly unknown. It was a land of men, big, grave, sufficient men, each with a gun upon his hip, and sometimes two, guaranty of peace and calm and content. And any man who has ever lived in a Land Before the Law knows that this is the only fit way of life. Alas! that this scheme, this great, happy, simple, perfect scheme of society should be subverted. And, be it remembered, that this was by reason of nothing more than a pig, an artless, lissom pig, it is true; an infrequent, somewhat prized, a little petted and perhaps spoiled pig, it is true, yet, after all, no fit cause of elemental strife.

But now came this man from Leavenworth, fresh from litigious soil, bearing with him in his faded blue overcoat germs of civilization, seeds of discontent. He wailed aloud that the pride of the community, meaning this pig, which he had brought solitary in a box at the tail of the wagon when he moved in, was now departed; that there was naught left to distinguish this community from any other camp in the mountains; that the pig had been the light of his home, the apple of his eye, the pride of the community; that he had entertained large designs in connection with this pig the following fall; that its taking off was a shame, an outrage, a disgrace, an act utterly illegal, and one for which any man in Kansas would promptly have had the law of his neighbor.

Hitherto the "double roll," even in connection with a curly-tailed black pig, had not been considered actionable in Heart's Desire; but the outcry made by this man from Leavenworth, now the postmaster of the town and in some measure a leader in the meetings of the population, began to attract attention. It began to play upon the nicely attuned instrument of Public Spirit. What, asked the community gravely, was to separate Heart's Desire in the eye of Eastern capital, from any other camp in the far Southwest? Once the town could claim a pig, which no other camp of that district could do. Now it could do so no more forever. This began to put a different look upon the face of things.

"It seems like the ole man took it some hard," said Curly. "He don't seem to remember that I was due to be a member of the family right soon, same as the pig. I don't like to think I'm shy when it comes to comparison with a shoat. Gimme time, and I reckon I could take the place o' the pig in my new dad's affections. But I say deliberate that pigs has got no call to be in a cow country, not none, unless salted. Say, can't we salt this one? Then, who's the worse off for it? Say, what's all this furse about, anyway?"

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"That's right, Curly," said Dan Anderson, who stood with hands in pockets and pipe in mouth leaning against the door-jamb in front of his "law office." "You have enunciated a great principle of law in that statement. They have got to prove damages. Moreover, you have got a counter claim. It's laceratin' to be compared to a shoat."

"And me just goin' to be married," said Curly.

"Sure, it ain't right."

"Anderson," said I, moving up to the group, "did you ever hear of such things as champerty or maintenance? The first thing you know you'll get disbarred for stirring up litigation."

"Keep away from my client," said Dan Anderson, grinning. "You're jealous of my professional success, that's all. Neither of us has had a case yet, and now that it looks like I was going to get one, you're jealous. Do you want to pass up the first lawsuit ever held in Donna Ana County? Come now, I'm bored to death. Let's have some fun."

Curly began to shift uneasily on his feet. His hat went still farther back on his red, kinky curls.

"Law!" said he. "Law! You don't mean——" For the first time in his life Curly grew pale. "Why, I'll clean out the hull bunch!" he said, the red surging back in his face and his hand instinctively going to his gun.

"No, you won't," said Dan Anderson. "Do you want to bust up your marriage with the girl from Kansas?"

"Sho!" said Curly, and fell thoughtful. "This looks bad," said he; "mighty bad." He sat down and began to sweat. I do not doubt that Dan Anderson at that moment was a disgrace to his profession, though later he honored it. He winked at me.

"Don't you tamper with my client," said he; and then resumed to Curly: "What you need is a lawyer. You've got to have legal advice. It happens that the full bar of Heart's Desire is now present talking to you. Take your pick. I've got a d——d good idea which is the best lawyer of this bar, but I wouldn't tell you for the world that I'm the one. Take your pick. Here's the whole legal works of the town, us two."

"Law!" said Curly. "Why—law—lawyers! Then who—say, now, I'll *pay* for the pig. I didn't mean nothin', no way."

Then Dan Anderson rose to certain heights. "You can't settle it that way," said he. "That's too easy. Oh, you can pay for the *pig* easy enough; but how about the majesty of the law? Where is the peace and dignity of the commonwealth to come in? This is criminal. Nope, you choose. You need a lawyer."

"You—you all got me locoed," said Curly nervously. "Law! Why, I don't want no law. There ain't never been no co'te set here. Down to the county-seat over in Lincoln County, that's all right; but here—why, they don't *want* no law here. Besides, I can't choose between you two fellers. I like you both. You're both white men. Ef you could rope and shoot better I could git either one of you a job punchin' any day, and thet's a heap better'n practicin' law. I couldn't make no choice between you fellers. Say, I'll hev you *both*." This with a sudden illumination of countenance.

"That would be unconstitutional," said Dan Anderson solemnly, "and against public policy as well. That would be cornering the whole legal supply of the community, Curly, and it wouldn't leave anybody for the prosecution."

"Sho!" said Curly. Then suddenly he added: "There's the old man. Don't you never doubt he'd prosecute joyful. And there never was a man from Kansas didn't know some law. Why, once, down on the Brazos——"

"He can't act as attorney-at-law," said Anderson. "He's never been admitted to the bar. Say, you flip a dollar."

The thought of chance-taking appealed to Curly. He flipped the dollar.

"Heads, me," said Dan Anderson; and so it fell. That young man smiled blithely. "We'll skin 'em, Curly," said he. "You'll be free as air in less'n a week."

"Now," said Dan Anderson to me, "it's all right thus far. Next we have got to get a Justice of the Peace, and then we've got to get the prisoner arrested."

"'Rested!" said Curly. "Who? Me?"

"Of course," drawled his newly constituted attorney. "Didn't you kill the pig? You just hang around for a little, for when we need you we don't want to have to hunt all over the county."

"All right," said Curly dubiously.

"Where's Blackman?" said Dan Anderson, again addressing me. "We have got to have a judge or we can't have any trial. Come on and let's hunt him up. Curly, don't you run away, mind. You trust to me, and I'll get you clear, and get you married, both."

"All right," said Curly again. "I'll jest sornter down to the Lone Star, and when you all want me I'll be in there, either takin' a drink or playin' a few kyards."

"Let's get Blackman now," said his lawyer. Blackman was the duly constituted Justice of the Peace in and for Heart's Desire. Nobody knew precisely when or how he had been elected, and perhaps indeed he never was elected at all. There must be a beginning for all things. The one thing certain as to Blackman was that he had once been a Justice of the Peace back in Kansas, which fact he had not been slow to announce upon his arrival in Heart's Desire. Perhaps from this arose the local custom of calling him Judge, and perhaps from his wearing the latter title arose the supposition that he really was a judge. The records are quite silent as to the origin of his tenure of office. The office itself, as has been intimated, had hitherto been one purely without care. At every little shooting scrape or other playfulness of the male population, Blackman, Justice of the Peace, became inflated with importance and looked monstrous grave. But nothing ever came of these little alarms, so that gradually the inflations grew less and less extensive. They might perhaps have ceased altogether had it not been for this malignant zeal of Dan Anderson, formerly of Princeton, and now come, hit or miss, to grow up with the country. Blackman was ever ready enough for a lawsuit, forsooth pined for one. Yet what could he do? He could not go forth and with his own hands arrest chance persons and hale them before his own court for trial. The sheriff, when he was in town, simply laughed at him and told his deputies not to mix up with anything except circuit court matters, murders, and more especially horse-stealings. Constable there was none; and policeman—well, one does wonder just a trifle what would have happened to any such thing as a policeman or town marshal in the valley of Heart's Desire! In short, there was neither judicial nor executive arm of the law in action. One may therefore realize the hindrances which Dan Anderson met in getting up his lawsuit. Yet he went forward in the attempt patiently, driven simply by ennui. He did not dream that he was doing something epochal.

Blackman, Justice of the Peace, was sitting in the office of the Golden Age when we found him, reading the exchanges and offering gratuitous advice to the editor. He was a short-ish man, thick both in body and in wits, with sparse hair and hay-colored, ragged mustache. His face was florid, his pale eyes protruded. He was a wise-looking man, excellently well suited in appearance for the office which he filled. We explained to him our errand. Gradually, as the sense of his own new importance dawned upon him, he began to swell, until he apparently assumed a bulk thrice that which he formerly possessed. His spine straightened rigidly; a solemn light came into his eye; a cough that fairly choked with wisdom echoed from his throat. It was a great day for Blackman, J. P.

"Do I know this man, this cowpuncher?" said he. "Of course I know him, blank him, and I know what he done, too. Such a high-handed act never ought to be tolerated, sir! Destroyin' property—why, a-destroyin' of life an' property, fer he killed the pig—and this new family o' citizens, dependin' in part on the pig fer their sustenances this comin' season; to say nuthin' of his nigh shooting me up as I was crossin' the street from the post-office! Try him! Why, o' *course* we ought to try him. What show have we got if we go on this lawless way? What inducement kin we offer Eastern capital to settle in our midst if, instead of bein' quiet and law-abidin', we go on a-rarin' and a-pitchin' and a-runnin' wide open, every man for hisself? What are we here for, you, and you, and me, if it ain't to set in trile over sech britches of the peace?"

"You're in," said Dan Anderson succinctly. "Get over to your 'dobe. We'll hold this trial right away. I guess all the boys'll know about it by this time. I'll go over and get the prisoner. But, hold on! He ain't arrested yet. Who'll serve the warrant? Pat Garrett (the sheriff) is down on the Hondo, and his deputy, Poe, is out of town. There ain't a soul here to serve a paper. Looks like the court was some rusty, don't it?"

"Warrant!" said the Justice, "Warrant! You don't need no warrant. Wasn't he seen a-doin' the act?"

"Oh, but it wasn't a real first-class felony," demurred Dan with some shade of conscience left.

"Well, I'll arrest him myself," said the Justice. "He's got to be brought to trile."

"Well, now," I ventured to suggest, "that doesn't look exactly right, either, since you are to try the case, Judge. It's legal, but it isn't etiquette."

Blackman scratched his head. "Maybe that's so," said he. Then turning to me, "'Spose you arrest him."

"He can't," said Dan Anderson. "He's the prosecuting attorney—only other lawyer in town. It wouldn't look right for either the judge or prosecutor to make the arrest. Curly might not like it." This all seemed true enough, and we fell into a quandary.

"I'll tell you," said Dan Anderson at length. "I'd better arrest him myself. I'm going to defend him, so it would look more regular for me to bring him in. Looks like he wasn't afraid of the verdict. We ain't, either. I want you to remember, Judge, if you don't clear him——"

Here I interrupted, feeling that the majesty of the law was not fully subserved by threatening the trial judge in advance.

"Well, come along, then," said Anderson. "Let that part of it go. Come over and let's get out the warrant."

I was not with them when the warrant was issued, though that part of the proceedings might naturally have seemed rather the duty of the prosecution than of the defense. Dan Anderson afterward told me that Blackman could not find his law book (he had only one, a copy of the statutes of Kansas) for a long time, and then couldn't find the proper place in it. Legal blanks did not exist in Heart's Desire, and all legal forms had departed from Blackman's mind in this time of excitement. Dan Anderson himself drew the warrant. As it was read later by himself to Curly at the Lone Star it did not lack a certain charm. It began with "Greeting," and ended with, "Now, therefore, in the name of God and the Continental Congress." Anderson did not crack a smile in reading it, and so far as that is concerned, the warrant worked as well as any and better than some. I would give much fine gold to get possession of that document to-day. It might amuse the constituents of the Honorable Daniel Anderson. Curly, because he felt that he was in the hands of his friends, made no special demurrer to the terms of the "writ," and in a few moments the Lone Star was empty and Blackman's adobe was packed.

"Order! order! gentlemen," called Blackman, Justice of the Peace, clearing his throat. "This honorable justice court is now in session. Gentlemen, what is your pleasure?"

He was a little confused, but he meant well. It seemed incumbent upon the prosecutor to make some sort of a statement, but the attorney for the defense interposed. He moved for the discharge of the prisoner on the ground that there was no territorial law and no city ordinance violated; he intimated that the pig had perhaps been killed accidentally, or perhaps in self-defense; the prisoner was wrongfully restrained of his liberty, etc. The ire of Blackman, J. P., at this was something to behold. He to be deprived of his opportunity thus lightly? Hardly! He overruled all this at once and rapped loudly for order.

"The trile will go on," said he.

"Then, Your Honor," cried Dan Anderson, springing to his feet, "then I shall resort to the ancient bulwark of our personal liberties. I shall sue out a writ of habeas corpus, and take this prisoner out of custody. He is wrongfully restrained of his liberty. I will sue this court on its bond—I'll take a change of venue—we'll leave no stone unturned to set this innocent man free and restore him to the bosom of his family!"

This speech produced a great effect, as murmurs of approbation testified. The doughty Justice of the Peace was not, however, so easily to be reckoned with. He pointed out that there was no officer to serve a writ of habeas corpus; that the court had given no bond to anybody and did not propose to do so; that there was no other court to which to apply for a change of "vendew," as he termed it; and reiterated once more that the "trile must go on." The prosecution was, therefore, once more called upon to state the case. Again the attorney for the defense protested, a foreshadowing of his fighting-blood reddening his face.

"I call for a jury," said he. "Does this court suppose we are going to leave the liberty of this prisoner in the hands of a judge openly and notoriously prejudiced as to the facts of this case? I demand a trial by a jury of the defendant's peers."

Blackman reddened, but was game. "Jury goes," said he. "Count out twelve fellers there, beginnin' next the door."

"Twelve!" said Dan Anderson, for the moment almost losing his gravity. "I thought this court might be content with six for a justice's jury; but realizing the importance of this court we are willing to agree on twelve."

It was so agreed. The jury took in every man in the little room but three. "They'll do for a veniry," said Blackman, J. P., learnedly. Under the circumstances one can perhaps forgive him for becoming at times a trifle mixed as to legal proceedings.

At least, it was easy to agree as to the jury; for obviously all the population of the place was fully acquainted with all the facts in the case, and each one had freely expressed his opinion upon the one side or the other. There seemed to be no reason for excusing any juror for cause; and upon the other hand, there are often very good reasons in a Land Before the Law for not bringing up personal matters of this kind. Indeed, the trial judge settled all that. He looked over the twelve good men and true thus segregated, and remarked briefly, "They're his peers, all right. The trile will now proceed."

Whereupon he swore them solemnly and made a record in his fee-book, to the later consternation of his jurors. "Ain't this court a notary, too?" said Blackman later. "And ain't a notary entitled to so much fee for administerin' a oath? And didn't I administer twelve oaths?" There was small answer to this, after all. The laborer is worthy of his hire; and Blackman really labored in this case as in all likelihood few justices ever did before or since.

The prosecuting attorney, who, it may be seen, held his office much as did the justice of the peace, by the doctrine of *nemine contradicente*, now arose and made the opening statement. There was some doubt as to whether this was a civil or criminal trial, but there was no doubt whatever of the existence of a trial of some kind; neither did there exist any doubt as to the importance of this, the first case the prosecuting attorney had ever tried, outside of moot courts. It was the first speech he had ever made in public, barring college "orations," carefully memorized, and an occasional Fourth of July speech which might have been better for more memorizing. The attorney for the prosecution, however, arose to the occasion—at least to a certain extent. He spoke in low and feeling tones of the struggling little community of hardy souls thus set down apart in the far-off mountain country of the West; of its trials, its hopes, its ambitions, of its expectations of becoming a mountain emporium which should be the

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pride of the entire territory; he went on to mention the necessity for law and order, pointing out the danger to the public interests of the community which must lie in a general reputation for ruffianism and lawlessness, showing how Eastern capital must ever be timid in visiting a town of such reputation, apart from investing any money therein; then, changing to the personal phases of the case, he spoke of the absolute disregard of law shown in the act charged, mentioned the red-handed deed of this lawless and dangerous person who had thus slain a pig, no less the pride of the community than the idol of the family now bereft.

At this point the jury began to look much perturbed and solemn and the prisoner very red and uneasy. Prosecution closed by offering to prove all charges by competent testimony. This latter was a dangerous proposition to advance. We could not well ask the jurymen to testify, and of the "veniry," more than half had now slipped out for a hurried and excited visit at the Lone Star, there to advise their countrymen of what was going on at Blackman's adobe.

Counsel for the defense arose calmly to make his opening statement. My heart leaped when I saw Dan Anderson then. In a flash I saw the success which later was to be his in the forensic arena. The man was a natural criminal lawyer. It was simply destiny which had driven him into this comedy, this little farce of his own arrangement. He had merely longed to be at his art, at his profession, had simply longed to be using the weapons which he felt ready in his hands. It was not comedy now, when Dan Anderson arose and faced judge and jury here in Blackman's adobe. It was the gravity of the Law which sat upon his face and which was reflected to the soul of every man there present. There came a swift, sudden chill, a gripping as of iron, a darkening, a shrinking of the heart of each man in that little room. It was the coming of the Law! Ah! Dan Anderson, you ruined our little paradise; and now its walls are down forever, even the walls of our city of content, in the golden valley of Heart's Desire.

Dan Anderson stood, young, tall and grave, one hand in the bosom of his shirt, for hardly one present wore a coat. His posture was calm, self-possessed, easy, graceful. He had his audience with him before he spoke. When he began he caught them the tighter to his cause, using not merely flowing rhetoric of speech, but the close-knit, advancing, upbuilding argument of a man able to "think on his feet," that higher sort of oratory which is most convincing with an American audience or an American jury. And they who listened knew vaguely that a new influence had now come to Heart's Desire, and that the advocate thereof, its proper apostle, was now speaking to them in the person of this man, who but a day before had seemed a mere boy.

HE HAD HIS AUDIENCE WITH HIM BEFORE HE SPOKE

The statement of the prosecution, said Dan Anderson, was on the whole a fair one, and no discredit to the learned brother making it. In any case at law there must perforce be two sides, that of prosecution and that of defense. It was the duty of prosecution to so specify and to prove if possible wherein the law of the land or of the community had been violated. None would more readily than himself yield acquiescence to the statement that law and order must prevail; that here, in this little community, the old ways must cease, and the course of the ancient social compact set on, as in the older communities of the world. Without law there could be nothing but anarchy, and under anarchy progress was at an end. The individual must give up something of his rights to the state and the community. He gave up a certain amount of liberty, but received therefor an equivalent in protection, in the support of the whole community, so long as he observed that law which was the expressed will of all; the united and joint judgment of all as to what was right and just. Under the social compact each man might feel that he was not alone, but that with him were many brothers, ready to protect him, his family, his property, which otherwise must fall to any who might by force possess himself thereof. The law was, therefore, no oppressor, no monster, no usurer, no austere being, reaping where it had not sown. The law was nothing to be dreaded, nothing to be feared; and indeed, upon the other hand, it was nothing to be scorned. To prosecute offenses was no disgrace; it was a duty.

There must be a beginning, continued Anderson, laying another premise for his argument. There must be something established. The pound measure was one pound, the same all over the country; a yard measure was a yard, and there was no guesswork about it. It was the same. It was a unit. So with the law. It must be the same, a unit, soulless, unfeeling, just, unchangeable. There must be no guesswork about it. There must be no mutability in that principle which took hold of the very gates of Heaven and placed itself brother and kin to Him in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. By the united will, the joint consent, the recorded joint consent of the entire social body in regard to certain specific and easily recognizable acts, the attitude of the law was thus or so, and not otherwise. It was not subject to change. Very well. This was the law and it was right. It was not for the individual to pass upon any of these questions. It was for the courts to do so, the approved machinery set aside, under the social compact, for reducing the friction of the wheels of society, for securing the permanency of things beneficial to that society, and for removing things injurious thereto. The Law itself was immutable. It was right, because the ultimate spirit of fair play had said that it was right. The courts must administer that Law without malice, without feeling, impersonally, justly.

In so far as there had hitherto been no Law in Heart's Desire, went on the speaker, thus far had our citizens dwelt in barbarism, had indeed been unfit, under the very definition of things, to bear the proud title of citizen of America, the justest, the most order-loving, as well as the bravest and the most aggressive nation of the world. The time had now come for the establishment in this community of the Law, that beneficent agency of progress, that indispensable factor, that inseparable attendant upon civilization. Upon the sky should blaze no more the red riot of anarchy and barbarism. Upon the summit of the noble mountain overtopping this happy valley there should sit no more the grinning figure of malevolent and unrestrained vice, but the pure form of the blind Goddess of Justice, holding ever aloft over this happy land the unfaltering sword and the unwavering scales, so that all might look thereon, the rightdoers in smiling security, the wrongdoing in terror of their deed. This was the Law.

"And now, gentlemen of this jury," said Dan Anderson, "I stand here before you to make no excuses for this Law, to palliate nothing in the way of its workings, to set no tentative or temporizing date for the time of the arrival at this place of the image of the Law. I say to you here to-day, at this hour, that image now sits there enthroned above us. The Law is not to come. It has come! It is here! We are in its holy presence, before its sacred altar, which no man may violate. Every one of us here, attorney, juryman, witness, is a servant in this temple of the Law; the servant of this court, who in turn is the servant of the Law; which in turn is the servant of the people of America; who, thank God! are the absolute slaves of the undying principles of justice and fair play."

The old days were, therefore, done, he went on. Henceforth we must observe the Law. We were here now with the intention of observing that Law. Should we therefore fear it? Should we dread the decision of this distinguished servant of the Law? By no means. To show that the Law was no dragon, no demon, he would now, in the very face of that Law, in the very face of the full severity of that Law, proceed to clear this innocent man of that cloud of doubt and suspicion which for a brief moment the social body had cast upon him—not in malice, but only in a desire for the good of all. He would show to the gentlemen of this jury and to this honorable court that there had been no violation of the Law through any act of his client, this honest, open-faced, intelligent young gentleman, long known among them as an upright and fair-dealing man. The Law, just, exact, would now protect this prisoner, just as it would assure these others of the social body that they, too, had had protection. The pound was a pound. The yard was a yard. The Law was the Law. It was no matter of guesswork. If the lawmakers representing us all had failed to set down certain stipulations, it was not for us now and here to seek to remedy that lack. We must not seek to be judge and jury and legislator, each for himself. We must take the Law as we found it. Otherwise we destroyed all the intent and purpose of that Law, and left ourselves utterly without protection, naught but barbarians, after all. This was no case in equity. This judge could not do merely what he supposed was right. He must do what the Law told him to do; and if he did not, the Law would punish him for his failure to do so. The prosecution must, therefore, show that some specific article of the Law had been violated. The State must show from competent testimony that an act of transgression, specific, unmistakable, had been committed. We must not suppose, or guess, or believe that perhaps it might have been committed. We must know that it had been committed, and at the time and place charged, and by the person accused. If there were any doubt as to the testimony, any shadow of wavering in its fabric, it must be shown that there was a reasonable motive for this act charged, at the specific time and place charged. There must be no guessing at that. The Law did not deal in hit-or-miss. It took no chances. In its greatness of love and charity and kindness, in its transcendent hope that each and every man was innocent, in its wish that each and every man should have that freedom and personal liberty which made the dearest birthright given to humanity, the Law demanded that the social body should hold this man untainted, pure and innocent, until by such absolute proof he had been shown specifically guilty. It was not for the defense to take the first step in this matter. The burden of proof must lie upon the prosecution. His client was innocent until the prosecution had advanced and made its proof. Upon the failure of that attempt he would still remain innocent, uninjured, untainted, free.

"Now," continued Dan Anderson, casting an eye about him as calmly as could have done any old trial lawyer examining the condition of his jury, "what are the charges made by the State? That the law of the Territory has been violated? The prosecution specifies no section or paragraph of the statutes of this Territory holding it unlawful to shoot any dangerous wild beast at large in this community. We do not admit that our client shot anything, or shot at anything whatever. We shall prove that at the time mentioned he was engaged in a simple, harmless and useful pastime, a pastime laudable of itself, since it tends to make the participant therein a better and more useful citizen. We reserve our defense as to those heads pending a review of the evidence which shall have been introduced by the State. You will agree with me that it is beneath contempt to think that for a single moment any human life has been in danger from any act, any innocent, unmalicious act of this good young man who thus sits before you under the stigma of a vague and unspecified crime. There is no territorial law forbidding any act which he is here charged with committing. Neither has the body social in this thriving community placed upon its records any local law, any indication that a man may not do without let or hindrance any act such as those charged vaguely against this good young man, who has only availed himself

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The Money Kings of the World

Pretenders and Rois Fainéants

By William T. Stead

THIS series of articles would be incomplete if it were exclusively devoted to those genuine Money Kings of the modern world of finance. In the world of finance as in the political world we have Pretenders who pose as the genuine rulers, but sooner or later come to ignominious collapse, and millionaires who are *rois fainéants*, do-nothing monarchs, mere King Logs in the financial world. In England there have been several, and in Russia at one time the False Dmitri almost succeeded in establishing permanently his claim to rule; so in the financial world we have pretenders to sovereignty, men who for a season usurp a controlling position in the money market. They hold their court, they have their parasites and flatterers, and they are acclaimed in all the newspapers as veritable monarchs; and then some fine day the smash comes and they are seen no more. It is unfortunate that of late years England has produced no Money King of the genuine breed, but as if to make up for this deficiency she has produced an exceptional number of pseudo-kings, adventurers who came from nothing and returned thither, but who made a more or less meteoric display of their capacity for swindling the public. The Swindler King is a variety with which the investing public is only too familiar. He is sometimes a thief pure and simple who escapes imprisonment merely because his stealings are done on such a large scale that the very magnitude of his larcenies secures him immunity. There are others who cannot be said to be swindlers inasmuch as they do not intentionally deceive the public. They began by deceiving themselves, and in all honesty and sincerity of purpose they succeeded in inducing multitudes of their fellow-men to invest millions in worthless securities in the full conviction that they were playing the part of great philanthropists in making the fortunes of all their friends. The most remarkable of the latter type was undoubtedly John Law, of the great Mississippi Bubble, which about two hundred years ago made him the Money King of Old France. We have had no one in later years who could compare with John Law. That enterprising Scotchman cornered a whole realm, and the King made him practically supreme over the national exchequer. Nearly all pseudo-kings go up like a rocket only to come down like the stick, and John Law was no exception. In three years he had soared to the zenith and had fallen out of sight. Yet, although the craze in which he rose to such astounding notoriety cost the public millions, Law himself profited nothing by their folly, and died some years afterward in Venice little better than a beggar.

The King Pin of the Pretenders

It has been noticed as a curious fact that in the United States the financial genius who founds a great fortune does so usually upon a solid basis, and while founding his own dynasty contributes at the same time to the prosperity and development of the community. He may exact too large a profit or toll from the public for his services, but he renders services. Even the predatory monopolist who bribes aldermen to betray the public trust by handing over the street franchises for a mere song or for mere boodle, does build the street railway and operates it for the benefit of the public as well as for his own profit. In England for many years we have not witnessed any sudden rise of great fortunes with the possible exception of Sir Thomas Lipton, whose fortune, however, was not made in finance; but we have had a succession of pseudo-kings who for the time being have played the part of reigning financiers for a short season. Of these men we have had five examples. The first was the German Gottheimer, who made a great fortune and lost it under the name of Baron Grant. After Grant came Mr. Jabez Balfour, of the Liberator Building Society, who at the height of his glory sat in Parliament, and who in the depths of his disgrace was consigned to a convict prison. He is notable as being the only one of these pseudo-kings who was actually clapped into jail. The others all escaped any other punishment than that of standing in the pillory of the bankruptcy court or of being gibbeted in the public press.

The third was Mr. Bottomley, who figured as a small Pierpont Morgan in his way, with a craze for amalgamating concerns; but unlike Mr. Morgan he had no millions at his back, and the companies which he amalgamated for the most part gained nothing by amalgamation and lost a great deal. The fourth, and one of the most extraordinary types, was Mr. Hooley, the company promoter, whose financial methods were as crude as they were daring, and whose phenomenal success was one of the great city scandals of the last century. Finally we have as the latest specimen Mr. Whitaker Wright, the promoter whose affairs have been for the last two years under the examination of the courts. Each of these contemporary financial pretenders pursued his ends in his own particular method, but there are certain features common to all. They were none of them men of culture, education or position. Apart from their capacity to impose upon the credulity of the investing public none of them had any exceptional ability. The methods by which all rose to their temporary notoriety were substantially the same.

The late Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Russell, of Killowen, took occasion a year or two before his death to set forth in an address to the newly elected Lord Mayor a statement of the methods by which the fraudulent company promoter obtained great wealth without either honest toil or honest endeavor; he mentioned no names—nor was it necessary. Neither do I suggest that any of the men whom I have named adopted any or all of the methods stigmatized by Lord Russell. But it was in the world of such company promoters they made their pile. He described the methods by which such men rose to the possession of riches under four heads. First, the promoter would secure a property honestly worth $500,000. A flaming prospectus would then be drawn up putting an extravagant estimate upon the value of the property and securing credence for the assertions of the prospectus by printing certain well-known names of peers, members of Parliament, and others as members of the board of directors. These directors, whose names are accepted by the public as a guarantee of the honesty of the company and the bona-fide nature of the property offered to them for sale, are men who for the most part sell their names for money down, and become thereby accomplices in the fraud practiced upon the public. The same methods are employed in the second class of frauds mentioned by the Lord Chief Justice. The second class differs from the first, inasmuch as in the first case the promoter has a really valuable property to dispose of, although it may be worth only a quarter or one-fifth of the price at which he offers it to the public. In the second class the property itself is purely imaginary. Lord Russell mentioned one case in which property on the West Coast of Africa was said to have been sold for $240,000. There was no property in existence for which any such sum had been paid, but an agent who was sent to the West Coast to examine into the matter reported that there was a piece of property which had been bought for $700 from a native chief which bore some resemblance to that described in the prospectus. In another case a promoter bought a business for $3000. He then put it on the market and sold it to a credulous public for $380,000.

The third method of fraud is that of allotting shares when an insufficient capital has been subscribed, the promoter taking possession of the money, and the directors who are his creatures issuing debentures. The company then buys largely from unsuspecting creditors who know nothing of the debentures. When difficulties come the debenture holders sweep off every stick that belongs to the company, and the creditors are left without a remedy. The fourth and last method mentioned by Lord Russell was where one man consents to convert his business into a limited liability company. He takes payment in debentures. The company then runs into debt, the original founder, who is the debenture holder, holds the property, and when they stop payment the creditors are left out in the cold. The Lord Chief Justice declared that these nefarious practices of the company promoter entailed, according to statistics furnished him by the Official Receiver, an average net loss to the public of $20,000,000 a year. In the years 1891-'97 $28,000,000 had been lost either by shareholders or creditors owing to one or another of these descriptions of fraud in companies which had been wound up compulsorily. How much had been lost in cases in which the Official Receiver did not intervene no one knows.

The Stock-in-Trade of the Promoter

The stock-in-trade of the fraudulent promoter who aspires to be a Money King in the London market is very simple. He needs unlimited assurance and implicit belief in the gullibility of the public, and the capacity to divine what kind of bait the public will rise to most greedily. Given these qualities and the necessary minimum of money to enable him to make a start there is no reason why he should not succeed for at least two or three years. They nearly all act in the same way both in the raising of money and the spending of it. Mr. Hooley frankly avowed that nearly everything depended upon the first page of his prospectus. If it was garnished with popular names and had an attractive appearance the money came in freely enough, especially if the newspaper press had been induced to sound the praises of the new investment in the form of a series of judicious paragraphs paid for directly or indirectly before the stock was offered to the public. It is all very like the proceedings in the thieves' kitchen, in which peers, baronets, and men holding names well known in society consent for money down to join hand in hand with needy pressmen and unscrupulous financial editors who conspire, the one by lending their names, the other by lending their pens, to lure the investing public into the toils of the company promoter, who recognizes the buying of titled directors and the bribing of a venal press to be the essential factors of his success. Mr. Hooley once bought an Earl for $125,000 down to serve on the board of directors of a company which he was promoting, and according to his own statements made in court he spent $750,000 in propitiating the press. Mr. Hooley did this in a naked and unashamed fashion which gave considerable scandal. He posed as a shining light of the Conservative party, and paid a Conservative baronet, who at one time had been Judge Advocate General, the sum of $50,000 to secure his election to the Carlton Club. He subscribed $50,000 to the election funds of the Carlton Club. In return for his liberality Mr. Hooley said he was promised a safe seat in Parliament, but this did not content his soaring ambition. He wanted to be made a Jubilee baronet and sent a check for $250,000 to the Conservative party organization, in the firm belief that the money being paid down the baronetcy would be given him in due course. This crude method of procedure, however, caused the gorge of the Conservatives to rise, and Mr. Hooley's check was returned.

As all these pseudo-kings make their money freely so they spend it with a lavish hand. Baron Grant built a house which was the talk of London. He laid out Leicester Square as a public garden, and in the centre erected a statue to Shakespeare. Mr. Hooley's distribution of money was on an equally lavish scale. He lived at the rate of £10,000 a year, and gave away four times that amount. His penchant was to endow churches, and he created no small scandal by presenting St. Paul's Cathedral with gold communion plate to the value of $7500. Mr. Whitaker Wright, the latest of the pseudo-kings who have attained notoriety, lives like a great noble at his country-seat at Lee Park, in the County of Surrey. Mr. Whitaker Wright's companies have been in the bankruptcy court, but he himself has managed to escape bankruptcy. Mr. Hooley is an undischarged bankrupt, but he lives in luxury at Papworth Hall in the Midlands, where he is the impecunious guest of his wife, who in the days of his fleeting prosperity seems somehow to have come into the possession of considerable property.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth article in a series of eight by Mr. Stead on the Money Kings of the World.

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The precise sum which the public lost by the ascendency of these adventurers cannot be accurately ascertained. Baron Grant, with his Emma Mine and other enterprises of a similar nature, is said to have cost the investing public about $20,000,000. In the Liberator smash the unfortunate investors, most of them people in very poor circumstances, who had put their little all into the building society managed by Balfour, lost $10,000,000. As to the loss suffered through Mr. Hooley, between 1894 and 1898 he promoted fifteen cycle companies and nine other corporations with a nominal capital of $90,000,000. He bought these concerns for $45,000,000. He then converted them into new corporations, selling them to the stockholders for $70,000,000. His gross profit was $25,000,000, but according to the statement made by the Official Receiver, the promotion expenses swallowed up $5,000,000, and $20,000,000 was lost in selling shares at a discount and buying at a premium to deliver on contracts, together with payments made to other persons who had a share in the profits. The net result of the promotion of these companies was a loss of $445,000.

The case of Mr. Whitaker Wright deserves special attention because of the light which it sheds upon the practical working of British institutions. It is the peculiar distinction of Mr. Whitaker Wright that his financial operations have been made the subject of an exhaustive official report which sets forth in plain and unmistakable terms the nature and the extent of his operations. Yet when the Attorney-General was appealed to to instruct the Public Prosecutor to take proceedings against Mr. Wright he refused to move. Why? That is the question which every one is asking. In default of any official information rumor is busy with all manner of stories, which are passed from one gossip to another in the city until they attain the most extravagant proportions. The almost universal belief in England is that Mr. Wright involved too many people of the Smart Set in his operations for the Government to dare to institute a public prosecution. That he influenced the press is admitted. That he allowed many seedy people in society a share is loudly asserted, but this in itself would hardly suffice to explain the inaction of the Government; hence people say, as they always do whenever anything is hushed up, "the Court is in it." So far as the King is concerned the report is as baseless as the equally persistent rumor that the South African inquiry was hushed up in order to conceal the King's share in the financial speculations preceding the Jameson Raid. The story goes that the King received £10,000 in order to induce the Marquis of Dufferin to become chairman of Mr. Wright's ill-fated company. Of this there is not a particle of evidence and it seems to be a lie on the face of it. Much more persistent and much less improbable is the story that Mr. Wright succeeded in compromising another member of the Royal family, who has a country-seat near Mr. Wright's, by allowing him to "stand in" with one of the many deals by which Mr. Whitaker Wright enriched his friends at the expense of the public. Rumor asserts that the name of a certain Royal Duke is to be found on the books of the bankrupt company, and other gossips profess to know that the profit of the Royal Duke in question amounted to not less than two hundred thousand dollars. Whatever truth or untruth there may be in these rumors they are greedily swallowed by the public.

It is some relief to turn from these pretending Money Kings who are accorded such strange immunity in Great Britain to British Money Kings of another order, the "Do-Nothing Kings." These millionaires are so far from swaying any sceptre that they are hardly known to exist until they die and their estates become chargeable with death duties. We hear comparatively little about millionaires in England, but they are numerous enough, as the statistics prove. Last year there were five estates which paid death duties on more than $5,000,000 each; the total value of their estates amounted to nearly $50,000,000. Of the five men whose estates in 1897 were reported more than $5,000,000 each, not one was a man of political importance. Lord Fitz William, who headed the list with an estate valued at nearly $15,000,000, had as a peer a seat in the House of Lords, and as a great landowner exercised considerable local influence in places where his property lay, but was absolutely a cipher in the great world of politics or finance. The same might be said of the second in the list, an old Greek merchant of the name of Vagliano, who died worth $14,000,000, but whose very existence was almost unknown to the public until the extent of his fortune was printed in the papers. The third, Mr. Sutton, who left $10,000,000 to be spent in the improvement of the houses of the working-classes, made all his money as a carrier of parcels, or what would be called in America a founder of an express company. He was a useful man as a carrier, and his money will be spent in the erection of model dwellings, but in society or in politics he was an absolute nonentity. The fourth millionaire who died this year was a rubber merchant of the name of Dick; he amassed a fortune of $5,000,000 in Glasgow, but despite his wealth he does not seem to have wielded any local influence, and in politics he was a cipher. And so we might go through the list. The English millionaires who make their money in trade or manufactures are for the most part men of little or no imagination and no ambition beyond that of amassing wealth. Sometimes they enter Parliament, but no millionaire in the House of Commons, with one or two exceptions, has been so influential as plain John Burns, the labor member for Battersea. One of those exceptions, almost the only millionaire who attained Cabinet rank, was W. H. Smith, who began life little better than a newsboy and who established a monopoly for supplying newspapers on the great English railways, and he died a Cabinet Minister, leaving behind him a fortune of nearly $9,000,000. In the last fifteen years eighteen millionaires' estates exceeding $10,000,000 paid toll to the Exchequer. The total value of these eighteen estates was $216,000,000. Three were members of the House of Lords, two were foreign Barons, three were Americans, but none of them could be said to have been other than a *roi fainéant* as far as his money was concerned. Mr. Smith wielded political power which he would never have gained had he been a poor man, but his wealth alone would never have made him leader of the House of Commons.

The British millionaire is an unobtrusive person for the most part. South Africa with its gold and diamonds has produced several Money Kings of a different stamp from those who make their money within the United Kingdom. Barney Barnato, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Beit are all potentates of a different order. Barnato is dead; Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Beit if he lives, will probably be more potent in settling the future of the Transvaal than Mr. Chamberlain or Lord Milner. But Mr. Beit was reared in the school of Mr. Rhodes, and he has succeeded to a part of his inheritance.

It is characteristic of these steady-going, stolid British millionaires that they are a long-lived race; the possession of great wealth seems distinctly favorable to longevity. It is not the case with the genuine Money King who rules as well as reigns. Hirsch, Barney Barnato and Rhodes all died at a comparatively early age, but the average life of the British millionaires of the steady-going variety who concentrate their attention upon making their pile, and leave other people to do the ruling, is from seventy to seventy-five years of age.

The result, from this very imperfect survey of a field full of interesting facts, is that the United Kingdom is much less fertile in the production of Money Kings than the United States. Possibly the English, having a real Royal family, are indifferent to the millionaire kingship. Mr. Rhodes used to dream of a mission to millionaires, which was to result in the pooling of those great aggregations of wealth in one joint fund, the annual interest of which was to be devoted to the promotion of great political ideas. His missionaries would certainly have had a tough task before them in tackling the British millionaire of the average stamp. Sir William Harcourt probably took a safer and certainly a more direct road to the utilization of the accumulated wealth of the British Money Kings when he carried the law imposing heavy death duties upon the estates of the rich. In Great Britain the death duties, as they are called, yield to the Exchequer the sum of $90,000,000 every year—that is to say, the State appropriates at death for the use of the nation at large a sum equivalent to ninety fortunes of one million dollars each. The death duties have become one of the sheet-anchors of the Exchequer. Contrary to the many lugubrious vaticinations, this tax does not seem to have impaired in the least the instinct of the moneyed classes to accumulate wealth.

A ROYAL PLAYWRIGHT

By Vance Thompson

THE TRIALS OF HIS COLLABORATION WITH LEONCAVALLO THE COMPOSER

THE Emperor of Germany, tired of playing an operatic rôle chosen for him by ancestral stage managers, recently wrote an opera. By chance I know all about it; indeed, with a critical eye I scanned the Imperial first and second acts; they are very good, too—tremendously theatrical. The Emperor took Roland for his hero—that paladin of the court of Charlemagne—the famous hero of mediæval chivalry. He chose Leoncavallo to compose the music. Unquestionably Leoncavallo is the foremost operatic composer of our day. So the Emperor did well. This great man is about five feet four in height and weighs two hundred and sixty pounds. He is not fat; he is simply big and muscular. When he is seated he looks like a middle-aged giant—with his square shoulders, his huge mustache and his big head; when he stands up you look down to see what has become of his legs.

He came to Paris for a week's respite from Roland, leaving the wife and babies at their home in Italy. He spent the week with an American friend in Auteuil. Of course the Parisians breakfasted and dined him. He lunched with Gaillard, the manager of the Opera House, one day; that night the composers and musicians of Paris had arranged a banquet at which he was to be the guest of honor. The luncheon lasted a long time. At four o'clock Leoncavallo said: "Excuse me, I must go up to Auteuil and dress for the banquet."

Gaillard took him to the station and put him on the little train which runs in a circle round Paris, stopping at Auteuil as it stops everywhere else. And the train started; it stopped and went on—always the trainmen shouted vague names of stations; Leoncavallo sat still and the little train ran on; it dipped into tunnels and crept under streets; it went round and round Paris—stopping every now and then at Auteuil. After two hours of this riding in a ring, the composer lost patience and got out. As luck would have it he found himself at the station he had started from—so he took a cab and came up pell-mell to Auteuil.

"I've only time to shave and dress," he said to the lady of the house.

"Oh, but there are some telegrams for you," she explained; "I laid them here on the table."

Leoncavallo read one of them—it was from his wife. Another was from his publisher in Milan. These he answered. Suddenly he roared aloud. The harmless Americans who did not know what a composer was, and were drinking mild tea in the adjoining room, came rushing in. Leoncavallo held a blue telegraph slip in one hand and was tearing his hair with the other.

"I won't put up with it," he shouted; "he has telegraphed me again—the same thing—about the second act! I won't stand it even from an Emperor! I told him once—go away, let me answer this telegram in peace—go away!"

The Americans went meekly away and drank their tea. Only the man of the house lingered.

"What's it all about?" he asked.

"That scene in the second act—the Emperor has telegraphed again—he can't change it now—— Now get out and let me answer this telegram. I'll speak my mind once for all. He may be the Emperor of Germany, but I am Leoncavallo. Go away—let me answer this!"

The man of the house went away and drank tea; time passed—just as it does in historical novels; it was seven o'clock; it was half-past seven—always the composer kept on composing his telegram to his Imperial collaborator. A quarter of eight. Suddenly Leoncavallo stormed into the tea-room, waving a sheet of letter-paper.

"That will answer him," he said grimly. "Only two days ago I told him the same thing—but this will settle it. Where's the nearest telegraph office? At the corner?"

Hatless and fierce the great composer rushed out without waiting for an answer. Then the lady of the house asked the man of the house what it was all about, and when he told her she said:

"You idiots! That wasn't a new telegram—it's the one he got when he first came—I put it on the table because I thought he might want to keep it as a souvenir."

So the hatless host ran after the hatless composer and caught him just as he was sending off the telegram. He explained matters and dragged the excited musician home again—so perhaps, after all, he is the real author of the Roland which the Emperor Wilhelm and Leoncavallo would doubtless claim as their own.

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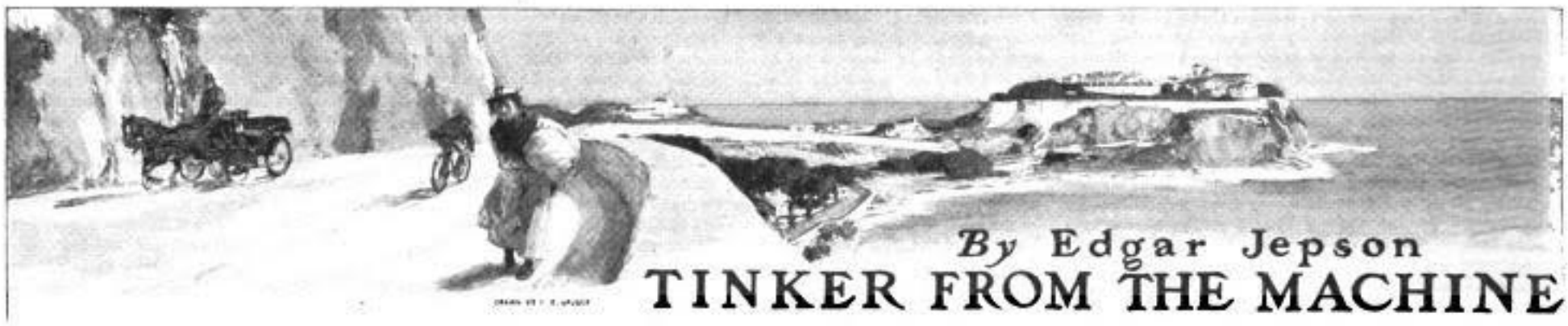
THE ADMIRABLE TINKER



By Edgar Jepson

TINKER FROM THE MACHINE

"I've been thinking it over," said Hildebrand Anne Beauleigh with a very serious air, "and I've come to the conclusion that I ought to get Elsie a governess."

"My dear Tinker," said his father, "if you add to our household at your present rate, I foresee myself buying a caravan and traversing Europe in state."

"Like a circus," said Tinker brightening. "It would be great fun—for a while. I think," he added thoughtfully, "that I could brighten Europe up a bit."

"I do not doubt it," said Sir Tancred politely.

"Well, you see, sir, it's like this," said Tinker. "When I adopted Elsie you said I was to take all the responsibility, and I think I ought to look after her education; it's no good adopting sisters by halves."

"You are right, of course," said Sir Tancred. "But I'm sorry for you. For a boy of twelve your knowledge of the things taught by governesses is small. Your spelling, now: it is—shall we say phonetic?"

"I don't think a gentleman ought to spell too well, any more than he ought to speak French with too good an accent," said Tinker firmly.

"There's a good deal in what you say," said Sir Tancred. "But I'm afraid that when Elsie has learnt geography—say the position of Schleswig-Holstein and Roumania and Leeds, and other such places to which we should never dream of going, she might look down on you for knowing only the towns on the great railways of Europe and America."

"She might. But I don't think she's like that, though of course with a girl you never can tell. I think it's more likely she would want to teach me where they are. But she ought to be educated, and I must chance it."

"Well, if you ought, you must," said Sir Tancred. "But one thing I do beg of you: do not have her taught the piano—the barrel organ if you like; but not the piano."

"No; I won't. A piano would be so awkward to move about—it would want a van to itself."

"I was thinking rather of the peculiar noises it makes in the hands of the inexperienced," said Sir Tancred.

"I know," said Tinker in a tone of genuine sympathy.

Tinker went to Elsie, whom he had left in the gardens of the Casino, and told her that his father had given him leave to get her a governess. They had already talked over the matter at length; but on hearing that it was so near accomplishment her face fell, and she said: "Don't—don't you think I ought to help choose her?"

"It wouldn't be regular," said Tinker firmly.

After *déjeuner* he caught a train to Nice, and went straight to Madame Butler, that stay of those who seek maids, companions, nurses or governesses on the Riviera. He sent in his card, and was straightway ushered into the office where she received her clients. She was sitting at a desk, and by one of the windows sat a very pretty young lady who looked as if she were waiting to interview a possible employee. A certain surprise showed itself on the face of Madame Butler; she had plainly expected a client of more mature years.

Tinker bowed and sat down.

"You wished to see me—on business?" said Madame Butler with some hesitation.

"Yes," said Tinker. "I want a governess for my sister—my adopted sister. I'm responsible for her, and I've decided that she must be educated. I told my father, Sir Tancred Beauleigh, and he gave me leave to get her a governess. So I came to you."

"Yes," said Madame Butler, smiling; "and what kind of a governess do you want?"

The pretty young lady, who had been regarding Tinker with smiling interest, turned away with the proper delicacy and looked out of the window. Tinker's face wore a very serious, almost anxious air. "I've worked it out carefully," he said. "Elsie's ten years old, two years younger than I am, and there is no need for her governess to have degrees or certificates or that kind of thing; she will only have to teach her to write nicely and do sums, not fractions, of course; useful sums, and some needlework, and look after her when I'm not about. So I want a lady, young and English; and I should like her to be a bit of a sportswoman, don't you know? I mean," he added in careful explanation, "I should like her to be cheerful and good-natured, and not fussy about the things that really don't matter."

"I think I know the kind of governess you want," said Madame Butler. She ran her eye over two or three pages of her ledger, and added, "But I'm very much afraid that I haven't one of that kind on my books at present."

"That's a pity," said Tinker. "Must I wait long?"

"I'm afraid so. People chiefly want ladies with certificates and degrees, so the others don't offer themselves."

The pretty young lady turned from the window with the quickness of one suddenly making up her mind.

"How should I do?" she said in a charming voice.

Madame Butler turned toward her quickly with raised eyebrows, but said nothing. Tinker turned, too, and his face lighted up with an angelic smile. He looked at the pretty young lady carefully, and then at the pretty young lady's tailor-made gown, and the smile faded out of his face.

"I'm afraid," he said sorrowfully, "you would be too expensive."

"What salary were you thinking of giving?" she said with a brisk, businesslike directness.

"Thirty pounds a year," said Tinker; and then he added hastily: "Of course it's very little; but really the work would be quite light, and we should try to make things pleasant for her."

"But surely, for a governess without certificates, that's a very good salary. Isn't it, Madame Butler?"

"It is, indeed," said Madame.

"It can't be, really," said Tinker. "But I suppose people are mean."

"Well, it would satisfy me," said the pretty young lady. "But unfortunately I'm an American, and you want an Englishwoman."

"I only don't want a foreigner," said Tinker. "I should be awfully pleased if you would take the post."

"The pleasure will be mine," said the pretty young lady. "And about references? I'm afraid I cannot get them in less than ten days."

"Pardon," said Tinker. "Your face is good enough for me. I mean, it is really quite reference enough."

The pretty young lady flushed with pleasure, and said, "That is very nice of you—but your father might think them necessary."

"This is my show—I mean, this matter is entirely in my hands: I look after Elsie altogether. And I think we might consider it settled. My name is Hildebrand Anne Beauleigh."

"My name is Dorothy Rayner."

"Rainer?" said Tinker with sudden alertness. "There is an American millionaire called Rainer."

"I spell my name with a 'y'," said Dorothy quickly. Madame Butler once more raised her eyebrows.

"Well, when will you come to us? We are staying at the Hotel des Princes at Monte Carlo."

"To-day is Wednesday. Shall we say Saturday morning?"

"Yes; that will do very well. Oh, by the way, I was quite forgetting—about music."

"I'm afraid," said Dorothy, and her face fell, "I can't teach music."

"That's all right," said Tinker cheerfully. "My father was terribly afraid that any one I got would want to."

He explained to Dorothy their nomadic mode of life; paid Madame Butler her fee; bade them good-by, and went his way. On his return he found Elsie full of anxious curiosity; but his account of his find set her mind at rest. He ended by saying: "It will be awfully nice for you, don't you know? She looked as though she would let you kiss her as often as you wanted to."

"But I shall kiss you just the same, night and morning," said Elsie firmly.

"Of course, of course," said Tinker quickly, and by a manful effort he kept the brightness in his face. He told his father that he had found a governess.

"References all right?" said Sir Tancred.

"Yes; she carries them about with her," said Tinker diplomatically.

"I suppose I ought to see them, don't you think?"

"You will," said Tinker.

On her arrival on the Saturday morning Dorothy found the children awaiting her on the steps of the hotel; and to Tinker's extreme satisfaction she at once kissed Elsie. When she had been taken to her room, which was next to Elsie's, and her trunks had been brought up, it was time to go to *déjeuner*, and Tinker conducted her to the restaurant. They found Sir Tancred and Lord Crosland already at table: they rose at the sight of Dorothy, and Tinker introduced them to her gravely. Sir Tancred was naturally surprised at being suddenly confronted by a startling vision of beauty, when he had expected an ordinary, young, fresh-colored, good-natured Englishwoman. But for all the change worked in his face by that surprise he might have been confronted by a vision of corkscrew curls. Lord Crosland, however, so far forgot the proper dignity of a peer as to kick Tinker gently under the table. Tinker looked at him with a pained air.

Dorothy was no less surprised by the sight of Sir Tancred; she had had a vague notion that she should find him a sedate gentleman of forty-five. She was a little shy at first; but Sir Tancred soon set her at her ease, and she took her part in their talk, showing a very pleasant, mirthful spirit.

When she went away with the children Lord Crosland lighted a cigarette and said thoughtfully, "Well, Tinker has made a find. She is a lady."

"I should be inclined to say gentlewoman," said Sir Tancred. "Lady is a word a trifle in disrepute; there are so many of them, and so various, don't you know?"

"Gentlewoman be it," said Lord Crosland. "But he's a wonderful young beggar for getting hold of the right thing. What a beautiful creature she is!"

"She *is* beautiful," said Sir Tancred grudgingly.

"Woman-hater! *Ha!*" said Lord Crosland.

Dorothy found herself admitted to a frank intimacy in this little circle into which whim had led her. She spent most of her time with the children. She gave Elsie two hours' lessons a day, and, since she had a knack of making them interesting, Tinker often enjoyed the benefit of her teaching. After lessons she shared most of their amusements, and learned to be a pirate, a brigand, an English sailor, a Boer, and every kind of captive and conspirator. She rarely tried to restrain Tinker's fondness for pulling the legs of his fellow-creatures, for she found that he had the happiest knack of choosing such fellow-creatures as would be benefited, morally, by the operation. But she was a check on his more reckless moods, and kept him from one or two outrageous pieces of mischief. For his part, he found the responsibility of looking after her and Elsie not a little sobering; and he was quite alive to the fact that at Monte Carlo, that place of call of the adventurers of the world, one's womankind need a protecting male presence. Quietly and unobtrusively Sir Tancred seconded him in this matter; if Dorothy had the fancy to take the air in the gardens after dinner she found that he or Lord Crosland, or both of them, strolled with her and the children. She was growing very friendly with the two men and beginning to take a far deeper interest in Sir Tancred than she would have cared to admit even to herself. His face of Lucifer, Son of the Morning, his perfect thoughtfulness, his unfailing gentle politeness and his very coldness attracted her; and, always watching him, she had now and again a glimpse of the possibilities of energy and passion which underlay the mask of his languor. At times, too, her woman's intuition assured her that, for all his dislike, or rather distaste, of women, she attracted him.

Unfortunately, but naturally, Sir Tancred and Lord Crosland were not the only men who found her beautiful. M. Le Comte Sigismond De Puy-de-Dôme, hero of many duels and more scandals, and darling of the Nationalist press, also saw her beauty. With him to see was to act; and he never

Editor's Note—This is the second of a new series of stories, each complete in itself, around the adventures of Hildebrand Anne Beauleigh, nicknamed the Tinker. The next will appear in an early number.

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passed her without a conquering twirl of his waxed mustaches, and a staring leer which he fondly believed to be a glance teeming with passion. Since even he, conscious as he was of his extraordinary fascination, could hardly mistake her look of annoyance for the glow of responsive emotion, he resolved on more masterly action. He kept a careful watch, and one afternoon followed her and Tinker and Elsie on one of their walks. They went briskly; and at the end of a mile he was maintaining a continuous, passionate monologue in tones vibrant with the deepest feeling on the subject of his tight, but patent-leather, boots.

A mile and a half on the way to Mentone they turned aside down a road into the hills. He followed them for a while over the loose stones and along the ruts of the roadway with considerable pain, and was on the very point of abandoning the pursuit when he came on Dorothy and Elsie sitting in a shady dell from which the wooded slope of the hills rose steeply. Careless of his boots and of the fact that they had suffused his face with an unbecoming purple, he strode gallantly up to them, and plunged into a detailed account of the passion with which Dorothy's beauty had inflamed his heart, wearing the while his finest air of a conqueror dictating terms.

Dorothy surveyed him with a contemptuous wonder over which her sense of the ludicrous was slowly gaining the mastery; Elsie stared at him. At last he ended the impassioned description of his emotions with a yet more impassioned appeal to Dorothy to fly with him to a far-off shore forever shining with the golden light of love; and Dorothy laughed a gentle laugh of pure amusement.

Count Sigismond flushed plum-color; his eyes stood well out of his head; he drew himself up with a superb air, a little spoiled by a wince as his left boot deftly reminded him that he was wearing it, and cried: "Ha! You laugh! You laugh at Sigismond De Puy-de-Dôme! Mon Dieu! You shall learn!" And with a sudden spring he grabbed at Dorothy.

She jerked aside, sprang up and away from him. But he was between her and the exit from the dell; he crouched with the impressive deliberation of a villain in a melodrama for another spring; and Elsie screamed, "Tinker! Tinker!"

Count Sigismond heard a rustling in the bushes above, and looked up to see them parted by an angel child in white ducks, bearing a bunch of lilies in his hand, who gazed at him with a serious, almost pained face, and leapt lightly down.

With a "*Pah! Imbécile!*" addressed to himself for delaying, the Count sprang toward Dorothy, was conscious of a swift, white streak, and the head of the angel child, impelled by wiry muscles and a weight of seventy-six pounds, smote as a battering-ram upon the first and second buttons of his waistcoat. He doubled up and sat down hard in one movement; then turned on his side and gasped and gasped.

"Come along!" cried Tinker in a most imperative tone. "A row is a horrid nuisance when there are women in it!" And he caught his charges, each by an arm, and bustled them out of the dell and down the road. Dorothy laughed as she ran; never before had she seen vaulting arrogance brought low in so sudden and signal a fashion. At last she stopped, dabbed away the tears of mirth, and said, "Oh, Tinker, I am so much obliged to you! It's all very well to laugh now; but it might have been horrid!"

"It was the simplest thing in the world," said Tinker. Then rubbing his head ruefully he added, "I wish those foreigners would not wear gold buttons on their white waistcoats in the daytime. They have no more notion of how to dress than a cat—the men haven't."

They hurried along, looking back now and again to see if they were followed. They were not; for Count Sigismond was now sitting up in the shady dell, staring round it with fishy eyes, and wondering dully whether he owed his disaster entirely to an angel child or whether Mont Pelée had affected the neighborhood. He gasped still.

As they drew near the town Tinker grew thoughtful; suddenly he stopped and said seriously: "Now, look here, both of you. We mustn't let my father know about this, or he'll certainly thrash that bounding Frenchman; and that wouldn't be good enough, don't you know?"

"It would be very good for him," said Dorothy with some vindictiveness.

"Yes; but not for my father," said Tinker very earnestly indeed. "For all that he looks like a swollen frog, Le Comte De Puy-de-Dôme is the most dangerous pistol-shot in Europe. He's killed two men in duels already."

"Has he?" said Dorothy quickly, and the color faded in her cheeks. "Then we must indeed say nothing about it."

"Swear," said Tinker, raising his right hand.

"We swear," said Dorothy and Elsie in one voice, raising their right hands. It was a formality which had to be gone through many times when they played at being conspirators; their words and actions were mechanical.

"That's all right," said Tinker with a sigh of relief.

Count Sigismond returned to his hotel in a very hot fury. His outraged pride clamored for vengeance, and he sought for some one on whom to be revenged. He was surprised at the end of two days to hear nothing of his discomfiture; but his fury lost nothing by growing cool, and on the third night he picked a quarrel with Sir Tancred.

Next morning Sir Tancred asked Dorothy to take the children to Nice for a few days, since he had heard that there was some fever at one of the smaller hotels. He watched over their departure himself, and Tinker was aware of an indefinable something in his manner which puzzled him. It was that something which gave him a curious, unsettled feeling as if they were going on a much longer journey. As they left the hotel Lord Crosland came up from the Condamine carrying a square case under his arm; it did not escape Tinker's observant eye, but in the bustle of their removal he gave it but scant attention. In the evening Dorothy noticed that he was restless and absent-minded, and asked him what was the matter.

"I don't know," he said. "I have a funny feeling as though something was going to happen, and I can't think of anything. It's just as if I'd missed something I ought to have noticed. It always makes me uncomfortable. Yet I can't think what it can be."

She made many suggestions, but to no purpose; and he went to bed dissatisfied. He awoke once or twice in the night, a very rare thing with him; possibly, so close was their kinship, his father's disturbed spirit in some obscure and mysterious fashion was striving to warn him, or prepare him for calamitous tidings. In the early morning he slept soundly, and awoke rather later than his wont; and even as he awoke the square case which Lord Crosland had carried sprang into his mind, and he knew it for a case of pistols. In a flash everything was clear to him; his father was going to fight Count Sigismond, and had sent him to Nice to be out of the way.

He sprang out of bed and dashed for his watch; it was two minutes past seven. They would fight at eight; he had nearly an hour. In three minutes he was dressed and racing down the stairs. He met Dorothy coming up.

"What's the matter?" she cried, at the sight of his white face.

"My father—he's fighting Le Comte De Puy-de-Dôme, and he got us out of the way!"

—BY A VIOLENT EFFORT HUSHED HIS HYSTERIC SOBBING

He did not see her turn pale and clutch the banisters; he was racing out of the hotel. He ran to the coach-house, wheeled his bicycle into the courtyard, mounted, and rode down the street. He went at a moderate pace through the town, but once on the Corniche road he drove the machine along as hard as he could pedal. He was well on his way before his mind cleared enough for him to think what he was doing; and then his heart sank: he could do nothing. He could not interrupt a duel; that was the last enormity. And if he did interrupt it, it would be but for a few minutes; it would take place all the same. As the sense of his helplessness filled him, two or three great tears forced themselves out of his eyes. He dashed them away with a most unangelic savageness; then conscious only of a devouring desire to be near his father in his perilous hour he drove on the machine as hard as he could. As he drew near Monaco a kind of hopelessness settled on him. He almost wished, since he could not stop it, that he might find the duel over. Now and again a dry sob burst from his overloaded bosom.

It was ten minutes to eight when he came up the slope from the Condamine. His legs were leaden, but they drove on the machine. At last he came to the path which leads to the half glade, half rocky amphitheatre in which the gentry of the Principality and of the rest of the world who chance to be visiting it settle their affairs of honor, slipped off his machine, and ran down it as fast as his stiff legs would carry him. A few yards from the end of it he turned aside into the bushes; came to the edge of the glade; saw his father and Count Sigismond facing one another some forty yards away; saw a white handkerchief raised in Lord Crosland's hand; and in spite of himself his pent-up emotion burst from him in one wild eldritch yell.

It still rang on the quivering air when the handkerchief fluttered to the ground, and the pistols flashed together.

Now to those who enjoy an intimacy with Tinker an eldritch yell is neither here nor there. Piercing as this one was, it barely reached Sir Tancred's consciousness; but it smote sharply on Count Sigismond's tense nerves, and deflected the barrel of his pistol just so much as sent the bullet zip past Sir Tancred's ear at the moment he received Sir Tancred's bullet in his elbow and started to traverse the glade in a series of violent, but ungainly, leaps, uttering squeal on squeal.

Tinker turned and bolted, sobbing, gasping and choking in the revulsion from his hopeless dread. He seized his bicycle, ran it along the road some fifty yards, turned in among the bushes, flung himself down and sobbed and cried.

There was confusion on the scene of the duel; Count Sigismond's seconds had to chase him, catch him and hold him while the doctor dressed his wound. Then they fell to a discussion as to whether the eldritch yell had been uttered by the Count or by some one in the wood round the glade; it had fallen upon very ragged nerves, and for the lives of them they could not be sure. Lord Crosland threw no light at all upon the matter, though he did his best to help their dispute grow acrimonious; Sir Tancred preserved the discreet silence of a principal in a duel; the Count Sigismond only moaned.

At last they turned their attention to him, and carried him to the top of the path. Sir Tancred and Lord Crosland started for the town to send up a cab for him.

When they were out of hearing Lord Crosland said: "Most likely that yell saved your life, old chap."

"I should say that there wasn't a doubt about it; but really, in the case of a sweep like Puy-de-Dôme, I can't say that I mind a little irregularity. Besides, my conscience is quite clear. Heaven knows I did my best to keep Tinker in the dark."

"It can't be done," said Lord Crosland with conviction.

Tinker heard their voices, and by a violent effort, which did him good, hushed his hysteric sobbing. He heard the cab rattle up and rattle away. Twenty minutes later he mounted his machine, and passing through the back streets of Monte Carlo rode slowly back to Nice. On his way he washed his face at a spring; and when he mounted his machine again he said to himself firmly, "I'm *not* ashamed—not a bit."

As he wheeled his bicycle into the coach-house of the hotel Dorothy ran into it, caught him by the arm and cried: "Did they fight? Is your father hurt?"

He looked at her white, strained face, and said, with a dogged air, "My father's all right. What do you mean about fighting? I—I've been for a ride—on my bicycle."

"Then you did stop it!" cried Dorothy; and before he could ward her off she had kissed him.

"Look here," said Tinker firmly but gently, "these things won't bear talking about. They won't, really."

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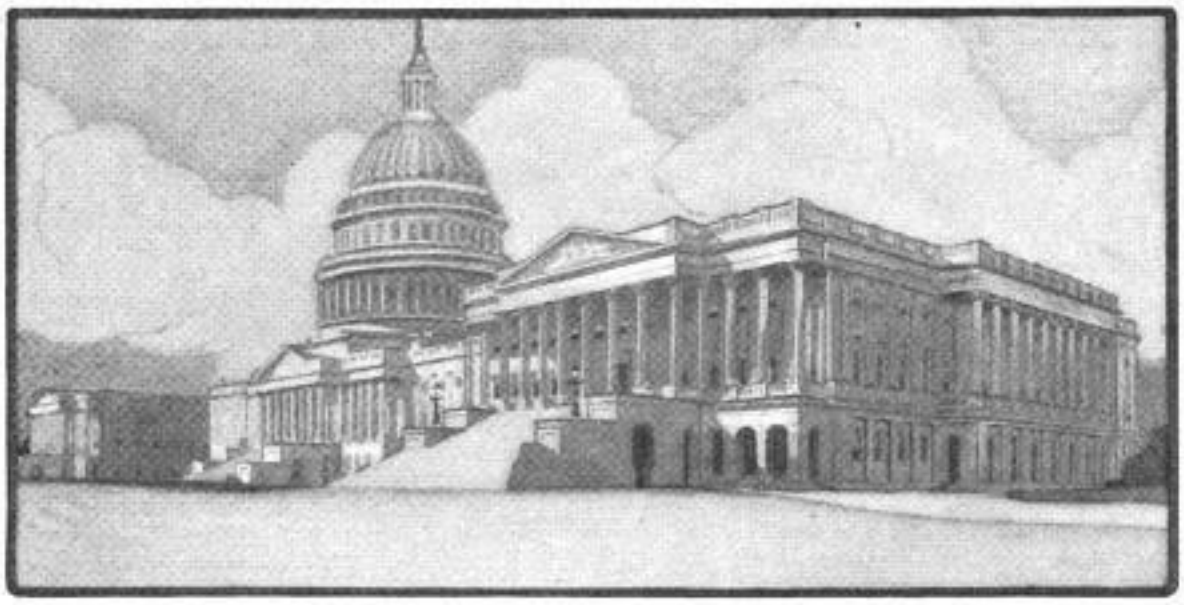
MEN AND MEASURES



By Charles Emory Smith

A CROWDED SESSION, WITH MUCH ANXIETY OVER VENEZUELA IN THE ADMINISTRATION AND MUCH CHAFING AGAINST QUAY METHODS IN THE SENATE

THE teeth are on edge in Washington — not merely *the* teeth, but everybody's teeth. It is a time of stress and struggle, of friction and fight. A dozen contentions are going forward at once. The remainder of the session will be of intense interest. There are many things to do; there is very little time to do them; and in every case there are resourceful men opposed to doing anything. The constant battles for precedence, for obstruction, for right of way and for side-tracking will keep the actors at the highest tension.

The Statehood contest developed the sharpest tactics, the keenest personal antagonism, and the most resolute and unyielding purposes on both sides. Senator Morgan lifted up his everlasting voice against the Panama treaty, and there are concealed forces behind. The knights of the anti-trust crusade in the House are chafing and restive under the more subtle and skillful management of the Senate. The diplomatic world has been deeply stirred over Venezuela, while less diplomatic but not less interested American observers have found it hard to check their rising indignation. Cuban reciprocity is halted between general acquiescence and occult obstruction. The President is driving a twelve-in-hand with restless energy, while Senator Hoar faintly pipes out against executive intrusion. What with Venezuelan clouds, Panama difficulties, treaties galore, color questions, Presidential activity, Senatorial combats and Congressional jealousies, the Washington pot is fairly boiling over. The attempt may be made to put the cover on, but the seething goes on below.

The struggle over the Omnibus Statehood bill grew into what was well-nigh a political duel between Senator Quay and Senator Hanna. Senator Beveridge, as chairman of the Committee on Territories, is the floor leader of the fight against admission, and he has led it with force and ability. Behind him is Senator Hanna, who has thrown all his vigor and authority into the contest. There have been various secondary but interesting chapters. Senator Knute Nelson, the stalwart representative of the Scandinavians, made a long and convincing speech against admission. He is a hard-headed Senator of shrewd common-sense, and his array of facts and reasons was conclusive. Indeed, the argument has been on one side and the numbers and strategy on the other.

But, notwithstanding other phases, it has been largely a combat between Quay and Hanna. No love has been lost between them since Hanna gave the casting vote which decided against seating Quay on the Governor's appointment, and when Richard and Richmond met on Bosworth Field it was sure to be a fierce battle. Though his methods were well known, Senator Quay has nevertheless astonished his associates by the extent of his resources and the ingenuity of his tactics. He is daring, audacious and unhesitating. He is Napoleonic in his dash and decision, in his celerity of movement and in the character of his surprises. He turns up in the most unforeseen way and strikes the most sudden and unexpected blows. To tack his Statehood bill as a rider on the Agricultural Appropriation bill, and then refer it to his own private and personal committee which has nothing to do with either agriculture, appropriations or Statehood, and which never meets, was a manœuvre which nobody but a Quay would think of.

The question with him was not whether his move would receive approval, but whether it would outwit his opponents and gain an advantage for his measure. He is bold and unshrinking in using the power he possesses. With a majority behind him he wields it with autocratic will. In State politics he surprises friend and foe alike by his quick turns and unannounced devices, and he has applied in the national and courtly forum of the Senate the deft and fertile expedients which he has employed so successfully in undisputed control of a State machine. Both Quay and Hanna are masterful political leaders. Quay relies more on his resources and Hanna more on his cause. Quay has the greater boldness and Hanna the greater grasp. Quay is more the chief of a compact clan and Hanna more the premier of a free council. Neither is Machiavellian — though Quay is reticent and secretive — and both are direct and go straight to the mark.

There would be a compromise if there were not such intensity of feeling, and there may be yet. But each side wants to fight it out to the end. One side has the advantage of numbers and of iron purpose. The other has the advantage of right and the almost illimitable power of opposition in the Senate. The chapter of accidents is in its favor. Any delay counts for it. While those who want to defeat other things may aid in keeping the Statehood bill at the front, those who want to pass other measures will not be willing to let it block the way. It has the difficulty of the affirmative and the opposition has the strength of the negative. With such a situation it is not hard to measure the chances.

Senator Hoar Lectures the President

Senator Hoar's remonstrance against the intrusion of Presidential authority and influence into the activity and legislation of Congress finds theoretical assent and practical rejection. The venerable Massachusetts statesman is a Senator of the old school. He has great reverence for the traditions of the fathers, for the fundamental principles of our political system, and for the constitutional division and boundaries of authority. The President, according to his view, is to communicate with Congress by message; he is to pass upon bills by signing or vetoing them when they come regularly before him in due process; Congress is to legislate without his interference except through his public recommendations; and conferences at the White House to arrange what shall be done at the Capitol, and announcements that this or that measure is an Administration measure, are equally objectionable.

All this Senator Hoar found occasion to utter in very plain terms. "There is a constitutional method," he said, "by which the President conveys his approbation or disapproval of bills, and outside of that method I hold it contrary to the privileges of the Senate to have the opinion of the President of the United States stated in legislation. It is nobody's business to be arranging with the President what the Senate shall do! We are an independent body." This was indeed a sharp lecture both to the President and to the Senate. And the general judgment found expression when, upon its conclusion, Senator Spooner rose and said: "Mr. President, the Senator from Massachusetts is absolutely right, of course. I move that the Senate do now adjourn." That was the only rejoinder. Theoretically right, but not worth answering!

Senator Spooner's suggestive response reflects the truth. Senator Hoar's position is technically correct, but practically erroneous. It goes back to the original constructive division of powers and overlooks the development of actual conditions. The real working of our political system has changed in this as in many other ways without any change in the text of the Constitution. The President is not merely the Executive but the Premier of the Government and the leader of his party. If he would win either administrative or political success he must impress himself on Congress and mould its action. The President who failed to do this would discredit himself and imperil his party. Once in a century comes a Henry Clay who from his place in the Senate dominates his party in Congress and in the country; but it is only at the rarest intervals that such an overtowering Congressional leader appears, and generally the real leadership must fall to the President.

Senator Hoar says the House of Lords or Commons would resent an assertion of the King's wishes or authority in its debates or in its actions. But that is a false comparison. There is no parallel between the two cases. The British monarch reigns, but does not rule. The position of the President is not that of the King, but rather like that of the Prime Minister. He is the real chief of the Government and, if he be a masterful man, the real leader of the party in power. As such he must shape policies in administration and in legislation. Inevitably very much depends on the quality of the man. There are Addingtons as Prime Minister and there are Pitts; there are Salisburys and there are Balfours. So as President there is sometimes a Polk and sometimes a Jackson, now a Hayes and then a Cleveland, or a McKinley, or a Roosevelt.

Cleveland did not steadily sway Congress as McKinley did. His temperament and impulse would have led him to conform more closely to the theory which Senator Hoar lays down. His natural disposition was to attend to his end of the line and let Congress attend to its end. But he found it vital to control Congress at times, as when he forced the repeal of the silver purchase act, and when he did assert himself he did it with a vigor and energy that left no doubt of his purpose. No rational man questions that the exercise of his power in that case was essential to the public welfare. McKinley held his control less by coercion than by persuasion, and how much less would have been his success, and how much inferior would have been the success of the country, if he had not kept his close touch and his skillful hand had not constantly guided the action of Congress!

But there are other considerations which cannot be overlooked. It is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways. If Senator Hoar resents the intrusion of the President into the Capitol, why shouldn't he resent the intrusion of the Senate into the White House? If the President goes beyond his prerogative in influencing legislation, does not the Senate overstep the division line in controlling appointments? It is a common observation, indeed, that the Senate is gradually absorbing the powers of the Government. If we were to search for the real subject of criticism in the transgression of the constitutional distribution of powers, it might lead us in the opposite direction from Senator Hoar's pursuit. Besides, the President is more directly responsible to the people than the Senate, and experience shows that he more nearly represents the people. If he trenches on the field of Congress, is it not generally to enforce the popular will?

As for President Roosevelt, does Senator Hoar delude even the rotund imagination of thirty years under the lofty dome with the idea that a Senatorial lecture will restrain his activity? Does the Senator expect to make him over again? Does he hope to reconstruct temperament and organization and mental fibre and moral quality? To imagine President Roosevelt shutting himself up in the White House and contenting himself with an occasional message to Congress is to imagine the impossible. He could not fail to assert himself without changing his whole being. But the very intensity of his method would defeat itself if he did not stand for the right — if he did not represent what, thus enforced, is irresistible. His vehement force would arouse opposition if his popular cause did not compel assent. But when he personifies the popular will and gives it the edge of his own it is impossible to stand against him. Senator Hoar may remonstrate against trespassing on the prerogative of the Senate, but all in vain. Before these words can be read there will doubtless be a settlement of the Venezuela imbroglio. The delay already experienced in reaching an adjustment has exceeded reasonable limits, and the conduct of the controversy on the part of the allied Powers has evoked much criticism and resentment in this country. This irritation has been shared by the highest authorities as well as by the people. There has been little fear of any serious complication. That could only come through some accident or some inflammatory act which would precipitate a clash and carry the affair beyond the control of the Governments. But the delay of settlement has left room for such accidents, and the needless violence of the allies in their blockade, and their excessive demands in the discussion of terms, have created an unpleasant impression. It is

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difficult to understand why the allied Powers allowed themselves to be betrayed into such palpable mistakes. If they had determined to force an issue their exasperating action would be easy to comprehend; but as that is precisely what they had determined to avoid, it is hard to see the discretion of such a course.

They started with two great advantages. In the first place, they expressly and almost effusively declared that they would give no offense to the United States, and that declaration was unreservedly accepted. In the second place, the United States had no sympathy with Castro. He was regarded as an adventurer who had not been scrupulous in his administration or in his obligations. There was, therefore, no disposition in this country to object to coercive measures so long as they were not harsh and did not infringe on the Monroe Doctrine. It was only when they were accompanied by ruthless destruction of Venezuelan vessels and wanton bombardment of Venezuelan villages and by attempted exactions beyond reason in the settlement that the tide of adverse feeling rose.

There is a widespread suspicion that sinister purposes and ulterior designs lay behind this European attack on Venezuela. Our Government does not share this opinion. It may be said that among the navy officers lower than the top the feeling is universal that a conflict sooner or later is inevitable. This conviction springs from various sources. It comes in part from the bearing and expressions of German naval officers; in part from the idea that the new German Navy, which has never had a chance to fight, will seek to share the glory of the German Army; in part from the belief that deep-seated designs on South America will involve war. Whether well-founded or not, this sentiment pervades our Navy, and it therefore finds nothing surprising in the arbitrary exhibitions on the Venezuelan coast and in the imperative and exacting spirit of the negotiations.

But it may be repeated that the highest authorities in our Government do not entertain this conviction. They believe that the Kaiser was frank, open and sincere in his demonstrations of friendship for this country, and that his true spirit was indicated in the mission of Prince Henry and all the cordial expressions with which it was accompanied. They accept the repeated and positive assurances given before the movement against Venezuela that no step would be taken to which the United States would object. And they do not believe that the Kaiser has any designs which are inconsistent with these friendly expressions.

How, then, are the reprehensible acts to be explained? It is thought that they were not ordered or inspired by the Kaiser, but that they were the overzealous and superserviceable performances of the commanders. The same eager and restless desire to do something which generally characterizes the officers of the new German Navy is credited with the responsibility of these aggressive displays. When they have been made the Kaiser cannot well disavow them. He may even give them a passive approval. He does not wish to impair initiative or ambition on the part of his officers, and he would rather see an excess of zeal and activity than the indifference and torpor which never do anything.

These officers have not yet learned restraint. They understand the force of the Navy better than its code or its courtesy. They find their type in Admiral Dietrich who came so near crossing Dewey's path at Manila. Had it not been for the warning and counsel of Admiral Seymour, the more experienced and accomplished British commander, it is probable that Dietrich would have overstepped the bounds of neutral obligation and clashed with Dewey, not so much because he had the spirit of truculence and defiance as because he didn't clearly perceive what he was not to do. There is something in nature and something in training. The British officers on the Venezuelan coast did not show the aggressive spirit of their German allies. The acts which offended the sensibilities of the United States came from one source, and they deepened the feeling of our Navy without throwing our Government off its self-contained balance.

It is interesting and reassuring to note the poise and deliberation of President Roosevelt throughout this chapter. It shows the effect of responsibility and experience with a strong man. We all remember his eagerness and impulsiveness, his generous ardor and intrepid determination, at the beginning of the difficulties with Spain. He was almost ready to meet the Spanish fleet midway on the seas. In the present case he was earnestly urged and besought to send our fleet to the Venezuelan coast. The only explanation of such an act would have been to watch the allied fleets and be prepared for any emergency. It would have signified that we did not trust their assurances, and had suspicions, and it would have given provocation. The President judiciously declined to accede to the appeal, and in this refusal he gave new reason for confidence in his sobriety of judgment. He does not shrink from any duty, but he does not plunge into trouble.

Though the Venezuelan episode has been very trying it will accomplish great good. It demonstrates that the Monroe Doctrine is a powerful safeguard of peace. It will diffuse a better understanding of its scope and efficiency. It will emphasize the practical agreement that no European Power will venture upon any infraction. It will at the same time teach the irresponsible and unstable governments of South America that they cannot disregard their obligations with impunity in reliance on the defense of the United States. It will stimulate measures to diminish the trade connections of South America with Europe, which lead to such complications, and to increase their trade connections with the United States, where responsibility, friendship and protection go hand in hand. And, finally, it will deepen the purpose of this country to strengthen its navy, its coast defenses, and its general equipment, not in expectation of war, but as a guarantee of peace, and as a muniment of its continental obligations under the Monroe Doctrine.

A Reminiscence of Edwin Booth

By Barton Hill

IN THE old days when tragedy reigned supreme and people went to the playhouse to joy and weep with the impersonator of Shakespearean characters, stock companies were attached to each important theatre. The "stars" traveled from city to city, in some instances accompanied by the lady who was to play leading parts, a plan to save trouble to the chief impersonator, but as a rule all rôles, except the ones assumed by the visiting actor, were supplied, and amply, by the members of the regular stock company.

Each theatre had its permanent stage manager who conducted rehearsals from the prompt-book of the star next to appear, and in which the stage business of every character in the play was given. Of course, these prompt-books differed, but never violently. But of all the great personages of that halcyon time, Junius Brutus Booth, Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest and the rest, not one but came to rehearsal with the stock company and entered with ardor into the spirit of the play.

My first meeting with Edwin Booth, with whom in subsequent years I played leading support for so many seasons, was in Pittsburg in 1849, fifty-four years ago. He came with his father, Junius Brutus Booth, merely to help him to dress. He had, however, made his début at Providence a short time before, September 20, 1849, while my own first appearance had been made on November 20, two months later.

Macready had been very particular in rehearsals and gone so far as to mark a certain spot on the stage where an actor playing with him should take up position in a given scene. If he deviated from that spot in public performance, however slightly, the distinguished actor would set him right in a hoarse whisper. In view of this Junius Brutus Booth was asked, "Where shall I stand?"

"Anywhere you like," was the prompt rejoinder, "and I will find you."

My first experiences in rehearsing with Edwin Booth were at Buffalo in 1854; he came then, as later, to every rehearsal and directed it. In 1867, on the burning of the Winter Garden, I was sent for by Mr. Forrest to take the place of John McCullough. Then in the latter years of his life he was vigorously directing all rehearsals of his plays, and kept up the daily routine with that company for three or four weeks after my arrival, when he turned the responsibility over to me, only coming to the theatre to act.

We hear many instances of the peculiarities of those great actors at rehearsal. Booth was never anything but kind, nor was Edwin Forrest. The harsh stories that were told of Forrest I never believed; Edwin Booth had but one peculiarity—his love of his art.

For years Mr. Reed, the father of Roland Reed, played some little bits of parts as captain of the "supers" in Mr. Forrest's company. One night, in charge of his "Citizens," he was standing in the wings waiting to go on. A new stage manager was conducting the first performance of his engagement, and naturally was quite anxious. "Do you know your cue?" he asked of Mr. Reed.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Quite sure?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"What is it?" asked the stage manager, nervously turning the leaves of his prompt-book.

"Go on, you fool," replied Mr. Reed with a bland promptness born of long familiarity with the command.

GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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XI

AT MRS. RIDGIE'S they guessed that Frothingham had proposed to Cecilia and that she had been unnerved by the shock to her widowed heart. He stayed on until the following Monday, neither amused nor amusing, then returned to Mrs. Staunton's for two days. He found her intensely curious as to the trouble between Cecilia and him—she brought up the subject again and again, and with expert ingenuity at prying tried to trap him into telling her; she all but asked him point blank. But he looked vague or vacant, pretended not to understand what she wanted, expressed lively interest in Cecilia's progress toward health, professed keen regret that he must leave before she would be well enough to receive him.

As he was about to go Mrs. Staunton became desperate. "Allerton is a stern man," she said with an air that forbade the idea that mere vulgar curiosity was moving her. "He has the notion that Cecilia was not polite to you—you know, she gives way to strange moods. And he is so irritated against her that he is treating her harshly."

Frothingham looked astonished. "Really!" he said. "How extraordinary. I can't conceive how he happened to wander off into that. Nothing could be farther from the truth."

"I confess," Mrs. Staunton went on, "I'm much disappointed. I've taken a fancy to you. I had rather hoped that you and Cecilia would like each other—you understand."

Frothingham reflected. It was possible, yes, probable, that Cecilia's father could drive her into marrying him, would do it if he should hint to Mrs. Staunton that he did fancy Cecilia and was "horribly cut up" because she didn't fancy him. "What the devil do her feelings matter to me?" he demanded of himself. "A month after we were married she'd forget all this ghost nonsense and would be thanking me for pulling her out of it."

"And," Mrs. Staunton was saying, "I know her father would have liked it as well as I."

But Frothingham didn't follow his impulse and her unconscious leading. "What am I thinking of?" he said to himself in the sharp struggle that was going on behind his impassive exterior. "I'm not that sort of blackguard—at least not yet." Then he drawled his answer to Mrs. Staunton: "I'm tremendously flattered, but really, I fear the young lady and I would never hit it off. I've no great fancy for marrying—never had. I've always thought it a poor business—one of the sort of things that are good for the women and children, you know, but not for the men."

SENATOR BALLANTYNE

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Mrs. Staunton looked mild and humorous disapproval. "What is the world coming to? A man asked me the other day why all the nice women were married and all the nice men single. I hadn't thought of it until he spoke. But I must say it's true of my acquaintances."

"I hope you'll let Mr. Allerton know he's wrong," said Frothingham. "I hate it that the poor girl's had the screws put on her on my account."

"Certainly—I'll tell him. But I'm sorry it's not to be as we hoped." She was studying him with a puzzled expression. She had heard from what she regarded as a thoroughly trustworthy source that her young English friend had come over especially to get him a rich wife. If he hadn't come for that, why was he wandering about? Titled foreigners did not come to America for amusement. She could not understand his conduct.

He couldn't understand it himself. "I always was an ass," he thought. "Here am I, sinking straight to the bottom—or, what's worse, the bottomless. Yet I'm squeamish about the kind of line that pulls me ashore. Yes—I'm an ass. Even Lilian, well as I knew her at Oxford, took me in a bit with her trumpery tricks to make a living. She completely foozled me—that is——" Did she "foozle" him? He couldn't banish the doubt. And there was the incident of the horse—Lilian had nothing to do with that, yet it fitted in with her professions as to the spirit world. But hadn't she as good as owned up by apologizing for breaking it off between him and Cecilia? Perhaps she hadn't meant that; perhaps she had meant she was sorry to be the medium for such a letter. "There was a lot of truth in that letter. And there must be something in witches and ghosts and all that or the whole world wouldn't believe in 'em. But what ghastly luck that Lilian should turn up after fifteen years—no, seventeen, by Jove! Gad, how she has gone off since she was bar-maid at the Golden Cross and the prettiest girl that walked the High Street."

He paused in New York a few hours, long enough to get a disagreeable mail from the other side—a dismal letter from old Bagley, a suspiciously cheerful note from Evelyn, a few lines from Surrey with a postscript about Gwen—"I've shipped her off to Mentone. She's a bit seedy this winter, poor girl." Frothingham quarreled at Hutt, drank himself into a state of glassy-eyed gloom and took the three o'clock express for Washington. As he sat in the smoking-car a man dropped into the next chair with a "How d'ye do, Frothingham?" Frothingham's features slowly collected into an expression of recognition, of restrained pleasure. "Glad to see you, Wallingford. Going to Washington?"

"Yes—I'm in Congress, you know."

"No, I didn't know." And it struck him as uncommonly modest in Wallingford never to have spoken of so distinguished an honor.

"My father put me in last year."

"Oh, you've a seat in your family." Frothingham nodded understandingly. "That's very nice. They've almost abolished that sort of luxury with us. Nowadays, to get into Parliament a fellow has to put up a good many thousand pounds. Even then he must take his chances of winning a lot of noisy brutes."

Wallingford's face had flushed when Frothingham said "a seat in your family," and the flush had deepened as he went on. "You haven't got it quite straight, Frothingham—about us, I mean. No one can have a Congressional seat in his family in America. My father has a lot of influence with the party in New York City. He always puts up a lot of money for campaigns. And they give him the chance to name a Congressman—if he's willing to pay for it. That's between us, you understand. It's a bad system. But it applies only to a few districts in New York and perhaps one or two other cities."

"It sounds like our system," said Frothingham. "A good system, I call it. If it weren't for that the lower classes would be chucking us out and putting their own kind in."

"Well, we think it bad. I feel something like a fellow who knows he wouldn't have won the race if he hadn't bribed the jockey on the other fellow's horse."

"That's your queer American way of looking at things. You are always pretending that birth and rank and wealth aren't entitled to consideration. But that's all on the surface—all 'bluff,' as you say. They get just as much consideration here as among us."

"You're judging the whole country by the people in one small class—and not by any means all of them."

"Human nature is human nature," replied Frothingham with a cynical gleam in his eyeglass.

"If you go out West——"

"I'll find what I've found in the East, no doubt—perhaps in a little different form. I'm visiting Western people at Washington—after I've stopped at the Embassy a few days—some people I'm meeting through an American acquaintance of ours in England—Charles Sidney."

"Sidney!" Wallingford laughed. "He's my second cousin. Ain't he a shouting cad?"

"Oh, I think he's a well-meaning chap—most obliging."

"I should say so—to anybody he crawls before. And who are these Westerners he's sending you to?"

"The Ballantynes. I think Mr. Ballantyne's a Senator, is he not?"

Wallingford laughed again. "That's one on me," he said. "Yes, they're from the West. But for everything that isn't American they lay it over anybody you've seen in New York. Ballantyne! I sha'n't say any more. It's of no use to tell you you're going round and round in a circle that's in America but not really of it."

"Do you know the Ballantynes?"

"I've met Mrs. Ballantyne—and the daughter that's married to a Spaniard—the Duke of Almansa. They were at Monte Carlo three years ago when I was there. A handsome woman—amusing, too. She spent most of her time in the gambling-rooms—used to come in always dressed in something new and loud—and what tremendous hats she did wear! She'd throw on the table a big gold purse blazing with diamonds; then she'd seat herself and open the purse and it would be stuffed with thousand-franc notes. She'd plunge like a Russian. Every once in a while she'd go out on the balcony and walk up and down smoking a cigarette. She forbade her husband the Casino unless she was with him; even then he wasn't allowed to stake a single louis. He'd slip away and play in one of those more private rooms upstairs."

"AND WHO ARE THESE WESTERNERS HE'S SENDING YOU TO?"

Frothingham smiled reminiscently.

"You know, the play's higher there," continued Wallingford. "But the crowd of spectators was too small and indifferent for Her Grace of Almansa. When she found out what he was up to she made a scene right before everybody—'How dare you squander *my* money!' she said, and she led him away like a spaniel on its way to a whipping."

"Charming person!" said Frothingham. "Must have been amusing."

"Indeed she was. They'd talk of her all day without growing tired—and always a new freak. You'll be amused by her."

"Ah—she's here?"

"Yes—left the Duke two years ago—paid him off and came home to her father. She's quite quiet now, they say—educating her children."

Frothingham's three days at the British Embassy were to him days upon an oasis in the desert. It was literally, as well as legally, part of the British domain—Britain indeed, as soon as the outside door was passed. The servants at most of the houses at which he had been entertained were direct and recent importations from England, yet they had already lost an essential something—even his faithful Hutt was not the docile, humble creature he had been. But here in the Embassy the servants, like the attachés, like the Ambassador's family, like the Ambassador himself, were as English in look, in manner, in thought as if they had never been off the island. The very furniture and the arrangement of it, the way the beds were made and the towels were hung in the bathrooms, represented the English people as thoroughly as did the Ambassador.

From this miniature Britain Frothingham on the third day was transferred to the international chaos beneath the turrets and battlements of the Ballantyne castle. When the house was finished, twelve years before Frothingham saw it, the various suites were furnished each on a definite scheme—French or English or Italian of different periods, classical, Oriental, Colonial American. But the Ballantynes had the true American weariness of things that are completed. They were not long interested in their house after it was done. They felt like strangers in it, lived in it only for the sake of show, were positively uncomfortable. More through carelessness and indifference than through ignorance, the movable objects in the suites had become changed about—a gradual process, imperceptible to the inhabitants. There were now specimens of every style and every period in each suite; and Frothingham, who knew about interiors, seeing this interior for the first time thought it the work of an eccentric verging on lunacy.

"Awful, isn't it?" said Madame Almansa, as she was called. She had noted Frothingham's glance roaming the concourse of nations and periods that thronged the walls and floor space of the vast parlor—the Ballantynes used the American term instead of the British "drawing-room."

Frothingham looked at her inquiringly. "What?" he said, pretending not to understand.

"Do you wonder I refuse to live here?" she went on, as if he had not spoken. "There's some excuse for the great houses on the other side. At least the present tenants didn't build them and can put the responsibility upon their ignorant, semi-barbaric ancestors."

"That *has* struck me as a bit queer," replied Frothingham. "Over on our side we're cursing our ancestors for having burdened us with huge masses of brick and stone—beastly uncomfortable, aren't they?"

"Worse—unhealthful," she answered. "And as dwelling-places for human beings, ridiculous."

"Yes—and it takes an army to keep 'em clean, and then it isn't half done. And it does cost such a lot to keep 'em up. And there's no way of heating them. We don't build 'em any more—except new people that must show off."

"That's the trouble here," said Madame Almansa. "The new people who know nothing of the art of living build palaces as soon as ever they can afford it. It's supposed to be the badge of superiority. Instead, it's the badge of ignorance and vulgarity. I refuse to permit my children to live in the midst of such nonsense. You must come to see us, Lord Frothingham, in our little house just through this square."

Her sister, Isabella, who called herself Ysobel because she fancied it more aristocratic, laughed queerly—almost a sneer, though good-natured. And when Frothingham went away to her father's sitting-room she laughed again. "It's all very well for you, Susanna——"

"Susan," interrupted Madame Almansa.

"Well, Susan, then—though I hate to pronounce such a common word in addressing any one above the rank of servant. It's all very well for you to talk in that fashion. You've established yourself. You can afford to affect simplicity, and to insist on being called Susan, and on dropping your title, and on living in a plain little house, and on bringing up your children as if they were a tradesman's sons instead of the sons of one of the proudest nobles in——"

"You know Almansa," interrupted "Susan." "How *can* you speak of him as proud or a noble?"

"He *is* a weazened, oily creature," admitted Ysobel, delighted to make her sister wince by agreeing with her and "going her one better." "And I jumped for joy when you shook him, because I shouldn't have to let him kiss me any more. But, all the same, he's a great noble. And you know perfectly well, Madame Almansa, that if you had it to do all over again you'd marry him just the same—yes, if he were ten times worse——"

"Don't, Bella—please!" exclaimed "Susan" in a large, tragic way. "Mon Dieu!" She clasped her hands and in heroic agitation swept magnificently up and down the small, clear space. "When I think of the heritage of my boys—my Emilio and my Alfonso——"

"My Prince de Rio Blanco and my Marquis de Calamar," mocked Ysobel. "Cut it out, Sue. I loathe—*cant!*"

"Instead of filling your head with these false notions of nobility," said "Sue" sarcastically, "you would better look to your English, at least. But the vulgar speech you and your girl friends use nowadays is in keeping with your vulgar ideas of aristocracy."

"Yes, Madame la Duchesse," said Ysobel, her good nature unruffled. "And when I've married a title and then shaken the man I'll talk in the same top-lofty way that you do."

Madame Almansa raised and lowered her superb shoulders and changed the subject to dress—she affected an extreme of simplicity, and that required a great deal more time and thought than her former easily gratified craze for the startling. Presently her father came with Frothingham. "You're going to Senator Pope's to dinner, aren't you?" he said absently. Frothingham thought he looked like the pictures of "Uncle Sam," except that his white chin whiskers were rooted in a somewhat larger chin space.

"Not I," replied Madame Almansa. "You know, father, I'm to stay here and do the honors at your dinner."

"Yes, yes, Susie—I remember." Senator Ballantyne seemed pleased, but uneasy. "But you must be careful—very careful. Your grand airs will frighten 'em."

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Ysobel laughed. "Mamma and I are going to Mrs. Pope's," she said, "and Lord Frothingham, too. And then we all go to the White House dance afterward."

"No, the White House dance is to-morrow night," said Madame Almansa. "I am going."

"Well, well—no matter," interposed Senator Ballantyne. "All I want is to be sure that you get out of the way before my constituents come. Your mother ought to be ashamed of herself to desert me. But I suppose they won't mind it so long as Sue is here."

"What time's your dinner, pa?" asked Ysobel.

"Half-past six," replied the Senator, and he turned to Frothingham: "At home they have dinner—no, they call it supper—at five o'clock."

"That's 'way, 'way out West, Lord Frothingham," explained Ysobel, "where papa and mamma come from."

"And you, too, young lady," said her father teasingly. "You were born there."

"Yes, but I was caught young and taken to France," retorted Ysobel. "I spoke French before I spoke English."

Senator Ballantyne frowned, became abstracted, was presently sighing. His eldest daughter heard it and gave a theatrical sigh of sympathy. Ballantyne seemed not to hear, but *something* was irritating him, for he frowned more heavily.

Mrs. Ballantyne came in from her drive. She was a fine-looking woman, had all the outward appearance of the *grande dame*, and acted the part so well that not even herself had caught her in a slip for many years—a notable triumph in the art of pose when it is considered that she was a country school-teacher until she was twenty-four and had never seen a city or been east of the Alleghanies until she was past thirty. Frothingham helped her relieve herself of a great sable-lined cloak which he handed to a servant. The servant bent double in a bow—Mrs. Ballantyne paid well for obsequiousness. "When do those people of yours begin to come, Samuel?" she asked, framing her sentence and her manner to impress Frothingham.

Ballantyne looked annoyed, and, with a furtive glance at him, said: "Lord Frothingham will carry away a strange notion of democratic institutions as represented by Senators, mother."

Mrs. Ballantyne permitted him to call her mother because it was the only word of address that did not rasp her aristocratic nature. Her name was Jane—that she could not endure even before the days of her grandeur. She had made him call her Mrs. Ballantyne before people until she discovered that it was "shocking bad form." She decided upon mother because the old Austrian Ambassador, whose title was of the highest and whose blood was of the thinnest and palest blue, said to her one day, "I like your American fashion of husband and wife calling each other mother and father. It has a grand old patriarchal ring. My wife and I have adopted it."

"You must get out of the way by six o'clock," continued Ballantyne, addressing himself to "mother." "Several of them said they'd come round early for half an hour's chat before supper."

"I'm sorry we're to be driven out," said Frothingham. "I fancy I'd like to see your constituents."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, Lord Frothingham," Mrs. Ballantyne answered him—for his benefit she was "laying it on with a trowel," as Ysobel would have said. "They're—but you know how it is in politics. I wish Samuel would leave public life."

"What!" exclaimed Ballantyne in mock horror. "And have all our poor relations that I've got nicely placed at the public crib bounced in a body, and come grunting and squealing to me to be supported! One of the objects in getting public office in this country, Lord Frothingham, is to relieve one's self of the support of one's poor relations and friends. The late President Arthur said to me when he was at the White House: 'The degradation of it! That I should have to lower myself for six hours every day to keeping an employment agency!'"

"But we can't dress and drive round the streets from six o'clock until eight," said Ysobel.

"They'll be in the reception-room by eight," replied her mother, "or else they won't be through dinner. We can get out unseen."

Frothingham maintained his look of blank indifference, but underneath he was vastly amused—"And they're quite unconscious what cads they are," he thought. As if in answer to this, Senator Ballantyne said to him, in a tone of humorous apology: "Our constituents are plain people, Lord Frothingham—honest, simple. They lead quiet, old-fashioned lives. I always send my family away or make them 'come off their perch' when I have to receive any one from home—that is, any but my regular political lieutenants. To tell you the gospel truth, I'm ashamed to have my old friends see how absurd we've become."

At six o'clock Frothingham was idling in a small smoking-room in the rear of the great parlor—it was on the second floor. Senator Ballantyne came in and grew red in the cheeks. "Oh, I didn't expect to see you," he said with an embarrassed laugh.

Frothingham pretended not to notice, but he instantly saw the embarrassment, and the cause of it as well. The Senator was not in evening dress, nor even in his uniform of "statesman's frock." To combat the unfavorable impression his great castle would make upon the excursionists from his distant State he had got himself up in a stained old blue sack suit with torn pocket and ragged cuff, in trousers bagging hideously at the knees and springing fantastically where they met his unblacked boots.

He seated himself and talked absently until there was a ring of the front doorbell. He started up. "I must go," he said. "That's the first ones." And he hurried away.

Frothingham waited a few seconds, then went into the hall and leaned carelessly on the banister where it commanded a view of the front door. He chuckled. Not the pompous and liveried butler or footman was opening it, but Senator Ballantyne himself in his livery of the "plain people." And Frothingham grinned as his great hearty voice—how different, how much more natural, than his usual voice—rolled out a "Why, hello, boys—Hello, Jim! Hello, Rankin. How d'ye do, Mrs. Fisher. Glad to see you, Miss Branigan. The maid wasn't about, so I thought I wouldn't keep you waitin'. Come right in and take off your things. Ladies, I'm sorry to say my wife's run off and left me—had to go to a dinner where the President and his wife are to be. You know, we ain't allowed to decline. But we won't miss her. My oldest girl Sue's in the parlor. You remember Sue?"

THE THREE DESCENDED THE GRAND STAIRWAY

They all went into the "parlor"—that is, the little first-floor reception-room, which had been partly refurnished, or rather, dismantled, for the occasion. The bell rang again. Frothingham chuckled again as he saw not butler, nor footman, nor Senator, but a neatly-dressed upstairs girl, without a cap, hasten to open the door. As he heard the rustle of skirts on the stairway leading to the sleeping-rooms, he prudently strolled into the smoking-room.

When he went up to dress Hutt said to him: "Beg pardon, my lord, but my, hit's queer, the dinner party they're 'avin' hin the little back room."

Frothingham went on shaving and Hutt continued:

"They've sent hoff hall the servants, hexceptin' the maids, my lord. They've got heverythink on the table at once and they're waitin' on themselves."

"Last night," said Frothingham, "you gave me a shirt with a spot on the collar. You're getting careless and impudent, Hutt."

When he reached the parlor Mrs. Ballantyne and Ysobel were waiting—Mrs. Ballantyne ablaze with rubies and diamonds, Ysobel slim and white and golden in an expensively plain white dress with golden spangles. Mrs. Ballantyne rang for a servant. "See that the doors leading into the hall downstairs are closed," she said.

The servant returned and announced that the way was clear. The three descended the grand stairway rapidly, entered the carriage and drove away—"with two on the box."

Presently Ysobel laughed. "You should have seen Susan, Lord Frothingham," she said. "She was rigged up in a black alpaca made with a basque."

"Alpaca?" asked Frothingham. "What's that? And what's a basque?"

"Alpaca is—well, it's a stuff they wear out West in the country when they dress up. I suppose they wear it because the country is so dusty and black alpaca catches and shows every bit of dust. And when you touch it, it makes your teeth ache and the gooseflesh rise all over you. A basque—it's a sort of waist, only it's little and tight and short on the hips and low in the collar, and it pulls under the arms—I can't describe a basque. It has to be seen. My idea of future punishment is to dress for a thousand years in black alpaca made with a basque, and to have to rub your hands over it every five minutes."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Softer than Spun Silk

THE hair of the musk-ox is much finer than silk and considerably stronger than the strongest linen. Twisted into a small strand, two men may pull on it without being able to break it. The musk-ox is prodigally supplied with this hair, which often trails along the ground. In fact, it has an inner and an outer coat like the American buffalo and the Cashmere goat. The outer coat of the musk-ox is very heavy and is shed during the summer season.

The natives of its Arctic habitat weave the silken threads of this animal into garments whose texture is finer and softer than the most delicate fabric known to commerce. The inhabitants in the extreme north of British America, on the Parry archipelago and in the Arctic regions of Alaska, where the musk-ox is found, will not for any price part with these beautiful garments. They are made exclusively for tribal chiefs and shamans. They regard the musk-ox as a sacred animal and the robes made of its hair are reverently cherished.

It is possible that under the scientific auspices of the United States Government the care and propagation of musk-ox herds for commercial purposes will occupy serious attention.

For many years scientific explorers and northern hunters have made attempts to secure live specimens, and on several occasions have succeeded in effecting a capture, but invariably the Indians accompanying the expedition have cut the throats of the oxen rather than allow them to be taken out alive. Their explanation was that the traditions of their people taught that if the musk-ox were taken out alive from that region all the other animals would die or migrate, leaving the inhabitants to perish of hunger. They believe that the odor of musk emitted by these animals is an incense offered to the gods of Wind and Snow, and that it alone insures protection to man and beast in those northern wastes.

The killing of the musk-ox they do not regard with equal disfavor, as that act they look upon as a votive offering. The one musk-ox now in this country was secured by the captain of a whaler, and he was permitted to take it out of the Arctic country only upon assuring the Indians that he wanted the animal for its skin and that it would be duly dispatched. If the natives learn that they have been deceived and that their sacred ox is now on exhibition, they will doubtless redouble their vigilance in safeguarding the species against exportation.

It is not the wish of the Government scientists to deal treacherously with the crude peoples of the far North in this matter, but as the musk-ox roams over vast regions it will be a comparatively easy matter for the Government, going about it methodically in a large way, to secure a herd and arrange either to control it in the latitudes of its natural habitat or to export chosen specimens without running counter to the superstitions of the Arctic tribes.

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶Wisdom is profitable to others; common-sense to one's self.

¶Had critics been able to kill, no masterpiece could have survived.

¶There is good in everything with the occasional exception of a good thing.

¶Save the pennies and the dollars will not have to be broken for street-car fares.

¶Men make houses; women make homes; necessity makes boarding-places, and flats happen.

¶The man who fears he will do more than his salary calls for will never have much salary to call for.

¶In the fable the wolf called the ox a robber. In the modern version they get together and form a trust.

¶It is all very well to say that, if you would know the value of money, go borrow some. But the man who loans it and never gets it back also learns a few lessons.

The Indestructible Monroe Doctrine

SEVEN years ago there was a row over Venezuela, and certain papers in London announced that the Monroe Doctrine was wiped out forever. But when the trouble was settled the Monroe Doctrine was found to be in unusually good health. A few weeks ago Venezuela again became a first-page subject in the world's news, and the Italian Parliament was informed by one of its members that England and Germany had knocked the Monroe Doctrine sky-high. This information seemed to be credited, for Italy hastened to subscribe for a ground-floor allotment of stock in the Anglo-German blockade. The international syndicate is now in liquidation, and the subscribers are anxiously looking for an opportunity to dispose of their shares at a discount. Meanwhile the Monroe Doctrine remains an ugly and immovable fact. If it is "sky-high" it is also bedrock-deep, and all the way between.

Intelligent Americans have never claimed for the Monroe Doctrine a place in international law. They have been content to regard it as a declaration of American policy, good just so long as we have the will and the power to enforce it. But the current of events may yet carry it into the law of nations, without any effort on our part to put it there. International law is merely a collection of the usages commonly observed by civilized Powers, and it includes some things queerer than the Monroe Doctrine.

All the American republics, with the possible exception of Chile, have already recognized that Doctrine as part of the public law of the Western Hemisphere. England, in practice and in all but explicit terms, has accepted it as an inviolable principle. Germany has repeatedly disclaimed any intention of violating it. Russia and Spain, which used to have American possessions, have given them up — the former voluntarily, the latter under pressure. France accepted a practical application of the Doctrine thirty-six years ago, and has never displayed any desire to experience another. Austria refrained from sending troops to the help of Maximilian when we pointed to our "No Trespassing" signboard. Italy was careful to assure us that she had no designs on South American real estate when she joined the blockade of Venezuela. Finally The Hague treaty, signed by all the principal Powers of the world, carries a codicil by which our traditional policy toward American questions is reserved.

Since the Monroe Doctrine was first announced, eighty years ago, no attempt to violate it has ever been consummated. The chance that any such attempt ever will be consummated is less now than ever before. If undisturbed possession for from five to twenty years will give a man a title to a farm by prescription, how long a period of unbroken acquiescence in a certain doctrine by the whole world will it take to give that doctrine the force of international law?

The American Holiday

THERE are in the United States nearly thirty holidays of one kind or another, but only five of them receive anything like general observance — Christmas, Thanksgiving Day, Election Day, Fourth of July and the Twenty-second of February. We have no national holiday, but by the proclamation of the President of the United States and the action of the different States we get something that resembles it. Washington's Birthday comes as near to a real recognition by the whole nation as any other, the only flaw being that, in Mississippi, where there are no statutory holidays, it is observed only by exercises in the public schools. But the day itself stands forth unique and distinct as the nation's greatest tribute to any individual.

As time goes on we seem to be reaching a higher appreciation of Washington's character. We have had in the past decade numerous new books exploiting sides of his private life that belong more to yellow journalism than to literature, but the splendid point is that not even in their microscopic investigations have these writers found anything that detracts from the real elevation of the man. "America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind," said Daniel Webster in his magnificent oration at Bunker Hill.

It has been smartly said that we have made of Washington a chromo, and perhaps we owe something to the industrious literary microscopists for their discoveries as to some of the human traits which he possessed. Certain it is that each time we go back to study his work and life we return refreshed with the nobility of plain, simple duty — duty not only in doing that which a man and a patriot should do, but in keeping himself clean and upright. "I hope," wrote Washington in his Moral Maxims, "I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an 'honest man.'" He did that with absolute success, and he was enabled to do it by the observance of another of his maxims: "Associate with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company."

With this vantage his life along higher lines moved nobly to its goals. He knew misrepresentation and abuse of the most harrowing and discouraging kind, but he kept on, and time cleared his good name of all the stains that bad men sought to put upon it in the times of stress and passion. "To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny," he said, and never was a truth better illustrated than in his own experience.

We have on Christmas the opportunity for love and charity, at Thanksgiving the occasion for gratitude, on Election Day the right of self-government, on the Fourth of July the display of patriotism, and on the fifth of our great holidays, which is the first in the year, comes the call for duty — duty as shown in the life of a great man who did his work well, and lived up to his ideals without shirking any task or fearing any danger.

Dinner-Parties for the Million

SIMPLICITY in social life is the thing most constantly advised by those who, in print, attempt to regulate our manners. Be simple, we are told; be informal; when you have people at your house don't make "a party" of it. Let us by all means be simple; it is cheaper, more healthful, in better taste, incidentally more democratic and more American. But why not be formal, why not "make 'a party' of it"? Parties are rather nice things. "Where are we dining to-night, my dear?" asks some proud member of the "400" of his wife in a novel of smart New York life.

"At the Winslow-Thingumajigs," replies that lady. And many a woman throughout the land who doesn't "dine out" once a year feels the glamour of a more splendid life than her own throw its spell over her. One possible result of this is snobbishness, spasmodic extravagance, and silly, ineffectual pretentiousness. But there might be another result. Let us consider a Wednesday evening — shall we say? — in, for example, Akron, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. John Smith sit down to their dinner of Julienne soup, roast beef with vegetables, a salad of tomatoes, rice pudding and coffee. Two blocks away Mr. and Mrs. James Brown discover upon their board tomato soup, boiled mutton with caper sauce, and potatoes, chocolate, ice cream and coffee. The Browns are planning to run in and call on their neighbors during the evening. But Mrs. Smith found it so difficult to get a roast of beef small enough for two people that they might just as well have been "dining out" at the Smiths'. And by the mere postponement of the purchase of mutton until next week they themselves might have given a "little dinner" to which they could have asked their hosts of to-night, and very possibly Amy Truesdale and that nice young Doctor Saunders. There is absolutely no extra expense involved, and no trouble beyond that of laying extra places. Both Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown received as wedding gifts a quantity of pretty silver which is only too rarely used and which makes the table look extremely attractive. The social life of Akron would be diversified by two parties, instead of by none at all, and the two evenings of the Smiths and Browns would be unquestionably brightened.

To any one with social instincts the mere fact of being invited out or of inviting people in gives enormous pleasure. There is no need of attempting to prove that it is as pleasant being asked to boiled mutton as to the superb dinner of a *cordon bleu;* it is sufficient that it is so much pleasanter than not being asked at all.

We have plenty of big "functions." What American social life lacks is the quiet, simple gathering of a few friends, which has, nevertheless, been arranged beforehand and has about it the air of considered and meditated hospitality. As it is now we entertain far too elaborately and far too rarely.

The Blot on the Great Man's Name

NOW it is our friend — the country's friend — Edward Everett Hale — who has robbed us of a popular belief. Daniel Webster was not a drunkard! In the twenty-six years during which Mr. Hale "knew him intimately he saw him thousands of times, read thousands of his letters, ran in and out of his house constantly, and never once saw him under the influence of liquor."

Of course we all will say we rejoice to hear it. But in our secret souls we don't altogether rejoice.

Why is this? Are we at bottom a kind of malignant animal? Is there a nasty vein of malice in every heart?

Or is it only that the ordinary man and woman are chilled and stifled by these faultless ruling folk — Powers and Dominions, as John Milton would call them? The dazzle and shine of an archangel awes us, but a dab of coal-soot on his wing makes him human at once. He is our brother now. We can claim fellowship with him at last: he "calls cousin" with us on account of that smut upon his wing.

We all remember when Edward Lear, Washington's secretary, first told the story of how the Father of His Country rushed one day out of his room half shaved to resent an insult, given to a poor little maid, by a kick and an oath, how the whole nation chuckled with delight! After all, then, he was no deity, but a man! And we all secretly thanked God.

The votaries of the godlike Daniel in Massachusetts elevated him above humanity, until he was as remote and icy as a peak in Labrador. Then came this ugly slander which Doctor Hale now beats to death so vindictively. It gave red blood to the idol. Every well-meaning bloated loafer at the Cross-Roads now struck hands in his secret mind with the demigod and did him honest homage.

All this is but another way of showing that plain human nature is the base of all power. It is not the statesman we reverence, nor beauty, nor royalty — not even many-sided William — but the man underneath — who is like ourselves.

The ugly old Queen who in her nightgown rushed into her box at the theatre crying out, with sobs, "Our Charlotte has got a boy!" won the hearts of the English people to her family by that one sentence, when all expedients and diplomacy had failed.

The advice which every young worker in the world can gain from these vague hints — whether he wants to win fortune or fame or the other and better successes — is: Make your leverage on humanity. That — not money nor rank nor reputation — is the real stuff out of which to make life.

About the Des Moines News

IN AN article entitled The Man Without a Pull, which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of January 31, 1903, the statement was made incidentally that the Des Moines News suspended publication shortly after Mr. Robert B. Armstrong became connected with its staff. The publishers of the Des Moines News have called our attention to the fact that this statement is incorrect, and that the News has not missed an issue since its first publication in 1881, and has never been in financial difficulties. We gladly take this opportunity of correcting the error.

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THE LITERARY SENSE

By E. Nesbit—THE LOVE OF ROMANCE

SHE opened the window at which no light shone. All the other windows were darkly shuttered. The night was still; only a faint breath moved among the restless aspen leaves. The ivy round the window whispered hoarsely as the casement, swung back too swiftly, rested against it. She had a large sheet in her hands. Without hurry and without delaying she knotted one corner of it to the iron staple of the window. She tied the knot firmly, and further secured it with string. She let the white bulk of the sheet fall between the ivy and the night, then she climbed on to the window-ledge and crouched there on her knees. There was a heart-sick pause before she grasped the long twist of the sheet as it hung—let her knees slip from the supporting stone and swung suddenly by her hands. Her elbows and wrists were grazed against the rough edge of the window-ledge—the sheet twisted at her weight and jarred her shoulder heavily against the house wall. Her arms seemed to be tearing themselves from their sockets. But she clenched her teeth, felt with her feet for the twisted ivy stems on the side of the house—found foothold and the moment of almost unbearable agony was over. She went down, helped by feet and hands and by ivy and sheet, almost exactly as she had planned to do. She had not known it would hurt so much—that was all. Her feet felt the soft mould of the border: a stout geranium snapped under her tread. She crept around the house, in the house's shadow—found the gardener's ladder—and so on to the high brick wall. From this she dropped, deftly enough, into the suburban lane; dropped, too, into the arms of a man who was waiting there. She hid her face in his neck, trembling, and said, "Oh, Harry—I wish I hadn't!" Then she began to cry helplessly.

The man, receiving her embrace with what seemed in the circumstances a singularly moderated enthusiasm, led her, with one arm still lightly about her shoulders, down the lane. At the corner he stood still, and said in a low voice:

"Hush—stop crying at once! I've something to say to you."

She tore herself from his arm and gasped:

"It's *not* Harry," she said. "Oh, how dare you?" She had been brave till she had dropped into his arms. Then the need for bravery had seemed over. Now her tears were dried swiftly and suddenly by the blaze of anger and courage in her eyes.

"Don't be unreasonable," he said, and even at that moment of disappointment and rage his voice pleased her. "I had to get you away somehow. I couldn't risk an explanation right under your aunts' windows. Harry's sprained his knee: cricket. He couldn't come."

A sharp resentment stirred in her against the lover who could play cricket on the very day of an elopement.

"*He* told you to come? Oh, how could he betray me!"

"My dear girl, what was he to do? He couldn't leave you to wait out here alone—perhaps for hours."

"I shouldn't have waited long," she said sharply; "you came to tell me: now you've told me—you'd better go."

"Look here," he said with gentle calm, "I do wish you'd try not to be quite so silly. I'm Harry's doctor—and a middle-aged man. Let me help you. There must be some better way out of your troubles than a midnight flight and a despairingly defiant note on the pincushion."

"I didn't," she said; "I put it on the mantelpiece. Please go. I decline to discuss anything with you."

"Ah, don't!" he said. "I knew you must be a very romantic person or you wouldn't be here—and I knew you must be rather—well, rather young—or you wouldn't have fallen in love with Harry. But I did *not* think, after the brave and practical manner in which you kept your appointment, I did not think that you'd try to behave like the heroine of a family novelette. Come: sit down on this heap of stones; there's nobody about. There's a light in your house now. You can't go back yet. Here, let me put my Inverness round you. Keep it up round your chin and then if any one sees you they won't know who you are. I can't leave you alone here. You know what a lot of robberies there have been in the neighborhood lately; there may be rough characters about. Come, now, let's think what's to be done. You know you can't get back unless I help you."

"I don't want you to help me; and I won't go back," she said.

But she sat down and pulled the cloak up around her face.

"Now," he said, "as I understand the case—it's this. You live rather a dull life with two tyrannical aunts—and the passion for romance."

"They're not tyrannical—only one's always ill and the other's always nursing her. She makes her get up and read to her in the night. That's her light you saw."

"Well, I pass the aunts. Anyhow, you met Harry—somehow——"

"It was at the Choral Society. And then they stopped my going—because he walked home with me one wet night."

"And you have never seen each other since——"

"Of course we have."

"And communicated by some means more romantic than the post."

"It wasn't romantic. It was tennis balls."

"Tennis balls?"

"You cut a slit and squeeze it and put a note in and it shuts up, and no one notices it. It wasn't romantic at all. And I don't know why I should tell you anything about it."

"And then I suppose there were glances in church and stolen meetings in the passionate hush of the rose-scented garden."

"There's nothing in the garden but geraniums," she said, "and we always talked over the wall—he used to stand on their chicken house, and I used to turn the dog kennel up on end and stand on that. You have no right to know anything about it, but it was not in the least romantic."

"No—that sees itself—may I ask whether it was you or he who proposed this elopement?"

"Oh, how *dare* you!" she said, jumping up; "you have no right to insult me like this."

He caught her wrist. "Sit down, you little firebrand," he said. "I gather that he proposed it. You at any rate consented—no doubt after the regulation amount of proper scruples. It's all very charming and idyllic and—what are you crying for? Your lost hopes of a happy life with a boy you know nothing of—a boy you've never talked to about anything but love's young dream?"

"I'm *not* crying," she said passionately, turning her streaming eyes on him; "you know I'm not—or if I am—it's only with rage. You may be a doctor, though I don't believe you are. But you're not a gentleman."

"I suppose not," he said; "a gentleman would not make conditions. I'm going to make one. You can't go to Harry, because his mother would be seriously annoyed if you did; and so, believe me, would he—though you don't think it. You can get up and leave me and go 'away into the night,' like a heroine of fiction—but you can't keep on going away into the night for ever and ever. You must have food and clothes and lodging. And the sun rises every day. You must just quietly and dully go home again. And you can't do it without me. And I'll help you if you'll promise not to see Harry, or write to him, for a year."

"He'll see me. He'll write to me," she said with proud triumph.

"I think not. I exacted the promise from *him* as a condition of my coming to meet you."

"And he promised?"

"Evidently."

There was a long silence. She broke it with a voice of concentrated fury.

"If he doesn't mind, *I* don't," she said. "I'll promise. Now let me go back. I wish you hadn't come—I wish I were dead."

"Come," he said; "don't be so angry with me. I've done what I could for you both."

"On conditions!"

"You must see that they are good or you wouldn't have accepted them so soon. I thought it would take at least an hour to get you to consent. But no—ten minutes of earnest reflection are enough to settle the luckless Harry's little hash. You're quite right—he doesn't deserve more! I am pleased with myself, I own. I must have a very convincing manner."

"Oh," she cried passionately, "I dare say you think you've been very clever. But I wish you knew what I think of you! And I'd tell you for twopence."

"I'm a poor man, gentle Lady—won't you tell me for love?" His voice was soft and pleading beneath the laugh that stung her.

"IT WASN'T ROMANTIC. IT WAS TENNIS BALLS"

—FOUND THE GARDENER'S LADDER—AND SO ON TO THE HIGH BRICK WALL.

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"Yes, I *will* tell you—for nothing," she cried; "you're a brute, and a hateful, interfering, disagreeable, impertinent old thing, and I only hope you'll have some one be as horrid to you as you've been to me!"

"I think I've had that already—quite as horrid," he said grimly. "This is not the moment for compliments—but you have great powers. You are brave, and I never met any one who could be more 'horrid,' as you call it, in smaller compass, all with one little tiny adjective. My felicitations! You *are* clever. Come—don't be angry any more—I had to do it—you'll understand some day."

"You wouldn't like it yourself," she said, softening to something in his voice.

"I shouldn't have liked it at your age," he said. "Sixteen—fifteen—what is it?"

"I'm nineteen next birthday," she said with dignity.

"And the date?"

"The fifteenth of June—I don't know what you mean by asking me."

"And to-day's the first of July," he said, and sighed. "Well, well!—if your Highness will allow me I'll go and see whether your aunts' light is out, and, if it is, we'll attempt the reëntrance."

He went. She shivered, waiting, for what felt like hours. And the resentment against her aunts grew faint in the light of her resentment against her lover's messenger, and this in its turn was outshone by her anger against her lover. He had played cricket. He had risked his life—on the very day whose evening should have crowned that life by giving her to his arms. She set her teeth. Then yawned and shivered again. It was an English July, and very cold. And the slow minutes crept past. What a fool she had been! Why had she not made a fight for her liberty—for her right to see Harry if she chose to see him? The aunts would never have stood up against a well-planned, determined, disagreeable resistance. In the light of this doctor's talk the whole thing did seem cowardly, romantic and, worst of all, insufferably young. Well—to-morrow everything should change—she would fight for her love—not merely run away to him. But the promise? Well, Harry was Harry, and a promise was only a promise! There were footsteps in the lane. The man was coming back to her. She rose.

"It's all right," he said; "come."

In silence they walked down the lane. Suddenly he stopped.

"You'll thank me some day," he said; "why should you throw yourself away on Harry? You're worth fifty of him. And I only wish I had time to explain this to you thoroughly, but I haven't!"

She too had stopped. Now she stamped her foot.

"Look here," she said, "I'm not going to promise anything at all. You needn't help me if you don't want to—but I take back that promise. Go! Do what you like! I mean to stick to Harry—and I'll write and tell him so to-night. So there!"

He clapped his hands very softly. "Bravo!" he said; "that's the right spirit. Plucky child—any other girl would have broken the promise without a word to me. Harry's luckier even than I thought. I'll help you, little champion! Come on."

He helped her over the wall—carried the ladder to her window and steadied it while she mounted it. When she had climbed over the window-ledge she turned and leaned out of the window—to see him slowly mounting the ladder. He threw his head back with a quick gesture that meant, "I have something more to say—lean out!"

She leaned out. His face was on a level with hers.

"You've slept soundly all night—don't forget that—it's important," he whispered; "and—you needn't tell Harry—one-sided things are so trivial, but I can't help it. *I* have the passion for romance, too!"

With that he caught her neck in the curve of his arm and kissed her.

"Good-by!" he said. "Thank you so much for a very pleasant evening!" He dropped from the ladder and was gone. She drew her curtain with angry suddenness. Then she lighted candles and looked at herself in the looking-glass. She thought she had never looked so pretty. And she was right. Then she went to bed, and slept like a baby. Next morning the suburb was electrified by the discovery made by the nursing aunt that all the silver and jewels and valuables from the safe at the top of the stairs had vanished.

"The villains must have come through your room, child," she said to Harry's sweetheart: "the ladder proves that. Slept sound all night, did you? Well, that was a mercy! They might have murdered you in your bed if you'd happened to be awake. You ought to be humbly thankful when you think of what might have happened."

The girl did not think very much of what might have happened. What *had* happened gave her quite food enough for reflection. Especially when to her side of the night's adventures was added the tale of Harry's.

He had not played cricket, he had not hurt his knee; he had merely confided in his father's valet, and had given that unprincipled villain a five-pound note to be at the Cross Roads—in the orthodox style with a cab—for the flight, a post-chaise being, alas! out of date. Instead of doing this, the valet, with a confederate, had gagged and bound Harry and set him in a convenient corner against the local water-works to await events.

"I never should have believed it of him," added Harry in an agitated India-rubber ball note; "he always seemed such a superior person, you'd have thought he was a gentleman if you'd met him in any other position."

"I should. I did," she said to herself. "And oh, how frightfully clever! And the way he talked! And all the time he was only keeping me out of the way while they stole the silver and things. I wish he hadn't taken the ruby necklace; it does suit me so. And what nerve! He actually talked about the robberies in the neighborhood. He must have done them all. Oh, what a pity! But he was a dear. And how awfully wicked he was to—but I'll never tell Harry!"

She never has.

Curiously enough, her Burglar Valet Hero was never caught, though the police traced his career from his being sent down from Oxford to his last, best burglary.

She was married to Harry—with the complete consent of every one concerned—for Harry had money, and so had she, and there never had been the slightest need for an elopement, save in youth's perennial passion for romance. It was one morning at breakfast that she received a registered postal packet. It had a good many queer postmarks on it, and the stamps were those of a South American Republic. It was addressed to her by her own name—and under her new name, which was as good as new still. It came at breakfast-time and it contained the ruby necklace, several good rings and a diamond brooch. All were the property of her late aunts. Also there was an India-rubber ball, and in it a letter.

"Here is a birthday present for you," it said; "try to forgive me. Some temptations are absolutely irresistible. That one was. And it was worth it. It rounded off the whole thing so perfectly. That last indiscretion of mine nearly ruined everything. There was a policeman in the lane. I only escaped by the merest fluke. But even then it would have been worth it. At least, I should like you to believe that I think so."

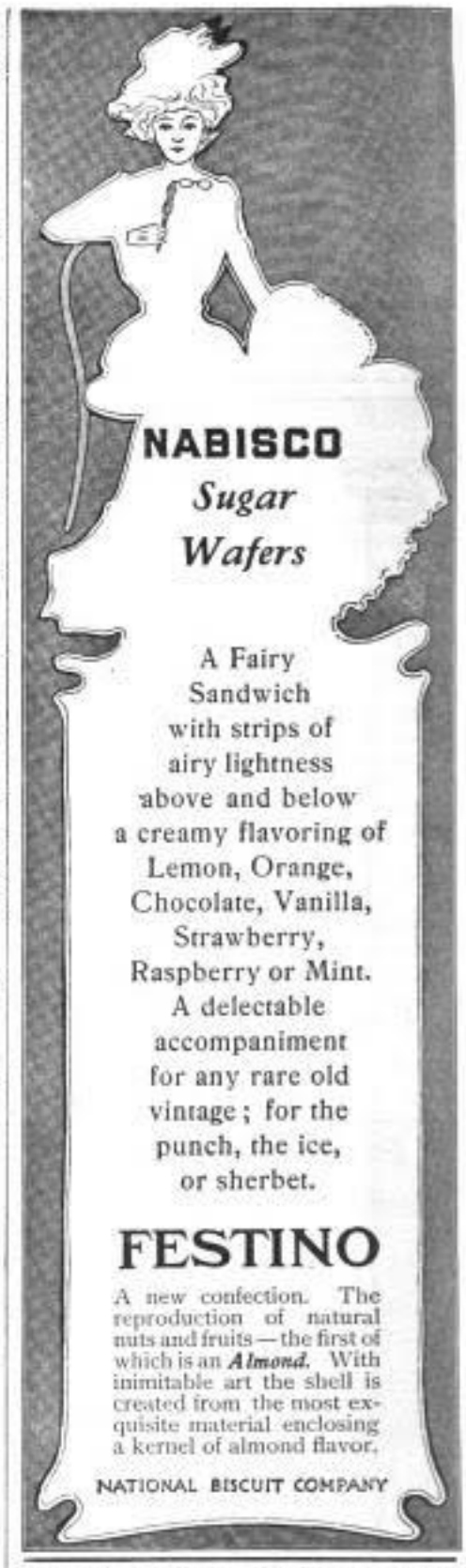
"His last indiscretion," said Harry, who saw the note but not the India-rubber ball; "that means stealing your aunts' things, of course, unless it was dumping me down by the water-works, but, of course, that wasn't the last one. But worth it? Why, he'd have had seven years if they'd caught him. Worth it? He *must* have a passion for burglary."

She did not explain to Harry because he would never have understood. But the burglar would have found it quite easy to understand that or anything. She was so shocked to find herself thinking this that she went over to Harry and kissed him with more affection even than usual.

"Yes, dear," he said; "I don't wonder you're pleased to get something back out of all those things. I quite understand."

"Yes, dear," said she. "I know; you always do!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of three short stories, each complete in itself—three instances of the Literary Sense.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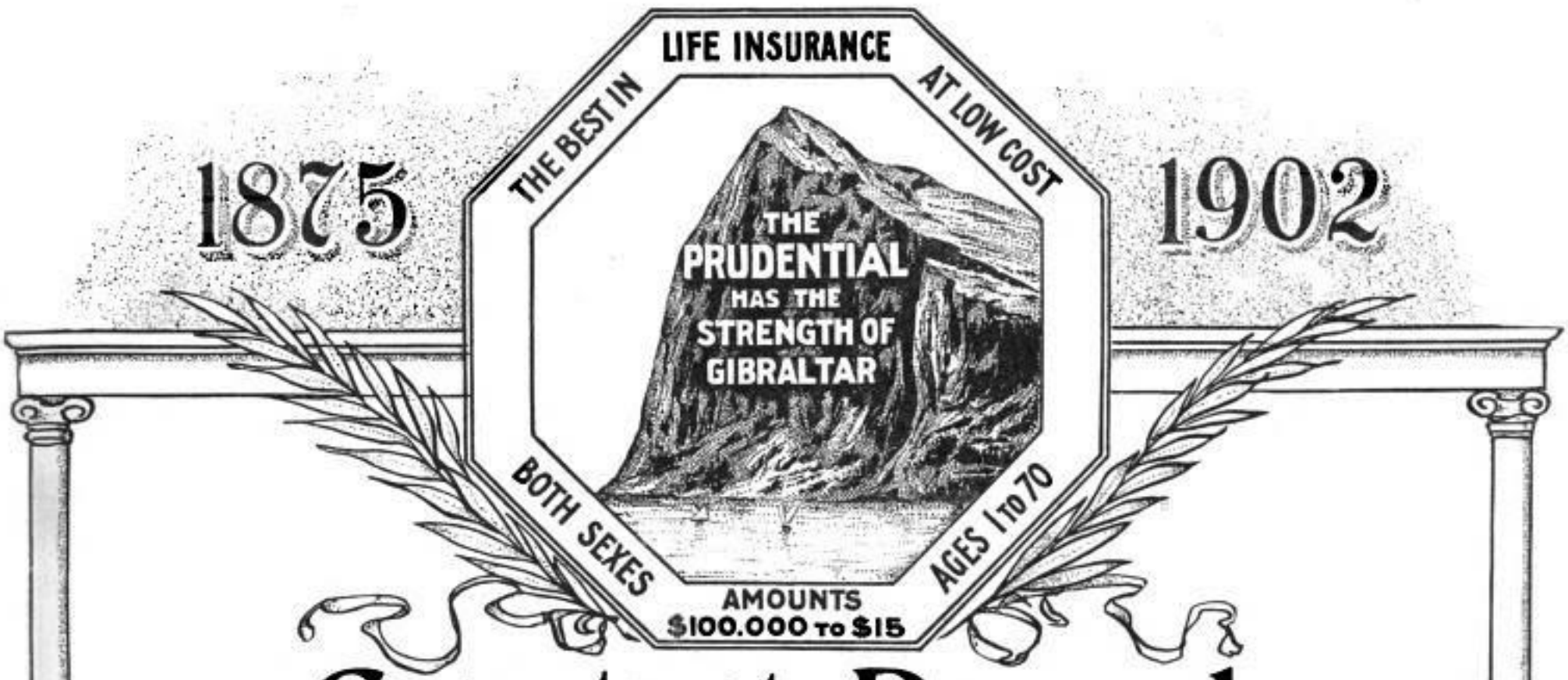

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Between the Lines

The World of Book Agents

THE book agent is an underrated figure. As a matter of fact, he is the outward and visible manifestation of an enormous industry which is peculiarly American. The magnitude of the subscription-book business in these days is something of which the average citizen can have no conception. Book publication, in his eyes, is probably represented for the most part merely by the trade books advertised in the daily papers. If the figures for subscription and trade sales could be obtained for a year, a comparison of the number of new publications, new editions and total sales on either side would be of peculiar interest. The agent not only symbolizes an immense business, but the agent who stands high in his calling regards himself as an envoy extraordinary rather than a simple salesman. With "de luxe canvassers," who sell sets of books offered at hundreds and even thousands of dollars, a call is a result of introductions and cleverly devised correspondence. It is the business of such an agent to know the collectors likely to purchase expensive publications and an acquaintance once formed is not allowed to lapse. These are the agents who pay their visits in carriages, accompanied by valets who carry such sample books as their masters may wish to show. The price of the work which they sell may range from $500 to $5000 and their commission will average about twenty-five per cent. It is plain, therefore, that very few sales will make up a handsome income, provided the agent has the ability to make those few sales. An agent's commissions may exceed $10,000 a year, and there may be periods when his income approaches $1000 a week, but these instances are extreme and rare. The range is a wide one, from the lordly salesman of the costliest books who holds lists of millionaire book buyers and keeps himself acquainted with their plans and movements, to the humble country book agent or college student who gleans a commission of twenty-five or fifty cents from the sale of a single volume of the Household Guide or Book of Facts Worth Knowing. But it is proper to preface a sketch of subscription-book selling with some correction of the popular ideas regarding the really successful representative of the industry.

The Psychology of Subscription Sales

Logically the first point to be explained is the nature of a business which depends upon the proneness of human nature to enjoy the present and take some chances as regards the future. Books which are sold in this way should represent a reasonably large price in order that publishers and agents may reap sufficiently large returns. There is the familiar sale of encyclopedias and certain of the more expensive reference books. There is a vast industry which consists of selling standard sets. There are several companies which run plates of many standard authors. One company has two hundred and twenty-six titles, another one hundred and seventy, and these plates may be rented by an intending publisher, who can print from them on a rental of two to five cents each, or twenty to fifty dollars a thousand impressions. New sets of various kinds, representing old wine in new bottles, are being constantly manufactured, sometimes by publishers who sell or rent their plates and do not make subscription sales themselves. England is drawn upon, and, in spite of the enormous sale of certain standard authors like Dickens, Thackeray and Scott, there is rarely a time when there is not a promise of some new edition. The subscription publisher may make his own plates or buy them or lease them, or he may buy an edition of a set in sheets to be bound under his directions. The trade agent, as he is called, who represents the smaller phase of the business, will simply take a modest edition at a discount of sixty per cent. or sixty and five, and proceed to offer them through a few agents. Before doing this he may devise various schemes of embellishment in the way of impressive title-pages, colored illustrations and elaborate binding. An artist will be employed to color the original illustrations in water-colors, and a staff of art students will be set to work to copy these color models for the edition, thus providing the "aquarelle" and "fac-simile" and "hand-colored" plates which are usually made much of in the prospectus.

The variations in binding and illustration and styles of presentation afford too large a theme for this modest purview.

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It will be seen that the "trade agent" who buys an edition of perhaps two hundred and fifty or five hundred sets with the control of a given territory can start a business with a very small capital. Another publisher may rent plates for from three to five years and do his own printing.

The book-making publishers represent, of course, the largest investment of capital. The preparation of one well-known "Library" required three years and the services of a very large and a very expensive editorial staff.

Some years ago there was a demand for art books, and various galleries and collections of "masterpieces" were sold freely. Then the public became sated with art for a time, and renewed attention has been given to standard sets, libraries of selections of various kinds, libraries of science and literature, libraries representing the working out of some comparatively new plan, and a variety of historical and biographical collections. Of late a vast amount of material originally used as "trade books" has been prepared for subscription sale. This is often greatly to the advantage of book-buyers who are enabled to obtain in many cases really well made and handsome uniform collections.

Whatever the idea of the subscription-book set may be, the ability to sell it is a crucial matter. There is always a demand for the best book agents, but these agents will not take up with any "proposition" which does not hold a promise of fat returns. The alluring "prospectus" and "canvass," and the various forms of advertising literature which are prepared represent only a small part of the work involved.

If all goes smoothly, the ultimate returns are most satisfactory. But the weak point is the system of long time credits. The set of books must be bought or manufactured. Due preparations for sale must be made. The agent must have his commission as soon as a sale is made, and the chances are that he will offer an eloquent plea for an advance before any sale is accomplished. The payments by the book-buyers are extended over a considerable time, and it may not be until over half these payments are made that the actual expenditures are returned. The publisher therefore locks up a considerable capital and it returns to him slowly in spite of "discounts for cash." If too much capital is tied up in this way the result is an "overextension" which has resulted in conspicuous failure. Those accounts, or "leases" as they are called, are not readily available assets in most cases, although arrangements are sometimes made for discounting them. The elements of danger are sufficiently obvious, but with care and shrewd management the business has built up many fortunes.

—*J. W.*

A Parents' Handbook in Disguise

NINE librarians out of ten who receive a copy of Lilian Bell's new book, Hope Loring *[L. C. Page & Co.]*, will catalogue it under "Works of Fiction." A work of fiction it undoubtedly is; and yet it may with equal propriety be considered a handbook on how to rear and how not to rear one's children; or again, a manual for young persons on the treatment of parents.

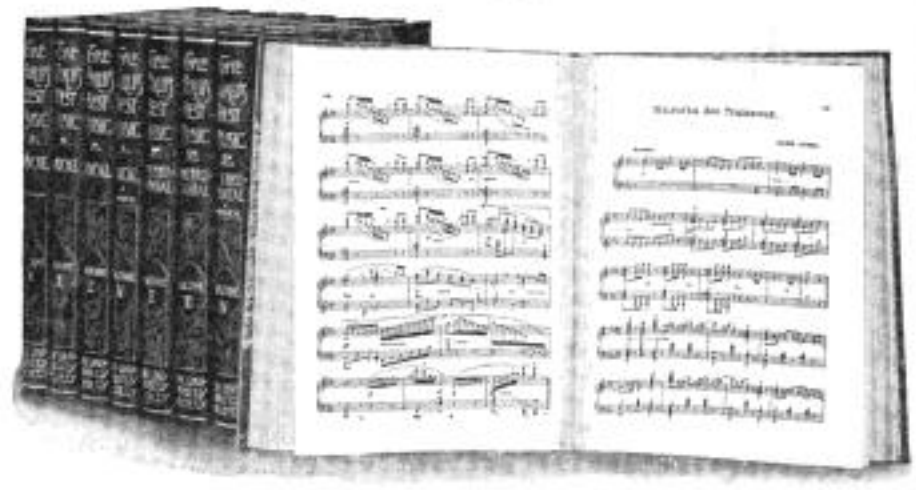
Hope Loring and her brother and sister are wholesome, healthy, likable young people whose up-bringing has been along the lines the author advocates. The Stuart boys and their sister Amy are creatures, or horrible examples, of less successful methods. Cuthbert is a hypocrite, "Stony" a scamp, and Amy an incurable liar. The author doesn't overblame Cuthbert for padding his college expense account with mythical expenditures on doctors, charities and clothes; nor "Stony" for forging young Loring's name; nor Amy for outlying Sapphira. On the contrary, she intimates that all three of them—who are likable in spite of their peccadillos—would have turned out as well as the model Lorings had their elders given them but half a chance.

The Lorings believed in treating their children like rational beings; in letting them live their own lives and build up their own individualities with a trained conscience as their sole master. Above all, they cultivated a fine spirit of charity and tolerance, and made family government effective by having as little of it as possible. The Stuarts' methods, like their results, were diametrically opposite.

Miss Bell's ideas are not new; but she presents them forcefully and agreeably; and until the millennium shall overtake us the preaching of charity and toleration will never be out of season.

The World's Best Music

If there is a piano in your home, you are constantly buying sheet music—and paying high prices for it. It lies in ragged piles around the house and becomes scattered and torn. You lose money by buying music in that way, to say nothing of your loss of time and temper when searching for a particular selection. Why not buy your music in volumes filled with the best selections, and thoroughly indexed? The **"Library of the World's Best Music"** is designed for your needs. Its eight volumes—sheet music size, but light and easy to handle—are crowded with the best vocal and instrumental music, carefully selected by an experienced corps of music editors. If you were to buy the music it contains one piece at a time, **it would cost you over $200.00.** Through our Musical Library Club—for a limited time—the entire set will cost you one-tenth of that amount, and you can pay in small monthly payments.



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IF YOU ARE A PIANIST you will find this collection of music invaluable. It contains **300 instrumental selections** by the best composers, including popular and operatic melodies, dances, funeral marches, and classic and romantic piano music. Such composers are represented as Paderewski, Gounod, Sullivan, Mascagni, Wagner, Mozart, Balfe, and Liszt.

IF YOU LIKE MUSIC but do not play yourself, you cannot make a better present to your wife or daughter than a set of this musical Library. It means evening after evening of pleasure, for it furnishes in the most compact and simple form all the world's greatest music. This collection is to music what the encyclopædia is to knowledge—the best of all properly proportioned.

IF YOU ARE A SINGER the "World's Best Music" will increase your repertoire. It will place in your hands **300 of the best old and new songs,** duets, trios and quartets, arranged for all voices and for piano accompaniment. The collection embraces all the old songs of your childhood days, besides the new and popular melodies of the last few years.

IF YOU ARE A STUDENT of music, you will find this Library more than half a musical education. The selections have been made by Reginald De Koven, Victor Herbert, Helen Kendrick Johnson, Gerrit Smith and others equally well-known in the musical world. As a musical cyclopædia it is unexcelled, as it contains **500 biographies of musicians and 400 portraits.**

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SEA SLANG

By Morgan Robertson

A SAILOR'S trade is never learned." This aphorism, oft quoted at sea, is proved by another—" Different ships have different rules." And with regard to the vast number of ships, built and rigged in different ports by men who speak different tongues, it is surprising that there are any rules at all, or that sailors learn in one ship anything of value in the next. Yet they do, and not the least among their acquirements is a knowledge of the vernacular—the names of objects, methods and happenings.

There have been many nautical dictionaries printed; but not one contains a half of the seaman's vocabulary. Such a book, to be in any sense complete and of value to the sailor, should be more than a dictionary—it should be somewhat encyclopedic in its nature, and give the synonyms, the different meanings of the same word, and the various forms of phrases which make sea talk as unintelligible to a landsman as a foreign tongue.

A student might learn from a dictionary that the word "luff," as a verb, is an order to the helmsman to steer nearer to the point from which the wind is coming; but as a noun it means the forward edge of a sail, the hauling part of a tackle, or a second tackle clapped on to this hauling part. Now for the combinations, which most dictionaries ignore. "Luff," "shiver the luff" and "hold your luff" have to do with steering, and are almost synonymous; but in the first order "luff" is a verb, in the second a noun (referring to the edge of the sail), and in the third the name of a condition.

"Nipper the luff," is an order used in tackle work, and means to bind, with the hands or a piece of small stuff, the hauling part of a tackle to its next part; and "fleet up the luff" is an order which might follow, but it would refer to fleeting, or shifting along for a fresh grip, of the other, or "luff" tackle. The best-known meaning of "fleet" is, of course, familiar to landsmen.

A Tale for Talking Toms

All sea talk must be terse and expressive. There is much of it, all necessary. Not only does each sail have its name, but each rope and block (there are no pulleys at sea) can be designated either by a name or number. An officer, inspecting a lofty tarring job through binoculars from the deck, may roar out to a man aloft: "There's a holiday on the after hitch of the third starboard mizzen topgallant ratline," and, provided that the man with the tar pot has caught all the words, he may go direct to the bare spot and touch it up. But this is a long-winded order. "Mind your holidays" is just as effective and saves breath.

There is a forecastle yarn, hoary with age, and probably of English origin, which illustrates the unwisdom of verbosity aboard ship. It is of a young graduate of a naval college, who for some reason made his first voyage as second mate of a merchant ship. He was a good, theoretical sailor and knew how to make sail, and this was his task on the mizzen as the ship towed to sea. Things went well with him until the topgallant sail was dropped and the men on deck began hauling out the sheets, when something jammed aloft and the starboard clew of the sail remained midway on its passage out to the topsail yardarm. The man aloft was not aware of it, and the young officer called up to him: "Proceed to the slings of the mizzen topgallant yard and there ascertain and remove the obstruction which prevents the starboard sheet from coming home."

The man aloft scratched his head, looked around and down to the deck, then answered, "Sir?"

The long sentence was repeated, and again the bewildered man answered, "Sir?" Then the second mate called to the bosun, a rough, rude man of no refinement, and asked him to "advise that sailor as to his duty." The bosun did. Funneling his hands he bellowed upward:

"You bloomin' son of a sea cook, overhaul that clewline."

"Aye, aye, sir," cheerfully answered the man, and the obstruction—a gasket pulled into the clewline block—was ascertained and removed at once.

This is merely a yarn, but it may have some ancient foundation in fact. Certain it is, however, that no officer in a modern ship could waste so much time and get the work done.

For some reason unknown to philology a sailor loves rolling syllables and the long

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sound of vowels. He will slur the last two letters in "north" and "south," saving breath and effort of vocal chords by saying "nor' nor'east," or "sou' west an' by west"; and another trick of the tongue, equally shipshape, is a variation of the word "north" to "nothe"; but a man who says this will pronounce "south" correctly. "Patent" and "tackle" are pronounced with the long sound of "a," unless, in the case of the latter, it is used as a verb, when it is pronounced as the dictionaries direct. "Composite," a legitimate word of the language, is applied to a wooden ship with iron frames, but it rolls off a sailor's tongue with the first syllable accented, and the vowel of the last given the long sound. There is reason for everything, and these pronunciations have evolved, no doubt, from the ease with which they may be given and understood in a hurry.

Though there are many other legitimate words of the language used in sea talk, they have meanings quite distinct from those ashore. There are "hounds," "horses," "bridles," "trucks" and "mangers" aboard ship, but a farmer would not recognize them, nor would his wife recognize the "scuttle" and the "bolsters." There are "trees," "whiskers" and "wings," and the latter have no more connection with the sails than have the much misunderstood "sheets." There is a "sheet" to every sail, but it is of rope or chain, not canvas, and it pulls down and secures the after, lower corner; or, in the case of a boom sail, it is a tackle attached to the after end of the boom. And the stern "sheets" of a boat are neither rope, chain nor canvas, but the space in the stern.

The Passing of the Old Ways

Among seafaring men a general opinion is gaining ground that a revision of the names of masts will be found necessary aboard the six and seven mast schooners coming into vogue. At present they are named from forward, as foremast, mainmast, mizzenmast (names centuries old), jiggermast, spankermast, drivermast (these three transposed occasionally) and pushermast. It is not that sailors cannot learn the ropes, for each mast is rigged like the next, and if he learns one he learns all; but on a dark night, when he cannot see but a mast or two, he is apt to get lost on the long deck, and if ordered to haul aft the mizzen sheet may go to the spanker instead. His only method of keeping track of himself, even in daytime, is to count hurriedly, from one end or the other; and in view of this it has been suggested that a sensible nomenclature would be one of numbers—number one mast, number two mast, number three, etc. The words are euphonious and roll easily off the tongue. "Haul aft the number six sheet" is just as intelligible and as easy to pronounce in a loud voice as "haul aft the driver sheet." If the men were forward when the order came they certainly would have to count as they ran aft, and if they were saved the trouble of a mental translation into the accustomed terms they would have clearer heads and easier minds.

The "Johnny-Haul-Taut," the youthful sailor who talks shop ashore and afloat, is much in evidence in the Navy, and does what he can to keep alive the dying vernacular of the sea. But the necessity for it left the Navy with the advent of the sparless warship.

Such expressions as "Shiver my timber," "Douse my toplights," and "Avast, my hearty" are as obsolete as the Wooden Walls of England within which they had their birth and development; but the word "avast," used as a synonym of the order "stop," as "'Vast heaving," or "'Vast hauling," is still in use; and the word "belay," an order to stop hauling and make a rope fast to a belaying-pin, is often used by Johnny-Haul-Taut as an injunction on a fellow-man to cease some performance which he is engaged in. He will say, "Belay your jaw-tackle" as a nautical synonymous expression of "Shut your mouth"; and on occasions will d——n your eyes, or his own, or those of his sister's cat with a fluency equal to that of the old sea dogs he has read about but never seen.

The old sea dogs are gone, and most of their picturesque vocabulary has followed them. What is left is found in the speech of very old and very young sailors of the Navy, and in that of merchant sailors in square-rigged ships. It will soon become a dead language; for the young blue-jackets will neglect it as they acquire sounder knowledge, the old will die off, and the square-rigged ship give way to the tramp steamer and the multimast schooner, in both of which an acquaintance with donkey engines is of more value to a man than the whole curriculum of old-fashioned seamanship.

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The Law at Heart's Desire

(Concluded from Page 3)

of his right under the Constitution to bear arms, to assemble in public, and to engage in the pursuit of happiness.

"The prosecution," he said, "has introduced reference to a certain pig, alleging that it had been slain by the act of this prisoner." Not admitting that there had been any pig, since this fact was not yet proven; not admitting that his client had fired any gun, pistol, revolver or six-shooter, since that was not yet proven before the court; he none the less would defy prosecution to show him the first specific violation of any law or ordinance whatever. This was no meeting for the purpose of mere recrimination, but a meeting whereover was thrown the dignity and solemnity of the ægis of the Law. We were not here to assess value upon a supposititious pig, injured in a supposititious manner, and not represented here by any claimant whatever. No damage had been asked, no damage had been done, no law had been violated. Why, then, his client had been thus ruthlessly dragged into court, to his great personal chagrin, his loss of time, his mental suffering, the attorney for defense could not say. It was injustice of a monstrous sort! Prosecution might well feel relieved if no retaliatory action were later taken against them for false imprisonment.

When Dan Anderson sat down there was not a man in the jury who was not bathed in perspiration; whereby it was easy to be seen that abstruse thought was hard at work. Blackman, J. P., perspiring no less than any member of the jury, drew himself up, looking over his shoulder as though half in fear. There was Something—Something there, in that room! It had come there since Dan Anderson began to speak.

"Evidence f'r the State," the Judge finally managed to stammer, turning to the attorney for the prosecution.

But it never came so far along as that. There was a sound of many footsteps; voices came murmuring, growing louder. The door was pushed open from without, and in came much of the remaining population of Heart's Desire, so far as it could gain room. The man from Leavenworth was there, his whiskers wagging unintelligibly. McKinney was there; and Doc Walters, and Jimmie Jamison, and everybody else; and, pushing through the crowd, there came the Littlest Girl from Kansas, her apron awry, her hair blown, her face flushed, her eyes moist with tears.

"Curly!" cried she as at last her eyes caught sight of him. "Come right on out of here, this minute! Come along!"

What would you have? The Law is the Law, but there are such things as supreme courts in the administering of the Law. It was useless for Blackman, J. P., to rap and call for order. It had probably been useless for any man to undertake to stop the prisoner at the bar, thus adjured. At any rate he arose and said politely to the jurors, "Fellers, I got to go"—and so went, no man raising hand to restrain him. Each member of the jury told him afterward that he would have "come clear" anyhow, so that perhaps no actual injustice was done.

As to Dan Anderson, he himself admitted his wish that the case had gone so far along as examination of the witnesses. "I wanted to cross-examine," said he. He was an adventurous soul; yet it was perhaps just as well at that stage of progress in Heart's Desire that he did not cross-examine. That night, over by the arroyo, we met Curly and the Littlest Girl walking in the moonlight. Curly was quiet. The Littlest Girl was softened, tremulous, content. It needed no assurance to tell us that they were now soon to be married. Curly, pausing as we approached, mumbled some shamefaced thanks, quieting his natural humility and chagrin for the sake of many things. He also said something of pay.

"Curly," said Dan Anderson, his voice trembling, "I didn't do it for pay. I did it—I don't know why——"

An hour later Dan Anderson and I sat in the glorious flood of the light of the moon of Heart's Desire, and we fell silent, as was the way of men in that place. At length Dan Anderson turned his face to the top of old Carizzo, the restful, the impassive, the great, the content, the just. He gazed long without speaking, as though he plainly saw something there at the mountain-top.

"Listen," he whispered to me, half sobbing, a moment later, and his eyes did not quite keep back the tears. "She's there—the Goddess. The Law has come to Heart's Desire. May God forgive me!"

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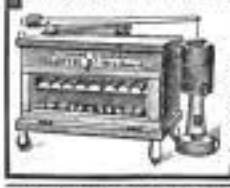

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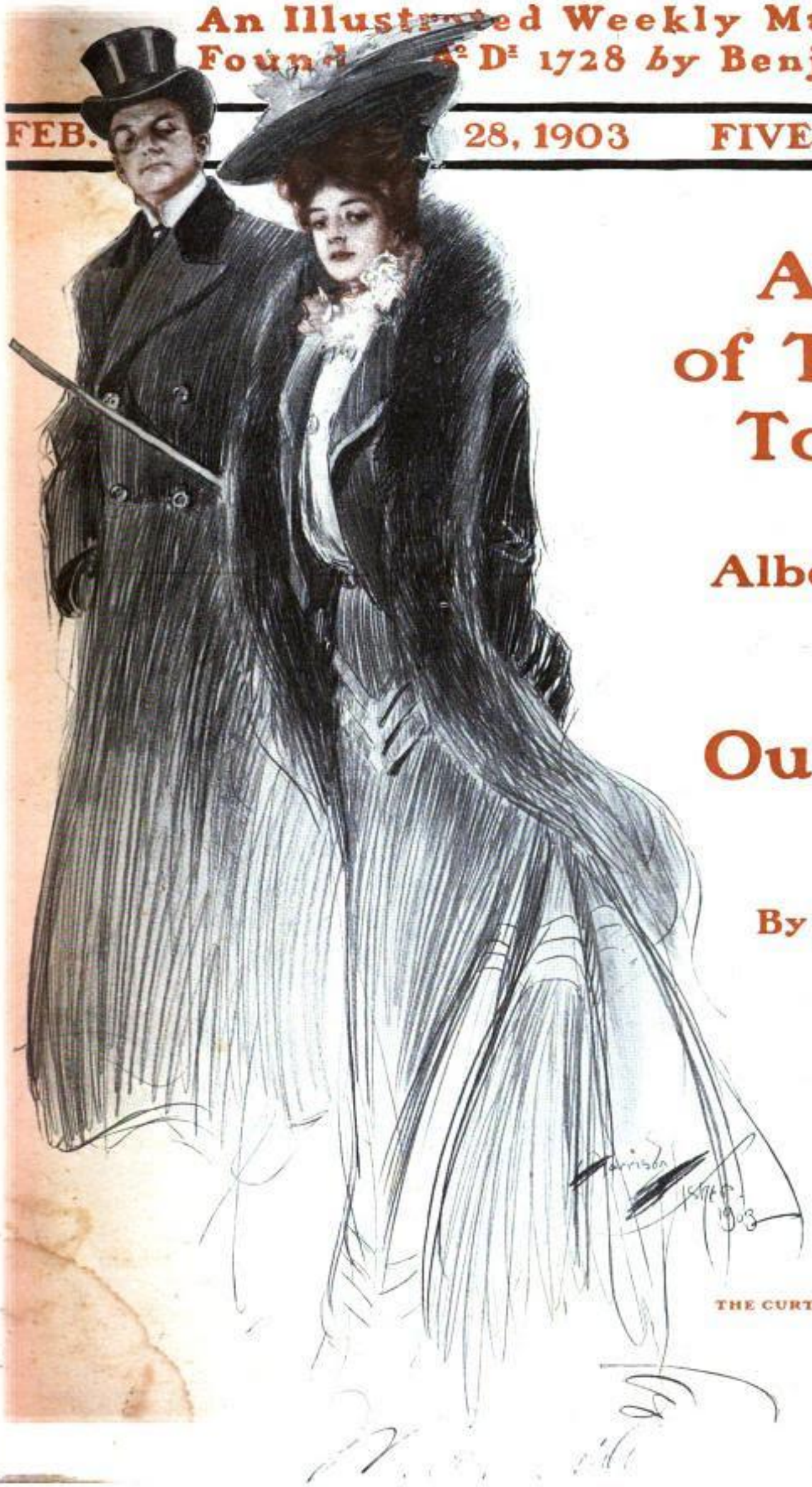

Americans of To-Day and To-Morrow

By Senator
Albert J. Beveridge

Our American Snobs

By James L. Ford

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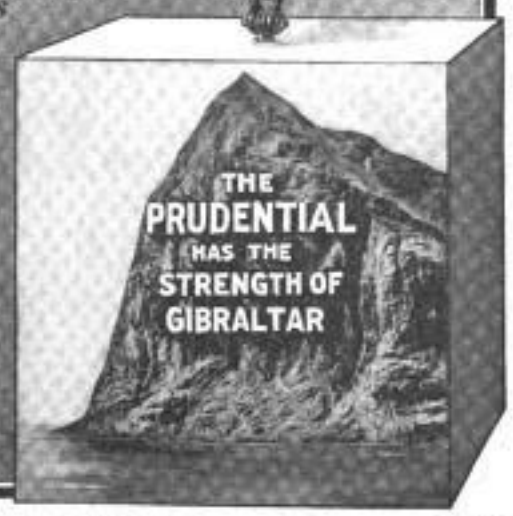

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Americans of To-Day and To-Morrow

By Albert J. Beveridge

THE INSPIRATION OF BELIEF IN HIS COUNTRY AND THEN IN HIMSELF ON WHICH EVERY YOUNG MAN MUST BUILD A PERSONAL SUCCESS

A FINE young fellow in a Western college, with that secret desire to do large things with his life hidden away in his breast, as it is in the heart of most young Americans, said one day, after finishing a thesis on the great days of a former time in history: "Why could I not have lived in that day? Men did great things and did them well then. What sheer joy to be one of the people who dominate human events!" He had been studying and writing of one of the ruling nations of history. Another young fellow standing by replied: "That day is dawning for America. The best and biggest things that Rome did in her time and Greece and France, and later England, the American people will do; and we shall do our work as much better than they did theirs as our period is in advance of theirs. This Republic will be the determining factor in this world for centuries, never fear; and the beginning of our primacy in human affairs will occur during our lifetime. Oh! you and I live in a golden age. Fear not for the lack of mighty circumstances—these come in regiments and battalions—and they even now approach. Get ready for them—don't mope and grow sick with regret."

The first youth expressed the longing of every young American; the second youth the belief of every vital, vigorous young American. He spoke the belief, too, of the American people. More than this, he expressed what was even then the awakening thought of the far-seeing statesmen of other countries and what is now their settled conviction. For is not American conquest of the world the supreme concern of every Cabinet of Europe? But, most of all, he spoke the truth of the universal situation.

A great historian, speaking of the contradiction of English policy under Elizabeth and seeking to explain the disavowed craft of that great monarch as historically negatived by her documentary and ostensible policy, said that when she was compelled to play the chess game of international politics on the board, she played it well to the eye of the time; but that, to the eye of history, she was in reality obeying the instinct of the British nation in the large and general current of the purposes, interests and destiny of her people. She secretly helped, for instance, the Dutch "beggars of the sea," while she maintained a proper governmental attitude toward Spain openly. That is why Elizabeth is *the* monarch of monarchs to all English hearts; she expressed in her real policy and deeds the instinct of the English merchant, trader, farmer—the instinct of the English people. This instinct of a people—this massed and combined intelligence of a nation is seldom wrong. It grows out of their situation, of the ripeness of their hour in human history, of a subconsciousness of their strength and preparedness. And this national instinct of a people is better evidence of what that instinct tells us, and of the essential justice and righteousness of that instinct's conclusions than any individual's mere verbal demonstration to the contrary. If the American people feel and believe that they have now come to be the dominant factor in the affairs of the human race, that belief is better proof of that fact itself and a more reliable assurance of the beneficence of that fact, than all the essays to the contrary that could be written.

And just that is the settled conclusion of the twentieth century American.

America's Belief in Her Future

Put the plummet of your inquiry into the depths of a street-car driver's intelligence and you will find that his profoundest belief is that Americans are the greatest people in the world. Make like experiment with the farmer boy, and you will find a like result. Put the test to some merchant who has created a business, great or small; there, the same answer will speak to you. Take the coldest banker in the land, and you will find his greatest pride, exceeding the pride of gold, is that he is a citizen—a living part—of the dominant nation of the world.

Take another illustration: It is a curious but common experience of public speakers that, though different arguments are needed for different audiences, one familiar appeal affects all American audiences alike—the appeal to them as citizens of the first power of the world. A political orator of facility and resource told me that while campaigning in Dakota he found restlessness until he turned to the theme of the Republic as the master Nation; and the response was the enthusiasm of men marching to war. Conversely, whoever has witnessed a banquet of New York bankers notes that they receive the wit of their speakers with cordial laughter, the arguments of sound economists with tolerant but careless assent, and everything with a lukewarm indifference, until some trumpet voice sounds the note of American supremacy; and then the observer always beholds those men, in whom the counting-house is popularly supposed to have atrophied patriotism, spring to their feet like schoolboys and cheer like soldiers on the charge.

This same phenomenon of an almost religious faith in America's permanent destiny manifested in equal fervor in the most widely different types of communities and the most utterly unlike characters, reveals a profound truth—the truth of our national instinct that we are to be supreme and that our supremacy is already beginning.

This faith is not only the largest element in its accomplishment, but it is of practical and tangible value to every young American in his daily life and personal career.

Six years ago two young men, then respectively twenty-six and twenty-seven years of age, happened to meet in a little city of the Mississippi Valley. One was a young lawyer with the fortunate endowment of poverty. The other, similarly endowed, was a traveling inspector of a great insurance company. Neither held any position of consequence nor had achieved notable results. Both, however, were fairly aflame with this faith in the certainty of America's magnificent destiny already at hand. Each was inspired by the thought that he was to be a partner in and an instrument of that destiny. Said the young insurance man: "My brain whirls when I think of this country—its perfectly matchless position on the globe, its possibilities almost undeveloped and as yet utterly unguessed, the astounding growth of the intelligence and character of its multiplying millions. The opportunities for you and me, for every young man in the country, growing out of the expanding powers of this new Republic and its strategic position on the globe, from a commercial point of view, are so great and so many that they appall me. Men say that we have big railroads now; they are nothing to what we shall have. Men say that we have big business organizations now; they are puny to what necessarily must come, and that soon. Men fear the changeableness of popular sentiment; but it is gradually and even rapidly growing steadier, saner. And nothing is surer than the development of a national common-sense which will make America's voting millions the most conservative popular intelligence in the world. Men talk of over-capitalization of certain industries now—and no doubt there are such individual bubbles—but nevertheless, generally and broadly speaking, no mind in this country to-day is sufficiently comprehensive to over-capitalize the resources or the intelligence of the American people. The men who estimate their increasing consuming power at even a fraction of its reality; the men who calculate even crudely and absurdly short of the truth America's future in foreign trade, will make fortunes compared to which the fortunes of to-day are only transient bank accounts." And much more to like effect.

"What do you think of that young man?" said an old banker next day to the insurance inspector's lawyer acquaintance.

"I think he will be the first financier of America before he is fifty," was the answer. And the old banker smiled his patient smile of pity for youthful enthusiasm.

The Young Man Who Had Faith

Now note the event. That young insurance inspector was George W. Perkins, with whose astounding career every young American has become familiar. Astounding career? No, not astounding, but most natural and inevitable. Nothing has ever been denied, nothing ever will be denied to such a prince of faith, whoever he may be or whatever his fortune. The foundation of that noble success was just a sane comprehension of the real greatness of the Republic and its people. He had faith in America and the American millions. He had the sincerity of patriotism. And he succeeded. (But whoever knew success to be built upon the foundation stones of doubts and sneers?) This article is written in the hope of preventing cynicism in any young American and giving him the assurance of the veracity of his belief in the inevitableness of our country's primacy among the nations. No young American who feels this can well be unworthy of his membership in such a company of destiny. How dare *he* do less than his best! How dare *he* fail or refuse to contribute his uttermost to the grand sum of our national effort! How dare *he* be unworthy of that glorious pride which makes him say, whether he will or no: "I am an American; this is the greatest thing in the world."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of papers by Senator Beveridge. The second will appear in an early number.

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Let us see whether this is merely the vainglory of national enthusiasm or whether the realities justify it. Let us imagine ourselves impartial observers, from some far height, of the rolling world below. The first thing we shall note is comparative national locations. England, so superbly located for insular security and maritime dominance when the affairs of civilization were confined to Europe, we now see disadvantageously located when those affairs are broadened over all the oceans and touch the shores of all the continents. No matter how splendid her work in the past, we are now talking of location with reference to the present. Then we see France literally wedged in between Germany and Spain. It was a fine situation when the Mediterranean was still the centre of human action. And the position of Italy at a like period was superb. But with the great past of Italy and France we have nothing now to do; we are studying present conditions. And, topographically speaking, their respective locations are not important from the twentieth century point of view. Germany we observe as a curious and limited coloring of the world's map, without advantage in position, embarrassed by immediate propinquity with hostile neighbors. The amazing vitality of the people who live in this little land, their wonderful organization of activities—commercial, scientific, military, maritime—the soul of their great Emperor which seems to gather strength from every subject and radiate that strength again to his people in vivifying streams of national hope and achievement—all these are matters of present and immediate concern; but these we must take account of presently. Let us now confine ourselves to geography. Viewing merely situation, then, Germany is not formidable. For present purposes neither is Russia, although the certainties of her future expansion will, in the sweep of the centuries, make her location perhaps the most advantageous of all. Now compare the location of the American Republic.

First of all, it is imperial in size. You can put all of Great Britain down in any one of several of its States. The same is true of Germany or France or any other power in the world excepting only Russia. The first thing, then, that compels attention is the immensity of the American Republic's dimensions

The Logic of Geography

It is imperially bounded, also. On the east is one of the world's greatest oceans; on the west is the other of the world's greatest oceans; on the south is the world's greatest gulf; on its north are the world's greatest lakes. Through its centre runs the world's greatest river; in its west are the world's greatest mountains, heavy with the world's richest mines. You will say at the first glance that here is a land designed by Nature for separate development, disconnected from the rest of the human world and untroubled with external affairs. Here, you will say at the first glance, is a location which compels the nation which occupies it to be an inland people.

Yes! But at second glance you will say the reverse. For look at its coast line. And then look at the coast line of the other five greatest maritime nations. The coast line of the Republic alone exceeds the coast lines of the other five put together. And its harbors—look at them; more in number than those of any other two maritime nations and unsurpassed in excellence on all the shores of all the seas. And behold, now, how cunningly the Master Contriver has placed these American harbors. Their locations are nothing short of triumphs of commercial and military strategy. New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Charleston, Boston, Mobile, New Orleans and all the harbors of the Gulf, San Francisco and the harbors of the Pacific—an impressive chain of ports, is it not? Harbors looking out upon Europe and inviting Europe; harbors looking out upon the Caribbean waters and the countries of South America and inviting them; harbors looking out upon the Pacific and the countries of the Orient and inviting them. Now consider ocean channels and currents; and then observe the nicety with which the Republic's sea-doors are located with reference to these; and, to sum up the whole situation, that man's reason is palsied who denies the conclusions of this syllogism of Nature.

A land capable of supporting a people defended from the rest of the world so long as they choose, its location is calculated to lead that people out over the world whenever they will. And so we see that in point of situation the country over which float the Stars and Stripes is perfectly placed not only for self-development but for world dominance. Immeasurable as Nature has made its inland opportunities, Nature has repeated and even magnified its ocean possibilities. And the observer, looking down as the globe rolls beneath him, says: "In point of location and opportunities springing out of mere situation, this land, of all lands, is the chosen one of fortune."

And so, the young American's sublime faith in his country's future springs, first of all, out of comparative geography. "Why, look where I live!" says the young American of to-day. "My home is on the very throne of things. If my nation is not the master of the world's circumstances, it certainly is not the fault of the Republic's location. Whose fault will it be, then, should such mastery not come to us? My fault and mine only. And my fault it shall not be. I will be worthy as one citizen of our opportunity—an opportunity so vast that it is difficult to comprehend." So, I take it, speaks every young American's heart to him; and in obedience to that voice he will find an inspiration, even for his individual career, which will make that career as large in proportion as his country's situation in the world; and an inspiration which will glorify that career with an ideal more exalted than any yet given to man.

An acute young American talking with a companion on this very theme said: "Quite true, splendidly true; but yet there is in it an element of national egotism which repels." "No, not egotism," said his companion. "It passes that; it reaches the plane of exaltation; it is a phase of faith which has in it something of the divine. No one calls our belief that we are the children of a universal God—the highest conception yet developed by human thought—no one calls that egotism. And this conception of our national dominance is nearly akin to that. But whatever it is, it is a *fact* (and that is the chief thing)—the largest fact in contemporary human circumstance."

The Acute Criticism of a Young German

Of course location is not all. Resources are even more important. They are not to be extensively reviewed in this paper—only attention called to them. The purpose is to acquaint the young American with the tangible foundations of his faith in his country and its future; for that faith is and will be his highest inspiration to personal effort. The purpose is to make him familiar with the elements of power everywhere around him which he can and must forge into an irresistible individual career. And as our country's regal position among the nations rouses pride in the young American's breast, so each young American thus making the very most of his individual career renders certain that national greatness, the dream of which is the motive power of his effort.

"I admire your country, but I admire your people less," said a young German in Berlin one night—a young man already marked as certain to be a large figure in future German statesmanship. He spoke with that frankness which, in other papers, has been noted as a singular and common characteristic of all essentially great men. It was a statement so at variance with the stereotyped phrase of foreign laudation when speaking to an American of the American people, that it was worth following up. So it was followed up. "I mean this," he said: "Your country has a situation in the world to which our German location is insignificant; you have resources to which our German resources are just nothing at all. Between German resources and American resources there is no comparison—only glaring contrast. Yet we compete with you in the markets of the world. We are rapidly passing you as a maritime power. We are able to do this because every bit of our energy is carefully organized. None goes to waste. Every ounce of muscle, every volt of nerve and brain power is devoted to specific ends along lines of least resistance.

"On the contrary, much as you boast of your organization you do not organize at all. What success you have is due to the incomparable richness of your country and to the sheer strength of your people. You waste, waste, waste—everywhere you waste. You waste energy; you waste resources; you scatter in effort. Take a familiar illustration—the trees out there in the street suggest one. We make land otherwise absolutely worthless pay enormously by scientific forestry; you cut your forests down like vandals in order that a few men may get rich in a few years. Thus a great source of what should be perpetual wealth is lost to you; your streams are dried up and your country loses incalculable millions by an almost barbarous lack of sensible management. Your activity is not the development of resources; it is the destruction of resources. With us it is the contrary. Our resources are small, as I have said, but they are conserved, nourished, made the most of; and, though they yield hundreds and even thousands of per cent. more in proportion than yours do, instead of diminishing them we increase them."

That conversation was better than the reading of many volumes, and pointed out an undoubted weakness in our individual and national method; but it admitted—and that is the purpose of reproducing it here—the incomparable magnitude of our natural wealth.

It is useless to give the figures. The statistics of our agricultural products, of our mineral output, of our manufacturing industry more than amaze us. They simply stun the intellect; the understanding is paralyzed in its attempt to grasp them.

The point is that the young American finds himself in a country unrivaled in its world location; but also he finds himself surrounded by multitudinous resources so great that no mind has yet even grasped their immensity. These are his tools; these are his commission direct from Nature itself appointing him the master craftsman in human affairs now and for some centuries to come. And it is these which command him to be as large and as hopeful and as conqueringly vigorous in his personal life as are the elements of greatness with which fortune has endowed his country. Optimism is too poor a word for what ought to be the attitude of the young American's mind. That which in the citizen of another country would be neurotic exaltation is, to the young American, only the normal—and the only normal—state of his intellect and aspiration.

The Practical Author

WHEN the making of so-called literature is pursued as a practical calling the illusions are few. Readers who have been moved to tears or laughter are oftentimes much better off if they are not admitted behind the scenes. Naturally there are differences. The death of Colonel Newcome is no less touching because Thackeray has told us how he himself mourned the gentle hero's passing. No one thinks the less of Thackeray because he slapped his leg and exclaimed, "That is a stroke of genius!" after describing the admiration roused in Becky Sharp for her husband by the latter's defiance of the Marquis of Steyn. But Thackerays are rare. On the other hand, there is the strenuous task of producing a salable product. This has curious phases. A prolific writer of juvenile books once described the return of a boy to his mother after a long captivity among the Indians. "I have returned!" exclaimed the boy.

"Welcome, my son," said the mother; and the curtain fell. But the editor to whom the story was submitted shook his head. "Is that all they could do after the boy rose from the dead?" he asked. "No ejaculations, no heart-throbs, no tears!" Then he went on to point out the chance for a pathetic and dramatic climax. "There must be real tears," he said. "The mother must palpitate with emotion. The boy must be visibly agitated."

"All right," said the author cheerfully, "I'll shed some real tears." Off he trotted with his manuscript to return later with a most pathetic and touching climax in which the mother's love and surprise and the boy's joy and excitement were amplified at length. The closing pages have formed one of the most popular features of a successful book.

There was a novel of adventure once upon a time which closed with the usual plighting of troth. The adventure was good, but the plighting would have muffled the eagerest of wedding bells. Several efforts led to no better results and the author confessed himself better at war than love-making. Time pressed, and finally the editor modestly did the plighting himself, the author approved, and the book appeared. A young writer who had been asked to produce a first book saw fit to make the poisoning of a rival an incident of college sports. It was pointed out that though football players may do worse things to each other, they do not use poison in actual life. By dint of argument the lethal draft was done away with and the story rewritten on a practical basis. There was once a novel wherein the noble red man appeared in almost every chapter. He not only appeared but he talked in the peculiar pigeon-English which no red man has ever been known to use. Otherwise the story contained adventures with an amount of thrill which was worth preserving. And so the author and editor fell upon the savages with a blue pencil and enforced the aphorism that "there is no good Indian except a dead Indian."

In these few cases practical suggestions proved of use in the manufacture of books, but on the other hand, the author may be the more sagacious judge even from the worldly point of view. For the untried or preoccupied writer there exist many so-called "bureaus of revision," which are presumably good, bad and indifferent according to their lights. Thither come the aspiring débutantes, the experimenters, with tales and verse, and also those who have done more substantial work but without preliminary training. There is also a publishing which is done at the expense of authors. As a matter of fact, every large publishing house issues what are termed "authors' books," but the number is usually small. However, there seems no good reason for this restriction. With the growth of successful authors in prosperity and confidence perhaps this will be the business of the future.

The criticism that authors are not practical no longer holds. From "up the Hudson" comes a report that John Burroughs has marketed sixty tons of grapes from his vineyard this season. In Los Angeles Charles F. Lummis, ethnologist, explorer, author and editor, has built his adobe house with his own hands. In Indiana Mr. Booth Tarkington has not only been elected to the Legislature but he has proved his modesty by selecting a rear seat in the legislative chamber. Mr. E. C. Stedman's long career on the Stock Exchange was closed only a few years since. The author of to-day is more likely to be a man of affairs than a recluse.

Another practical phase of authorship is shown in efforts at a realism based on experience. A New York author once had occasion to describe an exciting foot-race. He was not an athlete, but in order to realize the feelings of his hero he went out at night and ran at full speed around the block. The effort was not wholly successful for he reached his goal in a state of exhaustion with a policeman a close second.

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THE UNSILENCED TONGUE

A STUDY IN CRIME

By Arthur E. McFarlane

WHEN the Judge did finally come in at half-past two, not only had the others finished luncheon and every slice of bass and potato-ball that had been fried for luncheon, but Ciprien was down on the beach washing up, and the rods were again in the double skiff, twitching for an afternoon with the Long Channel 'lunge.

The old gentleman laboriously unlimbered. From his creel there curled half a dozen spreading pickerel tails. He had plainly had good sport, and his full and ruddy countenance beamed like a hoary fox-hunter's in an old English print. He had a string "to talk about," and an appetite more than capable of filling in all the pauses.

Then he waddled around to the other side of the supply-tent, and his eyes fell upon the clean-swept superficies of that pine-slab table. The curtain-change which took place upon the stout, judicial countenance was astonishing. "You—ah—you didn't wait?" he said.

"We waited an hour and a half," replied Doctor Fergusson. "And then, after yesterday and the day before——" He stepped offensively into the boat.

"Besides, you absolutely forbade us to, you know," said the Colonel, and followed the Doctor.

He *had* forbidden them to; but among those who are, at least by presumption, gentlemen——

"Oh, go on, now, Isaac," said Vanderdecken; "don't you pretend you're sore on us. Why, you're a *cordon bleu* beside Ciprien here; and you've brought back pickerel enough to feed the multitude. And really, you need this lesson, too." He gave the push off, and they pulled shamelessly away.

The Judge watched them go with all the consolidated dignity of the whole Supreme Court. If they counted upon his showing temper they were most wonderfully mistaken. He could thank Heaven, he could thank Heaven fervently, that his twenty years on the bench had given him a philosophy which could contemplate actions so picayune, so contemptible, so utterly detestable, with the calmness, nay, with all the interest of the entomologist examining a new specimen!

He went to the supply-box to hunt out the pepper and salt.

It was a little hard, though, that after thirty years Vanderdecken should act so. And gratitude of even the most ephemeral sort called for something better. For only the week before, when they had sent Ciprien back to the Landing for more stuff, had he not dried dishes for him when it was not his turn on four different occasions? And when "Vander" had persisted in leaving him the frying-pan to scour, had he said anything that was not meant chaffingly? And now he had turned against him with the others! Well, he could manage for himself and say nothing. But just this, though: he was systemically prone to *apoplexy;* he had felt it for years. And if, after straining himself to cut wood and stooping over the heat of the fire to cook—if, just when they were returning he should suddenly be knocked over—huh—that would be something of a *joke* on him, something of a *joke!* Perhaps, then, the lesson he needed might not seem quite so well advised!

And then he came to a full stop. His groping fingers had uncovered the last three treasured tins of potted tongue! Oho, oho! There were other ways of taking lessons. He was already using the can-opener, making those trenchant zigzags which they had always found so amusing. He could see them now, coming back smirking and snickering. "Well, Judge, what did you have for dinner?"

"Oh-h, tongue; a tin of tongue." (He would answer them quite calmly.)

"*Tongue!* A tin of *tongue!*"

"Why, yes, of course. I took it for granted you meant me to take a cold dinner. I hope I didn't err, gentlemen."

Ha, that was good, superlatively good! He spread his bread and butter and turned half the tin out upon his plate. And as he ate of it he smacked the table at intervals and went over that dramatization of their empoisoned home-coming a second, a third, a fourth time. . . .

But the fourth time—he had laid down knife and fork, let out his belt, and begun peacefully to fill his pipe—he seemed somehow to get the heart-burn of *their* point of view more sympathetically. They had deserved it, more than deserved it; but perhaps, after all, he would have been wiser, at any rate kinder, to spare them. He could, however, greatly soften it by pretending he had eaten the whole tin, and then suddenly producing the other half. Yes, that would be the right way out of it, to give it that humorous and jocular turn.

But then, might not even that be interpreted wrongly? Why chance hurting their feelings at all over a miserable, greasy, little tin of tongue—which would probably never be missed, anyway. The thing was *infra dig.* Better to blot it out and forget it altogether.

Flushing unreasonably, he picked up a stone, crammed it in on the remaining strata of meat, and carried it up shore to the "Tarpeian Rock"—the little six-foot precipice of granite from which they took their morning plunge. But as he swung back the tin to send it far out into the bay the ragged top caught on his coat-sleeve; it fooled, went hardly five yards and fell into the "Kettle." But it was gone, that was the main thing.

THERE WERE OTHER WAYS OF TAKING LESSONS

II

WHEN the others returned for dinner the Judge had not only washed up his dishes, but he had gathered wood enough to last the camp a week.

"Oh, he's certainly aimed to work the coals-of-fire roast, all right!" exclaimed Vanderdecken. "Of all the low-down, revengeful members of the judiciary——"

"Never mind," said the Colonel, "never mind. We'll make him eat the liver wing of that 'lunge to-night. If we did the right thing we'd open a tin of tongue for him."

The Judge smiled deprecatingly.

"How'd you make out, anyway?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh-h—oh, well enough."

"Your pickerel good?"

"Well, not so bad, not so bad."

During dinner the last of the Worcester sauce was used up, and the Doctor went for another bottle.

"Why," he said as he came back with it, "there are only *two* tins of that tongue now."

The Judge set down his cup of tea.

But Vanderdecken was in the middle of an Indian tradition of some ancient apple trees said to have once grown far north in the Thunder Bay district. And that reminded the Colonel of a story that the Indians had, three hundred years ago, carried apple seeds up the Mississippi from New Orleans to Michigan. Then the Doctor tried again for an opening, and again the Judge's internal machinery came to a sickening stop.

But the Colonel in his turn declined to cut his story in two, even for the consideration of precious tins of tongue. And when that loss was again forced into the conversation, Vanderdecken was deep in one of his favorite subjects, the reliability of traditions in general. Twice the Doctor determinedly interrupted him, the second time with an exasperated and rather irrelevant offer to give them proof that there had been three tins at the last stock-taking.

"Fergusson," said "Vander" wrathfully, "go 'way forward and sit down on yourself! Maybe there were three tins, maybe there were. *I,* too, understood that we'd left three. But I wouldn't undertake to prove it in court. And if this is your day to prove things, what about that fifteen-foot diving you still claim you did up at Gull Lake?"

"Yes—heh, heh!" exclaimed the Judge with a sudden burst of vindictiveness that made the others gape. "Let's hear you prove that!" Then he rose and betook himself up to the Point. His spirit was a seven-times heated furnace, and he felt that he must spend the next half-hour holding "imaginary conversations" with the Doctor. Again and again during dinner—even after the Colonel had thrown out that contemptible innuendo about opening another tin—he had really been just about to confess to that tongue; he had felt that in another moment he could do it lightly and facetiously. But now—Fergusson had driven him almost to the point of equivocation, he confessed it, almost to the point of equivocation. And "Vander," too. "Vander" seemed to think that he asked to be *shielded!* He had even——

It was Vanderdecken himself who broke in on him. "Isaac, old boy," he said, "forgive me if I intrude upon an hour of soul-communing. But I didn't come of myself. I was driven out here. The Doctor is more relentlessly on the trail of that sanguinary tongue than ever." The Judge's pipe turned in his mouth. "He's been over counting the empty cans on the rubbish heap. And when he could find only three of the half-dozen we brought, I believe, on my soul, that he came away firmly convinced that you'd emptied the other one this afternoon and thrown it in the lake."

"Heh, heh! Heh, heh, heh!" (The second laugh, if it still grated hollowly, was a vast improvement on the first.) "A—a queer sort of man he must think me!" Then he choked and fell into a tongue-tied silence.

When at length they walked back to camp he was loathing himself beyond all expression—but not beyond what he loathed Fergusson.

From the bivouac the voice of the Colonel called to them despairingly: "Judge, oh, Judge! if you love me, for Heaven's sake come here and tell the Doctor that you didn't eat that other tin of tongue!"

The old gentleman's eyes bulged, and his fingers worked as if he already had Fergusson by the gizzard. "*No!*" he

HIS SPIRIT WAS A SEVEN-TIMES HEATED FURNACE

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roared; "*no*, I did not eat that other tin of tongue!" Then he gasped at himself, and with the others gasping *at* him he made a miserable retreat to bed.

There are depths of shame, of self-contempt and spiritual abasement which it is for no story-teller to lay bare. An hour afterward, when the others knocked out their pipes and one by one turned in, the Judge made a pretense of sleep so that he might not have to speak to them. But only fifteen minutes more and no one could have thought *their* slumbers a pretense. They possessed that most blessed of things, a good conscience, while he, faugh!—after years of considering himself incorruptible, he had forsworn himself on the first temptation—had done it willfully, instantly—had shouted the lie to the very heavens! He kept turning over and over as if he would get away from himself. . . .

Yet it was done now. And, after all, might he not hope to draw some good from it?—some fuller charity toward the weak and erring? In the past, perjury had been the one offense to which he had shown no mercy. Hereafter he would realize that the false swearer may escape penal conviction only to be tormented by the infinitely greater miseries of the mind. Nay, how often must the tortured wretch almost wish that he had left behind him some clew that would lead to his detection. . . . Then he suddenly halted, and felt the cold dew come out fore and aft his ears; he had just remembered that he had not wiped off the tongue-smeared can-opener!

For minute after minute he lay there in breath-stopped listening. The nasal and cacophonous chorus about him was threefold, but was it genuinely the voice of slumber? Those long-drawn respirations from Fergusson's corner, did not they sound feigned and exaggerated? Was his self-betrayal being waited for? For another five minutes he lay motionless. Then at last he nerved himself to it. He rose, slipped through the open flaps into the moonlight, and noiselessly crossed the camp to the supply-tent.

When he stole back again, scattering a wisp of wire-grass behind him, he was still on tiptoe, but inwardly he was fiercely a-leap with exultation. "So the Doctor—curse him and all his sniffing, nosing kind!—thought himself a Sherlock Holmes? Well, he had to do with some one just a little cleverer, just a little cleverer!" When he fell asleep his face bore a smile of grim, triumphant satisfaction.

III

IT WAS evident to all next morning that the Judge was in a much better temper, though he once more elected to go off alone to his pickerel holes.

But he did not again return late for luncheon. Indeed, he pulled back an hour before the others. And he was impelled by a nervous fear as besetting as it was palpably ungrounded. They had noticed nothing when they had taken their matutinal plunge. But still, there was just a chance. He slowly pushed the skiff in to the "Kettle," and peered over the gunwale. And now he could see something very plainly. From the depths of the sombre "muskeg water" a bronzy gleam blinked up at him as from a jaundiced and accusing eye!

"And they say they could tell any can I'd opened among a million," he muttered cankerously. "Well, I'll put you where you'll not be seen again, *this* time." He knotted another lead to his line just above the hook, and dropped it in like a grapnel.

But the barb would not catch. Even after he had paid out the heavy limestone fishing-anchor he could not seem to grapple steadily. And apparently the top and the sloping sides of the can were uppermost. He tried again and again, and had been at it for almost a half-hour when his head was sent up with a horrible jerk by the Colonel's fog-horn hail from campwards. "Oh-h! Oh-h! Unprofessional! Crooked, effeminate, and vilely unsportsmanlike! Fishing with a hand-line and watching the victim take it!"

The Judge drew up his grapnel, cackling tremulously. In the bait-box at his feet there were still some emaciated worms. He rapidly thrust one on the hook.

"Getting anything for your sinfulness?"

"No-o—not as *yet*." He dropped the line in again, and in ten seconds he was fighting a four-pound yellow bass!

"Hooroo! Me too! Me too!" shouted the Colonel, and in another *twenty* seconds he had a line in from shore. They caught bass about for the next half-hour, and the old gentleman's reflections need not be unduly specified.

A few minutes later the others arrived, and they joyously dropped the anchor of the two-oar boat beside the Judge's skiff. Here, by the living twisters! was a place where they could pretty near toss their fish from the water into the frying-pan! And but for the instincts of genius in "Foxy Grandpa" they'd probably never once have thought of trying there! The Judge turned away his head to reflect on that ancient question—the real nature of genius.

Vanderdecken continued to fish on for some time after the others had tired and come ashore. When finally he joined them at the luncheon-table he mentioned casually that there was something shining, in a rusty sort of way, on the bottom out there. (There was one at that table who felt his most vital organs shift and congeal.) "An old tin cup, I should say," added "Vander."

"Not unlikely," said the Colonel.

Nothing more was said until the Doctor had another of his afterthoughts. "I shouldn't have imagined, though, that you could *see* anything on bottom there, in this saffron-colored water, and in a pot-hole like that, especially."

"Oh, it takes only thirteen or fourteen feet of line. And say now, Doc, isn't this a chance for you to confirm that diving record of yours? We couldn't expect you to bring up a ten-ton glacial boulder; but if you're good for fifteen feet you ought to be able to get that cup."

"All right," said the Doctor; "I am, and I take you! I may scare the branchiostegal rays out of any unfortunate yellow bass still remaining there, but you'll be drinking to my truthfulness out of that cup to-morrow at breakfast!"

There is a point in the psychology of those who may be called "criminals of high mentality" when, in the sudden and paramount necessity of defeating discovery, every nerve stretches at once to its fullest tension, every brain cell becomes quiveringly alive, and for the time all remorse is completely swallowed up in a kind of fevered exhilaration. Throughout the remainder of that meal the Judge evinced such gayety and spirit as had not appeared in him for days. He showed no tremor. He joked, he laughed. There was a light in his eyes which might almost be called a glitter.

And the truth was that he had already formed a second and this time a saving plan. In another hour they would all be away from camp again. And then—ten minutes more and he would have that accursed "cup" smashed and obliterated in its nether gloom under half a skiff-load of 'longshore stone!

But a thunderstorm came down on them before Ciprien had finished washing up, and the after drizzle kept on hour after hour. No one left camp all afternoon!

IV

YET, even then, did the Judge give up? A thousand times no! Next morning the first cold line of pink had scarcely barred the shivering East when he was climbing swiftly and stealthily into his bathing-suit.

A minute later he was poising on the "Tarpeian." In the thick rotundity of his black-and-yellow banded suit he much resembled a huge bumblebee. But upon his face was an expression of implacable defiance and resolve such as Lucifer might have worn when about to take his leap into Chaos. So the Doctor thought he could take away his honor, nay, the honor of the whole New York bench, by one fifteen-foot dive, did he? Well, there were others who had done some diving in their time, though they did not *brag* eternally of it. And he launched himself downward in a header that should have fathomed the Kermadec Deep itself!

Alas, it is doubtful if he got even his own length nearer the Antipodes. He came up snorting with rage, and sent himself down again.

Equally vain! He tried it a third time, a fourth, a fifth—hopeless! Hopeless to the point of absurdity! "Gar-h-h!" he guttered. "One would think I was full of cork—a float, a buoy! Gar-h! I'm a *balloon*—a *gasometer!*"

He was still rabid in inward self-objurgations when the others came pattering out. Then the Doctor began to dive.

He touched the "cup," touched it twice. But for all his trying he failed to bring it up.

He said he would do the trick *next* morning, however. For the remainder of the day he stayed reflectively about the camp and caught more yellow bass from the "Kettle."

That night the Colonel was awakened by some one clattering among the "niggerheads" along the edge of that same interesting "pot-hole." He rose wonderingly. It was the Judge, and it called for no second glance to see that he was walking in his sleep. It did not take them long to hale him back to the tent and his bed again; but the incident left the Doctor considerably disturbed.

"He hasn't been his usual self for some time," he said to the others, on the first chance to speak to them alone. "I'm going to take him into consideration for the next few days. And you see that he isn't left too much to himself."

The Judge could honestly say that he was neither too imaginative nor hypersensitive; but throughout the days which followed he could have sworn that the others were watching him! From every side he felt suspicion blowing chill upon him as the grip-ridden victim ever feels a thousand icy drafts on neck and nape and spine! He could no longer, by any excuse or subterfuge, get them to leave him alone in camp again. Sometimes Vanderdecken stayed, and sometimes the Colonel, but oftenest it was the Doctor—gar-h!—it was the Doctor! A dozen times a day he could feel his maddening professional eye triumphantly upon him. When he dived the Judge's soul went sickeningly up and down with him like the indicator on an elevator shaft. And he continued to dive with a persistence simply diabolical.

There was a time when the Judge's slumbers had been of a full, Falstaffian somnolence. Now, hating Fergusson kept him awake for hours. Once only did sleep afford him any pleasure. That was when he dreamed that he had waited in the skiff for the reappearance of that accursed water-sleek head, and halved it with the kitchen cleaver!

But even the Doctor's perseverance had its limit. On the third day he had Ciprien get out his old foot-knotted trolling-line and plumb the "Kettle." It registered just twelve foot five!

And then the others shouted. O-o-oh! Twelve foot five—and he made his Alfred-David that he'd done fifteen! Oh, bevings, what mendacious mendacity!

"I said that it could hardly have been less than fifteen," expostulated the Doctor.

"Well, that was prevarication by inference! It was *suggestio falsi!*"

"And by letting it continue uncorrected it became *suppressio veri*, which is worse."

"And now it's the *whoppero ipso facto!* Isn't that right—isn't that right, Judge? You ought to be able to give us the statutes entire on this delicate point."

The Judge's mouth fell open, and he glared like ghosted Macbeth in the banquet scene. "What? What? I see no reason—— How dare you——"

After that the Doctor assured Vanderdecken and the Colonel that he would give his most earnest attention to the old gentleman henceforward. And to the camp in general he announced rather unnecessarily that he would do no more cup-diving.

But, most astonishing to relate, it was as if that outburst had altogether cleared the Judge's brain of its inexplicable atrabiliary fogs. By luncheon he was beginning, however avertedly, to come into the conversation again. He offered no apology for his explosion, but he was plainly aching to have them forget it. By night he was shamefacedly attempting to chaff and joke once more. And in another three days, save for a curious antipathy to bathing or fishing in the "Kettle," and a certain stiff tardiness in renewing friendly relations with the Doctor, he was himself again.

V

YET the worst was still to come! On the night of the following Monday the Doctor suddenly threw up his head after a long period of brow-knit meditation. "Why," he exclaimed, beaming, "it's just occurred to me that at Gull Lake I did my diving in the afternoon. And, Gad, you know, from all physiological standpoints a man *is* certainly at his best then."

If the Judge had not been sitting with his face away from the heat of the fire the monstrous effect which this harmless speech had upon him could never have escaped general notice.

"And I'm going to have *one* more go after that cup, anyway. To-morrow, at four-thirty, expect something to happen."

"*Ha!*" said Vanderdecken—"*Ha!* Methinks it soundeth like the voice of the warning spook in a fate tragedy!"

It was! It *was!* Again the Judge's inward machinery had slowly stopped, with palpitations, icy sweats and horrid qualms.

Yet he managed for all that to get away to bed without drawing any attention to himself.

Nor, shortly after dawn next morning, did the Colonel crawl from his blankets any the more expeditiously when he saw the old gentleman's bumblebee bathing-suit disappear through the flaps toward the "Kettle." In fact, it was only by the merest chance that he had risen for a sunrise plunge himself.

Therefore, he was the more completely horror-stricken and aghast when he stepped out of the tent to behold the Judge stand up in the skiff, twist the anchor-line, with its twenty-pound limestone slab, about his arm and drop overboard with it!

He stopped only to emit one camp-rousing shout of terror, and reaching the "Kettle" in three leaps, sprang in. Then throwing his shoulder over the gunwale of the boat to get a leverage, he gave one long and desperate tug upon the rope. Next moment the Judge burst up, blowing like a harpooned walrus. Yet, wholly incredible as it may appear, upon getting eyes upon his rescuer, he gave an exhibition of ferocity quite indescribable—not to say unwarranted! By the Colonel's own statement he struck at him; and, whether he mistook in that or no, it is very certain that when the others had rushed night-togged down to the "Kettle," "Foxy Grandpa" was heaving forth such language as might well have read him out of the comity of gentlemen. Nor were his words those of the would-be self-destroyer, who, when he has at last thought himself safely out of this weary world, wretchedly beholds himself called back into it again. His execrations were of that studied and protractedly fulminant order of vituperation which bespeaks sanity in the most offensive degree.

Indeed, Vanderdecken and the Doctor fell upon each other's necks and yelled at any thought of self-destruction at all. As for the Judge himself, he refused with further obloquy to offer any explanations, and went sputtering and purple of countenance to the tent.

"Very *well!* Very *well!*" said the Colonel; "I'm sure I can laugh at his insults and ingratitude! And by all means let us say that it was nothing serious again. Let's say that he was just going pearl-diving! He was certainly rigging himself after the South Sea method. But don't say I haven't given you warning!"

"Oh, well, now," said Vanderdecken, "I humbly ask pardon. And I'm going up to Long Channel to troll this morning. I'll make "Foxy" come along and pull some sense into himself. But, oh Lord, Colonel, oh Lord, you know——"

Vanderdecken did make the Judge go with him. And between them they caught three fair-sized 'lunge, to say nothing of getting half a dozen of the huskiest kind of strikes. But not for two minutes at a time did he succeed in bringing

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the old gentleman out of the settled and brooding taciturnity into which he had fallen. It was a great relief when, at the head of the channel, they met young George Hastings and the Electra.

George was fooling along on his way back to Pickerel Landing, and he made them come aboard and lunch with him. It was a good luncheon, and he was full of the gossip of civilization. Then for a time they trolled from the Electra and with more success. Yet through it all it was evident that the Judge's thoughts were still nervously and morosely otherwhere. . . .

In the mean time, the Doctor and the disgruntled Colonel had spent the morning in a long-projected tramp through the bush to Dead-Man's Portage. And in the afternoon they lay around and snoozed under the cedars. But by three o'clock the Doctor began to find time hanging heavily upon his hands. He put in an hour tinkering and fledging spoons. Then he remembered there was something else he had intended to do. He wandered up to the "Kettle" and gazed prospectively into the clear water. . . .

George Hastings insisted on bringing Vanderdecken and the Judge home in the launch. He had pushed in as near shore as the uncharted reefiness of the bay permitted, and "Vander" was already climbing back into the skiff, when there went up a burst of exultant whoops from camp. The lank and dripping figure of the Doctor was doing a *tarantella* on the "Tarpeian" and he was brandishing aloft something which shone in the afternoon sun with a hard, triumphant brazenness!

"George," said the Judge suddenly and chokingly, though he tried hard to smile, "you said you were going right on to the Landing, didn't you? Do you think you could get me there in time to catch the stage and connect with the seven-thirty Southern? I wouldn't delay you to go in for my clothes and stuff."

"Why, Great Scott, yes, but——"

Vanderdecken all but sat down over the side of the skiff. "Well—*fe-ru-sa-dem*, Isaac, what——"

The figure on the "Rock" threw up its legs and whooped again. The Judge's expression became that of a man who is just about to have a recurring succession of apoplectic fits.

"Won't you," begged Vanderdecken, "won't you just come in and see the Doctor for a minute before you go?"

"'Go in and see the Doctor?' The scoundrel! The—the d-d-d——d hound! If I did go in I—I—I'd *break his face!*" He turned his eruption of rage upon young Hastings. "And now, sir, unless you consider me either crazy or intoxicated, will you be so good as to head for the Landing?"

"George," cried Vanderdecken, "I beg of you—you see how it is—don't think of it. Don't move an inch." He lifted his voice shoreward in a yell. "Colonel!—Fergusson! *Quick!* Come out here! *Quick!*"

It was not often that the Doctor lost his professional coolness; but when he jumped into the boat after the panic-faced Colonel, his hand still unconsciously grasped the trophy he had just won from the bottom of the "Kettle." It was one of his own old Golden Leaf tobacco boxes!

And when they reached the Electra that trophy was the first thing the Judge's madly-rolling eyes settled upon. And then—astounding end and anti-climax of an astounding series of incidents!—the old gentleman's countenance again underwent a complete and utter alteration. It changed like one of those red-rubber faces advertisingly squeezed between the thumb and finger of the street-corner hawker—first a paralyzed relaxation of bilious and flaming wrinkles, then a slow, transmogrified opening of mouth and eyes, and finally a rearrangement of lines into a sunrise roundness and effulgence nothing short of caricature. "Boys," he stuttered—"heh, heh—heh, heh, heh—I've been putting up a joke on you. I, I, I—when you hear it it'll be the laugh of your lives. I just wanted to see—to see if I couldn't scare 'Vander.' And I'll tell you the rest of it later."

But he never did tell them the rest of it.

Perhaps in the life of every man there has at some time flowed what may be called an underground river of guilt. And some of these dark, subterranean currents, contrary to all the moralists, never do rise to the surface and to final, well-merited exposure. But what one of us, if he have true charity, will not say that it is often better so?

The Great Showman

P. T. BARNUM, Showman! What memories are recalled by the magic of that name! What an annual delight he was to our parents and grandparents in the long ago when they were boys and girls! How their hearts fluttered with expectancy at sight of the great, gorgeous posters that flamed upon barns, fences and billboards, followed in due time by the thrilling pageant that rolled into town and set every one wild. Schools, manufactories and shops closed their doors, and everybody went on a holiday. We knew that half the show was fraud, but we loved Barnum none the less, for there is enjoyment in being humbugged by such a peerless master of the art as was that wonderful Connecticut Yankee.

"I admit," the genial showman used to say, "that a good deal of all this is fraud, but there's much that is not, and when the price of admission is only fifty cents, you will concede that every person gets his money's worth."

"WHAT? WHAT? I SEE NO REASON—— HOW DARE YOU——"

I remember standing in the old museum at the corner of Broadway and Ann Streets and studying an ivory sphere about the size of a billiard ball. It was perfect in shape, beautifully carved, with small circular openings through which a smaller ball could be seen, and inside of that still another, the one in the very centre having about the dimensions of a marble. A bit of paper outside the case stated that these balls, steadily diminishing in size, were eight in number, and that all had been carved from a solid sphere of ivory by some marvelous Chinese genius.

"I cannot understand how human ingenuity can accomplish that," I said to myself, and I might have added that human ingenuity never did accomplish it, for had that remarkable exhibit been placed in boiling water and kept there for several hours, every ball, with the exception, perhaps, of the tiny marble in the centre, would have fallen apart, breaking into several sections. The real art of the artificer consisted in hiding the minute seams that marked the joining of the different parts so that the keenest eye could not detect them. So it was with hundreds and perhaps thousands of curiosities to which countless multitudes made pilgrimages from all parts of the country before and during the Civil War.

My first recollection of Barnum brings a special delight, for I was one of several urchins who succeeded in crawling under the tent and gaining a sight of the whole show without a penny's expense to us. Barnum's star attraction at that time was Tom Thumb. There have been many smaller midgets on exhibition since then, but none will ever create the furor that he did, for he was the pioneer, and he had the greatest of all showmen to exploit him.

Years afterward, when I was grown to manhood, a train of circumstances brought me into close acquaintance with Barnum, and I spent more than one delightful hour at his pleasant home in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He talked freely of his extraordinary experiences, and was one of the most entertaining story-tellers to whom I have ever listened. Regarding Charles Stratton, remembered as Tom Thumb, he said:

"He was by no means mentally bright. You remember that one of his favorite performances was to imitate the great Napoleon, posing in several attitudes, and in his cocked hat and pretty uniform he formed a striking picture. The story has been repeated hundreds of times that when he was doing this before Queen Victoria and had assumed a thoughtful attitude, she asked the question, 'Of what are you thinking?' To which Tom is said to have replied, 'Of the Battle of Waterloo.' He was complimented many times on the aptness of his reply, which, in its way, was peculiarly flattering to the English nation. It is true that the Queen asked the question, but it was I who made the reply, Tom never opening his lips, for he was at a loss for an answer. It was a good advertisement, and I was content to let him have whatever credit it deserved. At the time of our appearance before the Queen, etiquette required that I should never address her directly, but make my replies through a third person, her words to me being filtered in the same way. She became so interested, however, that, much to the amusement and wonder of the attendants, she and I fell unconsciously into a direct conversation, which continued for some time without either of us being conscious of the breach of court etiquette we were committing.

"Tom Thumb made a comfortable fortune under my management, but like many others in a somewhat similar situation, he gained the idea that the whole credit belonged to him, and he started out for himself, finally appearing in the cheapest forms of entertainment. He kept growing slowly but surely in stature, until, in middle life, he lost his value as a curiosity."

There may be some of my readers who remember one of Barnum's curiosities which for several years was a leading attraction at his museum. This was the "What-is-it?" a gibbering, bent-over creature with a pate as bald as a billiard ball, claimed to be the real connecting link between man and the monkey. One day a visitor published a card in a daily paper declaring that the curiosity was simply an idiotic boy. He was positive, and in reply Barnum offered to give $5000 to any public charity that should be named if it were proven that the "What-is-it?" was a boy, either under-witted or of ordinary intelligence. "I was safe there," chuckled the old showman in telling the story, "for though it was true that the 'What-is-it?' was an idiot, nevertheless it was not a boy, but a girl.

It may sound strange to say that, on the whole, Barnum acquired comparatively little out of his show business during the latter years of his life, but he made that declaration to me.

"What money I have," said he, "was mostly made in real estate speculation, which reminds me of a woeful misfortune I have lately had. Some years ago I accepted in payment for a debt owed me by a man in Denver a deed for a tract of land outside the city limits. Regularly every year I had the pleasure of paying a good round sum for taxes. I became tired of this, and one year when our show was in that city I asked my partner, Mr. Bailey, to investigate the matter. Bailey did so, and wrote me that my land was part of a swamp, and if I could find some one to whom I could make a present of it to do so at once.

"Now, I have a sister living in Denver, and I saw a chance of having a little joke at her expense. So I made out the proper legal papers and sent them to her as a token of my affection."

At this point the old showman sighed and drew a letter from his pocket.

"This is a letter from my sister," he explained, "in which she tells me I shall be happy to know that she has just effected a sale of three-fourths of that land to a Chicago syndicate, which paid her $600,000, and she is sure that by holding on to the remainder for a little while she will net a round million from my thoughtful kindness."

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OUR AMERICAN SNOBS

By JAMES L. FORD

THE LAUNCHING OF A SOCIAL SUCCESS AS EXEMPLIFIED IN TOMMY TIMPSON, WHO BECAME A "DESIRABLE" PERSON AND MARRIED MONEY

IN ONE of New York's eminently respectable brownstone side streets, about midway between Washington Square and Central Park, my excellent friend, Rebecca Catnip, has long maintained a boarding-house whose cheerful dinner-table I hold to be a veritable *camera oscura* of contemporary life, customs and manners.

Numerous and varied are the topics discussed at the nightly gatherings about Mrs. Catnip's mahogany, and, whether the engrossing subject be literature or the drama, music or politics, the relation of capital to labor or that of Church to State, there is usually some one present capable of disposing of it with a voice that at least satisfies us as being one of final authority.

There is, however, one notable exception to this rule in the shape of a topic that has never yet been disposed of, though we seldom leave the table without having touched upon it; a topic that is of universal interest, like the Shakespearean drama, and one which no two of us can be brought to view from precisely the same standpoint; a topic on which every one of us has something to say and on which we never agree.

That topic is Society.

Silent as some of us must be, perforce, when literature or economics are up for discussion, not one of us but can wield a verbal knife when the Four Hundred is stretched out on Mrs. Catnip's dinner-table for dissection.

On Sundays we dine at half-past one, in deference to Mrs. Catnip's old-fashioned notions, and the dinner is better and longer than on week-days, and the conversation more erudite and sparkling. It was at one of these Sunday dinners that old Quillson, who went into Wall Street forty years ago as a capitalist and banker and is still there as an expert accountant, spoke with a peculiarly acrid bitterness of old Jacob Titepurse, whose daughter's marriage to young Tommy Timpson had been the most engrossing topic of discussion at our table for several days. From these discussions Quillson haughtily held aloof, as I remembered afterward, but on Sunday afternoon when Mrs. Taffeta—to whom society is as an open book—imparted an unusually rabid degree of frenzy to the conversation by reciting the list of wedding presents, furnished her by a particular friend of hers who knew the lady employed as housekeeper in the Titepurse mansion, the old accountant lifted up his voice for the first time: "So the old man's present is a check for a million dollars, is it? Well, my advice to the young ape that's going to marry his daughter is to get up at daybreak and have it certified before the old man can renig. Check for a million dollars! There weren't many million-dollar checks floating out of his office in '84 when he laid down on his puts and calls; I can tell you that. There isn't a more thorough-going thief in the whole town than old Jake Titepurse, and he hasn't even got the redeeming qualities that some thieves have. I've known him thirty years and I never knew him to give away a cent in charity or do anything for any one but himself. I wouldn't trust him around the corner."

"His credit's A1 at our place," remarked Mr. Grosgrain, whose long, silky whiskers are the color of a mayonnaise salad dressing, and who holds an office of no small authority in one of the principal marts of retail trade. "I waited on Kitty Titepurse only last week. She came in with her mother and got a lot of things for this very wedding. Everything they buy from us is always charged."

"Indeed?" said Quillson sarcastically. "Well, if the Four Hundred's made up of such people as that I'm glad there are no more of them."

"They're not in the Four Hundred," said Mrs. Taffeta decisively, "but *Kitty* will be all right when she marries young Timpson. 'Twas him got her the invite for the Assembly ball this year, though they wouldn't have her at no price last year. You watch the papers, and you'll see the minute she's married she'll blossom right out in the smart set."

"I suppose that Mr. Timpson can get anybody into society he likes," put in silly little Mrs. Grinders, who had been listening, open-mouthed, with her food untasted on her plate before her.

"There hain't nobody can do more'n him," rejoined Mrs. Taffeta, speaking as one who knew; "and when you think that it wa'n't more'n three years ago last summer that he got in himself, you can see he's done some pretty spry climbin' to get to the top in that time; and if he can get Kitty Titepurse in he'll do more'n her father could, with all his millions. Them Titepurses has just been a-strugglin' an' a-wigglin' an' a-skatin' round the outside edge of society ever since they wuz first heard on, five years ago. Now Kitty'll get in all right and she'll probably make things easy for the younger daughter, Maudie, that'll be comin' along in three or four years."

"I didn't know there was a younger daughter," said Mrs. Grinders.

"Fourteen years old last spring. They've got her to school up to Miss Birdfood's Nickel-Plush Academy in Madison Avenue, so she'll get in with the right set from the start."

"Why, that's where my little girl is! I do hope she'll come to know her!" exclaimed pretty, sad little Mrs. Foxglove, a very sweet, well-born and well-bred little Southern woman whom Fate—as exemplified by a worthless husband and failing fortunes—has dealt rather hardly with.

Now the Nickel-Plush is one of the most famous institutions of learning that our metropolis can boast of. Its fame is due, not so much to the system of instruction that goes on behind its doors as to the number of automobiles, victorias and lady's-maids that gather in front of them at two o'clock every afternoon. It enjoys a high reputation among women who desire that their children shall cultivate a circle of desirable acquaintances while acquiring an education. Mrs. Foxglove lives in a little hall-room at the top of the house and ekes out the small income allowed her by her husband's family by writing anæmic love stories and silly fashion articles for Sunday newspapers and second-rate magazines; and, knowing, as I did, how hard it was for her to make both ends meet and pay for the schooling of the little girl who had found a home with some kind-hearted relatives uptown, I was surprised to learn that she was sending the child to such an expensive and fashionable place as Miss Birdfood's Nickel-Plush Academy, and positively shocked to hear her express the hope that she would become intimate with the young daughter of the thieving and rascally old house of Titepurse. As for Tommy Timpson, whose marriage into that delectable family had kept the conversational pot boiling at Mrs. Catnip's table for the past fortnight, it happened, strangely enough, that in all that bright company, I alone—regarded by Mrs. Taffeta and Mrs. Grinders with unutterable scorn as a man without either social standing or society knowledge—knew the true story of how he made his way into the Four Hundred.

As Mrs. Taffeta truthfully said—that woman is certainly a marvel of accuracy in such matters—he first broke, or rather fell, through the golden portals of society three years ago last summer. I remember the circumstances perfectly, for at that time I happened to stand rather high in the councils of David Barshfield, grandson of the original Barshfield who founded the Morning Planet and present owner of that yellowest and most widely circulated of newspapers. Charley Bland, an old henchman of mine, was our Newport correspondent that summer, and, as he had obtained the place through my good offices, the managing editor, the editor in chief and the night city editor had formed themselves into a league to get him out and put one of their own creations in his place. So skillfully had they laid their plans and so successfully were they carrying them out, that it was not until my revered employer, Mr. Barshfield, spoke of making a change that I realized the strength of the cabal against him. Then I sent him a private letter telling him that his place was in jeopardy unless he could delight our chief's heart with some great and overpowering social sensation, something that would offset the series of Saturday afternoon vaudeville entertainments for the insane paupers on Blackwell's Island that our rival, the Megaphone, was carrying on with such distinguished success.

Now, in nine cases out of ten when the Newport correspondent of a yellow newspaper is threatened with discharge some freak is tumbled pell-mell into society; and, luckily enough, young Tommy Timpson made his first appearance on Bellevue Avenue on the very morning that Charley Bland, with his naturally bright faculties quickened to the highest degree by my letter, was strolling along that thoroughfare of fashion on the alert for the social sensation that should make his job a permanent one. Suddenly out of the thick fog that happened to hang over the ancient city that day there loomed the figure of Tommy Timpson, and, as Charley Bland told me afterward, the very minute he set eyes on him he beheld him as in a vision, the centre of a great, full-page picture with women of fashion kneeling at his feet and surrounded by smaller pictures representing him riding to hounds, playing golf, at the bridge-whist table—in a score of phases of a triumphant social career, and over all, his great red ears flapping like sheltering wings.

"There's the man that's going to save my job for me," said Charley to himself, and without a moment's hesitation he went up to the stranger, introduced himself as the correspondent of the Planet, and in an easy, pleasant way proceeded to point out the objects of interest. Timpson, who seemed to be a simple-minded sort of a chap, told him that he had been saving his money for three years for the purpose of "cutting a dash in society," had arrived in Newport that very morning and expected to make a preliminary dash the next afternoon. He seemed surprised when Bland asked him if he had brought any letters of introduction, and replied that he had never needed any in the Western town from which he came and had thought that it would be an easy matter to scrape an acquaintance with a few "nobs," adding, "you see how quick you and I got acquainted; well, I can get in the same way with anybody I meet."

"I'm afraid that plan won't work," said Charley, shaking his head. "If society was as easy as that everybody'd be in it. If you don't believe me, just stand here on this corner and try to get acquainted with some of the people that pass by. Why, they'd turn you over to the police as a suspicious character."

The poor fellow looked dreadfully disappointed and said he'd come all the way from the West with three or four thousand dollars he'd saved up, and if he went back home without doing anything he'd be the laughing-stock of all his friends, and they'd made fun enough of him before he came away. While he was talking Charley was looking at him and wondering what rôle he was best fitted to play in the Four Hundred. His extraordinary ears, which seemed to almost meet over the top of his head, fitted him to shine in the fashionable, intellectual and artistic set, which invariably demands some striking peculiarity of visage on the part of its prophets. With such ears as Timpson's, Charley thought that there was no reason why, after a fortnight or so of study,

Editor's Note—This is the first of a new series of papers by Mr. Ford. The next paper will appear in an early number.

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he should not give a series of drawing-room talks on the revival of the poetic drama or the Tolstoi cult in its relation to higher criticism, or almost anything that rings pleasantly in the ears of the people who think they think. On the other hand, if he would consent to be photographed in a dozen different ways he might gain access to society through the columns of the Planet, where he would figure as what is known in Park Row as a "freak feature," and one well calculated at least to divide public interest with the vaudeville entertainments for the Blackwell's Island lunatics.

Timpson was not lacking in nerve and was perfectly willing to get up a lecture on Maeterlinck or a talk on Ibsen, provided Charley would induce somebody to let him deliver it. But, after careful consideration, the "freak feature" seemed the more feasible plan, and the very next Sunday the Planet blossomed out with a full page that more than realized the one that Charley had seen in a vision the first time he ran across Timpson on Bellevue Avenue. Accompanying the full page was a description of the young society man from the West who had taken Newport by storm, and made himself within a few weeks a personage of vast importance in the councils of the Four Hundred.

Barshfield was delighted with the new freak feature and telegraphed Bland to run a page about him with photographs every Sunday until further notice.

Now, it is a curious fact and one that I shall not even attempt to explain, that, even when backed by the most brilliant intellectual qualities, a man must work incessantly for years, and perhaps during an entire lifetime, to win fame in statecraft, art or one of the learned professions, whereas he can become known from one end of the country to the other as a social celebrity in about six weeks, and that, too, without the aid of brains, industry or any of the qualities which usually make a man popular. So it happened that with no social capital whatever but his ears the name of Tommy Timpson became a household word before the summer was over in even the most remote villages of the country, and scores of second-rate persons were striving to make his acquaintance.

At first, the splendor and novelty of his position as a man of fame frightened him, but under the experienced guidance of Charley Bland—who has shoved more than one fool into society in his time—he played his cards with so much skill that almost before he knew it he was actually taken up by some of the self-advertising set who realized that by keeping close to him they stood a fair chance of getting their names and pictures in the society columns of the Sunday papers in company with his.

After dinner I related to Mrs. Foxglove the story of Mr. Tommy Timpson and what the Catnip school of thought defines as his "social position," but she did not take the story quite as I had expected she would.

"He may have long ears," she said quite seriously, "but just think how many desirable people he knows." And at that moment there was borne in upon me the sudden and awful conviction that this quiet little woman with the sweet, sad face and gentle manners, well born, well bred and reasonably intelligent, was a worshiper at the shrine of the brazen calf and cherishing in her heart of hearts the strange fetish of the "desirable people."

"Poor little Alice! No one knows what that child has to suffer now that she's making desirable acquaintances at the Nickel-Plush school," said the widow sadly. "It's only yesterday that she sobbed and cried and begged me to take her away and send her somewhere else, and it was so hard to have to tell her that if she went to another school she'd never get into the Four Hundred. However, my mother's conscience is satisfied and I don't grudge the sacrifices I'm making for her, because the time will come when she'll thank me for starting her in life with desirable little girls as associates."

Her blue eyes filled with tears as she said this, and to tell the truth, I almost cried, too, over her artless recital of what poor little Alice had to endure at the hands of the young Nickel-Plush nobility. At the noon recess on the very day of her entrance, according to little Alice's piteous tale, a swarm of these desirable brats fell upon this poor child, fresh from the infinitely purer and better atmosphere of an old-fashioned Southern town, and literally staggered her with a flood of impertinent questions. They lifted up the edge of her skirt to see if it was silk-lined; they looked sneeringly at the maker's name on her hat and coat, and made merry over the fact that her shoes were not in the extreme of the prevailing fashion. Then they asked her where she came from and what her father's business was, and were about to delve deeper into the history and financial condition of her family when the child's outraged feelings came to her aid and she turned upon her desirable tormentors in an outbreak of indignation from which they recoiled in abject terror.

And it was this very Mrs. Foxglove, offering up her daughter as a living sacrifice on the altar of the brazen calf and not ashamed to tell the story of the child's sufferings—it was this woman who burst into tears of anger just because I said to her at the close of her recital:

"It's a wonder to me that God sends children to such women as you."

Ward as a Cherokee

By Robert Barr

HERE is a story of Artemus Ward which has never been in print before. It was told to me by one of the victims, who years afterward was sent as Ambassador from the United States to a prominent country in Europe. Artemus was lecturing in a Western city, and two prominent society young men invited him to a little supper after the discourse was over. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when his hosts turned out into the silent and deserted streets to escort Artemus to the hotel where he was staying. The humorist was feeling pretty brisk and he stopped suddenly on the pavement and gravely said:

"Did you ever hear me give the Cherokee war-whoop?"

His companions admitted they had not had that pleasure.

"Well," said Artemus, "I think I can waken the whole town, although I am not sure of arousing the more distant suburbs," and with that he sent forth an ear-piercing yell that made the sleeping city in his immediate neighborhood think the Day of Judgment had come. As the echoes of the appalling war-whoop died away, shrill policemen's whistles were heard in various directions, whereupon Artemus turned, deserted his two comrades and ran like the warrior he had imitated. Before the two young men could gather their wits a policeman appeared out of the darkness and arrested them.

"Drunk and disorderly and disturbing the peace," said the officer; "make no resistance or it will be the worse for you."

And then he blew his whistle again to summon help in case the two should turn upon him, which they had not the slightest intention of doing, but they were thunderstruck at the prospect of spending the night in the cells and having their respectable names in the papers next morning. They swore to the policeman that they had not uttered the shriek or murdered anybody as he seemed to suspect, and the bobby sarcastically advised them to try that story on the magistrate in the morning. As they parleyed there, a tall, dignified gentleman in evening dress strolled along.

"What is the trouble, officer?" asked the newcomer in a most urbane tone of voice.

"Drunk and disorderly," repeated the policeman.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the stranger, "but I know these gentlemen and can vouch for their sobriety and respectability."

"And who the deuce are you?" asked the officer, not too well pleased at the interruption, yet somewhat mollified by the politeness of his interlocutor.

"I am Mr. Artemus Ward," replied the other; "I lectured last night before some two thousand of your best citizens at the Opera House, and among my audience I understand was your own Chief of Police, so if you wish me to accompany you to the station I shall be most happy to do so."

The policeman dropped his hand from the shoulder of the future Ambassador, for he had seen the name of Artemus Ward on the boardings in letters three feet long, and he had a deep respect for any man who could have his name printed in such gigantic form.

"Oh, if you know the men, sir, it will be all right, and I won't run them in, but who in thunder let out that blood-curdling screech? Did you hear it, sir?"

"I did," admitted Artemus suavely, "and, furthermore, not five minutes since a man ran down in the direction from which I came as hard as he could go. I believe that he was the disturber of the peace."

"Ah, well," said the officer with a sigh of relief, "that'll be the man, bad luck to him, and he'll run right into the arms of Mulligan, for that's on Mulligan's beat. Good-morning to you, gentlemen, and my best apologies to the three of you."

"The mistake was quite pardonable," said Artemus with his most distinguished bow, and he led his still bewildered friends away.

The Autobiography of a Beggar

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

Author of "By Bread Alone," Etc.

The Tale of the Persian Cat

NOW, talkin' about bulldorgs an' kind ladies an' beggars' signs reminds meh ef what happened ter meh wid a Persean cat. I was a-travelin' thru de alley one day when I seen de sign ef a kind lady on de back-yard door. Den I peeped over de fence an' I seen dat de back yard was full ef cats, dem cats bein' in a wire cage what had tracks fer 'em ter walk up an' down, jist like a elervated railroad. I axes somebody what it means, an' he says:

"It's a old maid lady what keeps a catery er a cateract—dat is ter say, a home fer cats." An' he pints out one cat, a big white feller wid a long fuzzy tail, an' he says dat dis one was a Persean cat an' wuth five hundred dollars!

"What fer is he wuth dat much?" axes I. "Is it a'count ef his skin?"

"Oh, no," laffs he; "it's nice fer ter see an' ter have aroun' de house!"

"Kin he do tricks?" axes I.

"No," grins he, "but some people fancies cats an' some dorgs an' some birds; old maid ladies preferrin' cats!"

"Why fer?" axes I.

"Cats bein' considered good luck," explains he; "now dem Malteaser cats keeps de consumptshun away, an' de Persean cats keeps orff rheumatisum. A cat is full ef 'lectricity," he says, "some cats havin' one kind an' some anudder."

"Rich folkses is queer wid der money," says I.

"Not so funny when yer comes ter consider," he says; "fer dem cats in de long run don't cost no more en doctors. An' ef yer has all kinds ef cats yer don't need no doctors."

Editor's Note—This is the third story in the series. The next will appear in a fortnight.

An' I goes orff a-scratchin' meh head an' wonderin' how I could coax dat five-hundred-dollar Persean cat inter meh pocket, when I runs up agin Hungry Henry. An' we considers fer a while an' den we puts all de coin what we could scrape up inter buyin' a big baskut wid a cover. An' we goes along by de front ef de house where de old maid lady an' her cats lives. I notices a pile ef coal dere, an' I has an ideer, an' so I sends Henry wid de baskut aroun' de corner fer ter wait till I calls him. An' I rings de bell an' axes de gurl what comes to de door ef she wants de coal put in.

"I'll call missus," says she, "an' see." An' den de old maid lady, what has long side curls an' glasses an' sharp eyes, an' is tall an' thin, comes down an' axes:

"How much a ton?"

"Jist give meh a bite ter eat," says I, "an' a hot cup ef coffee an' I'll put in de coal what's dere fer a dollar."

"All right," says she; an' de gurl takes meh inter de kitchun an' trots out de grub, an' while I was a-thinkin' an a-watchin' fer de Persean cat de missus comes down an' says:

"Dere's a board er two gone from de coal bin in de back yard. Kin yer fix it?"

"It's agin union laws," I says, "fer de coal-heavers an' coal-carriers ter do carpinter work."

"Dose unions is gittin' awful," says she.

"I'm sorry," I says, "yer bein' so kind an' a old maid lady asides, an'——"

"What has dat got ter do wid it?" says she, a-gittin' red ez a hot coal.

"Nothin' perticular," I says, seein' as I must have made a mistake an' not knowin' jist where, "but it do seem no more en right fer a singul lady ter pay only half as much ez —— "

"Jane," she says to de gurl, cuttin' meh short, "git a carpinter."

"Hold on," I says; "I knows a feller out ef a job what'll be glad fer ter put dem boards back fer a dime. I kin get him here in less en a minute."

"All right," says she; "hurry along."

"No hurry, mum," says I, "no hurry; he'll be dere all day. An' I meant no offenses, mum, when I says ez singul ladies an' double ladies—— "

"Hurry along," snaps she.

An' I runs out an' brings Henry back. An' de gurl leaves us in agin, an' I says loud, so she kin hear:

"Got all de tools in de baskut, Mr. Henry?"

"Sure," says he; "hammer an' saw an' all."

An' de old maid lady comes down an' says, "I'd like fer ter have de price fixed in adwance."

So Henry an' meh starts fer de yard where de cats is, an' him, like a fool, goes right ter de cateract an' peeps atween de wires.

"Don't mind dem cats," scolds de old maid lady; "dey will take care ef demselves. What'll yer charge ter fix dose boards?"

"Well, I'll tell yer," says he, lookin' at de bin, "I'll fix it an' take a cat fer meh little gurl ter home."

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AN' SAM HE PUTS DE CAT-NIP AN' DE FRIED FISH NEAR DE HOLE

"I guess not," says she, laffin'; "why, dat Persean cat alone is wuth more en a hundred coal bins."

"I tole yer so, Henry!" I yells, a'count ef him not bein' willin' ter believe meh when I tells him de price ef a Persean cat.

"Tole him what?" axes she, lookin' sharp at meh.

"Dat Persean cats, keepin' rheumatisum away, is wuth more en a coal bin, an' him not willin' ter believe it."

An' she laffs agin an' says: "Oh, dear; youse is two funny men." An' she an' Henry agrees on de price ef two bits fer ter fix de coal bin; an' she says:

"De gurl'll pay yer when yer is done, fer I must be a-goin' downtown."

"An' who'll pay meh?" axes I.

"I'll be back in time," says she, an' she goes an' leaves meh in de yard wid Henry.

An' Henry says ter meh: "You go an' git a barrul full ef coal in an' I'll look aroun'." An when I comes back wid de coal he says:

"Dere's a big Newfoundlander dorg next door; yer kin hear him a-barkin' at dose cats."

"Well?" axes I.

"I'm a-goin' ter fiddle aroun' a while," says he, "an' knock a hole in de fence an' leave de dorg in."

"Why fer?" axes I.

"Ter skeer dose cats," says he.

"What good 'ill dat do?" I axes.

"Well," says he, "I'll knock de lock offen de cateract, open de door an' let dose cats out, an' de gurl 'ill come an' chase de cats an' de dorg, an' I grabs de Persean cat an' puts him in de baskut. See?"

"I see," says I.

So he goes ter de gurl an' says he fergot his hammer an' his saw, an' she gets 'em from de house; an' he comes back into de yard an' says ter meh:

"Mollbuzzer, go an' talk to de gurl while I saws out a hole in de fence an' takes de lock orff de cateract."

So I goes into de house an' de gurl says, "What's de mattur now?"

"I broke a hole in de barrul," I says, "an' I'll have ter have anudder one."

"You'll find one in de cellar, downstairs," says she.

"I won't go down in no cellar," I says, "a'count ef ghostes which lives in cellars and downstairs places."

An' de gurl laffs, an' she goes down inter de cellar an' I looks out ef de kitchun winder an' seed Henry a-cuttin' a hole fer de Newfoundlander dorg.

"Der ain't time ter cut de whole fence down!" I yells; "dat dorg ain't no elerphunt!"

"Mind yer own bizness," says he, a-sawin' an' a-hammerin' away, "an' keep de gurl busy."

An' when de gurl comes back wid de barrul I says, "Dat barrul won't do."

"Why not?" she axes. "It's de same as de other one was."

"Dat shows all yer knows about barruls," I says. "It looks de same but it ain't de same," I says; "ef yer ever carried coal yer'd know a barrul wid three hoops don't hold ez much ez one wid two hoops, 'cause it don't stretch so much."

"I never heard de like," says she. "Yer kin take one hoop orff."

"All right," I says; "git meh a pair ef scissors."

"Scissors!" says she.

"Yes, scissors," I says, a-tryin' ter gain time. "I ain't a-goin' ter take de hoop orff de barrul wid meh teeth."

"Sunday an' Monday!" yells she, a-peepin' out ef de winder ef a suddint, "what is dat carpinter a-doin' ter de fence? An' dat big Newfoundlander dorg next door! Missus said ter fix de coal bin, not ter tear de fence down!"

"He's gittin' boards out ef de fence ter put in de bin," I explains.

"I'll board him," says she, a-takin' a broom an' a-runnin' fer de door.

"Hold on," I says, a-standin' in her way; "yer wouldn't hit a lonely carpinter man?" I says.

"Let go!" she hollers.

"Oh, Mollbuzzer, come quick!" yells Henry in de yard. An' I pushes her back an' shuts de door an' springs fer de yard jist when Henry throwed de door ef de cateract wide open, an' de Newfoundlander dorg springs in de yard, a-barkin' an' a-howlin' an' a-makin' fer de cateract. An' dose cats meows an' meows an' spits fire ez ef all de rheumatisum an' consumptshun in de world was let loose at 'em. An' dey goes a-flyin' an' a-spinnin' fer de top track in de cateract.

An' Henry makes fer de back fence, de baskut on his arm, an' his hands a-bleedin' awful, so I knows de Persean cat was ourn.

But de Newfoundlander dorg loses his head an' seein' he couldn't get one ef de cats he makes fer Henry, an' he almost has him by de leg, but Henry has had more practice in fences, I reckon, den dorgs, fer he gives dat Newfoundlander de double quick wid his boot across de nose an' jumps inter de alley like a skeered rooster.

An' de gurl, a-screamin' an' a-yellin' more en de blame cats an' de Newfoundlander, slams de cateract door shut. I makes fer de fence, but de dorg shows his teeth an' looks bizness out ef his eyes, an' dere I was atween de gurl an' de Newfoundlander.

"Dis is a outrage!" screams she. "I'm goin' ter get de law on you!"

"Get de law on!" I screams back, "but call de dorg orff. Ef yer does I kin git dat five-hundred-dollar Persean cat back, which I seen jump over de fence."

"Oh, Heavens! it's so!" she says; "missus 'ill be crazy. Sunday an' Monday! dat cat wuz de pride ef her heart, it was," an' she leans her head agin de cateract like ez ef she was a-goin' crazy, too.

"Call de dorg orff!" I yells agin; "dat five-hundred-dollar cat ain't a-goin' ter come back 'cause yer keeps yer eyes shut!"

An' de Newfoundlander, seein' dat dose cats was come ter de ground floor ef de cateract agin, he makes fer 'em, an' I springs fer de fence, an' de dorg turns fer meh agin an' de gurl hits meh a whack wid de broom, a-hollerin':

"I'll hoop yer! I'll barrul yer! I'll scissors yer!"

An' de Newfoundlander samples a yard ef meh pants, which I was erbliged ter leave wid him; an' I kites ater Henry.

An' I hears a meowin' an' a-barkin' agin, an' I turns an' sees dose cats a-runnin' right an' left fer de fences an' everywhere, which frightens de life out ef meh, fer I didn't know de habits ef Malteasers an' Persean cats, an' I thought maybe dey was ater meh. So I runs as I never hopes ter run agin; an' none too quick, neither, fer peepul was a-comin' down dat alley like ter a fire, an' a cop er two wid 'em.

Henry an' meh figured it out an' we thought it would be better ter rent a room fer de night at de Star Ef Hope an' ter lay low instead ef goin' back home. We stayed dere a long time, too skeered fer ter speak, but in de night Henry he wakes up ter hisself an' he says:

"Mollbuzzer, now dat de five-hundred Persean cat is ourn, what will we do wid it?"

"Yer don't expict ter put it in a bank," I answers, "de same ez ef it was money? De fust thing ter do is ter read de papers in de mornin' an' look fer a riward!"

"But I'm gettin' nervous 'bout de whole blame bizness," says he.

"Well, den," says I, "maybe it 'ill be better ter go back home an' see Sam."

"Yes," he says, "an' Sam 'ill want de cat, tail an' all, fer readin' jist a line!"

So we talked it up an' down, an' come to de point dat we thought it would be best ter go back home wid de blamed cat an' tell Sam what happened an' take his adwice. An' Sam was mighty mad at first an' called us traitors; but seein' it might be a good bizness fer us three, he cooled orff an' says he would help all he could. An' sure enuff, we reads a piece in de paper de next mornin' sayin' fifty dollars riward an' no questions axed fer de return ef de cat ter de old maid lady.

"No questions 'ill be axed," I says; "dey'll jist grab us an' put us in jail, an' dat will be all! Who'll take de cat back?"

"I'll take de cat back jist ter akomerdate yer," says Sam.

"An' grab de riward ter akomerdate us, too," says Henry.

"Well," says Sam, "we'll diwide; youse fellers kin each keep ten an' meh thirty."

"That's jist plain robbery an' no diwision at all," I says.

"But I'm takin' de chances ef bein' sent ter jail," says Sam.

"All three ef us 'ill go an' share an' share alike," I says.

"Dat's right enuff," Henry says, "but I can't see how yer kin diwide fifty dollars equal atween three peepul!"

An' jist den dat Persean cat gets out ef de baskut somehow, an' afore we could grab him by his long fuzzy tail he runs thru a hole in de wall an' is gone!

"Yer see what yer done by yer argufyin' an' yer disputin'," swears Sam. "Now none ef us gits nothin'! Mollbuzzer," he says, "kin climb on de roof an' watch wid a stick so ez de cat can't git away thru de chimbley; an' you, Henry, kin watch de hole in de wall here."

"Git some one wid de rheumatisum," I says, "ter coax de cat back."

"Rheumatisum, yer grandma," says Sam, him not knowin' ez much about Persean cats ez meh; "I'm goin' ter see a horse doctor what I knows, Doc Dan not bein' ter home."

"What fer a horse doctor?" axes I.

"I knows what I'm about," says Sam, an' he goes away, an' Henry shins on top ef de roof, an' I watches de hole in de wall ef de room.

An' Sam comes back soon an' says, "It cost meh twinty cents fer catnip an' fried fish what de horse doctor told meh fer ter buy ter coax de cat back."

"Dat's more en I'd pay fer a meal fer mehself," says I.

"All right," says Sam, "but yer ain't wuth no five hundred an' fifty dollars, neither."

"It's strange," puts in Henry, "dat a cat should be wuth more en a man, ain't it? How does yer explain it, Sam?"

"Git de cat back an' I'll explain it aterwards," says Sam.

An' Sam he puts de catnip an' de fried fish near de hole, an' ater a while de cat puts his head out thru de wall, an' he grabs it.

"Don't kill him," I says.

"Yer kin hold him," says he, a-hollerin' blue blazes, "ef yer knows so much!"

So we puts de cat back in de baskut, an' along night we goes ter de home ef de old maid lady an' de cateract.

"De cat comes back," I says ter de gurl at de door.

AN' DOSE CATS SPITS FIRE EZ EF ALL DE RHEUMATISUM AN' CONSUMPTSHUN IN DE WORLD WAS LET LOOSE AT 'EM

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"Ain't youse de biggest rasculs in de whole world?" she axes, gittin' red in de face.

"No questions axed," I says, "accordin' to de riward."

"Thank the Lord anyways dat it's back," she says, "fer missus is sick in bed an' almost dead wid——"

"Wid de rheumatisum?" I axes.

"You an' yer rheumatisum," says Sam; "don't talk so much."

"Give meh Lady Grimalakins," says de gurl.

"We didn't bring no lady; we brung de cat back," I says.

"Dat's de name ef de cat," says she.

"Is Persean cats named de same ez peepul?" I axes.

"Keep still, yer fool," says Sam; "let de gurl git de coin."

"Git de fifty," I says ter de gurl, "an' Lady Persean is yourn fer life; an' yer kin tell de old maid lady ter put in an extree five fer a new pair ef pants dat de Newfoundlander dorg tore——"

An' Sam he gives meh a punch in de ribs, an' de gurl comes back wid de old maid lady, her glasses an' her side curls an' all, a-lookin' whiter en de Persean cat. An' she starts in ter say, what we knowed already, dat we wus de greatest rasculs in de whole world, jist like ez ef we come ter steal de cat instead ef takin' it back, which is jist like wimens.

"AN' IT WON'T COST YER NOTHIN' EXTREE," PIPES I, "FER TAKIN' A PEEP"

An' Henry says ter her, "Lady Grimalakins, we——"

"Dat ain't her name, but de Persean cat's," I says ter him, pokin' his head.

"Well, den, mam," he says, "we didn't come ter learn yer 'pinion on polertics, but fer ter get de riward."

"I ain't sure it's de Persean cat yit," says she; "I'll take de baskut inside an' ef it's Lady Grimalakins I'll send de fifty out."

"No yer don't," says Sam.

"I'll cut a big hole in de baskut, mam," says I, takin' out meh knife, "an' yer kin look in."

"Fer de love ef Heaven," says she, "put dat awful knife away; you'll kill dat cat yit, youse will!"

"Yer bring a candul," says Sam, "an' we'll open de kiver ef de baskut an' yer kin peep in!"

"An' it won't cost yer nothin' extree," pipes I, "fer takin' a peep," fer sayin' which Sam kicks meh shin.

So dey gits a candul an' seen it was de Persean cat an' all, an' dey gives us de fifty, which makes meh think a good deal more ef cats en dorgs.

An' we was gone a bit when Sam he turns an' he says, "Youse might tackle dat Newfoundlander dorg next, an'——"

"I guess not," says meh an' Hungry Henry ter oncet.

GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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XII

POPE, as Mrs. Ballantyne explained to Frothingham, was an Eastern Senator—a multi-millionaire, sent to the Senate because he practically supported—that is, "financed"—the machine of his party in his State, besides making large contributions to its national machine. "So the 'Boss,' as they call the leader of the party in that State," she said, "sold Mr. Pope one of the Senatorships, keeping the other for himself. Mr. Ballantyne is the leader, the master, of his party in his State and, while he's too modest to tell it, is one of the masters of the party in the nation. He could be President if it weren't for the disgusting prejudice among the people against all who happen to have a little something"—"a little something" being Mrs. Ballantyne's modest way of speaking of their millions. "But," she went on, "old Mr. Pope is a nonentity. He sits in his seat and votes the way they tell him to and is nice to everybody. Mr. Ballantyne suspects that he's getting ready to buy the Vice-Presidency."

"How much does that cost?" asked Frothingham.

"It'll cost him half a million if the chances of our party's carrying the election are good; if they're not so good, perhaps he can get it for a quarter of a million. But they may not dare nominate him. They may have to take some popular poor man. The 'many-headed monster,' as Shakespeare calls it, has been grumbling of late. We have a hard task in our country, Lord Frothingham, to keep the people with property in control."

"It's the same all over the world nowadays, I fancy," said Frothingham. "One has to apologize for being well born or rich or for living in decent style. The trouble with the lower classes at home is that they don't have to work hard enough. They used to be too busy to make themselves and everybody uncomfortable by doing what they call thinking."

"That's the trouble with our lower classes, too," answered Mrs. Ballantyne. "We educate too much."

The carriage rushed into the brilliantly lighted entrance of Senator Pope's house. Frothingham saw Ysobel's face, saw that she was having a violent attack of silent laughter. And he understood why. "The young 'un has a sense of humor," he said to himself. "It's ridiculous for these beggars to pose and strut before they've had time to brush the dirt off their knees and hands."

As they entered the drawing-room Frothingham's attention riveted upon two gilt armchairs ensconced in a semicircle of palms and ferns. "For the President and his wife," said Ysobel. "They're dining here to-night, you know. This is the first President in a long time who has accepted invitations below the Cabinet circle. He comes to Senator Pope's because they're old friends. It's quite an innovation and has caused a deal of talk. But I don't blame him. Where's the use in being President if you can't do as you please?"

Mrs. Pope, stout and red and obviously "flustered," came bustling up. After she had greeted them she said: "Lord Frothingham, you're to take my daughter Elsie in to dinner." Then to Mrs. Ballantyne: "Oh, my dear, why didn't you warn me of the quarrel between the Cabinet women and the Speaker's family. Whatever *shall* I do? Mrs. Secretary Mandon's here, and so are the Speaker and his wife."

"I'd send Grace Mandon in ahead of the Speaker's wife, if I were you," replied Mrs. Ballantyne. "I've no patience with the pretensions of the House. It's distinctly the commonest branch of the Government, while the Cabinet is next to the President."

"But," objected Mrs. Pope plaintively, "the Speaker is *so* influential and really fierce about precedence, and his wife has *such* a tongue and *such* a temper, and neither he nor she *ever* forgives."

"Do as you like, of course," said Mrs. Ballantyne stiffly. Being of the Senate it exasperated her that the House should be placed ahead of it.

Just then a murmur ran round the room—"The President! The President!" Those who were seated rose, conversation stopped and the orchestra began to play. "Bless my soul," muttered Frothingham, "they're playing God Save the King!" And then he remembered that the Americans had, as he put it, "stolen our tune and set a lot of rot about themselves to it." The President and his wife entered, he frowning and red and intent upon the two gilt chairs. Mrs. Pope curtesied, her husband contracted his stiff old figure in a comical half-salaam. All bent their heads and a few of the young people, among them Ysobel, curtesied.

"See him looking at those chairs?" said she to Frothingham.

Frothingham nodded.

"He's awfully sour at the etiquette here," she went on. "I suppose he's afraid the country'll find out about it and cut up rough. He's smashing right and left, and every one's wondering when he'll throw out the gilt chairs."

But his courage apparently failed him, for he and his wife advanced to the "thrones" and seated themselves. No one else sat, all moving about to get the partners indicated on the little gilt and crested cards they had found in envelopes addressed to them and laid upon the tables in the dressing-rooms. Frothingham examined Elsie Pope and saw that she was small and slight, square in the shoulders, thin in the neck, her hair of an uncertain shade of brown, her eyes commonplace, her features irregular. "She looks a good-tempered soul," he said to himself, searching resolutely for merits. And then he noted that her hands were red, and that she had flat, rather wide wrists. "A good, plain soul," he added. He sat silent, waiting for her to begin to entertain him—he hadn't got used to the American custom of the men entertaining the women; and the New York and Boston women, acquainted with the British way, had humored him. But he waited in vain. At last he stole a glance at her, and noted the flutter of a humor-curve at the corner of her mouth. "A shrewd little thing, I suspect," he thought. And he said to her, "No—really I don't bite."

Her eyes twinkled. "I was beginning to be afraid you didn't bark, either," she said.

His expression retired behind his eyeglass. "Nor do I, unless I'm bid."

"I like to be talked to—I'd so much rather criticise than be criticised."

"What do you like to hear about?" he asked.

"About the man who's talking. It's the only subject he'll really put his heart into, isn't it?"

Frothingham smiled faintly, as if greeting an old and not especially admired acquaintance.

"I'm so disappointed," she said presently. "All winter I've had the same man take me in everywhere—you know, we follow precedence very closely here in Washington. And, when I found I was to have a new man, I had *such* hopes! The other man and I had got bored to death with each other. And now—you're threatening to be a failure!"

Frothingham did not like this—it was pert for a woman to speak thus to him; he resented it as a man and he resented it as Lord Frothingham. "That's a jest, ain't it?" he drawled. "We English, you know, have a horribly defective sense of American humor."

"No, it wasn't a jest," she replied. "It was a rudeness, and I beg your pardon. I thought to say something smart, and—I missed. Let's change the subject. Do you see that intellectual-looking man with the beard on the other side of the table—next to Ysobel Ballantyne?"

"The surly chap?"

"Yes—and he's surly because mamma has made a dreadful mistake. She's put him two below the place his rank entitles him to. He'll act like a savage all evening."

"Fancy! What a small matter to fly into a rage over."

"A small matter for a large man, but a large matter for a small man. Sometimes I think all men are small."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because of what I've seen in Washington. They say the women started this craze for precedence. I don't know whether that's so or not. But I do know that in the three years I've been out I've found the men worse than the women. And those things look so much pettier in a man, too."

"But I thought there wasn't any rank in this country."

"So I thought—I was educated in France. I believe in rank and all that—it seems to me absurd to talk about equality. But I despise this silly squabble over little places that last only a few years at most. As Mr. Boughton was saying—you know Mr. Boughton?"

"You mean the Second Secretary at our Embassy?"

"Yes. He said to me only last night: 'America has an aristocracy just as we have, but gets from it all the evils and none of the good; all the pettiness, none of the dignity and sense of responsibility.'"

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"But they tell me it's different—out West."

"I don't know. I can only speak of the East—especially of Washington. There isn't a capital in Europe or Asia, the diplomats say, with so elaborate a system of rank and precedence as we have. Why, do you know, it's so bad that the fifteen-hundred-dollar-a-year clerks and their families have a society of their own between the circles of those who get eighteen hundred and those who get twelve hundred. And they'd rather die than mix with those who get less than they do."

"Really! Really, now!"

"And anything like a good time is almost impossible. It's precedence, precedence everywhere, always. You can't entertain informally."

"It must be as if one were laced in a strait-jacket."

"I'm going abroad next year, and am never coming back, if I can help it. I'm going where at least there's real rank to get excited about. I'll go with Ysobel and her mother—unless Ysobel decides to marry on this side."

Frothingham was internally agitated, but gave no sign of it.

"She's marrying either Mr. Boughton or that handsome Italian sitting next to Mrs. Ballantyne—the Prince di Rontivogli."

"Ah," said Frothingham. And to himself, "Just my rotten luck!"

"She makes no secret of it," continued Miss Pope, "so I'm not violating her confidence. She says she's determined to marry higher than her sister did. She likes Mr. Boughton better, though I should think she'd prefer the Prince—his face is ideal, and such manners! But, while Mr. Boughton is his granduncle's heir, and his granduncle is old and a widower—still—well, the dukedom might slip away from him. For instance, he might die before his granduncle."

"That would be ghastly for her, wouldn't it, now?" said Frothingham.

"It would kill poor Ysobel. She's *so* proud and ambitious! And that's why she has an eye for the Prince—he's of a frightfully old family, you know. One of his ancestors tried to poison Cesare Borgia and did succeed in getting himself poisoned or smothered or something thrilling. And they were an old, old family then. Oh, Ysobel is flying high. If her father would give her mother and her a free hand, I think she'd land a prince of some royal family."

Behind his mask Frothingham was hastily reforming his line of battle. The Ballantyne fortune was apparently inaccessible to an attack from a mere Earl; but he could keep it under surveillance while employing his main force against the Pope citadel, which seemed to be inviting attack. He did not fancy Miss Pope—she was too patently conscious of her cleverness and it was of a kind that did not attract him, was not what he regarded as feminine; nor was she physically up to his standard for his Countess-to-be. But—she had the essential; and he had been in America nearly five months and had had two, practically three, failures.

For the rest of his two weeks at the Ballantynes' he spent as much time as he courteously could with Miss Pope. And when he joined Joe Wallingford at the New Willard, sharing his suite—and paying less than a third of the expenses—he was with her a large part of each day, driving with her, riding with her, lunching where she lunched, dining where she dined, dancing with her, walking with her, sending her flowers. In Boston and New York he had been somewhat hindered by the chaperon system, careless though it was. Here chaperoning was the flimsiest of farces, and he and Elsie were together almost as freely as if she were a man.

In his fourth week in Washington he called one afternoon to keep an engagement to walk with her at half-past four. She had not returned from a girls' luncheon to which she had gone. At ten minutes past five she came, full of apology for her delay—"I really couldn't leave. The lunch was over before three o'clock, but the Secretary of State's daughter was enjoying herself and, though we were all furious with her, as we had other engagements, she wouldn't leave; and, of course, none of us could leave until she left. When she did finally take herself away, the Secretary of the Treasury's daughter had given up her engagement and had settled herself for the afternoon. She didn't leave until ten minutes ago. So there we were, penned in and forced to stay."

"Precedence again?" said Frothingham.

"Precedence. It's outrageous that those two girls should show so little consideration."

"I've known the same sort of thing to happen at home," Frothingham assured her. "Once when I'd gone to a house only for dinner I had to stay until half-past four in the morning. The Prince of Wales was there, and he was just then mad about 'bridge.' He insisted on playing and playing. Several of us were asleep in the next room—the hostess was nodding over her cards."

"But he must have seen," said Elsie. "Why didn't he take the hint?"

PRINCE DI RONTIVOGLI

"Well, you see, the poor chap led such a deadly dull life in those days. When he found himself having a bit of fun he didn't care a rap what it cost any one else. It's a mistake to bother with other people's feelings, don't you think?"

"It only makes them supersensitive and hard to get on with," replied Elsie. "I used to be considerate. Now I'm considerate only when it's positively rude not to be. Besides, I must expect to buy my way through the world. I never had any friends—though I used to think I had, when I was a fool and didn't know that just the sight of wealth makes human beings tie up their good instincts and turn loose the worst there is in them. Even when rich people are friendly with each other it's usually in the hope of getting some sordid advantage."

"Do you apply that to yourself or only to others?"

"It applies to me—it has applied to me ever since I found what sort of a world I was living in."

"I don't believe it, my dear girl," drawled Frothingham, the more convincingly for the lack of energy in his tone. And he gave her a quick, queer look through his eyeglass and was stolid again.

She colored just a little. "Oh, I suppose I'd be as big a goose as ever if I should fall in love again."

"Again?"

She laughed. "I've been in love four times in the last four years, and almost in love three times more. That's a poor record for a Washington girl—there are so many temptations, with all these fascinating foreigners streaming through. But I'm not counting the times I've been made love to in half a dozen modern languages—I and my father's money."

"Possibly you're unjust to some of the men who've said they admired you. They may not have attached so much importance to your father's money as—you do."

The thrust tickled her vanity—nature had given her an over-measure of vanity to compensate for her under-measure of charm. She looked pleased, though she said: "I don't deceive myself as to myself."

"A man might have been attracted to you because you had money," continued Frothingham dispassionately, "and might have stayed on for your own sake."

Elsie lifted her eyebrows. "Perhaps," she said. "I'll admit it's possible."

"And, honestly now, do you pretend that you'd marry a man who had nothing to offer you but love? What has attracted you in the men you've thought well of? You say there have been four—or, rather, four and three halves. Has any one of 'em been a poor devil of a nobody?"

Elsie hesitated; in the twilight he saw from the corner of his eye that her upper lip was trembling. They were walking near the tall, white, glistening monument, in the quiet street that skirts the grounds of the White House. "One," she said at last, in a low voice, "I didn't care especially for him. But sometimes I think he really did care for me—he was a wild, sensitive creature." She looked at Frothingham and smiled. "And when I get in my black moods I'm half sorry I sent him away."

"But you did send him away, didn't you?" Frothingham's expression and tone were satirical, yet sympathetic, too. "And you complain of men for being precisely as you are!"

"I hadn't thought of that," she admitted.

"I take it for granted the girl who consents to marry me will consent because she wishes to be a Countess." He drew closer to her—she looked her best in twilight hours, and he succeeded in putting as much tenderness into his voice as was necessary to enable so drawling and indifferent a person to create an impression of sentiment. "If I were walking here with the girl I wished to win, I'd say nothing of sentiment. I'd simply trust to the only thing I have that could possibly induce her to listen to me."

She glanced shyly up at him—he thought her almost pretty.

"Do you think that would win her?" he asked in a low tone.

"I—don't—know," she replied slowly. Her commonplace voice had also been touched with the magic that had transformed her face.

"Won't you think of it?"

"If you wish," she murmured.

They went on in silence a few minutes, then she spoke in an attempt at her usual voice: "But we must turn back. I'll have just time to dress for dinner."

And he decided that he would say no more on the principal subject for several days. He thought he understood how to deal with American girls rather better now. "I'll give her a chance to walk round the trap," he thought. And then he reminded himself that it was hardly a trap—wasn't she getting the better of the bargain? "She's indulging in a luxury, while I'm after a desperate necessary. And, by Jove, it won't be easy not to make a face, if I get it—with her."

XIII

SO CONFIDENT was he—and so out of conceit with his impending success—that he took a three days' vacation, going up to New York with Wallingford to attend a ball for which Longview had hired half of Sherry's, and otherwise to amuse himself. The revisiting of the scene of his early failure depressed him; he lost nearly a thousand dollars at roulette; he borrowed a thousand from Wallingford; he returned to Washington in the depths of the blues. And he found the posture of his affairs completely changed.

On the very day he gave Elsie the chance to become a Countess Prince Rontivogli discovered that Ysobel Ballantyne was in love with Boughton and would risk his succeeding to the title. Rontivogli was not the man to waste time on impossibilities—indeed, he had no time to waste. He turned away from the beautiful Miss Ballantyne instantly, and with all the ardor of his fiery Southern nature laid siege to Elsie Pope. And, while Elsie was somewhat reserved in her welcome, he found an ally in her father who thought it would sound extremely well to be able to say, "My daughter, the Princess."

Rontivogli was tall, had a clear, pallid skin, eloquent black eyes, the brow and nose and chin of an Italian patrician, the manners and speech of chivalrous courtesy to women which disguise profound contempt for their intelligence. He spoke English indifferently, French fluently.

When Frothingham, just returned from New York and still enshrouded in surly gloom, drove up to Pope's door, he saw Rontivogli's little victoria standing a few yards down the drive. Rontivogli was conducting himself in Washington as if he were rich, so plausibly that only the foreign element was without doubts as to the object of his visit to America. At sight of this trap Frothingham scowled. "What's that Italian doing here?" he said to himself, and his fear answered the question. When they came face to face in the parlor Elsie greatly enjoyed it. The Italian was smooth and urbane; Frothingham, careless of the feelings of a man he despised and thoroughly English in his indifference to the demands of courtesy to Elsie, was almost uncivil. He and Elsie talked for a few minutes, then she drew Rontivogli into the conversation. The Prince answered in French, and French became the language. Frothingham spoke it far worse than Rontivogli spoke English, so he was practically excluded. He sat dumb and stolid, wondering why "the brute hasn't the decency to take himself off when I came last."

But "the brute" drew Elsie into a lively discussion on a book he had sent her and, because there was no break in the argument, was seemingly not impolite in lingering. It was almost an hour before he rose, kissed her hand, gave her an adoring look, said "*A bientôt*," and departed. But, although he was physically gone, he was actually still there—if anything, Frothingham was more acutely conscious of him.

"I don't believe Miss Ballantyne could stand that fellow," he said, conscious of tactlessness, but too angry to care. "I think all those Latins unendurable. They're a snaky lot, and their manners suggest waiters and valets."

Elsie flushed and slightly drew in the corners of her mouth, a sure sign that her temper had been roused in the worst way—through wounded vanity. "Oh, you British are so insular," she replied, "and so self-satisfied. Here in Washington we learn to appreciate all kinds of foreigners and to make allowances even for Englishmen"—that last with a mere veneer of good nature. "I think Rontivogli charming. He's so intelligent, and has so much temperament."

Frothingham recovered his self-control in presence of obvious danger. He looked calmly at her through his eyeglass. "No doubt you're right," he drawled. "Rontivogli's a decent enough chap, so far as I know, and for an Italian devilish clean looking, I must say."

Elsie had no intention of driving him off; in spite of the Italian's superiority in title and "temperament," she preferred the Englishman—she knew him better and in a more candid way. She became conciliatory and they were soon amicable again. But Frothingham saw that his vacation had been perilously costly, that he must work to reinstate himself, that it was not a wise moment for reopening the matter of the engagement which only four days ago seemed all but settled. He found that Elsie was dining at the Italian Embassy, to go

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afterward to a ball at the Vice-President's to which he was invited. He spoke for several dances and left.

Boughton and he dined together at the Metropolitan Club. While they were having a preliminary cocktail Boughton told him, in confidence, that he was engaged to Ysobel Ballantyne. "So that's why I find Rontivogli poaching," thought Frothingham. And he said presently: "What do you know about that chap Rontivogli? He looks a queer 'un to me."

"Not a thing," replied Boughton. "I had all our fellows writing over to the other side, following him up. The answers thus far show nothing downright shady. He's down to a box of a house and a few acres just north of Milan. And that's swamped in mortgages. No one knows how he raised the wind for this trip. He seems to have a good bit of cash, doesn't he?"

"I'm particularly interested in knowing about him," continued Frothingham. "He's developed an astonishing interest in a girl friend of mine. I'd hate to see her taken in by a scamp. And I'm sure he's that."

"Oh," said Boughton. "Miss Pope?"

"Yes," replied Frothingham. "And she thinks well of him."

"I'll be glad to help you, old man. I sha'n't drop my inquiry as I'd intended."

"Thanks," said Frothingham. And they talked of other matters.

When he looked Elsie up at the Vice-President's that night for the first of the dances she had promised him, he found her on a rustic bench in the garden, almost screened from observation, Rontivogli beside her. The Italian's classic face was aglow and Frothingham saw that he had checked a torrent of enamored eloquence. He saw, also, that Elsie was not pleased by the interruption. However, she left Rontivogli and went with him. As they entered the ballroom he said: "I don't care for this music, do you? Let's sit it out. Only"—he gave her a look of quiet raillery—"you must engage not to go back to your volcano until *my* dance is over."

"Volcano?" A smile of pleased vanity strayed into her eyes and out again.

"Yes—your Vesuvius, whose eruption I was brute enough to interrupt. Beastly of me, wasn't it?"

"Rontivogli seems to annoy you a great deal."

"He? Not in the least." And his tranquil eyeglass affirmed his falsehood. "But I assure you he'll spout all the fiercer for the interruption. I know those Southern chaps. I don't wonder we stand no show against 'em. I tossed the sponge as soon as I saw what he was about."

They were sitting on the stairs now and could talk without being overheard. "Possibly you may remember," he went on, "I said something that was rather important to me—last Thursday, down near the monument—at half-past six precisely, to be exact—I heard a clock strike as I finished. Do you recall it?"

Elsie was puzzled by his light, satirical tone. "Yes," she said. "I do vaguely recall that you said something vague."

"I didn't mean to be vague. But that doesn't matter now. I see there's no chance for me—at present. And I wished to say to you that at least I sha'n't give up our delightful friendship. No matter what you do with your Italian, you'll feel that I'm your friend, won't you?" Frothingham said it as if he meant it; and to a considerable extent he did mean it—chagrined though he was, he fancied her so little in the rôle he had invited her to play that his prospective defeat found him not utterly despondent. He had reasoned out his course carefully and had come to the conclusion that his chance lay in posing as her disinterested friend. Perhaps she would confide in him, would give him the opportunity to advise and criticise—an admirable position from which to undermine and destroy his rival.

As Elsie had not fully made up her mind to Rontivogli and as she saw nothing but advantage to her in keeping Frothingham "on the string," she responded to his frank and manly appeal. And she believed what he said, as she believed pretty much everything men told her; and she liked him better than ever. "If he were only a prince," she said to herself regretfully, "and had temperament."

That same night she accepted Rontivogli; and when Frothingham came to lunch the next day she told him.

"Well," he drawled, "I can't say I'm shouting glad. But I can honestly congratulate him. And—I hope you won't regret."

"We're not announcing the engagement for several days," she said.

"That's good. You don't mind my saying—you know we've agreed to be friends—but I think you—your father ought to make careful inquiry about him. I'm sure everything's all right, but—it's prudent."

Elsie smiled. "Oh, we have made inquiries," she said. "Besides, any one can see what sort of man he is—any one but a prejudiced Englishman."

"I don't deny I'm prejudiced. Is it surprising?" And he gave her a long look that might have meant anything or nothing. "But—one can't be too careful about foreigners."

"Foreigners!" Elsie laughed with good-humored mockery. "And what are you?"

"Why, an Englishman. We don't count as foreigners here."

"No—but as stepbrothers, which is much more suspicious."

Frothingham found encouragement in her willingness to discuss her fiancé with him—it showed plainly how foreign she felt to Rontivogli, how friendly to him. A few afternoons later—it was the day after the dinner at which her engagement was formally announced—she went with Frothingham to call on "Madame Almansa" in her surroundings of Spartan simplicity. They found Ysobel and Boughton there also, and when Ysobel took Frothingham and Boughton into the small library adjoining the smaller drawing-room to look at some old prints "Sue" had brought with her from Spain, Elsie talked with "Sue" of the engagement.

"ONE OF THE FINEST I EVER SAW. THE FLAW IS SLIGHT"

Madame Almansa was chary of congratulations, full of cautionings and doubts. "I don't wish to cast a shadow on your happiness, dear—for you *are* happy, aren't you?"

"Indeed I am," replied Elsie convincingly—Rontivogli was an ideal lover; he could even sing his mad passion in a voice that was well trained and thrilling.

"But—you know my sad experience." Madame Almansa sighed like Medea thinking on the treachery of Jason. Her glance fell upon the engagement ring. She took Elsie's hand. "How beautiful!" she exclaimed. "I love emeralds, and that is a magnificent one. And only a tiny flaw."

Elsie colored with annoyance. "I think you are mistaken," she said. "It's a perfect jewel."

"Certainly it is perfect, dear," replied Madame Almansa in her superior, informative tone. "Perfect for an emerald. But, you know, there are no emeralds of size anywhere in the world that haven't flaws. At least, I never heard of one. Emeralds are valuable in spite of their flaws."

Elsie colored again, this time with annoyance at having exposed her ignorance.

"A superb setting," continued Madame Almansa. "It must be very, very old. I love that kind of setting—beautifully engraved, dull gold. The only objection is that it's the best kind for deceiving one as to genuineness, isn't it? One could not tell whether that stone was genuine or imitation. You know, they make such wonderful imitations. When I was going out in the world I had all my best jewels reproduced in imitation stuff, and usually I wore the imitation. One felt so much safer."

Elsie drew her hand away, smiling sweetly. She was inwardly raging—"The cat!" she said to herself. "Clawing me viciously, and purring all the time."

She left in a few minutes, Rontivogli calling for her. To relieve her feelings and also because she was in the habit of saying nearly everything that came into her head, she told him what Madame Almansa had said about the ring.

Rontivogli, half-turned toward her as they sat side by side in her victoria, regarded her with his luminous smile. "That is the way of the world, *ma belle et bonne*," he said in his gentlest manner. "It is difficult to harden one's self to such wickedness. But there is also much that is beautiful and fine. And we—you and I—will shut everything else out of our lives, will we not?"

He made her feel unworthy, almost "common," when he talked in that fashion—she realized painfully that she was sadly lacking in "temperament," and she dreaded that he might find her out.

"The ring," he went on, "has been in the family for eight hundred years—perhaps longer. It is unchanged. No question of its genuineness has ever been raised, so far as I know. We are not so suspicious as some of you Americans."

"She didn't question its genuineness," replied Elsie. "She simply wished to make me uncomfortable with a malicious insinuation. Or, may be, she was just talking. It was silly of me to tell you."

He protested that he was not disturbed. But he seemed unable long to keep off the subject, returning to it as the cleverest habitual liar will fatuously return to his unquestioned lie to weaken it by trying further to bolster it up. So persistent was he that he at last made her uneasy—not that she suspected him or was conscious of having been disturbed by his unnecessary reassurances. The next morning she went down to a jeweler's in Pennsylvania Avenue—she had other business there and thought it was her sole object in going, forgetting that she had intended to send her mother. She discussed several proposed purchases with the manager, whom she knew well. As she talked she had her elbows on a show case and her ungloved hands clasped so that the ring was in full view—curiously it was not on the engagement finger. He noted it, and thought she wished him to speak of it, because as she exhibited it she often glanced at it.

"Would you mind letting me look at that beautiful ring?" he asked.

"Certainly." She drew it off with a certain nervousness, gave it to him, and, as he looked, watched him and it alternately with vague anxiety.

"A very old and a very quaint setting," he said, "and a fine——"

He paused; her mouth was dry and her skin hot.

"A fine stone—a beautiful stone," he continued. "One of the finest I ever saw. The flaw is slight."

Elsie drew a long breath—she felt an unaccountable sense of relief. The manager took his glass, went to the window and studied the stone and the setting. "I'm glad to hear you say the stone's genuine," said she, now admitting to herself that Madame Almansa's poison had been lurking far down in her mind. "Some one doubted it, and as it was important to me to know, I intended to ask you."

"In that case," said the manager, "I feel it's my duty to tell you the stone's an imitation."

Elsie grew rigid and cold from amazement and rising horror.

"A good imitation," continued the manager, intent upon the stone, "but unquestionably not genuine. The setting makes it additionally deceptive."

"How much is the ring worth?" she asked, gathering herself together heroically.

(*Continued on Page 32*)

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HAZING—By Jesse Lynch Williams

IN WHICH AN "OLD GRAD" RISES TO MAKE A FEW REMARKS ON AN ANCIENT COLLEGE INSTITUTION

SO THE sophomores have been making it interesting for you, have they? I'm glad of it; that's one of the things you came to college for. You will agree with me after you get out, if not sooner. What's that? Well, let me illustrate.

Once upon a time during the old days of free, untrammeled hazing—real hazing, I mean, not mere persiflage and pamphlets containing formal freshman-year restrictions—there was a certain professor's son. And he thought his father was a greater man than the president—the president of the college, I mean, for the president of the country was a mere Philistine and did not count. The son should not be blamed for this, because the father would have been inclined to agree with him. I should add that not all professors take themselves so hard. There is a system of hazing that goes on with them, too, even to-day. When a young instructor comes back from Germany weighted down with the dignity of his Ph. D. and feeling sorry for the United States and its deplorable lack of real scholarship—— But about this boy:

"They'd better not try to haze *me*," he remarked the day he matriculated. "My father is a professor."

It was hard to secure him because he lived at his father's home, and the sophomores did not dare go there after him, even in those days.

"They don't dare haze me," he announced to his classmates as he crossed the campus; "I am the son of Professor Blank." (He always pronounced the capital P in Professor.)

After painstaking efforts Fate delivered him into the sophomores' hands by night. He smiled a kindly warning at them. "Evidently you do not realize who I am," he said, as if to break it gently.

"Um," said his captors gloatingly, "it is hard to realize that we've got you at last." And they hurried him along over the dark road toward the canal.

"You'd better not," he announced; "my father is Professor Blank."

"We know that," was the answer; "that's the reason. Now then," they added, "here's for your father," as they ducked him in a businesslike manner under the cool, moonlit ripples of the canal. "And here," they repeated as he came up spluttering, "is one for you. Now will you be good?"

"You will suffer for this," he roared when he got breath enough; "my father——"

"Ah? then here's for our suffering. *Now* will you be good?" In the course of time he said he would, and he was. He has been a better man for it ever since. They saw to it that he had exercise enough on the way home to keep from dying of pneumonia, and he has lived to return thanks for it—as father used to tell us we should do, you may remember, when he led the way into his study and closed the door.

The canal cure reminds me of the celebrated case of young Pollington, and I tell you this to show you that even I acknowledge that too much medicine is worse than none.

You may have heard the public version of this story; the papers were full of it.

I don't know what was the matter with Pollington; perhaps it was because he came to college with a reputation as an expert swimmer and they did not want him to get out of practice. Some say they gave him more encouragement to swim than he deserved—at any rate, it was more than he wanted, for one dark night, as they loosed their hold of him while he took off his clothes, he slipped out of their reach and plunged head first into the water and—that was all. He did not reappear above the surface. The sophomores waited seconds which seemed like hours, looking up and down the stream. They saw nothing. He was gone.

And they were responsible. That was what came upon them now like a thunderbolt as they ran up to the village for help. But even grappling hooks brought nothing to the surface. Only his clothes were on the bank where they had made him take them off, a pathetic little pile of clothes it seemed now. When carried back to his room a letter was found in the coat pocket. It was addressed to his classmates and said, "I cannot stand it longer. Good-by." The authorities were aroused. The college became excited. The newspapers got hold of it. It was telegraphed all over the country—big headlines, many editorials. Detectives were put on the case. Finally all but one or two of the sophomores were rounded up. First they were brought in for a hearing before the President and expelled from college. The culprits were about to be turned over to the civil authorities, waiting outside the faculty-room. Pollington himself walked in.

He had swum under water across the canal and had come up noiselessly—a trick known to many swimmers—in the shadow of some bushes on the opposite bank. Then waiting there with only his nose above water until the sophomores left in a panic, he quietly put on a change of clothing which he had hidden in the bushes during the afternoon, and spent the night at a farmhouse, then took an early morning train for a little holiday at home. The hazers had been badly enough hazed already and got off rather easily.

I know of a different case which did not get into the papers. It has never been told before.

Usually the hazing was deserved, and in almost all cases the hazers were reasonable, decent enough chaps who did their harmless tricks—the canal cure was seldom employed—if not as a duty to their younger brothers, at least as a harmless pleasure for themselves. Occasionally, however, there was a bully, like Bum Batter. He was a big, thick-headed brute, as strong as an ox and quite as slow. His special delight was goading nice, innocent, hardworking freshmen, nervous, sensitive little fellows, whose superior sense and sensibilities probably riled up all the bully in big, stupid Batter. Little Harrison Sinclair stood it patiently for a while because he wanted to get everything that was coming to him as a college man. But finally this is what happened:

Did you ever hear of Ike Weir, the "Belfast Spider"? There used to be much about him in the sporting columns of the newspapers, in the old days when he was champion featherweight of the world. By this time he had reached the boxing-lessons stage of his career and was called "The Professor" at the Athletic Club of which Sinclair was a junior member. Sinclair wrote a long letter that brought the Belfast Spider down to visit his former pupil. That night Bum Batter and a noisy little nuisance named Channing came around to have their usual sport with their victims. "Another skinny little poler, eh?" drawled Channing, sticking his finger under Ike Weir's face. "You must have been looking for trouble to come into this room." The pugilist had a lean, intelligent face and had borrowed Sinclair's glasses and a cap for the occasion. "Take off your hat, freshman," bawled Batter.

The Belfast Spider kept staring at a Greek book which he held upside down, though he didn't know that.

"Take it off for him, Channing," growled Batter, implying that this was really too easy for the great Batter to bother with.

"With pleasure," said Channing, and tried to.

Ike in his palmy days had a very pretty way of doing these things. It was so quick that all they saw was the pseudo-freshman springing up from his chair, the flash of a fist, and then Channing thoughtfully picking himself up on the far side of the room, with a red welt forming on his jaw. The pugilist had sat down again and assumed his rôle of the studious student.

"Well! this won't do at all. I'll have to take a hand in this myself," said Batter, rather pleased at the excuse. "Now then, freshman," in a mighty voice, "let's see you take off that hat and apologize to Mr. Channing." No reply; only a quiet, catlike glance. "Here, here! Take it off, I tell you!" Batter now shook his fists.

"Aw! g'wan!" said the Spider. He had been coached not to talk, but forgot in the enthusiasm of his art.

Batter thought the "lanky little poler" was guying his own rather uncouth enunciation, and it made him furious. The real freshmen were chuckling expectantly by this time—which also was contrary to rehearsal—and that made Batter still more furious. "You miserable little pup," he bawled, drawing back his left, "I'll teach you once for all to be impudent to *me*. Take that!"

The Spider quickly moved his head six inches to one side without changing his expression. "Slower'n I sized you up to be," he grinned. And then the inevitable happened. Down and up. Down and up. Then down and out, and hazing was all over in North Entry.

Usually when a boy was hazed much his need was great. These last two cases were merely exceptions to prove the rule, and I have yet to hear of a graduate regretting that he was hazed. But I have recalled these bits of history chiefly to show you how much more conscientious sophomores used to be in the rough-and-ready days of old and to make you feel a little more pleased with the present methods.

Oh, I know you haven't kicked. If you had I shouldn't respect you enough to take the trouble to talk to you. But I can tell from the tenor of your letters, enthusiastic though they be, that you think it rather hard luck, now that you are free from the irksome restraint of schooldays, that a big boy like you, in college at last and called a man by courtesy, cannot do exactly as he pleases and stick out his chest like the college men he used to see at football games.

You have sense enough to smile about it, I see, but you can't quite understand why you should be made to feel so insignificant. When you stop to think of it, you *are* pretty insignificant, to be sure, but you don't see why you shouldn't be allowed on the street after nine o'clock, and you no doubt think you'd feel a lot more like a real college man if they let you smoke a pipe. You don't fancy making way, and even stepping off the walk at times, for every one on the campus except other freshmen. You think it rather absurd that in a college which has grown up into a university and is supposed to have put away childish things that you can wear no other style of head covering than a mild form of black cap.

But it only lasts a year, this rather pleasant purgatory; and you'll appreciate your blatant blessedness all the more when you, in turn, are a sophomore, covered with the college colors, and are yawping terribly at next year's frightened freshmen. Then I fancy you won't think all this so absurd.

Even the sophomores, you'll find, have to give way to the juniors, and the juniors to the seniors, and the seniors, who seem to you to own the campus, if not the earth, touch their hats respectfully to the instructors, and the instructors to the assistant professors, and so on up the scale of academic dignity. It seems rather absurd sometimes to people outside, and so it is, but there is bound to be some kind of ranking here as there is all over the world, even in America where we are supposed to be free and equal, but never were nor shall be, and certainly the best class distinction for a college is the distinction of classes—academic seniority. With human nature as it is there is bound to be some kind, and if not this kind there might be distinctions that harked back to money or social position.

And if such were the case, Dick, you might never learn certain valuable life lessons which every man ought clearly to understand.

THEY WERE BROUGHT IN FOR A HEARING BEFORE THE PRESIDENT

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The Man of the Hour in Venezuela

By John Callan O'Laughlin

AN ANECDOTAL CHARACTER STUDY OF THE MANY-SIDED CASTRO

PRESIDENT CASTRO

GREAT BRITAIN, Germany and Italy in attempting to teach Venezuela a lesson have learned a more serious one themselves. They have impressed the fact of their strength upon President Castro and have compelled him to take action for the settlement of claims filed against his Government. They have aroused in Venezuela a feeling of hostility which has been held in check but which nevertheless is powerful, and as it cannot find expression in acts of war will be asserted in the channels of trade. They have convinced Venezuela that the United States is the sole obstacle between the allies and her territory. But of greater consequence to them and to the United States is that the whole of Central and South America, from the Rio Grande to the Straits of Magellan, has taken alarm at the buccaneering methods of the European Governments, and forgetting its old-time fear of the Monroe Doctrine is now a unit in its support.

America's Gain, Europe's Loss

From the point of view of the United States, therefore, dangerous though the possibilities of complications arising out of the Venezuelan question may be, the action of the Powers has produced most advantageous results. When I first visited Venezuela last November there existed throughout the political class a feeling of dissatisfaction toward the North American Republic. The good effect of the intervention of President Cleveland in the boundary question between Venezuela and Great Britain had been largely dissipated by the attitude of Washington in the asphalt controversy. President Castro was credited with entertaining hostile views toward foreigners, including Americans. It was stated by reliable and well-informed persons that if Castro could have his way he would expel all not citizens of the Republics and close the Legations in Caracas. These may have been his sentiments at the time, but certainly they were not those of the people, and when I talked with the President he was convincing in his plea for more friendly relations with the United States and urged me to dwell upon the rich resources of Venezuela and the great opportunities for American capital. Following the seizure of the Venezuelan navy by British and German men-of war, and the establishment of the blockade of the ports of the Republic, there were many manifestations of confidence in the United States and unanimous condemnation of the allied Powers. The newspapers published cartoons in which Uncle Sam figured as the watchdog of the Western Hemisphere and the guardian in particular of Venezuela. They daily printed notices, prepared by the Government, urging that no Venezuelan purchase goods manufactured or imported by the blockading nations.

It is a tribute to the self-control of the Venezuelans that they have consistently refrained from firing upon the allies save at Maracaibo, where the Germans were the aggressors; and this is the more remarkable when it is considered that it was the practice of the foreign men-of-war to capture small fishing schooners and anchor them, with prize crews, near the shore, where they served as a reminder of the tyranny and injustice of three great Powers.

The man who is responsible for this display of self-control is Castro. His enemies charge that he is the destroyer of his country. He believes he holds its destiny in his hands. His enemies insist that he is weak. Castro's answer is his deeds. He has maintained himself in Caracas in spite of revolution and war with three of the great Powers of the world. The people who were loyal to him before the blockade was instituted are to-day his adherents. In spite of the moral support the action of the Powers has given to Matos, and the inability to import ammunition, an inability which his rival does not suffer, Castro has held the advantage he gained by the decisive battle of La Victoria, and only recently administered a crushing defeat to a strong detachment of the rebels. There will be many who will ask: What manner of man is Matos that he continues revolution when his country is the subject of acts of war by European Powers? The same question is asked in Venezuela. When I saw Matos at Curaçao, to which island he fled after his defeat at La Victoria, he told me that Castro was the root of all of Venezuela's ills. "He is a ruffian," he declared.

"I owe you ten dollars, which I promised to return to-day. But I cannot pay to-day. I tell you so and ask for a month. I am an honest man and you grant me the delay. If I am a scoundrel, you say: 'No, I cannot give you a moment. You must pay the debt now.' That is the attitude of the Powers. They will not trust Castro, but if I were in Caracas the difficulty would be adjusted immediately."

At one time Matos was one of Castro's ardent adherents. An attempt on the part of the President to squeeze his pocketbook is said to be responsible for his expenditure of half a million dollars to expel Castro from Caracas. Yet Matos has the reputation of being a stingy man. The President vouches for it. "Those who know Matos," he said to me, "understand that he will spend but little from his own pocket." He evidently had in mind his own experience with Matos. Shortly before the latter began his revolt Castro applied for a "loan." It was refused. Threats failed to induce compliance. Then Matos was arrested and put into prison. Prudence counseled him to oblige the President and the moment the transaction occurred Matos was free. A few days after his release he made a speech in which he lauded Castro, and the echo of his remarks had not ceased when he began his revolution. It has been in progress since December, 1901.

Castro's Rise from a Clerkship

Castro's administration has been a stormy one, but in this respect it is simply a repetition of every other period of his career. Before his entrance into public life he was a clerk in a small store in Los Andes, one of the western states of Venezuela. He developed a taste for politics and obtained election to the lower house of the Venezuelan Congress. There he attracted attention by his ability and readiness in debate. "Take note of that man," said General Pulido, at the time a high officer of the Congress, to his nephew, now Venezuelan Chargé d'Affaires in Washington, "because if he live the country will know him." Eight years later General Pulido was Secretary of War in Castro's Cabinet.

Castro's attainment of the Presidency savors of audacity. In Venezuela they tell of him that when he was unknown he called at the Government palace and asked to be admitted to the President. "He cannot see you," he was informed.

"Some day," he said to the astonished official, "I will be President, and no one will dare then to deny me admission to this office."

From that time on the leaven of Presidential ambition fermented. Taking advantage of Andrade's unpopularity, Castro, with a little band of fifty men, proclaimed a revolution. His headquarters were in his native state, and the people flocked to him. He had a succession of victories. They attracted more adherents. He captured a seaport, through which ammunition reached him, and then he marched on and occupied Caracas. It was quite the usual method of attaining the Presidency and he was hailed as a hero. Unfortunate appointments to his Cabinet changed public sentiment, and General Hernandez, known better as "El Mocho" because of the loss of one of his hands, initiated a revolution. Castro pursued him relentlessly and after a three months' campaign captured and put him into prison. When at Port of Spain, Trinidad, which has served as a base of supplies for the revolutionists, I chanced to meet a number of revolutionists. Like Matos they could see nothing good in the character of the President. "He is a coward," they insisted.

"That is not his reputation in Venezuela," I suggested.

A BATTALION LEAVING CARACAS FOR LA GUAYRA TO AID IN THE DEFENSE

"What would you say of a man who, frightened by an earthquake, jumped out of a window, basely forgetting his wife? That is what Castro did. He broke his leg. Madame Castro quietly walked down the stairs and out of the front door."

"But a man might be terrified by a thing of that kind," I urged, "and not know what he was doing. Under fire, isn't he brave?"

"Oh, yes," was the response, "but everybody is courageous on the fighting line."

"And isn't he energetic?" I asked.

There was a sudden loss of interest in the conversation. "Hum, ye-es," was the reply. "But now there is Matos ——" And there was an immediate reawakening of attention.

Castro is energetic. The walk of the man betrays it. His whole demeanor shows it. His troops do not forget that at La Victoria he jumped into a freight car and threw boxes upon the platform which were conveyed with dispatch to them. Had not this ammunition arrived, La Victoria would have been Castro's Waterloo. The President does not lack pride in his achievements. "Three thousand men attacked me on October 13 last," he said, "and I repulsed them with three hundred. The position was the key to the battle." His subordinate officers speak highly of his generalship. "He is a splendid leader," said General Velutini, who captured Barcelona. "In the revolutionary ranks they have many, many generals; in ours but one—Castro."

The President's Shrewd Diplomacy

That the President does not lack shrewdness, recent events have demonstrated. When he saw the speck on the international horizon, betokening a storm, he endeavored to solidify Venezuela. He released all the political prisoners, including Hernandez, who, in a manifesto, urged support of the Government. Angered by the seizure of his navy, he ordered the arrest of all British and German subjects in Venezuela. Upon the advice of the United States Minister, Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, he immediately released them. Castro appreciated the force of Mr. Bowen's suggestion that the action of the allies was offensive to civilization and that he should not affect his excellent position by any act of retaliation upon helpless persons. When the question of sending a peace representative to Washington arose, two hundred and fifty men of all parties asked for the appointment of Minister Bowen. Though he knew there were Venezuelans who believed one of their nationality should be given the duty, the President communicated at once with Mr. Bowen and requested him to serve.

By this move he obtained representation by a man who, aside from his ability, was Minister of the United States and had behind him the moral support of his Government, who had taken care of the interests of the allies from the time of the departure of their envoys from Caracas, and who had a thorough knowledge of Venezuela's financial condition and the rotten character of many of the claims held against her.

Yet Castro is not an educated man. "He has the keenness of the mountaineer," said one of his admirers, "and the cleverness of the plains." It has been said of him that he has no idea of geography. To him Venezuela is the great state of the world. It is her welfare he desires and it is her welfare he says he is seeking.

THE CUSTOMS HOUSE AT LA GUAYRA

SOME OF CASTRO'S OFFICERS AT THE GOVERNMENT PALACE

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Why People Talk About Us

IT IS not strange that we Americans are pleased and flattered by the amount and the kind of attention we have been attracting in Europe during the past five years. But it is somewhat astonishing that we should permit a very small part of the American people to appropriate all the credit for the outburst of admiring envy.

Europe became acutely aware of us in 1898—a year of two events for us:

First: We ousted an ancient and impotent cripple whose presence in our neighborhood had become most offensive, and incidentally we relieved him of an Asiatic insular burden that had almost exhausted the last drops of his vitality.

Second: We entered the full tide of that material prosperity which began in the spring of 1896, and we were floated by it into a dominating position in the markets of Europe.

If we had fought the Spanish war and had remained commercially insignificant in the European markets, does any one who gives the matter thought fancy that Europe would be talking about us now? International gossips, professional fighting men and schoolboy statesmen excepted, both America and Europe know that the only European nation with which we could carry on a real war is England. And England has shown that she would endure much at our hands rather than provoke us to that extremity. With the only Power which could possibly war with us thus friendly, why attach importance to the shrieks of German and Austrian irresponsibles who chatter only because there isn't a discernible human probability of a serious attempt at a war? Why heed silly talk of the little German Navy—or a big one, should Germany build it—steaming four thousand miles from a coal supply to attack us? The German Emperor may be eccentric, but he isn't crazy; and, if he were, there are statesmen in Germany.

No, but for the second great and overshadowingly important fact of 1898, Europe would have continued to have small interest in us. Here are two conclusions from statistics which show the tremendous significance of the inauguration of our commercial supremacy:

First: In these four years of our growing European fame the *excess* of our exports, chiefly to Europe, over our imports was *nearly three thousand million* dollars. This excess was greater than for the entire twenty previous years combined.

Second: While our exports of foodstuffs are about twice what they were twenty years ago, our exports of manufactured goods are more than *seven* times as great as they were twenty years ago. And like our foodstuffs, these manufactures go for the most part to Europe.

There we see why there is hardly a home in Europe where we are not talked about nearly every day. The farmers are talking about the competition of American foodstuffs. The manufacturers and their workmen are talking about the competition of American manufactures. And the shopkeepers are selling and the people are buying American-made goods—and talking about the country from which these new and cheaper and better articles come. They have forgotten Dewey at Manila, Roosevelt at San Juan; they know nothing of the vast outpourings of Congressional eloquence for the saving and prosperity of the country which daily find their swift way into the lost river of the Congressional Record. But they are incessantly reminded of the energy of American merchants and the skill of American workmen.

Machinery—using the word in its broadest sense—has made business the chief concern of the whole world. It has transformed politics into business, has made statesmen and politicians and kings and ambassadors and ministers the agents and servants of business. And we are attracting world-attention because we have been acting upon, and are now teaching other nations to act upon, the maxim that universal prosperity is the first and vital step toward universal progress.

Nor need we fear "trade wars" that menace the imagination of our whangdoodle "conservative statesmen." Those to whom we sell good goods at low prices aren't going to fight us. Those whom we teach to make better goods at low prices are going to be too busy to quarrel. Those who won't learn are going the way of all failures. Machinery is multiplying the capacity of the earth for population. It is multiplying markets as fast as it is multiplying products. Those who talk of world-markets as if they were narrow and growing narrower talk without thinking. On the contrary, in the world-markets there is room for all, there will be room for all—and there will always be an unlimited number of vacant stalls waiting for newcomers with the brains and the goods.

And when the people reduce political and military and journalistic busybodies to their proper station, the peaceful and progressive interchange of material and mental commodities will be less often impeded and interrupted. To the rear with the man who talks and threatens! To the fore with the man who thinks and works!

What the World is Crying For

THE common but very erroneous impression prevails that the great want of the day is the man with ideas; that the world is crying for such a man, and is ready to fall at his feet. Nothing could be further from the truth. Ideas are as plentiful as the flowers that bloom in the spring; the men who are afflicted with them are as the leaves that fall in autumn.

The great want is the man who can put ideas into practice; who can crystallize theories. For one man who can ring the bell thousands can hit the target. For one who can do a thing, thousands can tell how it can be done.

Another common error is the supposition that an idea strikes just one fortunate individual, who is sure to profit by it. For instance, one might almost think, judging from the common belief, that the idea of the rotundity of the earth was an inspiration of Columbus. It was nothing of the kind. The Chinese, the Arabians, the Egyptians—all had an idea that the earth was round. The idea was in the air, and was handed down from the more ancient peoples to the inhabitants of Europe. Columbus set to work to prove it.

When Edison had succeeded in making the incandescent lamp, and the report of his success was published, dozens of men who were working on the same problem wrote explanations of the impossibility of Edison having done what he claimed to have done. The protestors had been working at the matter for years, but had not succeeded in finding the value of the elusive *x*.

A suggestion of the wire-wound gun—which is often erroneously regarded as something entirely new—was in the cannon fired at Creçy. At the time of the Civil War a number of men were working quietly on this very "discovery."

The atmosphere is charged with ideas. The successful man is he who can supply the link which will chain them down to the real.

Too Much of a Good Thing

NOT a day passes without some more or less impressive instance of the uncertain state of our administration of justice. Now it is a criminal freed, though guilt is in every knot of the web of evidence which envelops him; again it is Judge Lynch executing the mandates of savage passion. Now it is men of power leering at the law from behind an impregnable corporate bulwark; again these men are executing upon their victims a law of sinister procurement. Of course, if the scales of justice were not in the main held even, if there were not mitigations of and compensations for the very worst miscarriages, the time for quiet discussion and warning would have passed. Fortunately for us all, that time is still ours.

It is no answer to the indictment to say that the evil will cure itself when it becomes a real menace. Nor is it an answer to say that justice is better administered than formerly or is more evenly administered in this Republic than anywhere else on earth. Both these statements are true; and it is also true that the grossest injustices of our time come from the fact that the law has not yet caught up with the astounding social and industrial development of the past half century, has not yet learned how to reach the new and most ingenious variations upon chicane and crime. But justice, as Webster well said, is man's chief earthly concern. So long as it does not prevail men cannot afford to relax their vigilance or their anxiety.

Curiously enough, the chief reason for the persistence of injustice, in face of the careful precautions of our fundamental law against it, is the industry and enthusiasm of our lawyers. Far more than the ministers, more even than the doctors, the lawyers have had a free hand in their profession. They have been left by the American people in completer custody of justice than by any other people or governmental power on earth. And with what may be conceded to be in the main the best intentions in the world, they have made of the plain highways of justice a maze so intricate, so confusing, so beset with bogs and pitfalls of technicality, that they alone can thread it—no, not all of them, but only the shrewdest and most highly paid. It is not surprising that some hasty and unthinking citizens are moved to applaud Peter the Great's famous remark in England: "I have only two lawyers in my whole Empire, and I shall hang one of them as soon as I get home."

They cannot be justly blamed for this. It is human instinct to aggrandize and enshroud in mystery and difficulty one's own labor that one's achievement shall seem the more amazing to onlookers.

But, much and vigorous assertion to the contrary notwithstanding, not conscious corruption but the passion for nicety and technicality, for hair-splitting and word-twisting, is responsible for most of our injustice and imperfect justice.

Justice is the only begotten of the law—provided the law be begotten of common-sense and the common instinct of humanity as to right and wrong. By multiplying laws, judges are not constrained to do justice, but are tempted to forget justice in indulging the human passion for complexity and mystery. Multiplied and particularized laws hamper judges in establishing justice, create avenues of escape for offenders, place the poor man with his cheap lawyer at the mercy of the rich man with his expensive lawyer. Also they confuse or blunt the sense of justice of the whole community by bridging the abyss between right and wrong with an imposing structure of technicality.

Also, no matter what our ingenious lawyers may say, the law deals with *real persons only*—with human beings endowed with moral sensibilities, and by no means able to shift their responsibilities to a fictitious, unmoral, corporate personality of the lawyers' creating.

Not since the age of Tribonian and Justinian has the lawyers' ideal kind of law flourished as to-day in America. And while the lawyers call upon us to admire the work of Tribonian and Justinian, they forget that those twinned luminaries of law were twinned luminaries of a Roman world where justice lay prostrate and injustice jeered openly at a despairing and decaying civilization.

Wanted: A Master

A COMPREHENSIVE need of modern society is leadership. This need has increased with its advancing forces. Although socialism as a method of the social order is remote, yet society is becoming socialistic. Relations of men to men are becoming more intimate. All men's good is a rule and principle of conduct far more common to-day than two generations ago. The relation between all undertakings has become better articulated and more forceful. The industrial process from the individual to the partnership, from the partnership to the corporation, from the corporation to the combination, from the combination to the trust is essentially a socialistic process. Likemindedness, which as Professor Giddings intimates, is the essence of sociology, is in many relations increasing. This social condition indicates the need of a leadership wise and strong. Society is, on the whole, better in heart than it is in mind. Its intentions are worthier than are its abilities. Good people who are not wise are more common than wise people who are bad. The wise people who are more or less good are constantly obliged to exert themselves to wipe out the harm which good people who are more or less unwise do. In this vast socializing of the community the forces that are wise are greatly needed. Society made compact is easily mobilized for higher or for lower purposes. The opportunity, therefore, is ripe and the need is great for a leadership which shall be at once wise and capable.

It would seem that the forces that make up society had become mightier than the leadership of society. Life has gone ahead of our interpretation of life. The men who can properly lead society are not sufficient in number or efficient in service to fill all needs. In commerce and industry the urgent and constant call is for men. The president of the greatest national bank in this country said not long ago that the process of consolidation of great financial interests would continue in case men could be found to conduct the resulting combinations. Already it has been proved that certain men who were summoned two or three years ago to be the controlling spirits of great combinations of capital and service have proved themselves insufficient. The demand of the modern world is for masters.

In this condition the university has offered to it a magnificent opportunity. The opportunity consists in training large men for greatest service. Such training it has given. Such training it is to give in large relations and greater intensity in the next generation.

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UNSOLVED—By Ian Maclaren

The Spirit of the Place

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IN WHOM THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE, FED BY SCOTT AND FENIMORE COOPER, WAS BEGINNING TO STIR

"IT WAS my good fortune," said the Barrister when his turn came to tell a story, "to spend my summer holidays in the days of youth at a Perthshire farmhouse which stood among hills where the plain of Strathmore begins to rise into the Grampians. There was a little river to fish, and half a dozen burns where a boy could catch trout with his hand, and moors across which he could ride on his pony, and an endless change of scene, from helping with the harvest to going out to the shooters on the twelfth, from gathering together a herd of Highland cattle on the hill, which had to be very delicately handled, to visiting a tinkers' encampment among the broom, where the men repaired pots and pans and the women told fortunes. But the glory and inexhaustible attraction of the place was an old castle which by that time had fallen into ruins, and for which no one cared, and therefore it was at all times at the disposal of a lad in whom the spirit of romance, fed by Scott and Fenimore Cooper, was beginning to stir.

"Some fighting Laird on the border-line between the Highlands and the Lowlands, who never knew when the Caterans would come over the moor from the glens above and raid the cattle he had fed for the Southern markets, had chosen the site with care. Upon two sides there was a deep little glen, with a burn running at the foot and some fine old trees on the slopes, and here the cattle of the district could be sheltered in time of danger. On the top of the steep side of the glen the castle stood, and the land sloped away from it down to a river, and beyond the river it rose again into a little plain, which in the olden times was covered with wood. When I could not fish any more, and nothing was doing on the moor, then I spent my afternoons in the castle or wandering about the den, and, as boys will do about the age of sixteen, I reconstructed the history of the past, and that, I suppose, explains what happened; or rather it explains how I lay open to the impression which I suggest was in the atmosphere of the place.

"It was not difficult to rebuild the castle, which had been a fortified house of four floors with no windows on the lower floor, only portholes, with projecting turrets at two of the four corners, and most likely a range of low houses for horses and servants with an arched gateway completing a square. If one climbed carefully to the second floor he could trace a dining-hall with its huge fireplace and row of windows, and looking up he could see the remains of a little bedroom which opened into a turret; and once, when no one was by to damp my daring, I managed to reach this bedroom, and looking through the turret window could see across the plain on the other side of the river, and imagined how one might signal to a house in the distance. That afternoon I not only rebuilt the castle but I also tenanted it with a Laird who had been out in the Fifteenth, and was going out in the Forty-five—having for the time come to terms with the Caterans on the basis of a common love for the Stuarts and a common hatred of all governments. I gave him a handsome wife, who was the daughter of a Highland chief, and being in a generous mood I enriched him with a beautiful daughter whose love story I intended to work out after I had settled the history of the family and thoroughly furnished the house. About sons I was not certain, but was inclined to allow them one, who would distinguish himself greatly at the battle of Preston Pans—but his career was also reserved. There were traces of fish ponds on the southern slope and the remains of a garden, and, after filling the ponds and laying out the garden on a generous scale, I gave my attention to a special corner under the castle wall where there still lingered the relics of a pleasaunce. There could be no doubt this was the lady's own particular garden, for there were wild rose-bushes and plants of thyme, and a yew tree, which had, no doubt, once been carefully trimmed, and also a fine old birch, beneath whose shade I placed a seat. Sitting there in imagination one could look down into the den and hear the water running over the stones and see cattle among the trees, just as if they had been herded there for fear of raiders; the flowers were blooming, and outside this sanctuary the pigeons were cooing at their dovecote. Through an opening in the yew hedge one could see the afternoon sun shining on the fish ponds. From the open window of the hall above I heard the clash of swords and knew that the Laird and his son were fencing, and from the high turret of my young lady's room streamed out a Jacobite song. I was so pleased with my creation that I determined to complete the work when I was at it, and as it is tiresome to invent when you are standing I went round the corner of the old birch tree and lay down on the grass. I shut my eyes, that I might better see what was within, and so it came to pass with me what happens to other people when they close their eyes in order to hear the sermon better, and be relieved from the distractions of the outer world: I fell asleep.

"When I awoke—although, of course, this is an ambiguity of language—the sun had long been westering, and it was dusk round the old castle. How it came to pass I did not think then and need not speculate now, but the scene had, as it were, grown and filled up so that I was saved any more need for romancing. The trees in the den were smaller than when I fell asleep, but there were more of them, and the cattle were not so large nor so well bred as my good farmer's cows, but of them also there were more. As I looked round the corner of the birch I saw the sweetest of little gardens, completely shut in by a high hedge, well stocked with flowers, chiefly white roses. In the garden there was a little summer house hidden under the castle wall, and covered with ivy, so cunningly concealed that two people at least might meet there and no one in the castle be any the wiser. There was a stir of life about the place, although everything was rougher and more common than I had imagined my ancient keep to be, except the garden, which with its flowers and well-kept border proved that one of the family had feeling and good taste. The voices that came from the courtyard were loud and rough, and through the hedge, although I did see the fish pond, I also, through another opening, caught a glimpse of a huge manure heap which could not be far from the front door of the castle. The windows of the room above my head were certainly glazed, but several of the panes were broken and some were repaired with wood. There were no dainty hangings, and some one had hung his coat outside to dry in the sunshine which was now rapidly dying away. Only men's voices came from the room with a strong, coarse accent, and I was certain that my idea of cavaliers, daintily dressed, sitting in an oak-paneled room drinking a health to the King over the water, would be rudely dispelled if I climbed up the ivy and looked in upon the Laird of Kinnochtry. As a matter of fact, I not only did not climb but I was not able to move from my hiding-place beneath the birch tree. I was held there as by a spell, seeing everything and entering into everything, but unable to say a word or lift a hand. From the beginning I knew that something was going to happen, and that it would be terrible to behold, but that I should have no part nor lot in the matter. I was now present with one consciousness at some date in the eighteenth century looking upon life in my old castle as it used to be, but with my other consciousness I was in the nineteenth century, a lad who fished in the burn beneath and had made his own romances about the castle. And in passing, though of course in those days I did not work the idea out, is it not possible to be with one consciousness in one century and one place and with the other consciousness in another century and in another place? And may it not be possible—and I will not trouble you further with any other speculation—for the atmosphere round one to be so charged with tragic events that they may become visible to a person in a susceptible state as secret writing contained on paper can be flung out when exposed to heat? Even as I stood I felt like two people, and the one of the nineteenth century was disappointed and disgusted with the sight of the courtyard and a slatternly woman crossing the manure heap, and that most unromantic garment hanging on the wall and the remains of food flung out from the window upon the grass near my tree. But if romance be love and war I should have enough before all was done.

"The voices ceased in the dining-room, and a minute later I heard them in the courtyard ordering the horses to be brought and announcing a journey to Blair, where the Lairds of Balbousie and Craighall, together with other drinking worthies of the district, were to hold a carouse for the night. An old man, short in stature but strongly built, clad in hodden-gray and riding-boots, and armed with a sword at his waist, I took to be Kinnochtry himself, and the young man, taller and slighter, but also powerful, who was armed with a lighter sword and was rather more fashionably dressed, I concluded was the young Laird. They told some one whom I could not see, but took to be a serving-man, that he need not expect them home that night, and riding away they left a charge that the keep be securely locked before night fell and a good watch be kept lest any Highland limmer should creep into the den and steal the cattle. I listened till the sound of their horses' feet died away in the distance and I marked that young Kinnochtry was singing The Bonnie Earl of Murray.

"There seemed to me such a ring of satisfaction and of triumph in the singing that I was haunted with fear of some tragedy, and wondered whether the Highland Caterans were watching on the moor above and would seize the chance to spoil the castle while the Laird and his son were drinking in Blair to the health of the King across the water.

"Another voice began to sing, and this time it was a woman's, but the song was one I did not know and was full of sadness. I looked up to discover whence it came, and I saw a young woman lean out from a turret window and look down on the courtyard and the garden and the den, either to see whether some one was there whom she wished to meet or to be sure that no one was looking. She withdrew her head and the next time she appeared she held in her hand something like a small white sheet. Once more she reconnoitred and now I understood that she did not wish to be observed, and when everything seemed safe—for I did not count beneath the birch, indeed I did not count at all in the incident—she lifted the sheet in her two hands and waved it as one waves a flag. Once, and then at intervals twice and thrice, and then she withdrew, and for a little I heard the wail, for it was that rather than a song. A few minutes afterward her voice died into silence, and all was quiet except for the lowing of the cattle in the dens and the cooing of the pigeons as they went to rest. And the sun was now westering fast. The water sang a pleasant song beneath, and all Nature spoke of peace; yet I knew something was going to happen. For whom had the young woman signaled? What did it mean if she had waited till her father and brother were gone? Would he come, and was he her lover, and if he came would he be discovered by the serving-folk? And was it certain that Kinnochtry and his son had really gone to Blair? I did not like their loud announcements and I thought that an ill-omened song which young Kinnochtry had chosen.

"As I was speculating and putting things together the young woman came round the corner of the castle into her garden, and after glancing up at the windows she entered into the summer-house and sat down with a sigh which I could hear where I stood. She was simply dressed in some dark-colored cloth, and had a white silk kerchief on her neck and bosom, and her only ornament was the Jacobite badge of the white brier rose which she wore at her breast and also in her hair, for she was bareheaded. She was like her brother, tall and slight, with fair hair touched by gold and coming down low on the forehead, but handsomer than either father or brother and more refined. Her eyes were gray and faithful, her lips full and rich, and her whole expression bore witness to an affectionate, trustful, kindly disposition, but she seemed pained and fearful as of one whose joy in life had been dashed and over whom hung the shadow of some calamity. And I, boy though I was, was so taken with her gentleness and her contrast to every one else about the place, that I should have liked to have asked what ailed her and to have told her that in me she had at least one faithful knight. Within the summer-house she began to sing, and though I did not then know the ballad I have identified it since, and among all the songs of Scotland there is none so sad.

Editor's Note—This is the third of five stories by Doctor Watson written around the central theme of unsolved experiences. The next will appear in an early number.

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O Waly! Waly! up yon bank,
And Waly! Waly! down yon brae;
And Waly! by yon river's side
Where my love and I was wont to gae.

Waly! Waly! gin Love be bonny
A little while when it is new;
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,
And wears away like morning dew.

I leant my Back unto an Aik,
I thought it was a trusty Tree;
But first it bowed and sine it brake,
And so did my fause love to me.

O Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the Tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come
And take a life that wearies me?

"Still singing, or rather crooning, she came out of the summer house and went to the edge of the den and looked down to see if any one was coming, and then she suddenly started and looked back with an expression of keen alarm upon her face. Some one was coming from the courtyard. She hesitated for a moment, once more searched the den to see if he were there, and then turned round and walked across the little garden to the opening in the yew tree hedge and stood face to face with the Laird, her father. As I suspected, the crafty pair had not ridden far, and now the father had come stealthily back to catch his daughter as she met her lover. And the son? He could not be far off. Had he gone to take the lover in hand?

"'Weel, lassie,' and Kinnochtry's voice was charged with cold scorn, 'ye seem surprised to see me back and no mightily pleased. I expected a warmer welcome when your brother and me gave up a nicht at Blair wi' some of the richt side to keep ye company. Were ye no feered to be left alone wi' nothin' but a deaf auld wife in the castle and a man that ye've sent away on an errand to the Muir? Ye have a brave heart, lassie, to keep hoose by yersel' when there's so many queer folk aboot.' And he fixed his daughter with a merciless eye, while she grew red and then white before him and visibly trembling reached out her hand to the hedge for support.

"'No doubt ye're wondering, Marjorie, what changed our minds and made your brother and me so anxious about your safety. It was a bit of news we got and I'll no deny it has touched us close. A wee bird came and whispered in our ears that a neighbor from across the river wha has hated us as his forebears did afore him—and I'm no saying that we love him aither; no, I'll no say that your brother and me love the Laird of Auchterhouse—was coming to pay a call this evening to Kinnochtry. It's no the first time that the folk of Auchterhouse have visited Kinnochtry, for if ye'll tak' the trouble to come round the corner of the keep I'll show ye the vera spot where old Auchterhouse fell, shot dead by my father, thirty-five year ago. That was the last call he made here. And this man's elder brother stabbed your uncle in Blair Market in open daylicht. It was three months after that he was buried himsel', and I didna attend the funeral, but had it no been for me and this guid sword by my side there would hae been no funeral to attend.' Marjorie clung to the hedge but said never a word, fascinated by her father's grim face and cold-blooded irony.

"'We're Christians, lassie, baptized in the kirk and regular attenders when there's no other job on hand, but releegion has limitations, and your brother and me have no been hankering to see the Laird o' Auchterhouse at Kinnochtry. At ony rate if he was to call we judged it better for our hoose, besides being more polite, lassie—and your brother and me are no without our manners—that we should be present to receive him, and to gie him the welcome he deserves.' Kinnochtry's last words cut the air like a sword.

"'We've been telt, but ye'll correct me, Marjorie, if I'm wrang, for ye're a truthful daughter in word and deed, that this is no the first time Auchterhouse has paid his respects, and I'm judgin' he was astonished there was no man to receive him. It's been an oversicht, but we'll mak' up for that the nicht. It was a pity that he didna come in the daytime instead of the gloaming, and didna come round by the front gate as his father did. I dinna say he would have likit the company better, but there would have been more to meet him, and I'm thinkin' he would have stayed longer. But we'll do oor best, Marjorie, me and your brother, to make up for the past.'

"His daughter, who had been withering under her father's terrible face, recovered herself at the last suggestion and looked fearfully down the garden, when she saw her brother standing at the foot, where there was a piece of sward, and peering down the den through some bushes which hid him from the sight of any one approaching. She threw herself down at her father's feet and caught him by the knees.

"'Have mercy, father,' she cried, 'have mercy, and I'll confess all, but dinna let mair blood be shed, for surely there's been enough black trouble between Kinnochtry and Auchterhouse. It's no his blame; it's mine. I was lonely in this auld place with neither mother nor sister and you and James aye awa'. I wearied and I met him fishing on the river and he spoke to me; and, father, they were the first kind words I ever had from a man of oor ain rank. He was gentle and pleasant wi' me, and I know that I shouldna have let him come in secret to Kinnochtry, but I loved him and I kent ye would never look upon his face in peace. I confess it, but for my mother's sake spare him and me.' But when she looked up at her father's face she saw no sign of relenting.

"'Auchterhouse is coming here the nicht, I dinna deny it, though wha telt ye I'll no ask. Call back James, father, and let me meet Auchterhouse and he'll never come here again in secret, I'll give ye my word. Have pity on James if ye have none on the other, for one o' them'll fall, and have pity on me for I'll be the cause o' the death. Will ye let me go, father?' And she sprang to her feet and laid her hands upon Kinnochtry's arm.

"'Na, na, lassie; ye have gone ainee too often, if a' tales be true, to meet Auchterhouse, and ye'll never go again. I wouldna say but there micht be some words atween Auchterhouse and yir brother, but it's no for me to interfere, and by my soul, Marjorie,' said Kinnochtry fiercely, 'it's no you that'll come atween them.'

"As he spoke Kinnochtry took his daughter in his arms and carried her across to the summer house and placed her there, and then standing at the door with her shut in behind him, he asked his son if their visitor was coming, and James signaled with his hand to be quiet.

"There was no sound in the garden, save a low sobbing from the summer house, and then a minute later the bushes parted from the edge of the den and Auchterhouse came through and stood face to face with young Kinnochtry. The light was fading fast, but there was enough wherein to see the men and enough for Kinnochtry's purpose. One could understand at a glance the fascination which young Auchterhouse had in the eyes of Marjorie, for he had been abroad and was more a gallant than the men of her family. So far as the face of him and his dress went, he was a lover of which no girl need be ashamed, yet from my birch tree I liked not the expression of his eye nor the sneer upon his lips. I judged with the instinct of a lad that there was no pity in him either for man or woman, and while my heart bled for Marjorie I could not wish success to Auchterhouse.

"It was young Kinnochtry that spoke first, and it was plain he had not the control of his father. 'Ye didna expect to meet me, or ony other man here, my lad, when ye cam wi' yir false face like a fox in the gloaming to steal yir game. Ye thought to meet a foolish lassie whose heart ye wiled by yir lyin' tongue, and it's a kiss ye were expectin', but by the God that made us it's the end o' a sword ye get.' Auchterhouse glanced once at Kinnochtry, and in that instant he caught the sound of the crying, and then he looked the brother up and down with mockery on his face. 'My certes,' he said with an accent half Scots and half Southern, 'I was not looking for the pleasure of meeting the whole family of Kinnochtry in one little garden, for I heard that the Laird and you were trysted at Blair this very night. Our houses have had some coming and going in past days not altogether friendly, I believe, and I might not have had the courage to come across the river to pay my respects at Kinnochtry had I not been invited.'

"'You black liar!' cried young Kinnochtry, drawing his sword, and when I saw what an unredeemed scoundrel Auchterhouse was, though all the time I pitied Marjorie, I hoped that he would be killed.

"'Hardly that, my blunt, straightforward neighbor,' and Auchterhouse had now his hand upon his sword. 'When a fair lady invites a gentleman to visit her, and the letter is writ so large it can be seen a mile off, I ask yourself whether he is not bound to come, and all the more when she has——'

"Before he could say another word his sword was out and they were busy at work, while the Laird stood in the summer-house door and the girl lay behind. Young Kinnochtry was the stronger man and a good swordsman, but he was furious in his rage and had therefore the less command of his weapon. The other was as cold as ice and as venomous as a serpent and evidently a cunning fencer. For a while he stood in his defense, parrying the fierce attack, and then he began on his part to respond. Kinnochtry stepped forward from the doorway and was plainly anxious, although he gave no sign of interference. There was a clash of swords with rapid motions which I could not follow, and young Kinnochtry's sword flew out of his hand, and he stood at the mercy of Auchterhouse, who seemed to hesitate for a second before he should pass his sword through him. During that second Marjorie, who, unheeded by all, had escaped from the summer house, flung herself between the combatants, and ere any one could hinder it her lover's sword found its home in her breast. She fell in face of her father, between her brother and lover, without a word except a cry for mercy. The sound had not died away and Auchterhouse's sword had not been withdrawn from the heart he had twice pierced before Kinnochtry had run him through and he fell dead beside Marjorie. Her brother stood paralyzed, but her father passed his sword time after time, three times in all, through the body of this worst enemy of his house.

"'God's curse on you in this world and in that which is to come. Lift his carcass, James, and throw it into the den, and send word to Auchterhouse that they can come and fetch their Laird.' He lifted up his daughter and I saw him carry her through the opening in the hedge and he did not weep, but I heard him say 'it was better this way for herself and for our name.' As she passed through, her hair, which had loosened, caught in the hedge, he gently disentangled it and I caught him repeating her name twice, 'Marjorie, Marjorie.' I tried to follow him and in the trying I awoke. It was almost dark, and the garden was again deserted and in ruins, but nothing will ever convince me, after all the years, that it had not seen that tragedy."

SILK CULTURE AT HOME

By René Bache

THOSE best informed on the subject are of the opinion that there is no good reason why the rearing of silkworms should not become an important and profitable industry in this country. We are at the present time importing over $30,000,000 worth of raw silk annually, our entire supply of the commodity being obtained from Europe and Asia, whereas we might just as well be producing a large part, if not the whole, of it on this side of the water.

Here, in a word, is a possible industry of immense profitableness that has been wholly neglected in the United States, although we have at hand all the facilities for carrying it on, including inexhaustible supplies of the food—always the chief essential—on which the silkworms subsist. Nearly everywhere in this country are to be found the white mulberry trees, which are the traditional and favorite food plant of the silkworm, and, failing them, there is no lack of the osage orange, especially in the South, the leaves of which afford a highly satisfactory substitute. Silk culture is conspicuously an industry of the household. In France more than 100,000 families are engaged in it, each domestic establishment producing a small quantity of cocoons yearly, which fetch about thirty-five cents a pound at the factory, though the price varies somewhat. This is the way in which the whole of the great French crop of cocoons is obtained, the little yellow bundles of fine-spun fibre being collected from the homes of the people and taken to the "filatures," where the silk is reeled off them, to be woven afterward into exquisite and costly fabrics.

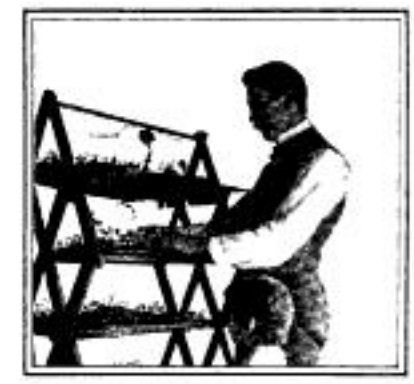
The revenue derived from silk production is in the aggregate enormous, and there are quite as good opportunities for the industry in this country as in France or Italy, which latter nation is another large contributor to the world's supply of silk. Cheapness of labor is not to be regarded as a factor in the problem, inasmuch as American families in moderate circumstances nearly always contain one or more members who, by reason of sex, age or youth, have leisure time which they would be glad to devote to an occupation promising small but sure returns.

Even a few dollars yearly, obtained by incidental and pleasant labor, are welcome.

An Ideal Way to Earn Pin-Money

Silk culture is an occupation in which children can make themselves useful. To them naturally falls the business of collecting the leaves, and they can help in other ways. It is a sort of work that requires very little skill and a minimum of experience, while demanding the expenditure of not more than a few dollars at the outset. From then on the grower hatches his own eggs, raises his own worms, and has no apparatus to buy, while all the food needed for the insects is procurable for the slight trouble of gathering it. In view of these facts, it will be seen why the production of cocoons is an ideal industry for the household—an industry furnishing light employment for the women and children, and giving no little amusement incident to its pursuit.

The first thing necessary, when one wishes to make a beginning in silk culture, is to obtain a few thousand eggs—a matter of no difficulty, inasmuch as there are many people in various parts of the country who follow the business in a small way. Spring is the time to begin, when the mulberry or osage leaves are just beginning to bud out, because the baby worms require for their sustenance the most delicate of young foliage. As purchased, the eggs, which are very small, about the size of turnip-seeds, are attached to rectangular pieces of muslin and sprinkled over the latter as if thrown out of a pepper-pot. They are easily transported in this condition, and no ordinary accident is likely to injure them.



SPREADING THE LEAVES ON LATTICE-WORK SHELVES FOR THE WORMS TO FEED UPON

Having got his eggs, the beginner proceeds to hatch them by simply placing them on a table in a warm room, the temperature being kept at seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit at first, but increased two degrees each day. In France silkworm eggs are commonly hatched in little incubators, or laid between blankets to hurry them up, but such contrivances are unnecessary. Under ordinary circumstances the baby worms will make their appearance in four or five days, and the first thing done with them is to lay over them a piece of mosquito net, upon which have been scattered a few tender leaves chopped fine. The food by its scent will attract the young insects, which, in order to get at it, will crawl up through the net, beginning immediately to browse. When they are all on top it is easy to remove them, net and all, to another table.

In this way they are kept for about ten days, being transferred at intervals back and forth from one table to another

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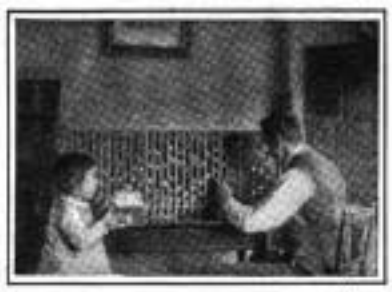
by repeating the process just described. Thus they are kept perfectly clean, and are supplied constantly with fresh leaves.

When they are ten days old they are big enough to be placed upon frames of lattice-work (such as are represented in an accompanying photograph), on which the leaves are laid, and where they spend the remainder of their worm life. Fresh leaves must be provided at regular intervals as before, four or five times a day, care being always taken that they shall not have more than they can consume at any one time. In this manner the accumulation of débris is avoided, and the insects are readily transferred to clean frames and fresh food by laying gently over them a piece of lattice bearing newly-gathered foliage, to invite them to crawl up. This method of moving the worms renders it unnecessary to handle them and saves much trouble.



GATHERING THE COCOONS FROM THE "LADDER" IN WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN SPUN

When they are about thirty-three days old—though the time required depends somewhat upon temperature—the worms are ready to begin to spin. They give up eating, wander away from the leaves on which hitherto they have so greedily browsed, and manifest a disposition to climb upward upon anything that may afford the opportunity. At the same time they change color, turning to a creamy hue, and uplift their heads in a peculiar way. It is not possible for the grower to mistake the symptoms, and he loses no time in providing the insects with the means for fulfilling the really important object of their existence—namely, the building of their cocoons.

The leaves and all débris having been removed, little branches may now be placed upon the lattice frames in arches conveniently disposed, so that the worms may crawl up on them and attach to them the cocoons. But an even better method is to make a sort of ladder (such as is shown in an accompanying photograph), between the sticks of which the insects are able most conveniently to do their building. From six to eight days are required for the process, which is certainly one of the most interesting operations in Nature, beginning with the spinning of a louse floss that furnishes a sort of envelope for the cocoon that is to be. Inside of this the worm proceeds to construct the body of the cocoon, behind the silken walls of which, working inward, it presently disappears.

Inside of the cocoon the worm transforms itself into a sort of mummy, which represents an intermediate stage of its life history, and thus remains for two or three weeks. Then, if let alone, it moistens the fibres at one end of its silken sarcophagus by means of a secretion provided for the purpose, and forces its way through the envelope, emerging as a perfect moth. However, this process would destroy the value of the cocoon for reeling, and therefore the silk culturist takes an unfair advantage of the insect and kills it while as yet it is in the chrysalis state by putting it in a heated oven for four or five hours.

When the cocoons have been treated in this manner they are ready to go to the factory to be reeled—a process that requires somewhat elaborate machinery, and which need not here be described. At the factory the loose floss is first removed, to be utilized as inferior material, and then the fibre of the cocoon proper is unwound, to be afterward converted into silk thread, or into woven fabrics of various kinds. In the dyeing and printing of silken textiles there are many secrets, but these again are apart from the present discussion.

Beyond any other insect the silkworm has been modified by domestication. It is, indeed, the domesticated insect par excellence, and, incidentally to its long service as a slave of man—a period that has covered thousands of years, for silk culture was already very old in China when the first silk-worms were brought to Europe by Nestorian monks, in the sixth century, A.D.—it has become altogether incapable of taking care of itself. Though in its original wild state it was doubtless a strong flyer, it no longer enjoys the use of its wings, and, if liberated, it would not even be able to cling to the waving branches of the mulberry tree which is its natural food plant.

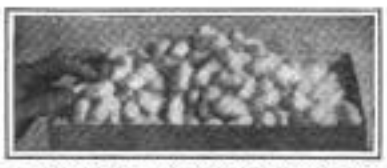
There are a good many different "races" of silkworms to-day, and the cocoons they spin are of various colors, some being yellow, others green, and yet others white. The white ones come mostly from the Orient, whereas French cocoons are yellow. Thanks to artificial selection in breeding the worms, the cocoons have become abnormally large and altogether out of proportion to the size of the insects that spin them. It is customary, in order to maintain the quality of the stock, to select the largest and finest cocoons for reproduction, and to withhold them from the oven, threading them together in strings and hanging them up to await developments.

In due time the moths emerge, and seven or eight hours later (after mating) the females begin to lay. They are picked up with the fingers as gently as possible, and placed in a tray, on rectangular pieces of muslin, where they deposit their eggs. Each female lays from three hundred to four hundred eggs, and the pieces of muslin, with the ova attached, are put in a cool, dark place until spring. They have to be looked after at intervals, in order to see that no mold attacks them, and that no mice or predatory insects get at them. Mice will eat silkworm eggs greedily. A temperature of zero will not hurt them, whereas if it is too warm they will hatch prematurely. As already stated, the time to bring them out of storage and transfer them to the rearing-room is when the mulberry leaves are budding.

SILKWORM MOTHS

It is believed by Secretary Wilson that the best opportunities for silk culture in this country are afforded in the South, where, in April and May, when no cotton-picking is going on, the children could gather the mulberry and osage leaves and feed the worms. At the present time there are a good many people out in Utah, foreigners by birth, who are raising silkworms, reeling the cocoons, and actually weaving the silk into fabrics for family use.

Teachers of the industry are available in plenty. In the city of Washington there is a young man named T. A. Keleher who makes a business of rearing silkworms simply for the purpose of preparing what might be called educational exhibits. He makes little glass-covered boxes, each of which contains a series of objects to illustrate the silk-producing insect in its various phases of transformation, together with the leaves on which it feeds, its cocoons, and the commercial products derived.



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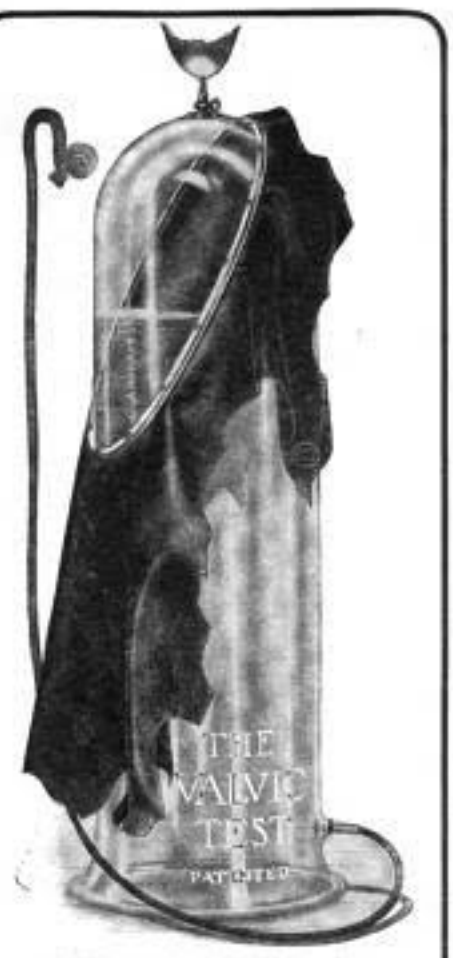

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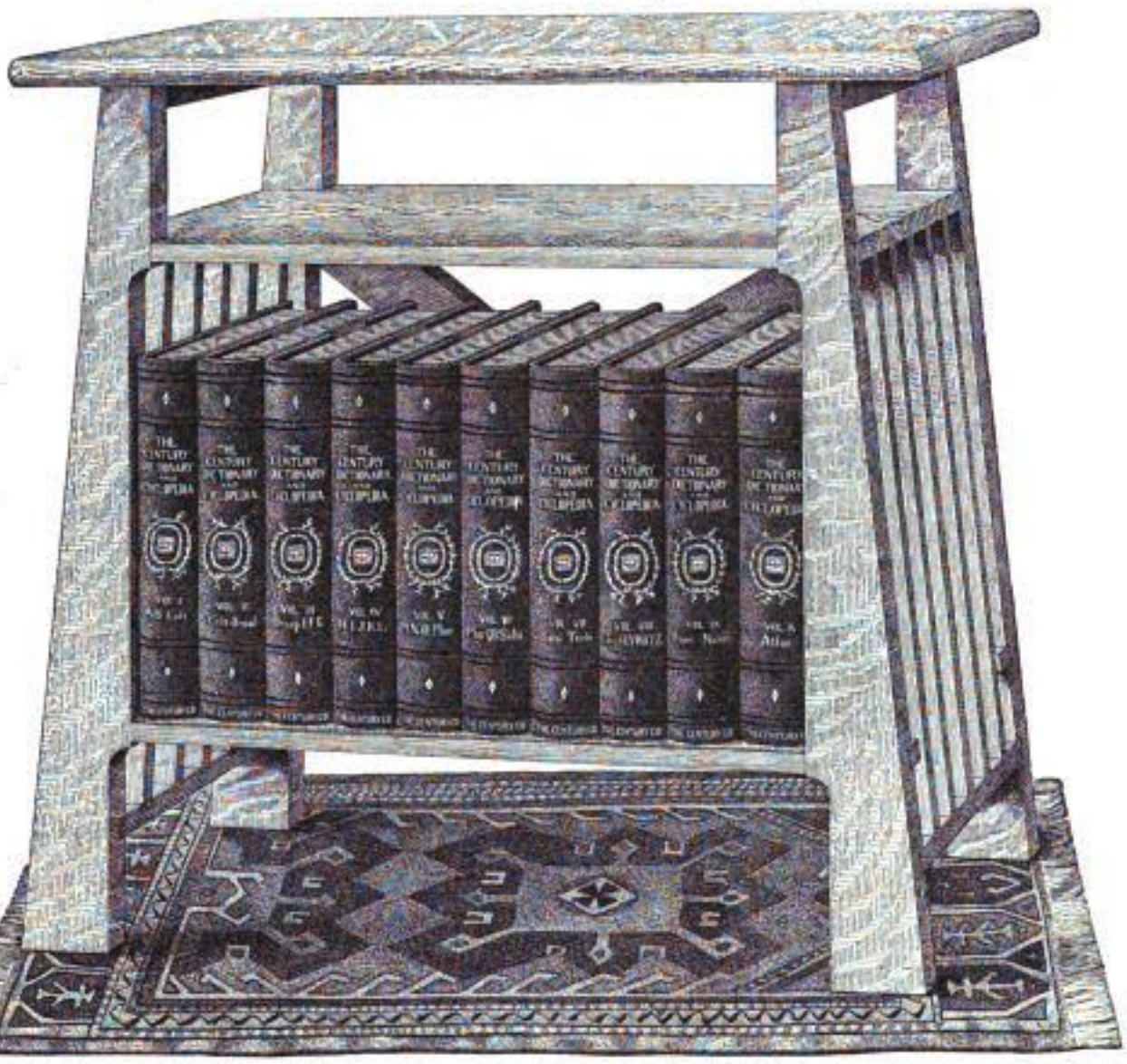

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A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON

By The Congressman's Wife

I NEVER so fully appreciated, until within the last week or two, the fact that anxiety is absolutely good for nothing in this world unless one is able to turn it into a weapon of defense. I have always felt myself, hitherto, a second Giralda the giantess in all things that have concerned in any way the Honorable Robert Slocum, of Spruce City, but before the overwhelming fact of his contemplated maiden speech in the Senate I was helpless. The first inkling I had that such a speech was determined on was when I noticed that Robert was going around for days with his lips moving, giving vent to occasional explosive mutterings. Now, I have understood that Vesuvius and Pelée both are addicted to mutterings and explosive sounds before they are ready to overwhelm an unsuspecting and innocent public, but I had had no experience with the seething human being who is ready to do the same thing, so I said:

"What is the matter, Robert?"

"Why?" he asked.

"You are going about as though you were haranguing your innermost being, very much as Senator Hoar does before he makes a speech in the Senate," I said anxiously.

"Well," said Robert, smiling somewhat deprecatingly, "I am going to make a speech in the Senate, my maiden one. I'm going to try a whack at the Statehood bill to-morrow if Quay will let me, or if Nelson will stop talking long enough to give me a chance."

"Have you given notice to the Senate? Are you committed?" I asked, fearing the worst.

"I am entirely committed," he returned resolutely.

Whereupon I was at once beset by that overwhelming kind of misgiving which is said to be the beacon to the wise, but I forebore to meddle with the inevitable, and contented myself with making a ladder of my thoughts.

The very day that Robert had admitted that he should make his maiden effort we were giving a dinner. A Cabinet Secretary and his wife, a new Member of the House who had Senatorial aspirations, Senator and Mrs. Blank, and our old friend, Senator P——, and one or two others were present. We were scarcely seated at the table which Jules, the chef, had supplied with every new thing known in culinary art, when the fire upon Robert began. I knew it would be a gala night, and no doubt before they were through with running Robert I should be compelled, in true Homeric fashion, to fight on both sides. The new Member started the ball rolling.

"I hear, Mr. Slocum, you are going to take a hand in the Statehood bill, and that it is likely to be a real 'live wire,' as Mr. Tillman would put it."

"Yes, I may speak," said Robert in rather a small voice, and I knew from his tone he feared the current would set in toward him.

"You mean," said Senator P——, looking over the top of his glasses, "that if the Senator from the North Star State leaves anything for others to talk about you are going to talk, but you'd better be spry, for you've seen that big book wide open on his desk with the orange-colored marker in it? Well, when he begins on that book the bottom is likely to drop out of the Statehood bill."

"Yes, I've seen that book," said Robert.

"It is well to remember," said the Secretary, taking a hand in the grooming of the Spruce City Senator, "what an eminent English jurist said once, that no speech is complete without three ingredients, 'a quotation, a joke and a platitude.'"

Robert smiled and said rather ruefully: "I hope they'll give me time for all those three ingredients. I'm going to announce when I start out that I intend to be a regular 'don't hurry Hopkins' sort of chap that Joe Blackburn tells about. Hopkins was a man down in Kentucky who gave his creditor a note on which was this memorandum, 'The said Hopkins is not to be hurried in paying the above.'"

"Now, I tell you what, Slocum," said Senator Blank, "when you speak to-morrow I'd advise you to offer up that prayer Lord Ashley made before he charged at the battle of Edge Hill: 'Oh, Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me.'"

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This drew the first fire and a ripple of laughter spread around the table. Then Senator P—— said:

"Yes, prayer and provender never have been known to hinder any man's journey, Slocum, so says an old proverb, but I should recommend any man who is going to make his first speech to follow Abraham Lincoln's advice to the would-be Hoosier orator, 'Young man, look wise and talk scatterin'.'"

"Oh," said I, taking up the cudgels for Robert, "I think a better piece of advice to a man who is going to address the Senate would be that of a popular preacher when speaking of his pulpit efforts and of how he adapted himself to certain conditions:

"'Whenever I get hold of one of those heavy, stolid, *hopeless* congregations I always roar.'"

This thrust at the upper house of Congress was much relished by the new Member of the House, and particularly by the Cabinet Secretary, who had not been able to get the ear of the Senate for a pet scheme in his department.

"Yes, it is always a good plan to talk loud," said Senator P——. "We all do it; it gives us courage, and doesn't hurt any one;" and he smiled benignly and added:

"One thing more, Slocum, if you are interrupted in your speech and they begin to badger you, don't get funny and be betrayed into calling any man in the chamber 'Brother.'"

"Why not?" said Robert. "That's what Depew did the other day when Pettus bothered him—he called him 'Brother Pettus.'"

"Yes, that's all very well for an oldster like Depew, but the Senate won't stand it if a youngster takes liberties. The record for maiden speeches has been broken this session. There were Dillingham and Dryden—Dryden was very nervous over his. There had been eleven speakers ahead of him and at one time it looked as though he'd never get a chance. One of the men on the other side of the chamber crossed over to him and said, by way of encouragement:

"See here, Dryden, you're going to be crowded out, but you might have time to do as the stump-speaker did who waited through a whole meeting and when his turn came he had two minutes only, so he rose and said, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, I was asked to give an address this evening which I now do with pleasure. My address is 200 Prairie Avenue.' Then he sat down."

"Well, for my part," said Mrs. Blank thankfully, "I have always been heartily glad that man was the only thing in creation endowed with speech, for I do not know what we should do if animals could talk."

"What about old Borak?" asked Senator Blank quizzically. "Borak was Mohammed's horse and spoke to him in Arabic."

"Yes," chimed in Robert, "and there was the Biblical ass that talked in Hebrew. We can all recall her remarks to Balaam."

There was some amusement at this. Then Senator P—— said with a chuckle:

"Talking of speeches in the Senate, do any of you happen to remember when John Hay, our present distinguished Secretary of State, was associate editor of the New York Tribune, years ago?"

Of course Senator Blank and the Cabinet Secretary remembered the fact very well, and the Senator continued:

"In that day it was not infrequent for Members of Congress to make slips in diction and grammar, and the Senate had one man, and a big man at that, who was particularly gifted in getting together plural verbs and singular nouns and producing astounding effects with them. One day he made a big speech on a burning issue of the hour. John Hay wrote an editorial on that speech which lives in the minds of some of us to this day. He said, alluding to this Senator:

"'Lifting on high the battle-ax of his mighty logic he buried it deftly in midair and brought it down blunt end foremost on the helpless figure of his mother tongue.'"

This made a great hit at the table, but I could not prevent an ejaculation of "Mercy!" And I began in sudden alarm to run over deftly Robert's nouns and verbs to see if they were in correct working order.

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Slocum," said the Senator reassuringly, "your husband's parts of speech are all right. We don't slay our mother tongue nowadays in the Senate. We leave it to the Members of the House to say 'I be' and 'I done.'"

As the Senator made this somewhat exaggerated charge he looked over slyly at the new Member, who fired up at once:

"Oh, see here now, we haven't a man anywhere in the Hall of the House who says, 'I done' or 'I ——'"

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But the new Member stopped in the middle of his disclaimer and a general laugh went around, for everybody was remembering some happenings in that line in the lower branch of Congress during a recent rough-and-tumble debate when plural nouns and singular verbs had held high carnival. I deemed it best to lead the conversation into another channel, and fortunately bethought me of the auction sale at Sloan's which had been held within the week and which had been one of the most fashionable events of the season. Half the official bigwigs and the best part of the smart set had met in a scramble over discarded articles of historic fame from the old White House. I turned to the Cabinet Secretary, whom I had seen bidding against Postmaster-General Payne for the possession of a washstand.

"Which of you got the washstand at Sloan's the other day?"

"Oh, Payne got it," said the Secretary. "He ran the bid up to ten dollars, but as the washstand had no back I thought I'd let him have it."

"I cannot understand what either of you saw in it," I said. "It was broken, scratched and shabby beyond belief. Now I should have liked those two beautiful old oak chairs, carved with the eagles, which Mrs. Hobart bought, or I should have liked the leather lounge that ex-Governor Lowndes bought, but that dilapidated old washstand ——!"

"That washstand, though, Mrs. Slocum, was very quaint and of beautiful wood," said the Secretary, defending his taste. "I should have liked those two white and gold mantels, but John McLean had a longer purse than mine."

"What did you secure?" asked he.

"Oh," said I, "I got one of those old mirrors containing the coat of arms of the United States which has been in the mansion for fifty years, and the like of which you cannot buy to-day. I cannot understand what the Government is thinking of to let those beautiful old relics go at auction. Just fancy that carved mahogany sideboard from the State dining-room which has presided with dignity over so many famous banquets ending its days in a restaurant!"

"Well, we did not get a thing but one of those green satin ottomans," said the Secretary's wife plaintively.

"I know of one man," said the new Member, "who has been made happy by that sale, and that is Uncle Joe Cannon, who has secured some of those crystal chandeliers that cost the Government fifteen hundred dollars apiece for the Capitol. One of them has been hung in Uncle Joe's own committee-room, the Appropriations, and he wants the big one that came out of the East Room hung up in Statuary Hall."

"Ah," said Senator P—— warningly, "better tell Cannon to beware of hanging another chandelier in Statuary Hall, for the one that hung there originally, and which was considered such a work of art, came to grief away back in the fifties when the House was in session there. There was a regular panic when that great glass thing fell, and as we used to say when I was a boy, 'tunked' the heads of the members."

"So that's what became of that chandelier?" said Senator Blank. "Wood, the superintendent of the Capitol, was wondering the other day what had ever become of that famous lighting machine. He got out a picture of it to show some of us. I must tell him."

"I wonder if Ransdell, the Sergeant-at-Arms, did not secure something at this sale for our end of the Capitol?" said Robert.

The mention of the Sergeant-at-Arms brought a smile to the face of the new Member, who said:

"Did any of you hear anything about Dan Ransdell's famous party the other night?"

We none of us had. So the new Member proceeded with much gusto:

"Ransdell has the most fascinating little place up on Capitol Hill which he calls 'The Shack.' He sent out invitations last week to a lot of us to come up there for a little card-party. Well, the dinner mania has such complete sway in this town that scarcely a man who got one of those invitations but thought he was asked to dinner. So all of them save a few sane ones, including myself, went to Ransdell's dinnerless. When they got there and saw no signs of dinner they began to sniff around, but there was no smell of dinner in the air and they began to laugh and to suspect the situation. They were hungry as bears, and soon they spied a cold lay-out on the buffet and decided to make a raid on it. Ransdell caught on to the situation and said in high glee:

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"Wait a minute, you vultures, it isn't time for that; there's some terrapin coming."

This saved the cold lay-out for a few minutes, but not for long, for the pangs of hunger had seized upon those men, and one of them cried out:

"'I say, Ransdell, that terrapin of yours must be crawling up Capitol Hill in its shell. I vote we play for what's in sight."

"And they did," continued the new Member; "they pitched in and cleaned off that sideboard in a jiffy, and you never heard such shouts of laughter in your life as they indulged in at their own expense, and Ransdell's little gathering is known all around as the famous 'Shack Party.' Poor Ransdell has been asked continually when he is going to give another dinner to the 'Cross-legged Knights,' or another 'Barmecide feast!'"

"By the way," said Robert, addressing the new Member, "before I forget it I want to know whether you have been able to come to any understanding with the President about that postmaster business in your State?"

"By Jove, no," said the new Member, "I have not. I went up there by appointment with my whole delegation the other day and found the President as jolly as a sandboy. It was just after his hurt at playing single stick, and he shook hands with his left hand after giving us that little military salute of his which he gives when he is in particularly good spirits. But not one word could we get out of him about that postmastership. He smiled and said:

"'I have the matter under advisement, gentlemen, but the stress of public business, particularly the coal and *wood* strike, has made it impossible for me to dispose of this appointment.'"

"What in the world did he mean by the 'wood' strike?" we asked.

"That," continued the new Member, "is just what our entire delegation asked. The President smiled at us indulgently, and said, holding out his bandaged right hand:

"'Don't you consider, gentlemen, that I have a pretty bad *Wood* strike *on hand?*'"

"I wonder if General Wood has heard that witticism?" we all said. Robert added:

"And I'll bet that you couldn't lead the President back to that postmaster business?"

"Of course not," laughed the new Member, "for as soon as I harked back to the appointment he immediately asked us if we had seen the 'Administration bear.' We hadn't seen it, and didn't even know what he meant until he showed us a calendar for 1903 containing all those clever cartoons of the bear which he had gone down South to hunt in November, and which he not only hadn't killed but hadn't even set eyes on. Berryman has made up the funniest calendar of the bears you ever saw and has sent it to the President. It pleased him so much that he has written to Berryman to come up and see him. This bear is known all around, now, as the 'Administration bear.' One of our delegation was so tickled by the one in the cartoon where the bear has on ear muffs and galoshes that he broke out impulsively with:

"'Get on to the likeness, will you!' Of course the President joined in the laugh."

"That bear with the charmed life," said Senator P——, "must be the very bear that a certain Southern statesman of prominence was in hopes would eat up our Chief Executive when he was off on that famous trip."

"How was that?" we all exclaimed with interest.

"Well, I only know," said the Senator with much humor in his tone, "that a fine young fellow whom I know came all the way up from a Southern State in hot haste to consult this statesman about the Mississippi hunting trip just before it came off. The young man, it seems, had aspirations for the National Congress and was on the eve of running in his State. He also had a warm admiration for the President and wanted to take a hand in getting up the hunting trip and to be prominent in the party. But he thought it would be the part of wisdom to consult the Solon of the South, so he said:

"'Governor, you know the temper of Southerners better than I do, and I want you to tell me whether you think it would hurt my chances of election to Congress in my district if I should organize this hunting trip and attend the President personally?'

"'John,' said the statesman solemnly, eying the young man, 'if you will invite the President down to go hunting in the swamps, and if you'll lead him into the densest part and take care that a bear eats him up, I'll see to it that you are sent to the United States Senate!'"

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Between the Lines

IT IS possibly the increased strenuousness of New York life which apparently has done away with the picturesque Bohemian coteries of artists and writers who formerly foregathered in various clubs and societies. One of these clubs, the Lanthorn, was founded by Mr. Irving Bacheller, who was then managing his newspaper syndicate, before Eben Holden had taken form. The meetings were held in the loft of an old building on William Street which was full of historic association. The old French restaurant on the first floor was believed to be a lineal descendant of a Revolutionary coffee house. The construction of the first story showed some odd use of stones and also of bricks which were said to have been brought across the water like the bricks used in certain of the Virginia Colonial mansions. The rooms were low, the walls thick, and the stairways and passages narrow and intricate. The first "battle" of the Revolution was fought practically in the back yard, since the house stood on what was termed Golden Hill, the scene of an early affray between local patriots and British soldiers. Over across the street where a business block now stands was once the house where Washington Irving first saw the light. Furthermore, there was a legend that in the coffee-house days this quaint old building was the temporary home of the redoubtable Captain Kidd.

It was in the upper floor, a loft open to the roof and traversed by dark beams, that the Lanthorn Club held its revels. The membership was composed of some men who had written books, and more who were writing for the newspapers, together with a sprinkling of artists and others. There was once an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner with plenty of pie and informal speech-making. Authors of the rank of Mr. Howells, Doctor Eggleston and Mr. Stoddard were guests at some of these cheerful gatherings, where Mr. Bacheller presided, and the rafters often rang with shouts of laughter until the candles flickered. After The Red Badge of Courage brought fame to Stephen Crane his brother members of the Lanthorn gave a reception in his honor, where Mr. Howells made one of his rare speeches and the doughty John Swinton tore things in general into tatters. But the light of the Lanthorn was extinguished some years since, so far as the Bohemia of art and letters is concerned, although a luncheon club of a more practical and conservative character has succeeded to the rooms.

Irving Bacheller's Good Stories

It was after a long apprenticeship of journalism and syndicate work that Mr. Bacheller came into his own with the dry humor and goodness of heart illustrated in Eben Holden. But this was by no means his first book. Authors who find the world indifferent may take heart from his experience. How many readers recall The Master of Silence, or The Still House of O'Darrow, and yet these were Mr. Bacheller's first books. There were poems, also, and stories, but it was not until the author utilized his memories of his native North Country—the North Country of New York—that the door was opened to him. D'ri and I followed, and it is understood that there may be another novel of rustic life within the year. In or out of his books the author is a capital story-teller, with a fund of humor and good fellowship which has made his success a welcome arrival.

Once in the North Country Mr. Bacheller learned that a peculiarly taciturn guide had had a strange experience with a bull. As they sat at luncheon one day after whipping a trout stream the guide was asked for a story. In a disjointed fashion between huge mouthfuls of doughnuts and cheese the guide described "a pesky bull," so "tarnal ugly" that he attacked every one. The guide had armed himself with a club, and when the bull charged he leaped aside and caught the animal by the tail.

"What happened then?" asked the listener.

The guide slowly masticated his doughnut.

"Wal, I whaled him."

More mastication.

"What did the bull do?"

"Wal, finally he jist bellered an' run."

"And you held on?"

"Yaas, I held on an' whaled."

"How long?"

"Wal, we come to a tree an' the bull he took one side an' I took the other."

"Did you hold on to his tail?"

"I did so."

"What happened?"

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"Wal, when we got by the tree I had a darned sight more tail than the bull."

But it is unjust to the story-teller to condense any of the stories which he gives with such an unctuous appreciation of the manners and speech of the North Country folk.

Curiosities of Bookmaking

One of the curiosities of modern bookmaking is suggested by a recent book of travels in Patagonia. The expedition described in this book had its inception in a tale started some two years ago which affirmed the present existence of the Giant Sloth or prehistoric Mylodon in Patagonia. Thereupon an enterprising English publisher, whose name is associated with periodicals of vast circulation, organized an expedition to hunt down this contemporary of megatherium and pterodactyl. It was reported that a piece of the animal's skin had been found hanging in a tree at Last Hope Inlet, Patagonia, and that many remains had been found near by. Professor Ray Lancaster, of the British Museum, declared it to be "possible" that "the Mylodon still exists in some of the more mountainous regions of Patagonia." Out of this grew the expedition. But neither from the evidence of natives, from exploration, or from observation of the great forests was it possible to find any proof of the Giant Sloth's existence. His vote, therefore, was negative, but while the Mylodon was not captured, it was inevitable that the result of the expedition should be a book.

Another odd phase of some of the bookmaking of the day is the announcement of a book which is to give a back-door entrance to the mansions of multi-millionaires. One of the more conservative publishers is to issue a description of the housekeeping and marketing and kitchen organization of the "great houses" of Gotham, thereby, as it were, embalming the areaway observations of the professional Jenkins of the newspapers in permanent form. One can imagine how Thackeray would have delighted in an opportunity to review the book.

A Literary Policeman

General Francis Vinton Greene, who has lately taken the uneasy position of Police Commissioner in New York, is an author, like the former head of the police board, Theodore Roosevelt. General Greene, who was graduated from West Point and served in the regular army until 1886, was a military attaché in the Turco-Russian war, and was present at the bloody battles of Shipka and Plevna. The resulting book on The Russian Army and its Campaigns in Turkey was accounted by military experts one of the best modern studies of its kind. He has written other books, including a life of General Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame. Possibly the experiences which assist him may result in a literary memorial of a campaign with the New York police.

The improvements in transit which are under way in New York would have been appreciated by Edgar Allan Poe. When he was the editor of the Broadway Magazine his office was in the neighborhood of the City Hall. The cottage which he occupied for a part of this time still stands at Fordham, ten miles or more away. Opposite the cottage is an attractive bit of open ground with lawn and trees which is now Poe's Park. Farther up the river Irving's home, Sunnyside, stands very much as it was when he left it for the last time. Manhattan Island itself, however, is likely to maintain few literary landmarks in the future against the march of the sky-scraper.

Mr. Caine's picturesque countenance has won him some rather hard knocks as well as a large measure of publicity. There was recently a story by Henry Harland in his collection Gray Roses which dealt very harshly with a literary poseur whom some readers were unkind enough to mistake for Mr. Caine. Indeed, the gibes that one hears in the smoking-rooms of certain London clubs which have literary affiliations are not sparing of any one.

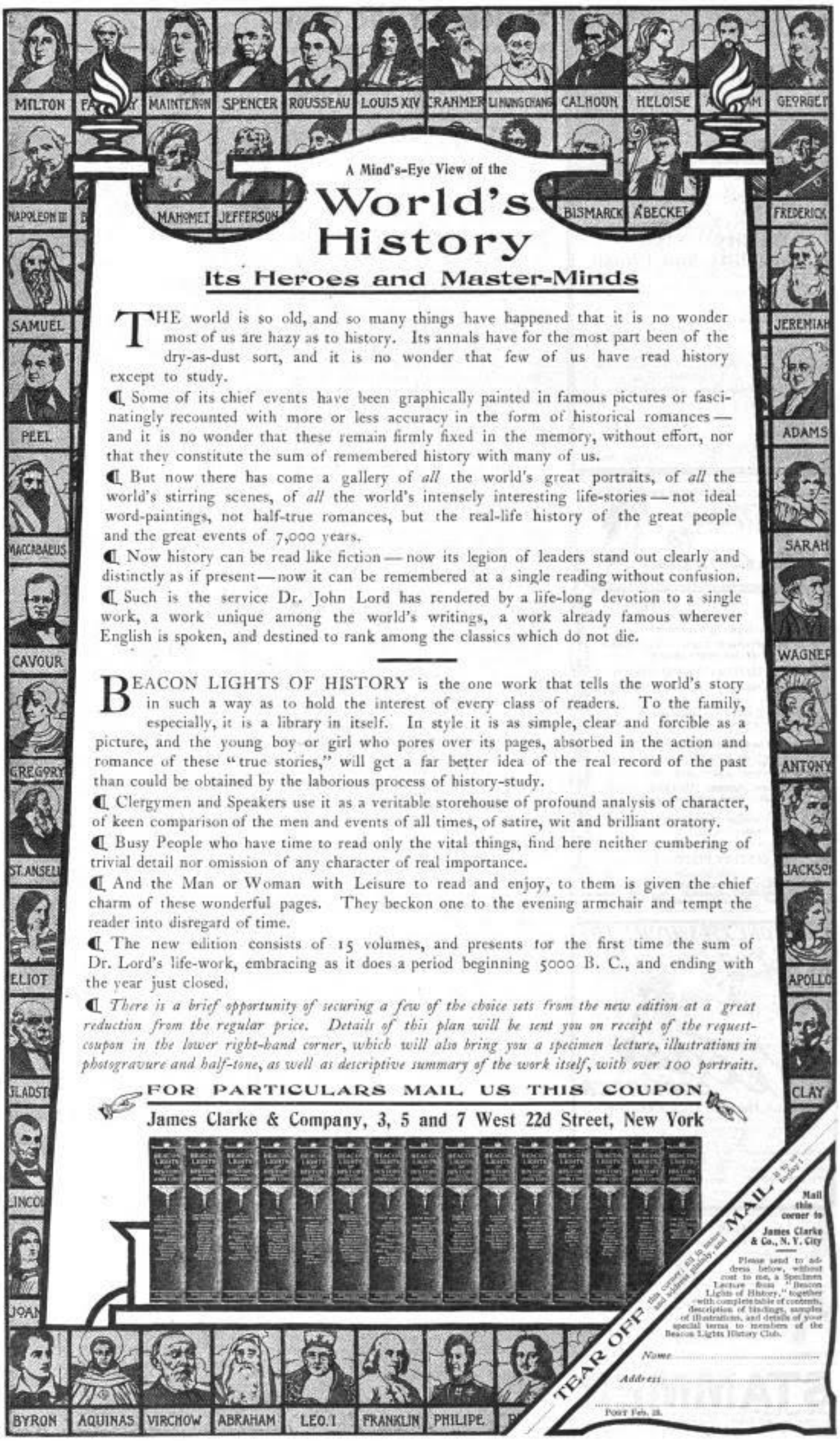
Apropos of Gilbert Parker's well-known and resolute ambition and get-ahead-ativeness, a London confrère said recently, "I do not sleep well."

"What is the trouble?" was asked.

"I am frequently wakened by a sound."

"What is the sound?"

"The sound of Gilbert Parker climbing."



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Its Heroes and Master-Minds

THE world is so old, and so many things have happened that it is no wonder most of us are hazy as to history. Its annals have for the most part been of the dry-as-dust sort, and it is no wonder that few of us have read history except to study.

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ALMOST THERE, U. S. A.

Dear Reader: I generally like to write about the thing that's uppermost in my mind and I can't get the young man I met the other day out of my head. You see he was a professional barytone singer, and we fell into conversation while we were both waiting for a train to attend to business and take us to a suburban town out in Jersey.

He was a gentle-spoken, small-featured, refined-looking chap, a college-bred man, and he came (as I found out) of a rather well-known Massachusetts family who contributed men to the pulpit and to the Revolutionary Army when we were struggling for freedom.

It came out that he had sung the night before at the house of Zenas Q. Higgins who made the enormous fortune in Wall Street two years ago that was the talk of the whole country for nearly three days. Twenty millions, I think it was, in as many hours. Mrs. Higgins had always had society leanings, and when she became that rich it was an easy matter for her to become a lady, and she did so almost as fast as Zenas had made his money. It isn't every one who can become a lady inside of twenty-four hours even in this rapid country.

Just out of curiosity I asked the young barytone if he had had any desire to push into society while singing at such a palatial residence and his answer was amusing. He said: "Why, I did not go there as a guest. I went there on business as a paid entertainer. I didn't meet him or his wife and they didn't meet me because we aren't equals. He knows it and I know it. Of course, I don't mean to say that he is not a much cleverer man than I, because I'm no better off in a pecuniary way than I was when I was born, while he has enough money to buy cities, but he's not the sort of man that I'd care to invite home to meet my mother, and so why should I attempt to do more than sing for him?"

I laughed outright, because the idea seemed whimsical. I know well enough that Higgins felt that the barytone was highly honored in being hired to sing in his gorgeous palace. What would he have thought if he could have known that the modest barytone felt socially superior to him? And of course he was socially superior.

We had quite a comfortable chat, the barytone and I, because I have seen exhibitions of the way in which singers are snubbed by their patronesses. I know a lady who is in the habit of employing singers and musicians of commanding talent at her functions. They are always met by her housekeeper, and she never so much as acknowledges their presence save when applauding their efforts in company with her guests, but among those who have sung and played for her are some who have their own evenings at home where you will meet about all the lions in the literary and artistic world, and where every one is on an equality, because it is not money but feeling and talent that counts with them. It would be literally impossible for Madame Moneybags to obtain an invitation to one of those "at homes."

In the world she has bought with her money they are beneath her, but in the real world she is simply ignored by them. But I pray you, do not tell her, because it makes her happy to think that she is a social leader.

I told the barytone and I'm going to tell you of an experience that a young violinist had with Mrs. Moneybags' husband, who is vulgar but good-natured.

The violinist had been performing at her house together with a well-known prima donna and a tenor not so well known. The violinist was human, like the rest of us, and becoming thirsty he went and asked the person nearest him, who happened to be Mr. Moneybags, for a drink of water.

Mrs. Moneybags would have withered him with a glance and would perhaps have called a servant *of* a servant to attend to his wants, but Mr. Moneybags' sense of humor was touched.

"Water, water! In *this* house? No, young man, I don't have anything as cheap as water here. You'd better order something expensive." Then he put his hand on the young man's shoulder—you see he was democratic enough to touch a musician with his own hands—and he led him into the dining-room where the invited guests were soon to make merry, and he said to a waiter, "Say, this young feller is thirsty. Fill him up with champagne. Give him all he'll drink. He isn't a guest, but he can hit the fiddle all right."

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The young musician was not a drinking man, however, so he said quietly after the millionaire had left the room:

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It isn't necessary to say, however, that in the homes of cultivated people artists are never made to feel that there is a difference—as there frequently is—and the little barytone told me that he had many real and valued friends among people who first knew him as a professional singer. It's a fine thought that there are in America many professional business men who are not ashamed to accept professional singers as friends. Because, after all, a man who labors with his hands and brain might look down on a man who labors only with his brain and throat.

While we are on this subject who can tell what it is that makes a gentleman? It is not one's profession or trade or occupation. It is not good manners, it certainly isn't riches; it is not education, or even cultivation, or kindness of heart, or politeness. I've known men who were studiedly polite and who were not gentlemen in the real sense of the word, and I have known real gentlemen who swore like pirates. There was not an ounce of profanity in their swearing, however—not half the venom that some women can put into "Hang it!" I have known men who never smoked or drank or swore or chewed whom you would not care to take home to dinner, and I have known men of the kindest hearts in the world who were anything but gentlemen. There's no hard and fast rule. A man may break all the rules of society and yet be a gentleman, and another may obey all the rules and miss gentlehood. In fact, such a thing as a *perfect* gentleman never existed, but all of us have larger or smaller spots of gentlemanliness on us, and if we know how to cultivate the spots they may spread so that we'll pass for a gentleman almost anywhere—even at Mrs. Moneybags'.

And this much we all know: That a real gentleman or a lady will always contrive to make his or her entertainers as happy as her guests, and we also know that if a man systematically goes to work to make others happy—well, if he doesn't look out some one will cry at him, "You're a gentleman."

Speaking of the man whom you wouldn't take home to dinner. Have you ever thought that perhaps that man may have a good deal of feeling for his family himself, and that that is the reason he has never invited you?

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SENATOR-ELECT James B. McCreary, of Kentucky, who will take his seat in the United States Senate on March 4, is in every sense a typical Kentuckian. Like all Kentuckians, he loves to entertain—not for policy's sake, but in the good old way; like all Kentuckians, he loves to speak, and there is not a barbecue, picnic or public function of any kind in his district but what he is on the program; and, like all Kentuckians, he loves horses, although he never attends races. During the Civil War he naturally drifted into the cavalry, following the dashing raider Morgan throughout his career and winning a name for himself at Green River Bridge, where his cool head and determined effort saved the Confederate forces from a terrible defeat. Though the greater part of his life since the war has been spent in public service, Mr. McCreary has found time to carry on extensive and successful farming interests in the Bluegrass. Some years ago, while he was Governor of Kentucky, Mr. McCreary's favorite horse, Prince, a handsome bay of royal blood, learned the trick of slipping the bridle. The Governor had his groom to search every saddler's shop in Richmond for a bridle that Prince could not slip. Being unable to find one, he went in person to a certain shop and asked for a safe bridle. The dealer replied that he had none.

"That's strange," said the Governor; "why don't you make one?"

"Never saw one, and don't know how."

"Well, I'll show you."

With that he pulled off his coat and went to work. The result was such a surprise to the saddler that he did not get over it for a week. The hooded bridle, now in common use, is very simple, but will baffle any horse, however tricky he may be.

The dealer wanted to have it patented and called the McCreary Bridle, but the Governor would not hear of it. He said that any man who had followed Morgan, who had ridden every kind of horse that could be "borrowed" on the way, and then didn't know how to make a bridle that would not slip, ought not to be allowed to own a horse.

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The Firm Mr. Turck

By HAYDEN CARRUTH

PERSISTENCY of purpose and the making the best of untoward happenings seemed always to arouse the admiration of the ingenious Mr. Milo Bush. He was so often heard to speak with profound respect of a certain former denizen of Sentinel Butte named Turck that I was finally convinced that he must have possessed qualities of this description, and on dropping a hint to Mr. Bush soon learned that my suspicions were not ill-founded.

Oh, yes; Turck, Obadiah Turck [he began without delay]. Remarkable man, Turck was — you never in your life seen a man so set in his way as he was. And contrary — why, if you should mebby say sort o' careless, just wishing to be agreeable and make conversation and not offend anybody, that the sun rose in the east, up that Turck would speak and say it wa'n't no such stuff — that sunrise is a local phenomenon and that in Ingeana, where he come from, it always rose in the west. If you'd never been in Ingeana what could you say? Then mebby he'd go on and say that Ingeana had a moon of its own, which never set, but just hung up and tended strictly to lighting Ingeana; though he might not neither, Turck not being much of a talker, but more inclined to set solemn and think when he wasn't working, as he was mostly, being the biggest worker in the town. You never seen such a worker. Not a fast worker like Al Doty — why, I've known Al Doty to go to the post-office and set a hen before breakfast, swap hosses twice dooring the forenoon, and in the afternoon repair his fiddle, go a-fishin', chase a tramp out of town, set ten mush-rat traps and put a new handle in the ax for his wife; and not exhausted with his labors as any other man would 'a' been, come tearing downtown in the evening and hunt two hours for a man — any man — who would take one side — either side — in a bet on something — anything. Never seen such a man for pure industry. And mebby then not satisfied, but he would set in Shanks' grocery and show how a high tariff on bananas and monkey-wrenches would pay off the national debt. And sometimes he'd go home and set up the rest of the night in the cellar with the cat helping her catch rats. And turn up fresh in the morning at the post-office. Worst man for dorgs you ever seen. Had more'n a million of 'em — pretty near. Used to have his dorgs trained so they'd take turns standing inside the front door with their tails sticking out through a knothole about two feet from the ground.

When you called you pulled the dorg's tail, the dorg barked and somebody come and let you in. Called it the Al Doty Patent Living Canine Doorbell. Then he had a dorg which — but I was telling you 'bout old Turck.

Well, this here Turck — it was very curious 'bout all of Al's dorgs that they — this here old Turck was a slow, hard worker who never said a word 'less you said two and two made four, or something of the sort, when he'd up and tell you that it wa'n't no universal fact, 'cause they didn't come within a mile of it in Ingeana. The most stick-to-it and fight-it-out man you ever seen. Used to raise garden truck out here half a mile and peddle it round town. Had a wagon he carried his stuff in. Thought it was the greatest wagon that ever got behind a boss. Said it was made out of some kind of wood which grew in only one spot in Ingeana. Byneby one wheel dropped off it. Fastened a rail under it with one end on the ground to hold up that corner. Then another wheel busted. Put a grindstone on in place of it. Then the third wheel caved. Clapped on a sleigh runner. Then the fourth and last wheel went all to smash.

What did old Turck do? Took hold of the end of the axle with one hand and went round town carrying that corner of the wagon. And all the time bragging 'bout the special wood in that wagon, and telling how he had run the agents of the Smithsonian Asylum out of the neighborhood when they wanted to examine the strange tree it come out of.

But what I wanted to tell you 'bout in partic'lar was old Turck's experience with the convict. Not that it's much of a story, but it 'lustrates his character so well. Character is the troo thing, after all. 'Tain't where a man comes from, or what he says, or what he does even, that counts; it's what he *is*. Old Turck had character. He stood for the right. You couldn't move him no more'n you could put your shoulder ag'in' the Rock of Jibberwalter and make it stand over out o' the way. Old Turck had stability.

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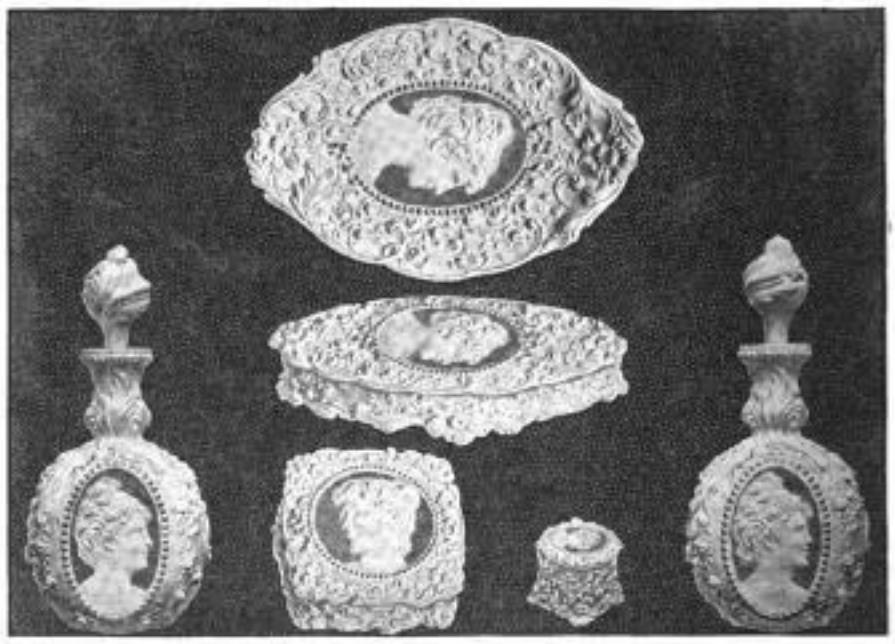

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William Walker Atkinson, Editor

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This convict was in the Territorial prison up at Longview. Don't know what he was in for, but I guess he done it, whatever it was.

He wasn't much of a man, anyhow, and didn't seem to profit by the advantages which our fine prison afforded, with the lockstep, and molasses on his mush three times a week, and coffee legal hollerdays, and all them luxuries.

'Stead of staying in jail as he should and being made into a new man and a useful member of society, what did this ungrateful critter do but bust out in the night and go off wearing the fine striped clothes we taxpayers had provided him with as part of the means of reforming him.

Well, this here criminal, when he gets out he looks at his clothes in the moonlight. Says he to himself, "They won't do." The stripes were black and white, 'bout two inches wide, and running round—very neat and tasty inside and calculated to help a man morally, but not the thing for outside wear, as the feller had well said. Then says the feller to himself, "I must make a swap with some man what ain't in yet," and he started on, keeping his eyes open. Just 'fore daylight he got down in this neighborhood, and came along to old Turck's house, and sneaks up through the garden. It was a warm summer night and the winders were all open. He creeps up and looks in one which happens to be in Turck's bedroom, and sees his clothes on a chair; then he fishes 'em out with a stick, puts 'em on, and shoves his own in the winder.

He then goes hence, as the saying is, and I reckon he's hence yet, 'cause they never caught him.

In the morning Turck gets up and looks at the clothes on the chair. He looks long and some earnestly. But he says nothing. He takes 'em up and sees they're about his size. Then he puts 'em on, still saying nothing, and goes out to do the chores at the barn. He comes in at breakfast-time and is surveyed by his wife, who says something, as is the habit of some few women. Old Turck still says nothing, not being able to see that there is anything left to say when Mrs. Turck stops, which she does evenchooly, there being a limit to her strength. After breakfast he simply announces in calm, measured tones that he ain't going to be euchred by no jailbird, but that he shall wear the clothes till the feller fetches his own back. Then he hitches up and comes to town with a load of garden sass.

Well, that's about all there is to it, but you'll grasp the man's character from the incident, slight though it may be. He kept on wearing them clothes as he said he should, attracting the attention of the idle and curious as he went about town, but neither courting it nor shrinking from it, like the noble character he was. The prison officers hauled him up a few times, and took a shot at him occasionally, mistaking him for the other man, but he didn't complain.

It ran on for a year. Then one day he came home with a bundle, and after retiring to his room for some time he came out dressed in a new suit and carrying the striped one in his hand.

"Thank goodness!" says his wife.

"Yes," says he, "they are getting pretty well worn, so I shall lay 'em aside."

"Some sense at last," says his wife.

"But they ain't worn out, by any means," says he. "You take them clothes, Matilda, and cut 'em down for Georgie," and he p'inted at the youngest boy.

The woman was silent for some minutes. Then she said: "Yes, yes; as you wish. I promised to obey, and I will. The woman is the weaker vessel. She is the vine—man is the oak. Yes, yes. Thy will is my will. Yes, yes. I will make them over for our dear little Georgie." She walked up and down behind him as he sot by the stove, and wrung her hands while she struggled with her emotions. Then she paused and took up a rolling-pin, hefted it in her hands like a baseball player, and then fetched old Turck a crack on the head that the hired man heard out at the barn. When Turck come to be found that she had burnt up the striped suit.

Doc Middleton, who had been sent for in the mean time, says he immegitly begun to talk about his wagon, and how he chased off them scientific chaps from Washington.

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Telephone Holder

HOLDS your phone where you want it, when you want it. Out of the way, yet always at hand. Saves time; saves worry; saves MONEY. No accidental upsetting and breaking of receiver. A pleasure; a convenience; a necessity. It is a twentieth century business economy FOR YOU. Made in three styles of finish at popular prices. Black japanned, $1.00; Copper Oxidized, $2.50; Nickel Plated, $1.50.

THE GRIGGS MFG. CO., 79A Fifth Ave., Chicago

When You're in Trouble

with Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Leg Swellings, Weak Knees, Weak Ankles, Swollen Joints, etc.,

Our Seamless Heel

Elastic Stockings

furnish quick and often permanent relief. We weave them to your measure from new elastic (made by us), insuring fit and durability, and we sell and ship direct from the looms to you at manufacturers' prices. Send for Catalogue, measuring directions and prices.

CURTIS & SPINDELL CO., Alley Bldg., Lynn, Mass.

TRY AN IDEAL

J. W. Miller's incubator—made by the man who knows. It is really self-regulating.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We get no money until you are perfectly satisfied. Poultry Book Free.

J. W. MILLER CO.
Box 54 Freeport, Ill.

(Poultry supplies and thoroughbred fowls.)

The PRAIRIE STATES KEEP AT THE HEAD. More made—more sold—more prizes won than ALL OTHERS combined.

348 FIRST PRIZES WON

Send for catalogue—just out—finest ever issued. Mention this paper.

PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR CO.
HOMER CITY, Pa., U.S.A.

TELEGRAPHY

taught thoroughly. Our institution established in 1874, and is endorsed by officials of the Western Union Telegraph Co.

Opportunities Very Great

Unable to fill all positions that are open. Total cost—tuition (telegraphy and typewriting), board and room, 6 months' course $60. This can be reduced. Catalogue Free.

DODGE'S INSTITUTE, Valparaiso, Ind.

The Reading Table

"A Collection of Human Hearts"

"Consider that awful thing that you have there—that collection of human hearts!" said Mr. Bronson Howard to the group of American dramatists who had made him the guest of honor at their dinner.

Thus did the dean of American dramatists crystallize the experience and knowledge gained from a lifetime of play-building into a single sentence that seemed to the more advanced of his hearers to lay bare for the moment the very heart and core of the drama's best cherished secret. It is a pity that an utterance of such significance and value should be permitted to sink into oblivion instead of forcing its way into the brains of the thousands of budding playwrights who have been befuddled by the false teachings of those ignorant and pretentious ones who prate complacently of the "intellectual drama" and have a cheap sneer for what they call "playing to the gallery."

To gain an idea of the truth contained in Mr. Howard's words we have only to consider the different degrees of intelligence and education to be found in the average theatre audience. There is the good woman of high ideals and richly cultivated mind, and the erring one who is to be pitied for her ignorance. There is the multi-millionaire hidden from view by the curtains of his box, planning an enterprise for the development of a country so remote that its very name is unknown to the newsboy who has invested his last quarter in the gallery seat above. There is the banker's wife and there is the maid servant. There is the college professor and there is the truck driver. The intellectual average may be higher—and it probably is—in the lower part of the house than above, but which one of us is prepared to say where we are to look for the hearts that beat the truest, for the laughter and tears that come the most quickly, for the sympathies that are the keenest?

Every one of the men and women represented by this collection of human hearts has equal right to a place at the banquet table of instruction and entertainment that the true drama sets before its votaries. The dramatist who would appeal to them all with equal force, as Shakespeare did in "King Lear" and "Romeo and Juliet" and "Julius Cæsar," must address himself directly to their hearts instead of to their brains, and turn a deaf ear to those who extol some brewage of foreign decadence as a drama "above the heads of the people."

I have never yet seen a play that was too good for the "collection of human hearts" that Mr. Howard calls upon his juniors to respect, but I have seen several that were too stupid. A drama that is too good for us must necessarily be better than the best of Shakespeare's, which are exactly good enough.

—*James L. Ford.*

HONEY

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Sweetes' of all lovin' words,
Honey, Honey.
Got de soun' of matin' birds—
Honey, Honey.
Othah words doa' seem to 'spress
What's a-th'obbin' in yo' breas',
Don' try nuffin' mo' nor less
Dan Honey, Honey.

W'en he calls me by dat name,
Honey, Honey,
Den my hea't gits in a flame—
Honey, Honey.
My han' hol's his han' so tight,
All de worl' seems gittin' bright,
F'om dat sof' name of delight,
Honey, Honey.

Sweetes' name in all de lan',
Honey, Honey;
"Darlin' one" ain't ha'f so gran',
Honey, Honey;
Oh, my hea't hit fills and swells,
I don' want my lovin' Nelse
Fu' to call me nuffin' else
'Cept Honey, Honey!

Shakespeare's Works for Shakespeare Students

If you are a student of Shakespeare's plays or a lover of the works of the Great Poet and have been plodding through the obscure passages and unexplained phrases of an ordinary edition of Shakespeare, you should send us the coupon in the lower right-hand corner of this advertisement at once, and we will send you a set of Shakespeare for examination at our expense—no matter where you live—that will surprise you. We will send you a set of the Booklovers' edition in 40 volumes—a play to a volume. This edition is not the work of one or two editors only, but its notes and explanatory matter represent the best thought and scholarship of 200 of the world's greatest Shakespearian authorities. We have secured a limited number of sets of this magnificent edition from the regular publishers of the work and we are closing out these sets at bargain prices—and on easy monthly payments.

The Booklovers' Edition

This edition reproduces the famous Cambridge text of Shakespeare. The text is *unexpurgated* and is printed as Shakespeare wrote it. The entire set contains 7000 pages, 40 beautiful color plates and 400 reproductions of rare woodcuts of Shakespeare's time. The volumes are 7½ x 5¼ inches in size—just the right size for easy handling—and they are bound in an attractive cloth or half-leather binding stamped in gold.

Critical Comments: This is the *only advertised edition in existence containing Critical Comments* on the plays and characters selected from the writings of eminent Shakespearian scholars. These comments make clear the larger meaning of the play and the nature of the characters.

Complete Glossaries: Immediately following each play is a full Glossary, giving the *meaning of every obsolete or difficult word.* No other edition contains Glossaries as complete and full as these, and no other edition contains the Glossaries in the same volumes as the plays.

Study Methods: This edition contains a complete Method of Study for each play, consisting of Study Questions and Suggestions—the idea of the editors being to give in the set a college course in Shakespeare study.

Arguments: Preceding each play is an analysis of the play—called an "Argument"—written in an interesting story-telling style. If you do not care to read the entire play, you can read its plot and the development of its story through the Argument.

Notes: This is the *only edition published that gives two full sets of Notes in connection with each play*—Explanatory Notes for the average reader and Critical Notes for the critical student or scholar.

Life of the Poet: No other edition contains so much interesting material concerning Shakespeare himself. There is a life of Shakespeare by Dr. Israel Gollancz, with critical estimates of his character and genius by Walter Bagehot, Leslie Stephens and other writers. They are vivid articles—interesting from start to finish—and they relate all that the world *really knows* about Shakespeare.

The Coupon Cuts the Price in Two

The fact that we have secured an entire edition for cash from the publishers is the reason we are able to offer sets of this splendid Shakespeare at bargain prices. The edition will probably be sold very rapidly, so if you wish to take advantage of this bargain, do not fail to order at once. Our special bargain prices are **$27.00 for a set in half-leather binding and $21.00 for cloth binding—payable at the rate of $2.00 a month.** These are about half the regular prices of this edition, and the cost to you of the forty volumes amounts to little more than fifty cents a volume. Cut out the coupon, sign it, and mail it to us to-day, and we will send you a set, **express prepaid,** for examination. You do not pay a cent until you examine the books and are satisfied with them.

SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER

If your order is among the first 250 received, we will send you absolutely free with the set a beautiful picture matted and framed in oak (ready for hanging) of six of Shakespeare's characters executed in colors. The only condition is that you must order promptly, so that your order will be among the first 250. This picture is equal in value to pictures regularly sold at $2.00 each.

THE SIEGEL COOPER CO.
6th Ave., 18th and 19th Sts.
NEW YORK CITY

CUT OFF THIS CORNER

THE SIEGEL COOPER COMPANY
New York

Please send me on approval, prepaid, a set of **The Booklovers' Shakespeare** in half-leather. If satisfactory I agree to pay **$1 within 5 days** and **$2 per month** thereafter for 13 months; if not satisfactory I agree to return the set within 5 days. If my order is among the first 250 received, I am to receive the picture premium with the set.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

S. R. P. 2-28. In ordering cloth, change 13 months to 10 months.

$500.00 ACCIDENT INSURANCE for $1

Our "Peerless" Accident Insurance (Special Policy issued by the Union Casualty and Surety Company, of St. Louis) pays **$500.00 in event of accidental death;** also pays **$5.00 a week** for disabling injuries. This Policy, Certificate of Registration and Guarantee for medical and hospital attendance are contained in a handsome Leather Pocket Case, **ALL FOR $1. Send $1 for this Outfit.** If not satisfied after you get it, your money will be refunded. **Agents Wanted.**

THE COMMERCIAL REGISTRY COMPANY
303 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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The Money Makers of Advertising And How They Are Created

SAMUEL MOSSER, Reading, Pa. E. T. HEALEY, Jamesburg, N. J. J. N. PAIGE, Troy, N. Y. H. D. BARTO, Syracuse, N. Y.

$100.00 to $500.00 a Month Through Mail Instruction

THE readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are largely men and women who find entertainment and encouragement in the business story, and there is, perhaps, no form of literature that appeals to them more strongly than the kind dealing with great business possibilities and offering plenty of encouragement to those who will heed the signs of the times.

The marvelous development of the advertising business has opened up widespread opportunities for ambitious men and women to earn fine salaries. Advertising writers **and managers are paid higher salaries than any other class of subordinate workers, some of the picked workers receiving from $10,000 to $15,000 a year.**

Advertisers everywhere are calling for young men and women who have been properly trained to write advertisements, and the supply of good help does not begin to equal the demand.

The clerk, bookkeeper, salesman or stenographer who becomes a proficient ad. writer is in a position to earn double the present income because employers are quick to recognize the added worth of such knowledge, and are willing to pay the price.

The trained ad. writer does more than merely originate illustrative ideas and write pleasantly about the various products, for he or she must study conditions and apply the known principles where they will do the most good.

The enterprising American manufacturer has found out that advertising will place his goods in tens of thousands of homes throughout the land, and he is losing no time in realizing on his investment possibilities. And just as soon as his business begins to feel the effects of publicity, with an ever-increasing appropriation, then is opened up another position for the competent advertising writer.

With advertising increasing in volume at the rate of at least one hundred millions of dollars yearly it takes no prophet to foresee the wonderful effect on the skilled labor market; and those vocations which are to-day overcrowded must each contribute their quota to the ranks of the advertising writer.

Not only is it a vital part of commercial economy that all this new volume of advertising be properly cared for, but it is equally important that a large percentage of the existing matter be improved by trained business writers, for a mere glance at our magazines and newspapers will reveal the deplorable lack of originality and pithiness of sixty per cent. of the advertisements now running.

Shoe Ad. by H. D. BARTO, Syracuse, N. Y.

By George H. Powell

I have been asked time and again why the graduates of the Powell System of Advertising Instruction are so successful, in the great majority of instances, and how it is possible for the student by mail to gain the necessary practical experience without first entering the Advertising Department of an advertiser.

Now, of all branches of education, that of advertising writing is probably the best adapted to correspondence instruction.

A student of the Powell System after certain preliminary study is put right into practical and actual ad. writing under my personal supervision, which creates originality, where none was formerly possessed, and develops the knack of briefly and pointedly telling a business story.

And an ordinary common school education, added to a willingness to work and learn, is the sum total of the preliminary requirements to insure final success.

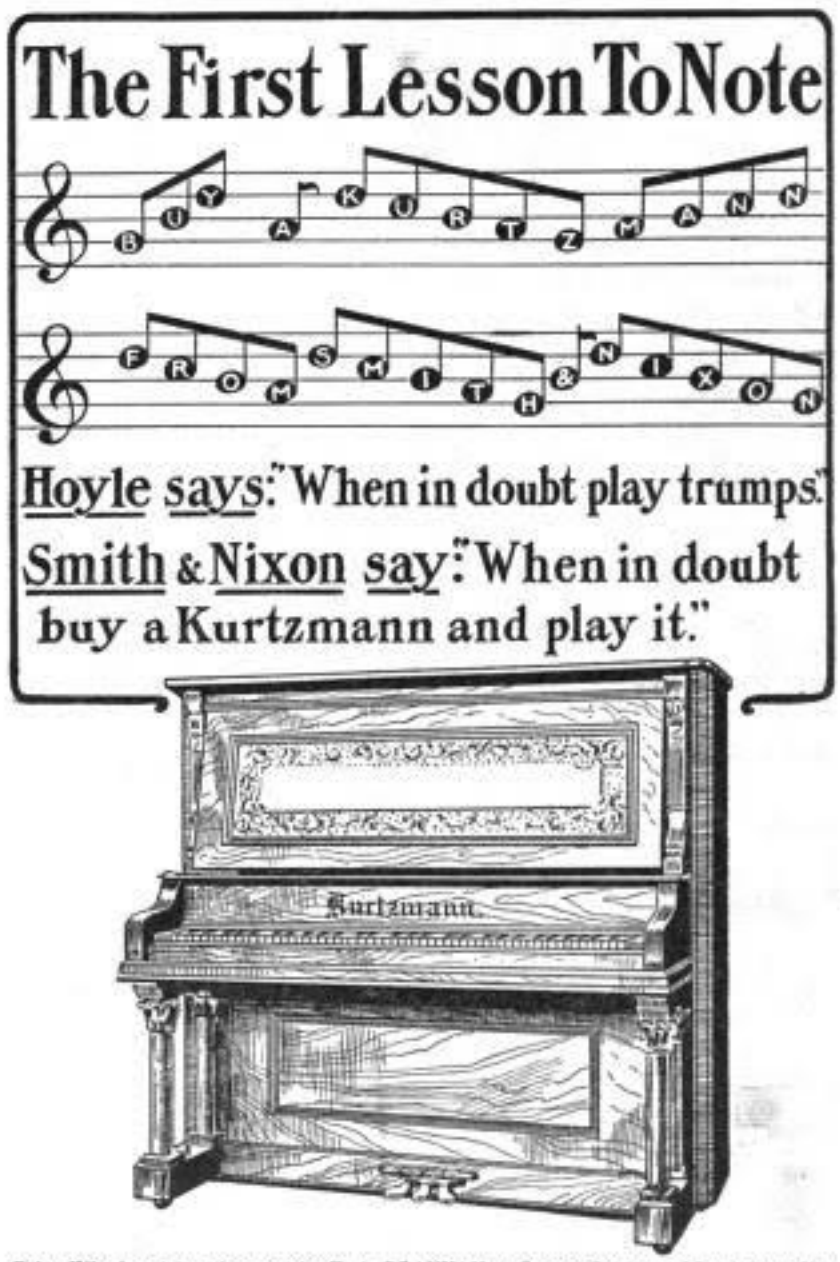
On this page I illustrate two more specimens of my students' work, and they point unmistakably to careful training which distinguishes my students above those who have been prepared elsewhere.

Mr. H. D. Barto began my course over a year ago, after a fruitless effort to learn good ad. writing through another course, and to-day he conducts an office of his own, with a list of some thirty customers, and with such signal success that he will soon be obliged to add to his force of workers. Not only did I teach him to produce good advertising, but I also went further and told him how to establish his own business. When one can complete my course and establish a large list of customers in less than fourteen months, many of whom contract for service at the rate of $50 each a week, it shows unmistakably what great and wonderful possibilities are within the grasp of those who are animated with a desire and determination to succeed. Mr. J. N. Paige, of Troy, N. Y., was earning a very moderate salary, and after completing less than half my course was doubling his income, and yet he has hardly begun to realize through his skill. Mr. E. T. Healey, of Jamesburg, N. J., had a similar experience to that of Mr. Barto, but he is now fitted to produce the best work at best prices. Mr. Samuel Mosser, of Reading, Pa., whose recent work has created so much favorable comment, has just been tendered the managership of a large retail store, where he will find plenty of scope for his advertising skill, and if he is not admitted later to a partnership I shall miss my guess, for scores of such advertising advancements are matters of record. The piano advertisement by Mr. Branham was a prize winner, and yet he is not ready to graduate from my course.

Advertising writing is the most congenial of all vocations, and it is, fortunately, the best adapted to home study and work. Those earning less than $25.00 per week should thoroughly investigate the Powell System, which is acknowledged by great authorities to be the best.

Business men and those who have their way to make in the world will be interested in my new Prospectus, which is the most instructive ever issued. It also contains an abundance of testimony that gives the facts as they are. To obtain a copy simply address me, George H. Powell, 182 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

Possibilities in Reach of Ambitious Men and Women



Prize Winning Advertisement by T. A. BRANHAM, a Powell Student of Louisville, Ky.

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A LITERARY LANDMARK

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ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
SYRACUSE, N.Y. U.S.A.

Send Us 25c to cover cost of packing and postage, and receive this grand "Sunshine" collection of **Beautiful Flowers**, our new catalogue containing the most liberal offers ever made, and a CASH CHECK for 25c., **giving you your money back.**

20 Packets Seed

1 Pkt Evening Primrose	1 Pkt Giant Daisy
1 Pkt Kudzu Vine	1 Pkt Aster
1 Pkt Balloon Vine	1 Pkt Begonia
1 Pkt Baby Rose	1 Pkt Cal. Poppy
1 Pkt Blue Bells	1 Pkt Love Lies Bleeding
1 Pkt Star Flower	2 Pkts Pansy (mixed)
1 Pkt Double Carnation	1 Pkt Chrysanthemum
1 Pkt Petunia, white	1 Pkt Double Portulaca
	1 Pkt Sweet Pea
	1 Pkt Cypress Vine
	1 Pkt Wild Flower, garden

20 BULBS 1 Calla, 1 Madeira Vine, 2 Gladiolus, 2 Cinnamon Vine, 1 Ammonia, 2 Hyacinth, 1 Montbretia, 10 Bulbs for Edging or Hanging Basket. **20 Pkts Seed, 20 Bulbs, Cash Check and Catalogue all for the price of the packing and postage, 25c.**

—J. ROSCOE FULLER & CO., Floral Park, N. Y.

Rare and Beautiful PALMS,

FERNS, DECORATIVE PLANTS; also choicest fruit and useful trees and shrubs from all over the Tropics and warm temperate climes of earth. Large, unique catalogue, with descriptions, cuts and full information **free.** It contains 9 departments, covering all tropical and semi-tropical plant growth.

Our plants, naturally grown, without forcing, are greatly superior in vigor and root-growth to Northern hot-house stock, and succeed universally. We ship constantly, every month, by mail, express and freight, **safely,** to all countries.

REASONER BROS., ONECO, FLA.

D. and C. Roses

are the best. *Always on their own roots.* Plants sent to any point in the United States. Safe arrival guaranteed. 50 years' experience. **Flower and Vegetable Seeds a specialty.** Write for

GUIDE TO ROSE CULTURE

for 1903—the leading rose catalogue of America. 172 pages. Mailed **free.** Nearly 1,000 varieties. Tells how to grow them and all other desirable flowers. Est. 1850. 70 greenhouses.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., West Grove, Pa.

These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package.

GLUTEN FLOUR FOR DYSPEPSIA

SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR

K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR

Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers. For book or sample, write

Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N.Y., U.S.A.

DON'T SET HENS the same old way while a **200 Egg Natural Hen Incubator Costs But $3,** other sizes equally as low. Over 125,000 in use. **Indispensable** to anyone who keeps a hen. Our Patents protected against infringements. Agents wanted every place, either sex, no experience necessary. Catalogue telling all about and **25c Lice Formula FREE** if you write to-day. **Natural Hen Incubator Co., B 102, Columbus, Neb.**

Oddities and Novelties

A Rival for the Panama

Corn husks during the present season have been bought up for the purpose of utilizing them in the manufacture of a new style of hat which may become both fashionable and popular next summer.

The material is cheap. In fact, it is usually wasted. Properly cured corn husks are tough and may be folded without cracking. Dampened, they can be made to assume any desired shape.

The process of working corn husks into hats is novel, somewhat intricate, and is protected by patent. It is said that samples already turned out are artistic as well as light and strong.

An element which enters significantly into the construction of the hat is the natural shape of the husks, which taper in width from base to tip. When split the parts maintain this configuration, as they parallel the fibers.

This tapering of all the parts has been an important feature in the manufacture of the hat. The brim and top of the hat are formed by a series of layers of corn husks. To impart a novel appearance, the outer ends of some of these layers are pointed. Considerable ingenuity has been displayed in the entire construction of the hat—even the band is made of corn husks—and it is asserted that the result is graceful and attractive, and that though it may be constructed economically to be sold at popular prices, more expensive brands, requiring exceptional skill in the manufacture, will be turned out to meet the demand for hats at fancy prices.

A Boon for Boarders

The chemical secret of making an edible butter out of copra oil, hitherto available only for the manufacture of soap, is a matter of such absorbing commercial interest that a European soap and perfumery firm has offered $60,000 for the formula. But the manufacturing chemists who have made the discovery value it more highly than that. A Marseilles firm worked for a number of years employing very costly machinery and high-priced scientists in making experiments which have finally resulted in the production of a copra butter having the consistency, taste and color of dairy butter.

When it is realized that this edible butter is the result of subtle chemical reactions of the very elements that have formerly been employed in the making of soap, the wonder grows.

Now a chemist in Baltimore, Maryland, has produced a table butter, nutritious and appetizing, from this same copra oil. It has been tested by the Government chemists at Washington who pronounce it free from deleterious matter. It comes, however, under the oleomargarine tax. The cost of production, after the first expense of experimenting is over, is not great.

One of the problems in manufacturing this novel kind of butter has been to remove the elements that cause rancidity. In an analysis of the finished product it has been hitherto impossible to discover either that secret or the more baffling one of how the oils, acids, fats, etc., that for years have not been considered valuable except for soap, now are made to blend strangely into wholesome butter. Copra butter should not be confounded with cocoa butter which is used in the drug and perfumery trades.

A Preservative for Timber

Experiments are being conducted on an extensive scale by the United States Government and by foreign nations with a wood-saturating device recently patented but not yet placed on the market. The process involves forcing preservative fluids, under high pressure, through piers, ship timber and railroad ties to protect them against destructive ants, beetles or mollusks.

Should these experiments prove successful the invention will be a source of great fortune to the patentee, and will be of incalculable benefit to shipping and other industries.

The special aim of the process is to combat the destruction wrought by the *teredo navalis*, which thus far has defied scientific warfare waged upon it. The British and German Governments have long had standing offers of substantial rewards to any one who should discover some efficient method of checking the ravages of this pest. The animal was originally brought into European and American ports by vessels hailing from tropical waters. It has now thoroughly domiciled

$30 Teacher to $100 Surveyor Through the I. C. S.

When I enrolled in the International Correspondence Schools six months ago, I was teaching school at $30 a month. After studying three months, I secured a position as draftsman and assistant surveyor at $70 a month, but soon after beginning work was offered $100 a month; I consider the instruction the most practical and economical ever offered to the public; in his spare time a man can acquire as good an education as at many colleges. The Instruction Papers are clear and concise, and the Reference Library is well gotten up. As soon as I finish the Surveying and Mapping Course, I shall qualify for further advancement by studying another.

Lloyd L. Smith

Deputy County Surveyor, Chinook, Choteau Co., Mont.

Do You Want a Better Position?

The mission of the I. C. S. is to train ambitious people for better positions. Our Courses cost from $10 up. Terms easy. No books to buy. Every student is entitled to the assistance of our Students' Aid Department, in securing advancement or a new position. That we furnish the right kind of training is proven by our 48-page booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," which gives the names, addresses, and progress of over a thousand I. C. S. students, many in your own locality. It shows what we have done for others, and what we can do for you. To those inquiring now it will be sent free. Cut out, fill in, and mail the Coupon NOW!

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

Please send me your booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X.

Mechanical Engineer	Textile Designer
Mechanical Draftsman	Textile-Mill Supt.
Electrical Engineer	Metallurgist
Electrician	Chemist
Telephone Engineer	Ornamental Designer
Steam Engineer	Navigator
Marine Engineer	Bookkeeper
Civil Engineer	Stenographer
Surveyor	Teacher
Mining Engineer	To Speak French
Sanitary Engineer	To Speak German
Architect	To Speak Spanish

Name _____

St. & No. _____

City _____ State _____

"PEEP O'DAY" THE SENSATIONAL NEW, EARLY SWEET CORN

The first sweet corn of the season. Ten days earlier than any other sort. Tenderest, juiciest, sweetest, most highly productive. Size of cob just right. It is delicate and dainty.

Every Private Garden should have Peep O'Day

NO MARKET GARDENER CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT THIS MOST PROFITABLE CROP.

Boys! Here is a chance to make big money. Get a half acre or a vacant lot and have a sweet corn farm. Many people in every town really hunger for early sweet corn that is *sweet*. How eagerly they will buy! Write for our pictured catalogue of Northern Seeds and Nursery Stock. It tells fully about "Peep O'Day" and other good things for the Garden and Farm. Mailed free if this publication is mentioned.

NORTHRUP, KING & COMPANY, Seedsmen, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

BURPEE'S

Largest Mail-Order Seed House in the World. In buying **BURPEE'S SEEDS** direct by mail you get your money's worth in the **Best Seeds that Grow**—and you have your choice of **Rare Novelties for 1903,** which cannot be had elsewhere. **Write to-day** (a postal card will do) for our **complete catalogue—FREE to all** who intend to purchase seeds.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Philadelphia

I Print My Own Cards

Circulars, Newspaper, Press $5, Larger size, $18. Money saver. Big profits printing for others. Type-setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, etc., to factory.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

CALIFORNIA FOR 10¢

All about land of sunshine and flowers, rural home life; industries; tales of pioneer days and the new west. 6 months' trial of this big magazine for 10c. Questions answered.

THE WESTERN EMPIRE, 41 Times Building, Los Angeles

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A Tempting Delicacy

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit

is the Natural Food for Invalids because it **is the most porous and light of all foods** and presents *greater surface for the action of digestive fluids.* These fluids are drawn by absorption into every part of the wheat shreds, making the food immediately assimilable.

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit contains a food property to upbuild each and every element of the depleted body. Foods made of part of the wheat, such as white flour bread, cannot do this, and the ferment contained in them results in a sour mass in the stomach. There is no lard, yeast or health-disturbing ingredient of any nature in *Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit* and its use insures a sweet, clean stomach.

It can be prepared in so many tempting ways that the fickle appetite is always attracted by its goodness and the ailing body quickly responds to its all-nourishing force.

For sale by all grocers. Send for "The Vital Question" (cook book, illustrated in colors) FREE. Address

THE NATURAL FOOD CO., Niagara Falls, N.Y.

STALL'S BOOKS

DR. STALL

A Man With a Message

Millions of people always await the man with a real message. Dr. Stall has found it so. His books are already circulated in every land.

275th Thousand in English

They are being translated into several languages in Europe and two in Asia.

THE SELF AND SEX SERIES

has the unqualified endorsement of

Dr. Joseph Cook	Bishop Vincent
Rev. C. M. Sheldon	Anthony Comstock
Rev. F. B. Meyer	"Pansy"
Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler	Frances E. Willard
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Eminent physicians and hundreds of others

4 BOOKS TO MEN. By Sylvanus Stall, D. D.
WHAT A YOUNG BOY OUGHT TO KNOW.
WHAT A YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO KNOW.
WHAT A YOUNG HUSBAND OUGHT TO KNOW.
WHAT A MAN OF 45 OUGHT TO KNOW.

4 BOOKS TO WOMEN. By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M. D., and Mrs. Elvira P. A. Drake, M. D.
WHAT A YOUNG GIRL OUGHT TO KNOW.
WHAT A YOUNG WOMAN OUGHT TO KNOW.
WHAT A YOUNG WIFE OUGHT TO KNOW.
WHAT A WOMAN OF 45 OUGHT TO KNOW.

$1 per copy, post free. Send for table of contents.

Vir Publishing Co. 1144 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

The field is open for ambitious men and women to enter. Salaries are large and the business fascinating. **Taught Practically by Mail** by the original school you hear so much about. Individual instructions by the founders themselves. *Send for prospectus.*

Page-Davis Co., Suite 18, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

A Welsh Rabbit

An Elegant Brochure IN 32-PAGE FORM

A discourse announcing his pedigree, disclosing his preserves, discussing his preparation, pronouncing his panegyric and explaining his performances. At bookstores or by mail — 25c.

As you like not cheese but this as would a lover of books: as you love not books use it as would an eater of cheese.

Author's Publishing and Distributing Co.
449 Rookery Building, Chicago

For Breakfast WHEATLET "All the Wheat that's fit to eat"

itself and few wharves or ships are free from its destruction.

Coatings of tar, creosote and other preparations are only a temporary bar to the teredo's attacks.

By the process which the Governments are now testing chemicals designed to preserve the wood and to poison animal invaders are forced under enormous pressure along the grain pores of the timber. The mechanism of the apparatus can be constructed on a large or small scale, as needed. The fluid is injected through the end of the timber, but pressure is also applied to the circumference of the wood to prevent the opening of fissures which might otherwise develop on account of the great force necessary in the process of injection.

In this country and in Europe, in addition to impregnating timber to preserve it against animal destruction, experiments will be made with reagents designed to render wood fireproof. Building trades are very much interested in the outcome of the tests.

Window-Box Gardens

Indoor gardening is a branch of horticulture that is only beginning to receive the attention it deserves. A large number of vegetables may be grown in the house, in window-boxes and otherwise, if one is willing to take a little trouble with them, and in this way frequent contributions to the table in winter can be obtained for next to nothing. The pleasure incidental to the work is not to be despised, and the plants have an ornamental value.

The best way to grow parsley indoors is to get a few roots and plant them in eight-inch pots. They are somewhat like dandelion roots, sending up tufts of leaves. With a few pots thus started you will soon have a good crop of parsley. But, if you have window-space, there is plenty of opportunity for extending your gardening operations with thyme, leek and garlic, all of which will thrive in pots, requiring only a little water and some sunshine.

Meanwhile you may raise lettuce on a small but satisfactory scale, sowing the seeds at first in pots, and afterward setting out the tiny plants in a window-box. Radish seeds under similar conditions will soon sprout, and the little plants may be thinned out afterward so as not to become too crowded. For spring onions you may start with seeds, each of which will make an onion; or you may plant little silverskin "sets" (purchasable at any seed store), and each tiny onion will grow to be a big one.

Tomatoes are easily grown in window-boxes; all you have to do is to plant the seeds and wait for them to sprout. Train the vines vertically on wires or strings, and thus they will occupy a minimum of room.

Oils from Fruit Rinds

Fruit growers in California and Florida are beginning to manufacture oils of orange and lemon peel, which are likely to be produced before long on a considerable scale in this country. There is money in the business undoubtedly, inasmuch as the essences derived from the rinds of these citrus fruits are used in large quantities all over the world to flavor sweetmeats, confectionery and puddings, while oil of bergamot (derived from the peel of a kind of orange) is employed in the making of perfumes, fetching from three to four dollars a pound.

Hitherto practically all of the orange oil and lemon oil has come from Italy, where the essences were obtained by hand-work, the labor being done by peasants in their hovels under most uncleanly conditions. Recently, however, a machine has been invented which does the work much more economically. It imitates the motion of the human fingers, gently manipulating the peels (after the fruit has been cut in halves and the pulp removed), and breaking the little cells that contain the oil. One lemon will yield about ten drops of the essence, and an orange about fifteen drops. As the oil exudes it is collected on sponges, which are squeezed from time to time into a basin placed beneath the machine.

The sponges are kept scrupulously clean, and no pains are spared to keep the product as free from impurities as possible. When filled the basins are emptied into large casks containing 200 gallons each, in which the stuff is allowed to settle. Finally it is drawn off, passed through filter paper, and packed for market in tin-lined copper jars, each holding twenty-five pounds.

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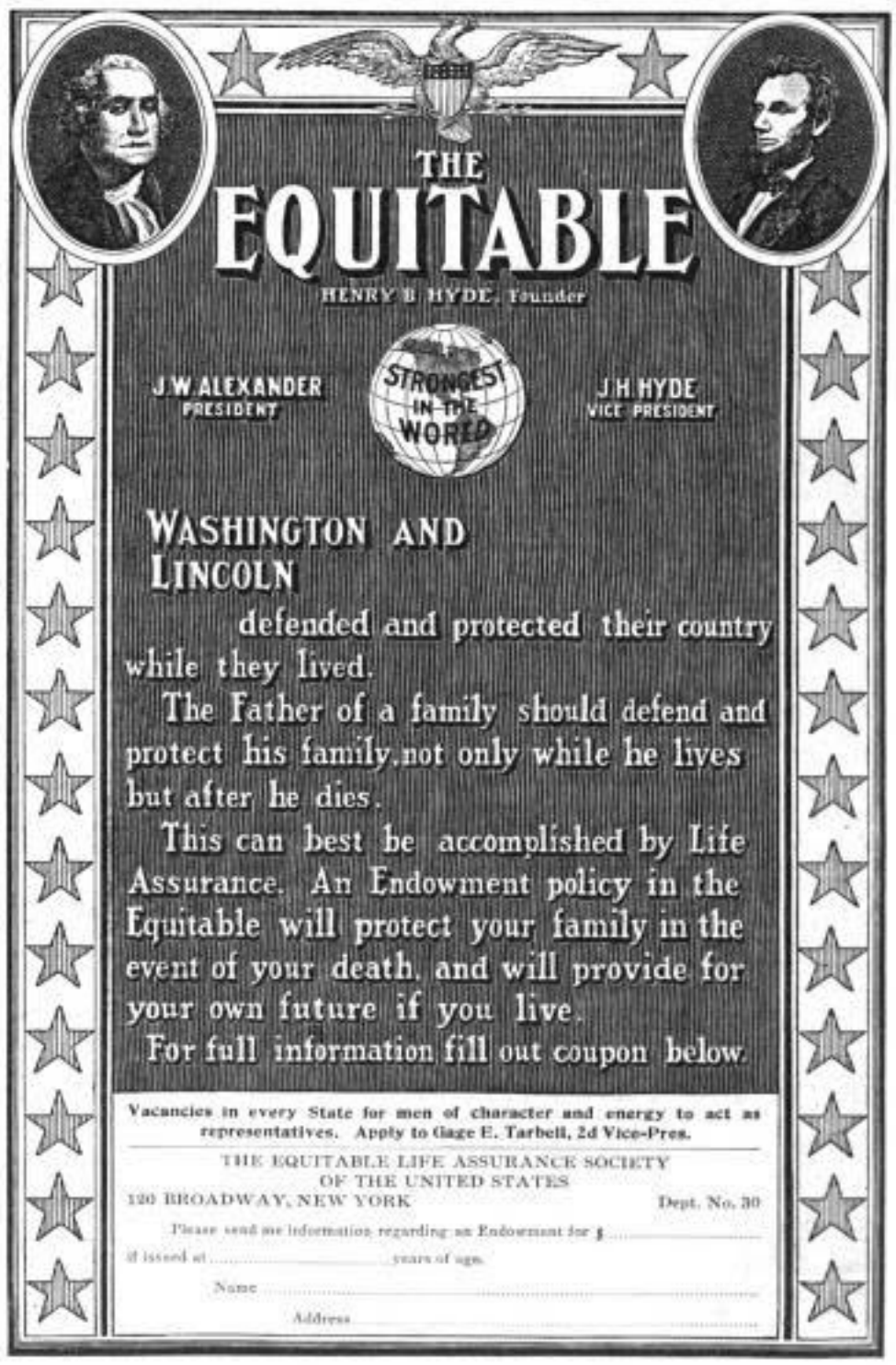

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GOLDEN FLEECE

(*Continued from Page 11*)

"Well—the stone, of course, is worthless—a few dollars. But the setting is old and quite beautiful. It might bring a hundred or so from a collector if it hit his fancy and had an authentic history. If the stone were genuine, the ring would be worth about—five thousand, I should say, as a rough guess."

"Fortunately, I haven't bought it yet," she said carelessly. And she took it from him and put it—in her pocketbook. "The stone seems to have been undisturbed in that setting for a long time," she added as she closed the pocketbook.

"Oh, there's no telling as to that. It was manufactured by the newest process. It has been only two or three years, I believe, since they learned to put in the flaws so cleverly. They make them very well in New York now."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Macready," said Elsie. "You won't say anything about it, will you?"

"You needn't have asked that, Miss Pope," answered Macready with a reproachful smile.

"Thank you again," she said. It was not until she was driving away that her cheeks began to burn fiercely and the hot tears of shame and anger to scald her eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Where Everything Grows

ARRANGEMENTS are under way for the establishment of an international botanical garden in the Province of Benguet, near the west coast of Luzon. Here scientists of the Insular Bureau of Agriculture for the Philippine Islands have discovered what they claim to be the world's ideal spot for the propagation of the greatest variety of plants and trees.

Although Benguet is only one hundred and forty-three miles from Manila its climate is totally unlike that of the lower country. The site proposed for the great experimental garden lies in a high valley between summits of the Caraballo Range, many of whose peaks are seven thousand feet high. The mean annual temperature at Baguio, the capital of Benguet, is only sixty-two degrees. Even in August the maximum temperature does not exceed seventy-six degrees.

The soil of this high valley as well as the mountains is composed of volcanic clay of unknown depth. Experiments thus far made demonstrate that tropical, sub-tropical and temperate zone trees and flowers will flourish side by side. Acacias from Australia, California redwood, the cryptomerias of Japan, cedar of Lebanon, and deciduous trees like oak and sycamore, thrive there. Conditions are likewise favorable to the richest vegetation. Caladiums and dracænas, particularly valuable for their ornamental foliage, attain quick and satisfactory growth.

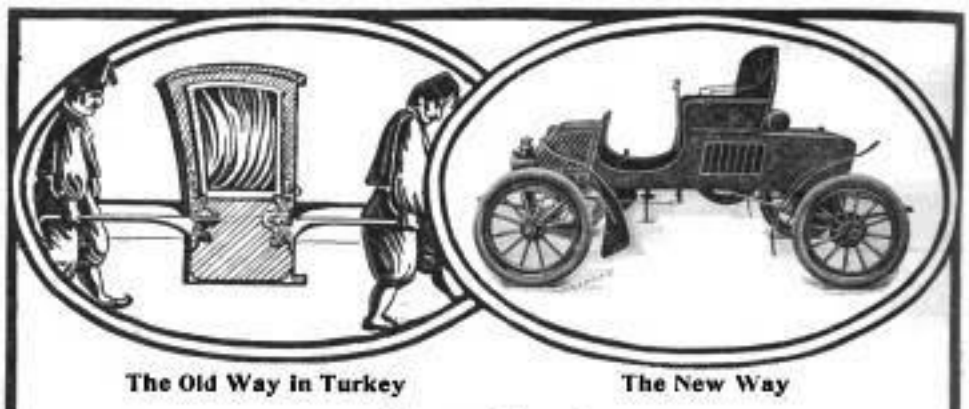
Although there is in the climate of Benguet nothing in common with the coast-line humidity of the islands, so favorable to tropical plant life and so trying to human beings, there is something about the mountain-rimmed valley that makes possible the successful propagation of the entire valuable flora of the archipelago.

Because of its freedom from every variety of fever the spot has been chosen as a site for a Government sanitarium.

A further matter which adds interest to Benguet is that the Philippine Government is planning to build a capitol there for the transaction of business during the hot season in Manila. Sites have already been procured for a number of the departments.

The Caraballo Mountains are covered with great forests of pine, cedar and molave. In these forests grows the rush, the pith of which is manufactured by the Chinese into wicks. Sarsaparilla and wild mulberry are also abundant in the forests. Through the province flows the Agno River. The landscape is said to resemble an American park.

The Government ethnologists have discovered that the Iggorotes have a curious legend that Benguet was in the beginning of the world a paradise set apart by the gods for good people, and that that dedication has through all time preserved the province against fevers that beset other parts of the archipelago.



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Name.....

Address.....

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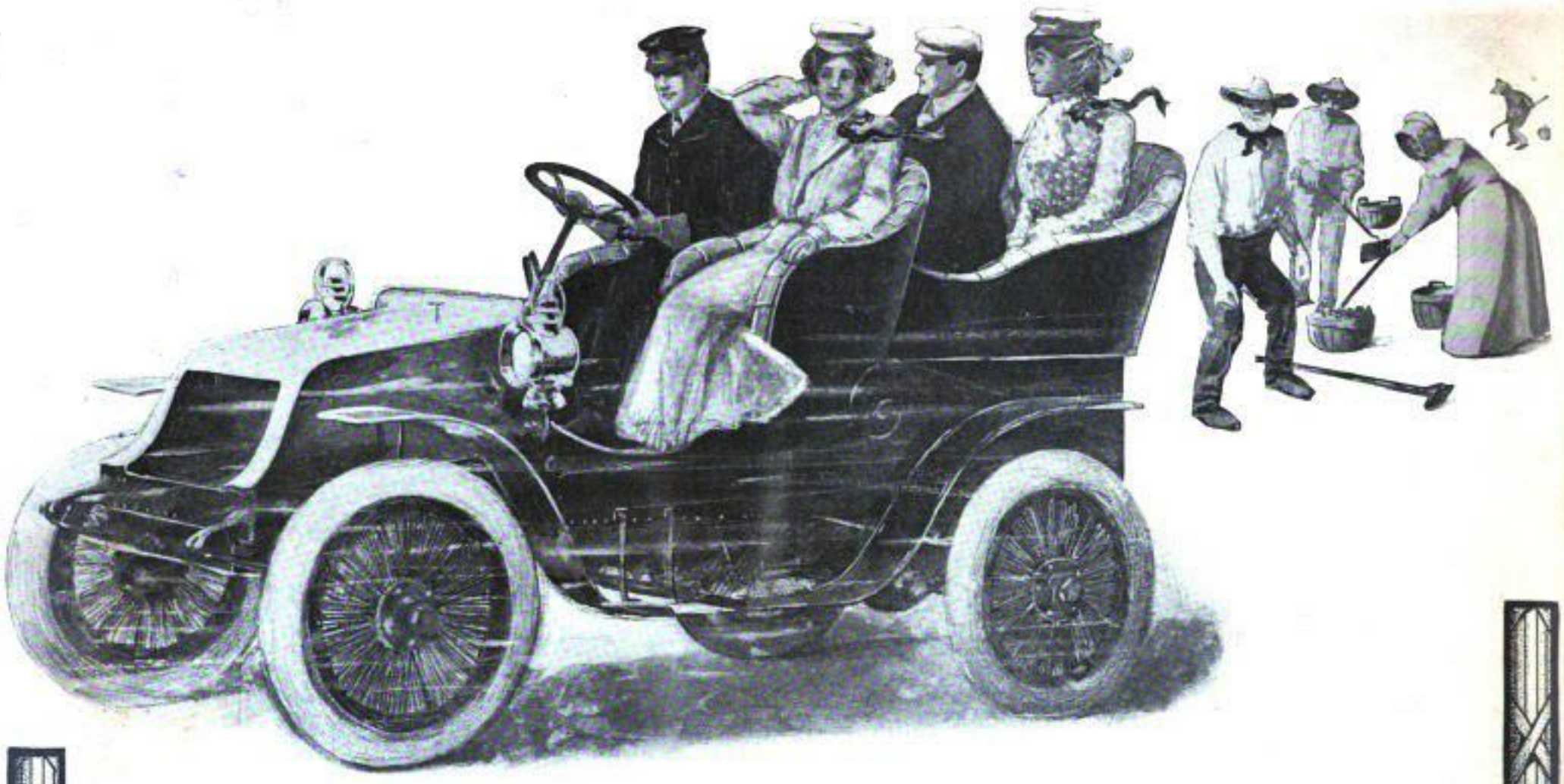

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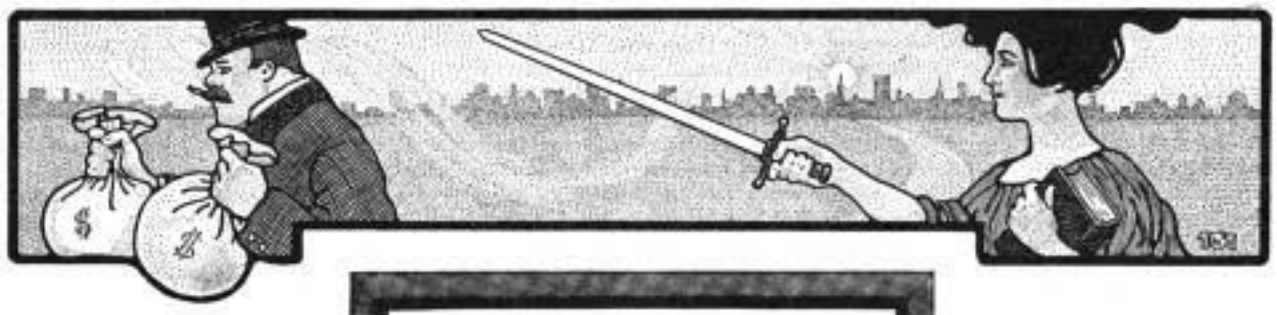
A CITY WITHOUT GRAFT

By Thomas G. Hayes, Mayor of Baltimore



MORE than two years ago, in an article in this magazine, I told something of the efforts to put the city of Baltimore on a business basis, and in it I offered to send to any one requesting it a copy of our new city charter which I believed to be, and which I still believe to be, the most perfect instrument of its kind ever devised. I expected no such results as those which followed. A large edition of the charter was exhausted in a short time and I was obliged to have another one printed. Requests came from practically every city on this continent and from many of the municipalities of the Old World. Although more than two years have elapsed I receive daily letters about this charter and different provisions of it, until the correspondence amounts to between five hundred and a thousand letters a year, showing the widespread interest in municipal government throughout the world.

I am aware that what I said about putting a city absolutely on a business basis was received with incredulity. Something of performance had then been accomplished, but necessarily much of promise had to be made. Now, in the closing weeks of four years' experience, I am prepared to support my pledges and to state as an absolute fact that the affairs of Baltimore City are conducted on as rigid business lines as any corporation in the world. We have banished graft and grafters from the city government, and we have made commissions and rake-offs and lobbying impossible. I am told that Baltimore is the only city which can boast of these conditions; and that is the reason why this article is desired.

The story is simple though interesting. Previous to the formation of the charter commission, upon which I was appointed, I had been for many years a law officer of the city. I had, moreover, been in cases in which city officers were charged with accepting bribes. This experience gave me an intimate insight into all the ramifications of graft, and when the problem of providing the city with a charter that should make honest government inevitable came up for solution, I approached it with a constant recollection of the evils which I had seen.

Two considerations, therefore, became vital. The first of these was met by the formation of a Board of Awards, which took from the different departments the control of all contracts and the purchase of all material, and which provided for actual competition by making the conditions and specifications for all bids as broad and open as possible. This board was composed of the Mayor, the City Registrar, the City Comptroller, the City Solicitor and the President of the second branch of the City Council. In other words, the board was representative of the people and of the executive power, and at the same time of the broader business knowledge and necessities of a corporation.

The Problem of Franchises

THE second vital provision was the Board of Estimates, consisting also of five members, including the Mayor, Comptroller and President of the second branch of the City Council, all of whom are elected by the direct vote of the people, and the other two members being the City Solicitor—a lawyer of experience—and the City Engineer, who had, preceding his appointment, been for five years engaged in his profession and had responsible charge of important work. This board dealt with the public franchises and with the interests which had hitherto been sources of corruption in municipal legislation and administration. The peculiar power of this Board of Estimates is that it takes away from the City Council the right to make indiscriminate appropriations or to vote away franchises. It provides a maximum amount that the City Council may appropriate. The City Council may reduce its figures if it chooses, but it cannot add a penny to the budget; it cannot appropriate money to pay any private claim against the city without the consent of this board; it cannot bestow any grant or privilege to use the streets or other public property except on the terms and conditions imposed by this board. It will be seen at once that the Board of Estimates stands as an impregnable barrier between the city and any corruption or extravagance of the municipal legislature.

MAYOR THOMAS G. HAYES, OF BALTIMORE

With these two vital functions secured, the work of rescuing the city from its evils was greatly simplified.

When I drew up the charter I had no idea that I should ever be Mayor of Baltimore and I finally accepted the nomination of my party at a sacrifice. But I have never regretted this nor the hard work which the position has entailed. Baltimore, in comparison with other cities, was poor. It had endured many years of bad administration; the system under which it was working admitted of corruption in many forms. One of the worst was the neglect of the sinking funds and the resort to temporary loans in emergencies, these loans reaching at times three and four millions of dollars a year with interest charges approaching two hundred thousand dollars annually. In the five years preceding my administration the interest on these temporary loans exceeded a half a million dollars. In the past four years, with but one exception, there has been no temporary loan whatever, but, on the other hand, we have received more than a hundred thousand dollars of interest revenue from our deposits in the banks.

Good Men for High Offices

THIS, however, was not the most important improvement. The great work was to get men of high character and efficiency at the head of the city departments. I can best illustrate this point by my experience with the City Engineer under whose direction the improvements and the more important work of the city are carried on.

I went to the head of one of the great railroad systems, a man whom I have known for a great many years and who is a Republican—whereas I am a Democrat—and I told him that I wanted an engineer who could combine three qualities: absolute integrity, the best practical experience and mastership in his profession. He asked me how much the salary was and I told him four thousand dollars a year. He replied that he did not think I could find my man for that pay, but he would do his best to help me. In the mean time a friend suggested an engineer on a rival railroad system. I went to the first gentleman and asked his opinion. He said he would inquire and let me know. He made the inquiry and called to say that if I could get the engineer in question I should be most fortunate; that he was a thoroughly good man. The offer was duly made and to my great joy was accepted. The engineer knew nothing of politics and he probably knows little to-day, but his conduct of the office has been so admirable that the whole city recognizes his work. He has, in my judgment, done more in four years than was done before in his office during the previous quarter of a century, and he has fixed the lines of progress so splendidly that his work cannot be undone. With all of this he has reduced expenses almost one-half. This instance is one of several. I found the leading citizens not only willing but eager to aid and coöperate with me: many of them made large sacrifices for the public good. Our new School Board attracted the service, without remuneration, of such men as President Daniel C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, and his successor, President Ira Remsen, and this board has reorganized our system, given to teachers more pay, and has provided more schoolhouses without increasing the total expense. When I wanted an expert commission to decide upon the best site for a hospital for infectious diseases such an eminent man as Dr. William H. Welch, who, I believe, is considered one of the greatest pathologists in the world, was willing to give his time to the city, and associated with him were some of the busiest and best physicians of Baltimore. We wanted more public baths and for that commission I secured some of the very best of our citizens, including, as president, Mr. Eugene Levering, who at one time was the Prohibition candidate for President. The result is that we have to-day the most comprehensive and practical construction and operation of bathhouses that can be found in the United States, this being the verdict of the Committee on Public Baths for Cleveland, which investigated the conditions throughout the country.

And so it has gone, until we have obtained on the personnel of the city government our present high average of character and intelligence.

A Defeat for the Boodlers

THE supreme test of the new conditions came in the spring of 1902. The Western Maryland Railroad had been largely aided by the city from year to year and the indebtedness had grown until it reached more than twelve millions of dollars. The ownership practically rested in the city. The road had in it great value to private capital; for years the purchase of it had been attempted, but in ways and on terms that were notoriously bad and inadequate. It was recognized by the interests that sought to obtain control that they would have to spend a great deal of money illegitimately; it was openly stated that the City Council would have to be bought before the road could be bought. Moreover, there were large commissions which must be paid the political powers. In the end the purchaser would probably have had to pay something approaching the real value of the property, but the city would never have received all of the money. I advised the sale from the first, and when finally we got down to business, after a contest of over three months, the competition brought forth three active and responsible bidders. The

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main question involved not only the great amount of money to be paid but the future effect of the purchase upon the trade of Baltimore. The fight was one of great intensity and some bitterness; there were attempts or rumors of attempts to employ money in the old way, but the threat was made that if these things were persisted in somebody would go to the penitentiary, and that had a restraining influence upon bribers and bribe takers. Through this campaign we held rigidly to our position, and in the end the sale was made in such a way as to give the city of Baltimore a competitive trunk line, and to place in the treasury every penny of the money paid over, the sum being $8,751,370.45. When the transaction was closed the representative of the controlling interest called upon me and said: "Mr. Hayes, this could not have been done in any other city in the United States."

A few months ago I attended the national meeting of an association of men who deal in municipal supplies. They came to me and said that they had found out how to do business with Baltimore, and that was to offer direct to the city their standard goods at the lowest figure—and the whole thing seemed to them almost an impossible case. Here were practical men selling their wares, amounting to many millions of dollars a year, to American cities, and privately admitting that there was only one city in which they did not have to resort to other than business methods in order to get contracts!

It must not be inferred from what I have said that all these results have come peacefully. The four years have had more than their share of turbulence. There have been many harsh words and numerous strained relations between the City Council and the Mayor, and those who clamored for special local improvements or wanted profuse pledges to their constituents fulfilled by appropriations have found the situation anything but pleasant. Furthermore and especially, the political bosses have come to regard the Mayor with an intensely bitter hatred. They have fought putting the city on a business basis from the very start, and they have not enjoyed their defeats. Personally I do not wonder that they hate me as they say they do; they would not be entirely human if they did not. Under the old methods the political bosses had to be seen before anybody could do business with the city; now they do not have to be seen at all. Their incomes from a very profitable source have been cut off, their brokerage on offices and on city supplies has been stopped; they cannot even collect campaign assessments from the city employees. They wield no more power in the city hall than any other citizen and not nearly so much as representative business men. I am not one to denounce the politicians as lacking either force or ability. They must be men of exceptional qualities or they would not be able to rule men. As a matter of fact they are great students of human nature. If there is any way to get at a man they find it out, and they do not hesitate to bulldoze or threaten or cajole him. It is part of their trade and I do not wonder that they so often succeed. In the present case they have simply failed, which leads me to say that with the best charter and the best intentions the mayor of any city must have good backbone if he expects to do his duty by the whole people and to carry forward a clean administration.

What we have done in Baltimore, therefore, in four years is the getting of honesty into all of the affairs of the city. It has been a hard task, but it has been done. Now that we have accomplished this, the larger things in the way of public improvement can be faced with the probability that the work will be done without a large percentage of the cost going into wrong pockets. I believe that it has been very carefully estimated that on the average about twenty-five per cent. of the expenditures of an American city for public improvements had been extravagantly or corruptly deviated.

In Baltimore we are about to enter upon the installation of a great sewerage system, of the building of more schoolhouses, and of other public improvements which will give the city the best equipment that skill and money can provide. The gratification is that with the honest methods which are now in vogue the work will be done without serious losses to the taxpayers—always, of course, provided that a firm man is in the Mayor's chair and is surrounded by good men who will do their duty singly for the public good.

A Trolley Magnate's Career

A FEW months ago there gathered, at the home of a Philadelphian, the most remarkable dinner-party, in point of wealth and financial influence, that ever met around one board. Hundreds of millions of dollars were actually owned by the men who ate salt and broke bread together, and billions of dollars were under their active control. From various cities they came, and special trains were run, and over hundreds of miles of track men kept sleepless watch and ward in order that nothing should happen to those money kings.

It was a veritable palace in which the party met; an immense mansion of two hundred rooms, surrounded by sunken courts in Italian style. The mansion is fronted by a row of mighty pillars, and stretches off on either side in stately wings. Paintings and rugs of fabulous value, marbles and bronzes, the sheen of gold and silver and the sparkle of priceless glass—all these things made a splendid setting for those men of money.

"Advance!" In that word lies the secret of the success of the host of the evening. The man who owns this splendid home, thus magnificently furnished, rose from humble parentage, and from a humble position in a little store. His life motto has been the word "Advance." Eastern fables tell of genii who confer unbounded wealth on those of lowly station; but Peter A. B. Widener was his own genius.

A man well groomed he is, but with a tendency to neckties red of hue; a man earnest-faced, with frankly steady eyes, with ears oddly bent at the tips, with short nose, thickish and a trifle broad. He is growing bald, his thin hair is streaked with gray, and grayish too is his thick mustache. Clearly a man of ability, of attractive personality, this. Of almost restless and nervous manner—wont to pace slowly about his desk from time to time as he talks—such is Mr. Widener.

It is his firm belief that "if you do a thing for yourself, you do it for the community," and this belief, thus succinctly expressed, he loves to propound as giving his views of the worthiness of success.

For years it seemed as if he were destined to make but an ordinary success of life, but during the Civil War opportunity came knocking at his door. The chance to fill an army contract presented itself and he seized the chance. He filled the contract to the complete satisfaction of the authorities, and cleared what to him at that time was a fortune.

He is gifted with a curious faculty for figures—an instinctive sense which even now at board meetings enables him to seize on the one vital item out of a hundred, and by means of which he can work out financial problems with ease. He discovered within himself the possession of this faculty, and decided that he might as well use it in a broad field as in a narrow one, and so he quietly began to make ventures and to invest his money to advantage. Quiet, taciturn, but with a curiously winning manner, he developed a marked faculty for the management of men, and in 1873 became city treasurer.

It was when he was over forty years of age, when he was well past the time at which most men have either succeeded or failed in their chosen lines, that he began the work of his life, the career of a street railway man. It was in the days of horse cars, and of innumerable separate companies, but Mr. Widener saw that there would be something better than horse power before many years, and even then, too, he foresaw something of the wonderful expansion, the stretching out from town to town, that was to come. Little by little, under his guidance, all of the lines of Philadelphia were brought under one control; and from this Mr. Widener has reached out until, in many parts of the country, his influence is felt as that of a main factor in trolley-line ownership and management.

"Has there ever been anything better for Philadelphia than the development of its trolley system?" he says, looking straight at you, frank-eyed, as he pauses in his slow walk beside his desk. "And are not the trolleys accomplishing wonders throughout the country in developing and uniting sections that have been dormant and out of connection with one another?"

A few years ago he gave to the city, for library purposes, his home in Broad Street, filled with books and paintings, and went a few miles away to the mansion where recently he gave his amazing dinner-party. Saddened a few years ago by the sudden death of his wife, and knowing she had felt a curious sympathy with crippled and invalid little ones, on account of a child of theirs who had died in infancy, he gave two million dollars for the founding of a home for cripples.

The Pocket Post-Office

BY HENRY A. CASTLE

Auditor for the Post-Office Department

A CHANGE THAT WILL DO AWAY WITH THE FORMAL, TEDIOUS, EXPENSIVE MONEY-ORDER SERVICE, AND TRANSFORM A BANK-NOTE INTO A DRAFT

FIFTY MILLION postal money orders will be issued in the United States during the current fiscal year. This is now the safest form of making small remittances by mail—infinitely preferable to the use of postage stamps, coin or currency, though these are no doubt used for that purpose ten times where money orders are used once. As these postal orders average in amount less than eight dollars, a conservative estimate would fix thirty million as the number calling for less than two dollars and a half each; many are for less than one dollar. Assuming that the purchasers of these thirty million small postal orders have spent an average of half an hour in going to the post-office, writing the applications, waiting while the money orders are filled out, signed and paid for, and then returned to their starting point; and assuming that ten hours a day for three hundred days per annum constitutes the full working-year of an individual, the time consumed equals the labor of five thousand men for one year. Here is an absolute waste of the productive energies of five thousand people per annum, squandered in the unproductive, unnecessary effort required to merely get possession of a piece of paper available for making safe remittance of a small sum through the mail. All this useless expenditure of time would be saved if each of these persons could have drawn from his pocket a post-check bill ready to be filled up with the name of the payee, made valid by affixing a two-cent postage stamp and canceling the same, and then safely intrusted to the prompt and careful hands of the employees of the postal service.

The loss of time in going to post-offices to get the money for the orders is less noticeable and less serious, because they are often collected in large bunches, even run through the clearing-houses of many cities and handled generally in a more businesslike manner. All this trouble caused in buying and collecting can be cheerfully undertaken when the amount to be remitted is fifty or one hundred dollars—the latter being the maximum amount allowed by law. But when the amount involved is less than five dollars the need of a simpler form of note has become painfully manifest.

To supply this need a plan is embodied in a bill which has received favorable consideration by the Congressional postal committees, and has been reintroduced with this prestige in the present session. This bill provides that all one, two and five dollar notes printed in future shall contain certain blank spaces, but will pass from hand to hand like other Government currency until they come into the possession of some one desiring to send money through the mail. Then the blank spaces are filled with the name of the payee and his address, and a two-cent stamp is placed in a space provided on the bill especially for that purpose. The bill is by this simple, inexpensive process transformed into a check, with many of the safeguards and few of the complications of the present postal money order. The scheme would not in any manner change our financial system—it would merely change the form of small notes.

How the New Law Will Work

UNDER the proposed law the process of redemption, cancelation and reissue would be simple. The post-checks are to be paid at any money-order post-office, where they will at once be canceled and withdrawn from circulation. They will then go forward as "mutilated currency" to the United States Treasury for destruction and reissue. By a suggested amendment they can go directly to the Treasury through the banks of the country. The objection urged that the post-check operations would lead to confusion in adjustment of functions between the Post-Office Department and the Treasury Department is not admitted by friends of the measure. If paid post-checks can be treated as mutilated currency there can be no conflict. Ample provision is now made for depositing surplus postal and money-order funds in banks and in the Treasury. A bureau of the Treasury Department in charge of the Auditor for the Post Office Department, with nearly six hundred employees, now handles, and audits the accounts involved in handling, about fifty million money-order vouchers annually. No confusion arises from that connection between the two Departments. It is certain that a practicable post-check system would simplify matters.

Moreover, it is believed that in practice the Post-Office Department would have comparatively little connection with the scheme. Probably ninety per cent. of the checks would flow from country districts in the smaller towns to business firms in large cities. They would be received on deposit by national banks from their customers as money orders and other forms of checks and drafts now are; they would be forwarded by the banks to the Subtreasuries for redemption and reissue without passing into the hands of any postmaster. This process is contemplated by the law, and its legitimacy is self-evident. The Government is already furnishing currency through the Treasury Department and conducting exchanges through the Post-Office Department. The post-check system proposes to supply currency which can be easily converted into bills of exchange. Naturally and logically the Treasury

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Department should conduct exchanges, if they are to be conducted at all, as a public function.

Treasury experts object to this innovation on the ground that additional labor will be thrown on the Department (where, if anywhere, it belongs) by mistakes of remitters in filling blanks and indorsers in signing their names. But this objection is trivial. People unfamiliar with the technicalities of business will make mistakes in filling out checks. Shall we therefore discontinue the whole system of making checks on banks? Why not, it is asked, let the man who owns a certificate of deposit in the United States Treasury (as every silver certificate is) check against his deposit with the safety of a check on a bank? A business house mailing five hundred bank checks per annum loses an average of less than one in three years. The facts are, the losses are so few and the percentage so small that they may be disregarded in considering the general plan.

A practicable postal-check system would be a great benefit to farmers, business men and publishers; women would appreciate its convenience. Business houses now receive large quantities of postage stamps through the mails. One Chicago publisher reports the receipt of $350,000 in stamps in one year, nearly $1000 a day. Others have the same experience on a smaller scale. With post-check money this nuisance is avoided; a convenient, safe and instantly available form of money is supplied with which the public can safely transact mail business which is now said to aggregate in small sums $2,000,000,000 a year. The revenue from postage stamps affixed would pay all expenses of the system.

The boon of a cleaner paper currency of the smaller denominations is one of the incidental advantages which the people, especially in the West, would have reason to hope from the post-check plan. The constant flow of canceled bills to the Treasury and their redemption with new, clean currency would ensure a much better average condition of the circulating medium, which is now, in too many cases, dirty, ragged, utterly disreputable and perhaps infected.

While the public would thus be benefited in many ways by this innovation, the interests of the postmasters at the smaller offices would be amply protected. These hard-worked and under-paid officials now receive three cents for each postal money order when issued by them, and although that is, in the case of orders for $2.50 or less, the entire amount of the fee exacted by the Government, it is confessedly unremunerative for the labor involved in writing out the order and duplicate, transmitting the "advice," making up the reports required and remitting the proceeds. The proposed law provides that postmasters of these classes shall receive credit for "cancellations" of stamps on all post-checks paid by them, and such other provisions for their benefit can be made as the operation of the new system may show to be equitable. In the end they would gain in revenues and be relieved of much hard, unremunerated work.

But the loss of time to the people in procuring and then in collecting these thirty million small money orders, and to small post-offices in making them out, is not the only defective element in the present system. There is a corresponding loss of Government time—which costs money—that is little appreciated.

Sixty million manipulations yearly are performed by the Post-Office Department, ninety million manipulations are performed in the office of the Auditor for the Post-Office Department—which is a branch of the Treasury—and sixty million auditing operations in the same office on thirty million small postal money orders, not one of which has paid a cent of revenue to the Department to compensate for this vexatious and expensive labor.

The necessity for all these audits and manipulations arises from the fact that a postal money order is a voucher and must be treated as such, with as much care and scrutiny in the accounting office as if it involved hundreds or thousands of dollars. There is no possible way of simplifying or avoiding these processes if correct accounting by the auditor's office is to be had with the thirty-four thousand postmasters who issue and pay these orders. All necessity for this auditing and for these scrutinies would be avoided by the post-check proposition, which treats a paid and canceled order as mutilated currency and not as a voucher, a thing impossible to be done under the money-order system, or any possible scheme of postal notes issued and paid by postmasters.

The total financial transactions of the postal service for the current fiscal year will exceed $1,000,000,000. All these transactions must be examined and accounted, in detail, in the office of the Auditor for the Post-Office Department, whether they involve a million dollars to a railroad company for carrying the mail or a two-dollar money order. The business has increased seventy per cent. during the past five years, and bids fair to increase still more rapidly in the immediate future. A practical suggestion which will relieve this work of some of its unprofitable and embarrassing features would naturally be welcomed by all who comprehend the magnitude of the interests involved and their importance to the public service.

The Seizure of the Scotia Mill

BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

COME now, come now, come now!" Egan, Schunk's lawyer, tried to give his old hatred of "Big Rory" its most softly infuriating expression by speaking to him as if he were a great child in a rage. "There's no necessity for any bullying, you know, no necessity whatever. And, as we've told you several times already, you'd be much wiser to get a legal adviser."

Schunk sat stolidly beside him. The clean-shaven purpleness of his suety chops, his city grooming, and the sleekly fitting tweeds which covered the fat coarseness of his person contrasted curiously with the lank and shaggy looseness of the gigantic lumberman. And he contemplated the blaze of his blue-steel eyes with much wonder and contempt. "Why, it's a straight matter of business, you know, Mr. MacKenzie," he said. "There's no use you talkin' as if I had somethin' again' you."

"Big Rory" had fiercely stretched his great freckled hand—red-bristled as a Tamworth's back—along the cornice of the filing-cabinet he towered beside. Now he flung his arm free in a Celtic explosion. "A strecht matter o' beezness and nawthin' again' me! Ye've got yere fingers a-grip o' my thrapple, if that's nawthin' again' me! Ye're tellin' me that if I dinna get ye yere money ye'll seize the Scotia, and will gie me no time to get ye money—if that's a strecht matter o' beezness!"

Egan smiled with all pleasantness. "You were to make Mr. Schunk his payments in cash. For the first and second he has been content to accept mortgages on the mill and machinery. But I think that hardly delivers you from meeting the subsequent notes. I am assuming that you took over his pine land with the intention of paying for it in full."

Rory struck the cabinet rabidly. "But when I saddled mysel' wi' that Red Lake stumpage did I ken that in three months McMahon Brothers would be ga'en to the wall? Or that for my whole August and September sawin'—eight million feet an' mair—Garbut & Hall would noo be aflerin' me twenty cents on the dollar? And wha' can any lumber mull do tae help hersel' sax weeks before navigation opens, and in this weather?" He looked desperately out over the "Harbor" ice flows and the slaty gray sweep of Lake Huron beyond them. "Ye maun bide for yere money till the logs come doon again. Till then I sit hand-tied."

He had continued to speak only to Schunk; but again it was the Portage lawyer who replied. And his sneeringly lean face was still all affability and good nature. "Possibly so, my friend, possibly so. But I've always noticed that if you want to make a man produce money you—just have to put him in a place where he swears he can't get any. Isn't that right, Mr. Schunk?"

"I guess that's right!" And the Detroit man blinked his little, shifty, pig eyes and laughed heavily.

"Big Rory" gasped at it. "And ye *laugh*, mon! Ye *laugh!* It's the buildin' up o' thirty year ye'll be takin' frae me, and ye smile and sneeker and cleek——!"

Egan snapped him off as by the twitch of an electric button. "Well, you have a month yet before we apply for judgment. And you can get your backing by wire in an hour—if you're good for it!"

The innuendo was enough. "And I am guid for it, blame ye. I am guid for it! And I'll get it for ye, if for naught else but to choke yere dirty gullets wi' it!"

As he got himself into the street the crash of the outer door followed the lock-starting smash of the inner one, and they both laughed again.

"Will he get it?" asked Schunk.

"I don't know. It's just possible. It's a chance you've got to take."

The same night Rory left for Saginaw and Bay City.

That was the worst of the "hard-time years"—and it was never anything but "hard-time years" with those who go out to borrow large sums of money on personal security. If "Big Rory" had taken it for granted that having once brought himself to hold out the beggars' tincup, the humiliation of its filling was a foregone conclusion, he was given a bitter disillusionment.

His first morning in Saginaw left him in a hot daze. And this, after his second day in Bay City, had turned to a burning headache. He hardly knew that it was physical; it seemed a part of the sick shame of his mendicancy. He went on to Detroit, thence over to Muskegon, and up to Manistee and Traverse City. His head had gradually become a molten anguish. He did not sleep, and the green gall he was hourly swallowing drove away all hunger. He had circled Michigan, but he did not know when or how he had caught his trains.

By the middle of the second week his heart had dropped out of him, and he crossed over to Canada—to Windsor—to see his brother Sanders. Sanders had been the timid one, the son who "got on terrible slow"—and Rory had never helped him with a dollar. Nor indeed did the big man acknowledge to himself that he intended to ask *him* for money *now*. He went to him only in that mysterious drawing toward kin which comes to many in time of trouble. And other than this younger brother, kin he had none.

Sanders heard him through that night without speaking; and he had made him no answer when he went out next morning. But he came back with a loan company's check for $3500. He had mortgaged his house and garden-lot for every cent they would carry. And this drove the ax through the barky roughness of Rory's heart more than all previous refusals and unkindness.

"Na! Na! Na!" he cried, his voice blaring out like a woman's. "I'd never think o' takkin' it! And indeed noo, Sanders, mon, ye hae misoonderstood me." He was sore shaken. "I did na come to ye by way of *askin'*, ava! I had no sic idea, whatefler! I but thocht ye micht wish to hear it frae me direct and personal, as ye micht say. But ye hae taught me. Gin you can do this for me, I can go and beg, even to they at the Harbor. I see weel that afore I get on my feet I maun get on my knees! But ainee I *do* get on my knees, Sanders, mon, ye'll find me a better brither!"

He went back to Portage that night. And, on the same train, Schunk returned from Detroit. But they did not see each other until Rory went to Egan's office next morning.

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He found lawyer and client sitting almost as he had left them a fortnight before. And he spoke to his creditor with the blunt directness of the despairing. "Weel, I hae no money for ye! If openin' my veins could hae got it, ye'd hae had it. But there's nae a stiver ga'en noo. And I ask ye again for mair time."

Egan cleared his throat. But "Big Rory's" words rushed on appealingly again, and as always he spoke only to Schunk. "Ye see, ye dinna oonderstan'. Ye think I'm but fendin' aff the evil day. But that's nae so, nae so, ava! If I canna coin siller oot o' the snaw-drifts for ye, gie me only till spring, and wi' the comin' doon o' the April drives the lumber'll be pilin' up on the wharves for ye like new-mintit gold. And, mon, it's worth yere bidin' only tae see the Scotia under full pooer! Sic band and gang work—sic re-sawin'! Losh, she'll rup through her hoonderd and fufty thoosan' feet a day, and fair yammer and drie for mair! And to tell ye true, too"—he spread his hands in a kind of fiercely smiling, coaxing confidence—"it's a matter of mickle mair than that wi' me. I hae the best o' my years—nane o' the wastin' folly o' youth—but all my workin' life in her. She's wife and bairns and coontra and recht hand to me! Ye maun juist gie me mair time to clear her, noo—sax weeks or twa months—three at maist!" He was standing now, and his big silver ring began to give out a curious clicking where he gripped the desk. "Mon, I hae tried tae think o' mysel' wi'oot her, but it's as ye micht say imposseeble. Cut us a-twain and I'd fair *bleed* to death!"

Schunk fidgeted with the paper-knife and frowned angrily. He was stock-market trained, and such men as he had hitherto seen go into bankruptcy had learned to accept the fate in the upper man without any unpleasant dramatics. He again shifted the business of replying to the lawyer's shoulders.

And Egan was good for it. "Oh, pshaw now, Mr. MacKenzie," he said with a laugh, "there's really no sense in your going on in that strain. Mr. Schunk isn't a woman, to be worked by pulling out the pitiful stop."

Under all his red hairiness, "Big Rory" turned whiter and whiter. "Pulling out the pitiful!" And with one grip and twist he could break the grinning little lawyer's skinny spine across the back of his swivel chair. "Pulling out——" "Noo, Heaven keep ye!" he said in a dry whisper, "for ye sure dinna ken hoo near death ye are the noo."

He turned and looked at Schunk for a long time in a kind of numb stupor. He seemed to have lost the capacity for rage. "Then ye go on for joodgment and an execution?"

"Why, you had that understanding before you went away," he answered testily.

When Rory spoke again it was in a queer, flat voice. "Ye tell me to get money, but ye wull na gie me the time ye ken weel is necessar' to get it."

"You've got two weeks more yet."

"Ye wull na gie me time," said Rory. "Ye wull na gie me time. And tell me, why wull ye na?" Now his voice began to rise in a searching interrogation.

Neither man replied. Schunk continued to frown, and Egan a second time laughed contemptuously.

Rory spoke again, never taking his eyes from his creditor's face. "Ye tell me that ye wull attach the Scotia if I canna pay ye, yet ye feex it so that pay ye I canna." And then suddenly a gaping light of comprehension began to take life upon his face. "Ah-h-h-h! Ah-h-h! Is it *I* who has na been oonderstandin'? Mayhap it's not my money ye're wantin' ava, but it's the Scotia hersel'?" Once more his ring began to click on the edge of the desk, and now the trembling seemed to run all through him, and take him at the throat like a chill. "It's the Scotia hersel'?"

Once more he received no answer, but confirmation was written plainly enough in the flaming fire of Schunk's twitching countenance. "Lord! Lord! So, along wi' gettin' back yere pine land ye've schemed to get the best saw-mull along the North Channel. And ye'd hae the sheriff's hammer mark the Scotia to get her the cheaper? Do ye deny it? Do ye? Do ye? And I, Rory MacKenzie, hae fleeched to ye for her, like a coupit lassie ower her love bairn!" He flung out his arms like an infuriately prophesying druid. "Noo, alane and friendless as I stand, I tell ye ye'll never hae her! I dinna ken wha' to do, or where to turn, but I'll beat ye yet, I wull!"

He got himself out of the office, quivering and choking in his huge rage. And ten minutes later he passed under their window going toward the mill with a pair of great gray Halifax blankets over his shoulder.

"Gad," grinned Egan, "it looks as if he was going to sleep on it like a dog on a bone!"

Schunk crossed the room to the cuspidor. "Say," he said, "Portage Harbor is all right in some ways. It's a good place to own a mill in, but you've got people here that don't belong in this century!"

"Big Rory" slept in his mill that night. Nor did he come out the next day, nor the next, nor the next. And old Wallie Kempesson, the Scotia's engineer, who was now stolidly getting his driving and sawing gear into shape for next month's opening, was known to be bringing food in to him. But the report was that he would eat nothing.

And then rage blazed in Portage Harbor. Egan had played "black dog" time and again before; but this last was Judas business. As for Schunk, upon him fell all the loathing of the successful carpet-bagger. Young Leslie, the last Ann Arbor man to take hold of the Portage Sawyer, put the fury for justice of a graduating Junius into his long paragraphs of nonpareil, and a dozen times a day he was told "to lace the scoundrels harder." A general subscription was proposed, and the hiring of outside legal help. But those who really knew Rory's pride and temper had sorrowfully to stop such movements in their useless beginnings. The mayor, a nervous, anxious-eyed man, whom the hard times had driven to a perpetual rubbing of his hands, went to Schunk and virtually offered to give Rory's credit the backing of the municipality. And he was virtually told to mind his own business. In the helplessness of the town lay its worst exasperation.

But if Portage had to stand powerlessly inactive, there was another force which assuredly did not! When the word went back to the MacKenzie shanties that "Big Rory" had been attacked in his own stronghold and capital, the very Scotia herself, such a roar of wondering wrath went up as had never before echoed from Red Lake to the North Channel. Was it for this, then, that they had made the name of "Rory's men" terrible to all the numbers of the encroaching Consolidated Company, and had driven the whole chopping force of the united Hastings & Stevens combination from the "disputed territory," spite of all court injunctions and sheriff's deputies? Now a sheriff was to enter the Scotia! Well, by the red beard of "the ald man himsel'," if he did, it would be to go up the jack-ladders and through the saws!

And in no MacKenzie shanty was any more work done that March. Choppers, teamsters, cooks and carpenters grasped axes and cant-hooks and streamed down to the "Harbor," bristlingly unshorn as a drove of Highland cattle, and red-eyed for battle. They sent in word to Rory that they were there when he wanted them. Then they proceeded to fill hotels and boarding-houses with riot, and swept the streets till midnight chanting the song that "Crooky" O'Neil had made for them in the time of that great feud with the "Consolidated":

"We're Rory's men, Rory's men, Rory, Rory, Rory's men!
If you're lookin' for scrappin'
Come out an' say when, come out an' say when!
Blunt from the knuckles or hard from the heft—
However you have it, you'll know us again,
Know us again, know us again!"

And Portage Harbor, if civically a little nervous, rejoiced with all the secret lawlessness of the individual: if Schunk did get the Scotia he would have to pay heavy interest on it. And there was hope, too, that *this* time Egan would get much more than fee and retainer.

As regarded the latter worthy, he delighted in the situation! Once more he had brought down on himself the bellowing furies of the many-headed; and the Mephistopheles in him chuckled over it as with the relish of the most excellent comedy. And if the shanty challenges and insults jeered at the fat Detroit man from every street corner greatly angered him he did not show it. But on the other hand, that Rory should act as he was doing seemed to have a strange potency to gall and rag his nerves through all his heaviness. While MacKenzie still clung to the mill he would not leave the business to the lawyer. And he spent most of his time walking Egan's office and throwing away half-smoked cigars.

"D——n him!" he broke out at last. "Do I imagine he's soakin' things with kerosene, or makin' ready to dangle himself off from a cross-beam? I don't know what he's doin,' but I know I got fifty thousand to lose on this game, and I've made up my mind to go in there and see!"

And, as it happened, next morning he had his opportunity. Rory had gone out before sunrise and taken the Up-shore train. At noon, Egan and Schunk slipped quietly down a side street, found that the wicket of the big sliding mill gate was open, and were soon climbing through the silent Scotia. But they found neither kerosene nor halters, nor indeed any evidence of life whatever, until they entered the boiler-room. There two long rows of brass valves and "feeds" were lying, dripping yellow oil upon a tow-covered work-table. And, on a ladder in the shadow, old Kempesson was taking off a lubricator. He gave a sudden hunch as his eye caught their reflections in a gauge glass. But he paid no further heed.

"Gettin' things in shape?" asked Schunk clumsily.

The old man grunted, but made no answer.

"I hope you'll be staying with us, Kempesson," said Egan.

"Ye—hope—*scha'!*"

"I remarked that, if changes should occur, we should be very glad to have you stay with the mill."

He turned around *once*, and focused them with a full, red, headlight glare. "I hae no eentention o' lea'in' the mull whateffer!"

"Well, then," said Schunk, "if MacKenzie should be givin' up the Scotia——"

"Nor I hinna heerd that Rory MacKenzie has onny eentention o' givin' up the Scotia, neither!"

Egan crowed. "Say, you're all right, Kempesson. You're the best thing yet! But I'm afraid, though, you're a trifle elderly to learn new tricks. I'm afraid you're of the age that isn't wide open to argument!"

"He's of the age that'll be chasin' a new job by the end o' next week," said Schunk savagely. "The old fool! For two shakes I'd pitch him out now!"

They left the mill, having got nothing from their investigation. And a crowd of lumber-jacks followed in their wake uptown, explaining, not altogether soberly, what they intended to do to them when Rory gave the word. And Portage Harbor, crowding the sidewalks in the after-dinner hour, further expressed its intention of giving "Rory's men," if not actual assistance, at least the very freest hand.

But Sheriff Silverthorn could not look at it in that way. He had been MacKenzie's friend for a dozen years, and, at the thought of what was ahead, his office was his misery. Yet, for all that, it was his business to protect the town's good name; and every day brought in not only more of Rory's men, but uglier rumors of the resistance in preparation. That night—it was a Saturday—MacKenzie came back again, and once more silently buried himself in the Scotia. On Monday morning the little sheriff went down to the mill and had it out with him.

"Rory," he said, "if I've got somethin' to do here this week it'll be the toughest job I've ever had to do in *my* life, and I want you to help me get through it without no bloodshed. You know your lads are comin' in from everywhere. There's a hundred and fifty here now; and there's a story goin' that Cap Blackman's goin' to bring down your Robbie Burns and a crowd from Point aux Pins, and the Achilles may come in with another tug-load from Anchor Inlet, if the ice opens enough. Now you know what that means, Rory. I'll have to go an' swear in the whole county as depities—and God knows what'll be the end of it. For if you had all Michigan behind you, I'd just have to go ahead and do what's laid out for me!"

Rory looked at him with a strange quietness, which went to the soul of the man-of-law more keenly than outcrying despair. "He canna get his execution afore Saturda' morn, can he?"

"Well, now, you know, he's on pretty near the top of the list. And seein' as you're not fightin' his judgment and there won't be no stay to it, he may get his *fy fay** by Friday. But if I see he's goin' to get it then, if it's any use to you I'll go out of town and hold up the service till Saturday noon. I won't be actin' very legal to do that, but I'll *do* it, if *you'll* help *me* a little."

"All recht," said Rory; "then I'll pass ye my word that ye won't hae me to reckon wi' on Saturda'. I'll lea' the toon, too—I dinna well ken for where—but I winna be here. And I'll do a' in my pooer to get my lads to lea' wi' me—and I think they wull! And—and—ye're a good little mon, Sherie, a michty good little mon!" Whereupon that good little man fell a-cursing and swearing in a way that was not good at all. But nevertheless he had a message to bring back that stupefied all Portage: Rory had now abandoned any thought of battling to keep the Scotia. The same day, too, Kempesson came out among those shag-jawed battalions of MacKenzie henchmen; and their manner after he had left them was a silent repetition of the sheriff's tidings. The swaggering ferocity went out of them, they sang their war-song no longer, and no longer even did they take more than was good for them. From the first a certain rough feeling had kept them from trying to see Rory. Now, while the spirit was dying in the big man—where he lay in his sawdust or walked his empty "gangways"—they hardly showed themselves at all. They waited in Portage for the end, but for the most part they waited in silence. They would talk only to one another. Even when they saw Schunk or Egan they no longer sent unprintable growlings after them. For the town, too, the end could not come too quickly now. Even the Sawyer had little more to say.

Egan, happening to meet young Leslie on the court-house steps, beamingly commented on that. "Why no more of the scorching rhetoric?" he asked. "Why no longer the red-hot headline? And all this 'Shall Trelawney Die' business? It seems to have had a puncture, somehow, too! I'd even heard there was to have been a naval force cooperating with your Wat Tylers. Is that declared off as well?"

He received no answer. In the whole town there was not the spirit to reply to him. On Tuesday night, too, Rory was known to have come out and posted a bundle of letters, one being addressed to his brother Sanders, in Windsor. And although there were many then who said that they ought to go into the Scotia and bring the big man away from it, whether he would or no, no one was ready to lead—and with the shadow of tragedy cold upon them, nothing was done.

If you have ever seen a fatal fight between a great St. Bernard and a bulldog, when there was at hand no power that could pry the bull from the big, choking throat, you will unendurably remember that at the end there came a time when the final hysterical shriekings for some one to do something, and the wild, useless beatings upon the bull's iron head ceased at last, and there was a turning away from the death, of souls that sickened at it. On Friday afternoon Schunk got his judgment, and when it was learned that Sheriff Silverthorn had gone out of town and would not be back until late next day, there was a kind of general anger at him.

The mayor was one of the crowd that stood about the Scotia's gate as night fell. After a time Kempesson came out to them. It was said that through it all he had gone calmly on cleaning his machinery.

*Fieri facias.

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"How—how's he going to take it?" whispered the mayor fearfully. "My, my, but this is a hard business!"

Kempesson looked at him from under his owlish eyebrows with a kind of grim satisfaction. "I think he's ga'en to tak' it like his true sel'," he said.

"And you'll stay near him? If you could just fix it to sleep here to-night, now——"

"I wull!" said the old engineer, "I wull dae juist that. And I dinna doot but what I'll be of some coomfort tae him. Onnyway, I'll be here."

The mayor went away rubbing his hands together woefully. "I suppose it's all I can do," he said, talking aloud to himself, "but I wish I could have had a talk with MacKenzie." He made up his mind to go to him before breakfast next morning, and tell him just how he and all Portage felt about it.

But no one in the Harbor heard "Big Rory's" voice that morning following.

No one heard "Big Rory's" voice that morning following. But, barring the bedridden and infants in arms, there were few who did not hear him that Friday night! At twelve there was in Portage a roar and tumult as of a town in sack. The whole Harbor in fire array was pouring down Main Street toward the Scotia. And in the clutches of a half-dozen whooping lumber-jacks, Mr. E. G. Egan, clad in little more than his boots and great coat, was being carried gaspingly along in the centre of the flood. Ahead of him, through the swirling snow, he could make out Schunk, raging and fighting, but no less foamingly helpless in the grasp of as many more of "Rory's men." The lawyer tried to call to him, but a large, sweaty, buckskin mitt was clapped across his mouth. He tripped over a wire. "They've all been cut an hour ago!" yelled some one behind him. "You don't telephone or telegraft for help this night!"

He was borne half-choking through the Scotia's gate—now open wide enough—and on into the midst of the shouting crowd a-surge in the mill-yard. The Scotia, within and without, was crawling with men and lanterns. And along the wharf front dipped and swayed a score of red and green lookout lamps. The braying of two tug whistles rose trumpetingly above a hundredfold thudding of maul-blows, the running clank of winches, and the bellowing of orders.

The lawyer was thrust through the ragged front of the press. Two score shantymen, like swarming bees on a branch, clustered in dark clumps along the "jack-ladders." And out of the midst of them sprang down "Big Rory."

Egan shrieked at him in a falsetto of fright and fury. "Now you lay hand on us, MacKenzie—you try it now, or you burn or destroy this mill—and it'll be penitentiary business for you! I warn you—before these people as witnesses, I warn you!"

Rory flung free the forky lengths of his great red beard, and lifting high his lantern he grinned down on the lawyer like a werewolf. "Burrn or destroy the Scotia! Ye fule, ye fleerin', pettifoggin' lick-stamp! And you, ye leech-fat bloodsucker—oh, I hae a brawer game than that to show ye! Or, mayhap, *ye'd* ca' it 'juist a strecht matter o' beezness!' And syne ye speak o' weetnessin', I'll tell ye that juist to weetness this beezness hae I had ye twain haled here this nicht. For I'm thinkin' that but for yere twa precious sel's, we'd a' be of ain party. But noo yere kind attendance mak's it smooth and legal-like." He took a step nearer them, and his eyes seemed to leap and flare. "Ah, ye thocht ye had me, did ye na? Ye thocht I had lain doon to die like a foondered horse? Well, ye'll ha' a chance to joodge o' that for yersel's! Fling them aboord the Robbie, lads, and ha' them well watchit, for later I hae mair to say to them!"

He turned and again climbed swiftly up to the back of his men, now wrenching and hammering at the great endless chain. And Egan and Schunk were pitched like puppies aboard the tug. It backed away through the crunching ice, to turn and push a huge scow—only one of a tow of half a dozen—in athwart the wharf. And almost at the same instant, with a last crushing drive of the maul, the whole forward sheathing of the Scotia came down in a shattering rush like a broken theatre curtain. And the second story, the "sawing floor" of the mill, was filled and tumultuous with its own stage hands and scene shifters!

Old Kempesson, half-clothed and crookedly thick-set as a gorilla, dropped from a shafting beam into the main gangway. "Noo," he screeched deliriously, "you Tamson and Hicks an' yere gangs, come wi' me doon tae the bilers. And the rest of ye, back tae Rory and the skidway booms!" They started on the run. "And swing yeresel's for Meechigan while ye may, for on the morrow's morn ye'll be standin' aff all the baillies across the line, and sweerin' ye're loyal subjects o' the Queen!"

And then the pair on the Robbie Burns understood. Kempesson was an ancient mechanic concerning whom they had entertained delusions; he had been doing much more than clean machinery that last week. There had been something other than farewells, too, in a certain bundle of letters posted Tuesday night; and the naval force that was to cooperate with the men from the bush had been launched on more than a tide of rumor. "Big Rory" was going to attempt to put the Scotia piecemeal aboard his "tow" in that one night; and then, fighting through the drifting ice of the Channel and the March gales of the Lake, carry her the hundred and fifty miles into Canada!

And, by all that was desperate, it looked as if he were going to do it, too! Already the ladders were down. The wharfward wall of the boiler-house had been broken out, and a squad of "picks and crows" were tearing away the brick and concrete settings. Derrick and skidway had been ready long enough to be white with snow. Now the Achilles passed in double hawsers over the first of the scows, and they were bent to the nearest boiler.

"Ye canna bide to gang saft wi' 'em!" yelled Rory frenziedly. "Oot o' here they maun come!"

For one minute, two, three, four—there was a tension that was intolerable. Then the huge steel cylinder began to stir. "Oxen and wain ropes, but she's daein' it!" shrilled Kempesson, beside himself. And the boiler came down the skids like a stuck pig dragging on a lariat.

The swaying amphitheatre of humanity waited to see it safe on board, then sent up one fierce, wild shout of joy. Already they had started a score of bonfires and were preparing to watch the night out.

And thereafter, one by one, the whole battery of boilers followed. At the end of the first hour Kempesson gave over that business to Rory, and flinging the sweat from his greasy brows, he spurred and pushed his gangs in to the heavy driving-gear. Half of those men had helped to set it up, and they needed little guiding in its taking down again. "Come on, noo, come on!" went up that hoarsely tremulous scrannel pipe; "get in mair rollers! And in wi' yere crows and levers! Every mon that can find place for himsel', bend tae it!"

And as soon as the derrick could be reset for them, the ponderous castings and forgings were in their turn being swung to the skids and delivered over to the groaning hunger of the hemp. Without a halt, too, the half dozen turtle-like mill trucks were trundling out the lighter gear. Indeed, in those hours the main strength of fiercely straining men did much more than winch and derrick boom.

By four o'clock Kempesson and his gangs were once more carrying their lanterns up to the sawing-floor. "Get mair lines frae the tugs!" shrilled the old man. "An' lend a hoost tae McKeown and his taikle again." By this time the skidway to the second story was a very toboggan-slide, and now down it they slipped section after section of the massy, twenty-ton yoke of steel that stayed and buttressed the great ten-inch "band." Part by part the oscillating gangs swung after it. "Dinna stop to put spanner tae bolt or connection!" yelled Kempesson. "I tell ye again, I've had every nut aff and joint loose these twa days syne!" The resaws, the trimmers, and edgers, and butters, the shingle and lath machines, moved out in grotesque and clanking procession.

And for the last two hours, saddled on the hundred joists and braces high overhead, Rory's carpenters and their gangs had been drawing bolts and driving out key-pieces—unjointing the huge skeleton of the mill. They were heavy timbermen, such mechanics as built three-hundred-man shanties as their town fellows would build hen-coops. They knew their work. Fifteen minutes after the trucks had run the tailings of the canters and conveyors on to the creaking scows there began to seize the Scotia a mighty, mugient trembling. And, once a-sway, it fell with the gathering roar of a broken log-jam.

Already the Achilles was crowding in with the last of the scows, heaving and crushing them through the ice like another Ermack. And then, by trucks and hawsers, there began to be rushed aboard them sills and studding and sheathing, joists and sleepers and uprights, in a double stream.

It was almost dawn, and the snow had turned to a gale-borne spindrift. Save for the burner, towering up blast-furnace-like above the trampled waste about it, and the shattered masonry of saw and boiler settings, the site of the Scotia had been swept of everything by that human cyclone. And now "Big Rory" and his engineer, both hatless and dripping, open-throated and tangledly unkempt, sprang like great cats upon their last unwieldy freighter, leaped down over her rail to the Robbie, and made lance-straight for their captives in the cabin.

Schunk burst into a fury of blue-lipped curses as he saw them come. "Oh, by ——, but you'll regret this, you'll regret this!" And Egan barked venomously beside him.

"I regret it *noo*," guttered Rory, "that I hae had to lea' ye the saw-dust an' foondations!"

"But nae doot," insinuated Kempesson, "ye'll be wantin' them to foond yere future foortunes on—to say naethin' o' havin' somethin' solit to attach yere baillie's paper tae!"

One of the shanty cooks had made a ten-gallon caldron of boiling coffee. Rory silently dipped out two big tin mugs full. "Noo," he said with fanning nostrils, "in another forty-eight 'oors I've calculated we'll be in Canady. And if Meechigan's the 'loomber-jack's mitt' in the geographa, I tell ye the head and shouthers, and a' the body o' the pine chopper 's to the north o' her. Aince there, I dinna fear me. But mayhap we'll be at the bottom o' Lake Huron afore we're across her, and ye twain are noo ga'en to drink luck to oor expedeetion." If his eyes smiled, his fingers never stopped opening and closing. "Wha'? Wha'? Ye wull na?"

"Ye'd be wiser tae," came in old Kempesson again, "for I'm thinkin' ye're soon tae tak' a wee bit water trip yeresel's. And ye'll dae well tae drink hot afore ye drink cald!"

"Na? Na?" said Rory once more, the words coming like file-raspings. "Vara well, then! Na doot ye can swum? Na? Then ye'll be the first this year t' mak' yere try at it! Tak haud o' them, lads. Oh, ye maun come to it, my buckies!"

"I'm afeared they're baith tae yoong t' learn new ideas," said Kempesson. "I'm thinkin' there's no use argufyin' wi' that age, no use ava!"

"They'll hae learnt this nicht," said Rory thickly, wrenching Schunk from the cabin door, "that the pooers abo' dinna fecht only on the side o' the meek an' lowly. Ower wi' them, noo!"

They were quoited, swearing like demons, into the logway, gray with slush ice and snow. And when they came up again cant-hooks were twisted into their collars, and they were hauled in to the boat-landing.

Dawn was breaking. The scows were receiving their final interlashing, and the tugs were making fast their tow-lines. A good eighty of Rory's men were going with the Scotia, and they were swiftly building themselves shelter shanties under

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"NOO, HEAVEN KEEP YE!" HE SAID IN A DRY WHISPER, "FOR YE SURE DINNA KEN HOO NEAR DEATH YE ARE THE NOO"

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THE WISH AND THE DEED

By Max Adeler

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IF EVER ANY ONE LEAVES YOU MONEY IN SIX FIGURES REMEMBER WHAT GEORGE AND MARY MADE OF THE JENKINS MILLIONS

"A GOOD STRAW HAT IS 'SOMETHING'"

IT HAD always been one of the luxuries of the Grimeses to consider what they would do if they were rich. Many a time George and his wife, sitting together of a summer evening upon the porch of their own pretty house in Susanville, had looked at the long unoccupied country-seat of General Jenkins, just across the way, and wished they had money enough to buy the place and give it to the village for a park.

Mrs. Grimes often said that if she had a million dollars the very first thing she would do would be to purchase the Jenkins place. George's idea was to tear down the fences, throwing everything open, and to dedicate the grounds to the public. Mrs. Grimes wanted to put a great free library in the house and to have a club for poor working-women in the second-floor rooms. George estimated that one hundred thousand dollars would be enough to carry out their plans. Say fifty thousand dollars for purchase money, and then fifty more invested at six per cent. to maintain the place.

"But if we had a million," said George, "I think I should give one hundred and fifty thousand to the enterprise and do the thing right. There would always be repairs and new books to buy and matters of that kind."

But this was not the only benevolent dream of these kind-hearted people. They liked to think of the joy that would fill the heart of that poor struggling pastor, Mr. Borrow, if they could tell him that they would pay the whole debt of the Presbyterian Church, six thousand dollars.

"And I would have his salary increased, George," said Mrs. Grimes. "It is shameful to compel that poor man to live on a thousand dollars."

"Outrageous," said George. "I would guarantee him another thousand, and maybe more; but we should have to do it quietly, for fear of wounding him."

"That mortgage on the Methodist Church," said Mrs. Grimes. "Imagine the happiness of those poor people in having it lifted! And so easy to do, too, if we had a million dollars."

"Certainly, and I would give the Baptists a handsome pipe-organ instead of that wheezing melodeon. Dreadful, isn't it?"

"You can get a fine organ for $2000," said Mrs. Grimes.

"Yes, of course, but I wouldn't be mean about it; not mean on a million dollars. Let them have a really good organ, say for $3000 or $3500; and then build them a parsonage, too."

"The fact is," said Mrs. Grimes, "that people like us really ought to have large wealth, for we know how to use it rightly."

"I often think of that," answered George. "If I know my own soul I long to do good. It makes my heart bleed to see the misery about us, misery I am absolutely unable to relieve. I am sure that if I really had a million dollars I should not want to squander it on mere selfish pleasure, nor would you. The greatest happiness any one can have is in making others happy; and it is a wonder to me that our rich people don't see this. Think of old General Jenkins and his twenty million dollars, and what we would do for our neighbors with a mere fraction of that!"

"For we really want nothing much for ourselves," said Mrs. Grimes. "We are entirely satisfied with what we have in this lovely little home and with your $2000 salary from the bank."

"Almost entirely," said George. "There are some few little things we might add in—just a few; but with a million we could easily get them and more and have such enormous amounts of money left."

"Almost the first thing I would do," said Mrs. Grimes, "would be to settle a comfortable living for life on poor Isaac Wickersham. That man, George, crippled as he is, lives on next to nothing. I don't believe he has two hundred dollars a year."

"Well, we could give him twelve hundred and not miss it and then give the same sum to Widow Clausen. She can barely keep alive."

"And there's another thing I'd do," said Mrs. Grimes. "If we kept a carriage I would never ride up alone from the station or for pleasure. I would always find some poor or infirm person to go with me. How people can be so mean about their horses and carriages as some rich people are is beyond my comprehension."

It is a delightful pastime, expending in imagination large sums of money that you haven't got. You need not regard considerations of prudence. You can give free rein to your feelings and bestow your bounty with reckless profusion. You obtain almost all the pleasure of large giving without any cost. You feel nearly as happy as if you were actually doing the good deeds which are the children of your fancy.

George Grimes and his wife had considered so often the benevolences they would like to undertake if they had a million dollars that they could have named them all at a moment's notice without referring to a memorandum. Nearly everybody has engaged in this pastime, but the Grimeses were to have the singular experience of the power to make their dream a reality placed in their hands.

For one day George came flying home from the bank with a letter from the executors of General Jenkins (who died suddenly in Mexico a week or two before) announcing that the General had left a million dollars and the country-seat in Susanville to George Grimes.

"And to think, Mary Jane," said George when the first delirium of their joy had passed, "the dear old man was kind enough to say—here, let me read it to you again from the quotation from the will in the letter: 'I make this bequest because, from repeated conversations with the said George Grimes, I know that he will use it aright.' So you see, dear, it was worth while, wasn't it, to express our benevolent wishes sometimes when we spoke of the needs of those who are around us?"

"Yes, and the General's kind remark makes this a sacred trust, which we are to administer for him."

"We are only his stewards."

"Stewards of his bounty."

"So that we must try to do exactly what we think he would have liked us to do," said George.

"Nothing else, dear?"

"Why, of course we are to have some discretion, some margin; and besides, nobody possibly could guess precisely what he would have us do."

"But now, at any rate, George, we can realize fully one of our longing desires and give to the people the lovely park and library?"

George seemed thoughtful. "I think, Mary Jane," he said, "I would not act precipitately about that. Let us reflect upon the matter. It might seem unkind to the memory of the General just to give away his gift almost before we get it."

They looked at each other, and Mrs. Grimes said:

"Of course there is no hurry. And we are really a little cramped in this house. The nursery is much too small for the children and there is not a decent fruit tree in our garden."

"The thing can just stay open until we have time to consider."

"But I am so glad for dear old Isaac. We can take care of him, anyhow, and of Mrs. Clausen, too."

"To be sure," said George. "The obligation is sacred. Let me see, how much was it we thought Isaac ought to have?"

"Twelve hundred a year."

"I SENT HER MY RED FLANNEL PETTICOAT WITH MY LOVE"

"H-m-m," murmured George, "and he has two hundred now; an increase of five hundred per cent. I'm afraid it will turn the old man's head. However, I wouldn't exactly promise anything for a few days yet."

"Many a man in his station in life is happy upon a thousand."

"A thousand! Why, my dear, there is not a man of his class in town that makes six hundred."

"George?"

"Well?"

"We must keep horses, and there is no room to build a stable on this place."

"No."

"Could we live here and keep the horses in the General's stables across the way, even if the place were turned into a park?"

"That is worth thinking of."

"And George?"

"Well, dear?"

"It's a horrid thing to confess, but do you know, George, I've felt myself getting meaner and meaner and stingier and stingier ever since you brought the good news."

George tried to smile, but the effort was unsuccessful; he looked half-vexed and half-ashamed.

"Oh, I wouldn't put it just that way," he said. "The news is so exciting that we hardly know at once how to adjust ourselves to it. We are simply prudent. It would be folly to plunge ahead without any caution at all. How much did you say the debt of the Presbyterian Church is?"

"Six thousand, I think."

"A good deal for a little church like that to owe."

"Yes, but——"

"You didn't promise anything, Mary Jane, did you, to Mrs. Borrow?"

"No, for I had nothing to promise. But I did tell her on Sunday that I would help them liberally if I could."

"They will base large expectations on that, sure. I wish you hadn't said it just that way. Of course, we are bound to help them, but I should like to have a perfectly free hand in doing it."

There was silence for a moment, while both looked through the window at the General's place over the way.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Grimes.

"Lovely. That little annex on the side would make a snug den for me; and imagine the prospect from that south bedroom window! You would enjoy every look at it."

"George?"

"What?"

"George, dear, tell me frankly, do you really feel in your heart as generous as you did yesterday?"

"Now, my dear, why press that matter? Call it meaner or narrower or what you will; maybe I am a little more so than I was; but there is nothing to be ashamed of. It is the conservative instinct asserting itself; the very same faculty in

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man that holds society together. I will be liberal enough when the time comes, never fear. I am not going to disregard what one may call the pledges of a lifetime. We will treat everybody right, the Presbyterian Church and Mr. Borrow included. His salary is a thousand, I think you said?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm willing to make it fifteen hundred right now, if you are."

"We said, you remember, it ought to be two thousand."

"Who said so?"

"You did, on the porch here the other evening."

"I never said so. There isn't a preacher around here gets that much. The Episcopalians with their rich people only give eighteen hundred."

"And a house."

"Very well, the Presbyterians can build a house if they want to."

"You consent then to pledge five hundred more to the minister's salary?"

"I said I would if you would, but my advice is just to let the matter go over until to-morrow or next day, when the whole thing can be considered."

"Very well, but, George, sixty thousand dollars is a great deal of money, and we certainly can afford to be liberal with it, for the General's sake as well as for our own."

"Everything depends upon how you look at it. In one way the sum is large. In another way it isn't. General Jenkins had just twenty times sixty thousand. Tremendous, isn't it? He might just as well have left us another million. He is in Heaven and wouldn't miss it. Then we could have some of our plans more fully carried out."

"I hate to be thought covetous," answered Mrs. Grimes, "but I do wish he had put on that other million."

The next day Mr. Grimes, while sitting with his wife after supper, took a memorandum from his pocket and said:

"I've been jotting down some figures, Mary Jane, just to see how we will come out with our income of sixty thousand dollars."

"Well?"

"If we give the place across the street for a park and a library and a hundred thousand dollars with which to run it, we shall have just nine hundred thousand left."

"Yes."

"We shall want horses, say a carriage pair, and a horse for the station wagon. Then I must have a saddle horse and there must be a pony for the children. I thought also you might as well have a gentle pair for your own driving. That makes six. Then there will have to be, say, three stable men. Now, my notion is that we shall put up a larger house farther up town with all the necessary stabling. Count the cost of the house and suitable appointments, and add in the four months' trip to Europe which we decided yesterday to take next summer, and how much of that fifty-four thousand do you think we shall have left at the end of the year?"

"But why build the house from our income?"

"Mary Jane, I want to start out with the fixed idea that we will not cut into our principal."

"Well, how much will we have over?"

"Not a dollar! The outlay for the year will approximate fifty-six thousand dollars."

"Large, isn't it?"

"And yet I don't see how we can reduce it if we are to live as people in our circumstances might reasonably be expected to live."

"We must cut off something."

"That is what I think. If we give the park and the library building to the town why not let the town pay the cost of caring for them?"

"Then we could save the interest on that other hundred thousand."

"Exactly, and nobody will suffer. The gift of the property alone is magnificent. Who is going to complain of us? We will decide now to give the real estate and then stop."

Two days later Mr. Grimes came home early from the bank with a letter in his hand. He looked white and for a moment after entering his wife's room he could hardly command utterance.

"I have some bad news for you, dear—terrible news," he said, almost falling into a chair.

The thought flashed through Mrs. Grimes' mind that the General had made a later will which had been found and which revoked the bequest to George. She could hardly whisper:

"What is it?"

"The executors write to me that the million dollars left to me by the General draws only about four per cent. interest."

"George!"

"Four per cent.! Forty thousand dollars instead of sixty thousand! What a frightful loss! Twenty thousand dollars a year gone at one breath!"

"Are you sure, George?"

"Sure? Here is the letter. Read it yourself. One-third of our fortune swept away before we have a chance to touch it!"

"I think it was very unkind of the General to turn the four per cents. over to us while somebody else gets the six per cents. How *could* he do such a thing? And you such an old friend, too!"

"Mary Jane, that man always had a mean streak in him. I've said so to myself many a time. But, anyhow, this frightful loss settles one thing; we can't afford to give that property across the street to the town. We must move over there to live, and even then, with the huge expense of keeping such a place in order, we shall have to watch things narrowly to make ends meet."

"And you never were good at retrenching, George."

"But we've *got* to retrench. Every superfluous expenditure must be cut off. As for the park and free library, that seems wild now, doesn't it? I don't regret abandoning the scheme. The people of this town never did appreciate public spirit or generosity, did they?"

"Never."

"I'm very sorry you spoke to Mrs. Borrow about helping their church. Do you think she remembers it?"

"She met me to-day and said they were expecting something handsome."

"I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS FOR YOU, DEAR—TERRIBLE NEWS"

Mr. Grimes laughed bitterly.

"That's always the way with those people. They are the worst beggars! When a lot of folks get together and start a church it is almost indecent for them to come running around to ask other folks to support it. I have half a notion not to give them a cent."

"Not even for Mr. Borrow's salary?"

"Certainly not! Half the clergymen in the United States get less than a thousand dollars a year; why can't he do as the rest do? Am I to be called upon to support a lot of poor preachers? A good deal of nerve is required, I think, to ask such a thing of me."

Two weeks afterward Mr. Grimes and his wife sat together again on the porch in the cool of the evening.

"Now," said Grimes, "let us together go over these charities we were talking about and be done with them. Let us start with the tough fact staring us in the face that, with only one million dollars at four per cent. and all our new and necessary expenses, we shall have to look sharp or I'll be borrowing money to live on in less than eight months."

"Well," said Mrs. Grimes, "what shall we cut out? Would you give up that Baptist organ that we used to talk about?"

"Mary Jane, it is really surprising how you let such things as that stay in your mind. I considered that organ scheme abandoned long ago."

"Is it worth while, do you think, to do anything with the Methodist Church mortgage?"

"How much is it?"

"Three thousand dollars, I think."

"Yes, three thousand from forty thousand leaves us only thirty-seven thousand. Then, if we do it for the Methodists we shall have to do it for the Lutherans and the Presbyterians and swarms of churches all around the country. We can't make flesh of one and fowl of another. It will be safer to treat them all alike; and more just, too. I think we ought to try to be just with them, don't you, Mary Jane?"

"And Mr. Borrow's salary?"

"Ha! Yes! That is a thousand dollars, isn't it? It does seem but a trifle. But they have no children and they have themselves completely adjusted to it. And suppose we should raise it one year and die next year? He would feel worse than if he just went along in the old way. When a man is fully adjusted to a thing it is the part of prudence, it seems to me, just to let him alone."

"I wish we could——"

"Oh, well, if you want it; but I propose that we don't make them the offer until next year or the year after. We shall have our matters arranged better by that time."

"And now about Isaac Wickersham?"

"Have you seen him lately?"

"Two or three days ago."

"Did he seem discontented or unhappy?"

"No."

"You promised to help him?"

"What I said was, 'We are going to do something for you, Isaac.'"

"Something! That commits us to nothing in particular. Was it your idea, Mary Jane, to make him an allowance?"

"Yes."

"There you cut into our insufficient income again. I don't see how we can afford it with all these expenses heaping up on us; really I don't."

"But we must give him something; I promised it."

George thought a moment and then said:

"This is the end of September and I sha'n't want this straw hat that I have been wearing all summer. Suppose you give him that. A good straw hat is 'something.'"

"You remember Mrs. Clausen, George?"

"Have we got to load up with her, too?"

"Let me explain. You recall that I told her I would try to make her comfortable, and when I found that our circumstances were going to be really straitened, I sent her my red flannel petticoat with my love, for I know she can be comfortable in that."

"Of course she can."

"So this afternoon when I came up from the city she got out of the train with me and I felt so half-ashamed of the gift that I pretended not to see her and hurried out to the carriage and drove quickly up the hill. She is afraid of horses, anyhow."

"Always was," said George.

"But, George, I don't feel quite right about it yet; the gift of a petticoat is rather stingy, isn't it?"

"No, I don't think so."

"And, George, to be perfectly honest with ourselves now, don't you think we are a little bit meaner than we were, say, last June?"

George cleared his throat and hesitated, and then he said:

"I admit nothing, excepting that the only people who are fit to have money are the people who know how to take care of it."

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MEN AND MEASURES

By Charles Emory Smith

THE CHANGE IN THE CHARACTER OF FOREIGN REPRESENTATION AT WASHINGTON. MR. BOWEN'S VIGOROUS CONDUCT OF VENEZUELA'S CASE. THE CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE TRUSTS

THE diplomatic corps at Washington used to be chiefly the dazzling ornament of society. The foreign representative was the pet of the parlor, and little more. With the extraordinary advance in the position of the United States among the world Powers our capital has become one of the centres of world activities, and the diplomats have something to do. The recent prolonged pourparlers through which the Venezuelan settlement was reached brought out impressively two things—first, the increasing importance of Washington as a diplomatic focus, and, second, the sweeping change in the personnel of the corps.

As the dispute involved an American country and the Venezuelan representative was the American Minister, it was natural and convenient that the conferences should be held at Washington. Yet they might have been held at London, and under the old order of things probably would have been. To locate them at our capital was undoubtedly to recognize and facilitate the friendly and advisory, not to say supervisory, interest of our Government. The three representatives who conducted the negotiations on behalf of the European allies were all men who had just taken up their missions. The death of Lord Pauncefote and the retirement of Holleben and Fava had removed the old landmarks, and when to this reconstruction is added the transfer of Cambon and of several of the minor Ministers it indicates how largely the corps has been transformed.

Of the European negotiators Baron Speck von Sternberg is the most active and interesting figure. He belongs to the new school of diplomacy—the school which is frank, direct, open and outspoken, which seeks the truth and does not seek to escape it by sticking the head in the sand. He came over here to tell the Berlin Foreign Office the facts as he found them and not as the Foreign Office wanted to hear them. He reported American sentiment as it was, and not as Berlin imagined and desired it to be. There are diplomats who give the home office what they think it wishes to believe and not what it ought to know. Baron Speck is not one of these. Throughout his career he has been distinguished for telling the truth, whether altogether palatable or not. He was once recalled and humiliated for his plain speaking, but he now has personal standing enough with the Kaiser to be safe in giving the facts as he sees them.

Von Sternberg's Share in the Affair

IF THE German demands on Venezuela seemed arbitrary and excessive in the settlement as it was finally made, there is good reason to believe that they would have been more harsh and exacting if the moderating and restraining influence of Baron Speck had not been exercised. When it was supposed that all points of difference had been adjusted and an agreement reached new requirements were unexpectedly imposed. The autocratic will and the mailed hand were plain in these exactions. The energetic remonstrance and admonition of Baron Speck resulted in a modification, but even as it is Germany secures an advantage over her allies. If she does this at the expense of their distrust and of her own good faith, it may prove in the long run to be a costly gain. But there can be no criticism of the German representative. He promptly recognized the conditions on this side. He was quick to see the American feeling and to understand that it was not wise to trifle with it. He is alert and dexterous, and, though handicapped in taking up an unfinished work, he was clever and discreet in handling it within his limitations.

After the President had declined to arbitrate the general issue it was foolish to ask him to arbitrate the minor question of preferential treatment for the blockading Powers. His negative was certain. It is safe to say that Baron Speck did not approve that suggestion. As he is not an Ambassador, but has Ambassadors as his colleagues, he was playing the difficult rôle of being a leading actor in a secondary part, and though his name appeared on the paper with the others, it was his hand without his head. No little finesse was required in preserving apparent unanimity of action where there was not entire unanimity of judgment and method.

The new British Ambassador has made an agreeable impression in Washington. Sir Michael Herbert is a genial, unaffected and attractive gentleman. He enters into life at the capital with kindly and sympathetic spirit, and is sure to be popular in the social circle. He has shown on two or three occasions that he can speak in a graceful and tactful way, and his footing with the nimble wits and good fellowship of the Gridiron Club has been promptly established. In the Venezuelan negotiations he has had little independent and original power. He was simply the medium of his Government, and was once reminded rather pointedly that it was his business to obey instructions. The Italian Ambassador, though senior in order of precedence, stood for the Power with least voice and influence, and naturally left the leadership to his associates.

It was against these men, and still more against their Governments, that Mr. Bowen was pitted. He was well fitted for the rôle he had to play. Representing the feeblest of the nations he was the most assertive and peremptory of the negotiators. Standing on the defensive, he was the most aggressive and positive in his tactics. Physically commanding, intellectually vigorous, temperamentally bold and decisive, with quick perceptions, clear purpose, resolute tone and dominating manner, he had the right bearing and the right qualities to make the most of the position in which he was placed.

How Plain Talk Won the Day

THE influence he had gained over Castro was remarkable. He went to Caracas when the relations between Venezuela and the United States were strained over the usurpations and rapacity of the Venezuelan Government respecting the rival claims of American citizens, and he at once adopted an energetic attitude. Rarely is a ruler treated to such plain speaking by the representative of another Power. Castro found that in the American Minister he had a fearless observer who knew his designs and who did not hesitate to tell him the truth to his face. The very frankness, directness and boldness of Mr. Bowen seemed to win his confidence, and when he found the allies pressing him he put his whole case in Mr. Bowen's hands.

The American Minister was in a unique situation. England and Germany were seeking the approval of the United States in their proceeding. Venezuela was dependent on the United States for protection. All roads led to Rome and all interests led to the American Minister. His personality enforced his representative position. When England and Germany withdrew their Ministers they placed the care of their nationals in his hands. At the same time he was the trusted adviser of Castro. His quality was shown at the outset in a characteristic act. Castro answered the English and German menace by seizing the English and German nationals and thrusting them into prison. Immediately Mr. Bowen hastened to the palace, pointed out the folly of this rash act, insisted on their instant release, and secured it.

When the issue passed to the stage of negotiations Castro made him his plenipotentiary. Then Mr. Bowen came to Washington with plenary powers. Note how he played his game. He first armed himself with full authority to arrange a settlement or arbitration of the claims of all nations against Venezuela. He next exhibited his credentials to the blockading Powers, received their recognition and announced his readiness to proceed. He then informed the neutral nations that he was empowered to settle their claims also, and skillfully arrayed them against the demand of the blockading Powers to be treated as preferred creditors. He thus gained the moral influence of the majority of nations, including the United States, for his side.

England and Germany had yielded much. They had agreed to raise the blockade; they had agreed to adjudicate the unadmitted claims with Venezuela without formal arbitration; they had agreed to accept only a part of the thirty per cent. reservation of the custom revenues in satisfaction of their claims; and they were unwilling to yield the last point of all and surrender all demand for preference after all their demonstration. Then Mr. Bowen played his trump card. "It will take six years or more," he said, "to pay the claims under the proposed arrangement; if the allies are to have any preferential treatment it means that they are to stand together or tie their hands for that period, and it will cause surprise and disappointment to learn that England has entered into an alliance with Germany or limited her freedom of action on an American question for six years or more."

That was a shaft that pierced to the quick. It was sure to arouse American feeling. It was sure to open the eyes of the English people to the danger of an American estrangement and to intensify the already wide unpopularity of the alliance. Such a blunt declaration was resented as shocking to sensitive and diplomatic nerves. In personal intercourse it was probably put with trenchant force and not in any soft and sinuous way, and its immediate publication to affect public opinion was quite contrary to the old code. It was called "shirt-sleeve diplomacy." There could be no further discussion of the question with a diplomat who struck out in that fashion. But it was all that was left of the controversy, and it must be settled in some way. The allies committed the blunder of invoking the arbitration of the President, and when he declined, as he was sure to do, there was no recourse but to refer it to The Hague Tribunal. Thus we have the paradox of the Tribunal established for the express purpose of promoting the ways of peace being asked to decide that the resort to war gives preferred rights!

This is an outcome with which both Venezuela and the United States may be very well satisfied. If the curtain were lifted on all that took place behind the scenes it would doubtless be found that our Government deemed it expedient to guide Mr. Bowen somewhat in these negotiations, and it might be revealed that his methods were his own. Secretary Hay has such skill in masking the keenest blow with the velvet touch that, though incisive and outspoken, he probably would have suggested the deft rather than the brusque delivery.

But American diplomacy, though somewhat varied in its methods according to the men, generally accomplishes its objects. Throughout its history it has had signal success, and it succeeds because, though we have no diplomatic school or career, and few trained diplomats, our representatives have for the most part been successful men of affairs, who have gained experience and shown capacity in the practical work of life. They treat diplomacy as they treat other work that may fall to them, as requiring a distinct object, an intelligent understanding of facts, a clear grasp of right principles and a very direct method of going at the end in view. If they have generally prevailed in their diplomatic contests it is because they have been more resourceful men, with less intricate relations and complicated interests to serve and with a more direct and vigorous way of moving straight to the mark.

A Tribute to Senator Cockrell

THE marriage of Senator Cockrell's daughter has furnished the occasion of a striking demonstration of the great esteem felt for the veteran Missouri Senator by his associates without distinction of party. The general purpose of "Men and Measures" cannot be better served than in turning aside for a moment from the more showy figures and the more spectacular exhibitions, and in aiding a broader recognition and appreciation of one of the most useful men in public life. Senator Cockrell is not so conspicuous in the public eye as some others. He is not a brilliant gladiator like his colleague who, after a long and shining career, is just leaving the Senate. But in the actual work of practical legislation relating to all branches of government this unassuming man is one of the most efficient and valuable forces in Washington.

Mr. Cockrell has been in the Senate twenty-eight years, and during all that time has devoted himself to his public work with a conscientious assiduity equaled by few. He is a member of the two great Committees of Appropriations and Military Affairs. He is also one of the Committee on Rules, which no one understands better than he, and, though belonging to the minority, he is chairman of Engrossed Bills, so that every measure which is enacted passes through his careful hands. Some years ago he served on the special committee which made a minute and exhaustive examination of all departments of the Government and of their construction and operation. As the result of this experience no man understands all the machinery of the Government better than he does, and he fairly divides with Senator Allison the distinction of having the largest information and being the highest authority on the whole range of Governmental administration.

Best of all, he fills his great position in the truest and worthiest public spirit. He is a Democrat from a Southern State, and on partisan issues he stands with his party; but on a question of meeting a public necessity or advancing a just public interest no partisanship sways his judgment or impairs his usefulness. He is an ex-Confederate soldier, but he is none the less a genuine patriot, and he brings to the consideration of the multiplied questions of public concern which come before him a true patriotic spirit.

The Closing of the Trust Campaign

THE completion of the program of anti-trust legislation was accomplished in the end with less friction and more apparent ease than was anticipated. The perfection of the work three weeks before the close of the session and without any serious struggle baffled many calculations. It was the result of good tactics and of effective work behind the scenes. The persuasion which did not come in open argument was exercised in private appeal. The President's personal presentation of the case to the leading Senators was conclusive, and his evident command of an irresistible public sentiment carried acquiescence, if not hearty consent. The fact of what may be the most important domestic legislation of years going through the Senate without any debate whatever and through

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the House with only nominal debate is a curious and interesting development. The discussion was really before the people and not in the legislative chambers, and the result is a striking example of the power of public opinion.

There was a sort of singular mystery without being any real secret about the elusive telegrams from trust magnates which were supposed to aid action at the last, if they did not precipitate it. Just before the publicity amendment to the Department of Commerce bill was to be reported the whole country suddenly rang with the uproar of the telegrams protesting against it, and insisting that it must be stopped. Immediately the revelation made its passage doubly sure. But not one of the telegrams has been actually caught. The one to Senator Quay does not count, for that was outside of the group and was part of a correspondence. The real broadside went to eight or nine Senators. The President instantly knew it and quickly recognized the weapon that had been placed in his hand. The friends who visited the executive office on that memorable Saturday morning—and there happened to be some from out of town—knew it. Within twenty-four hours the country knew it, and if there was any opposition to the publicity amendment it was silenced. But the Senators withdrew within their shells, and the telegrams, though perfectly well known in Washington and an entirely legitimate expression of opinion and interest if they had been more discreet, have not been publicly identified.

The points covered by the acts which comprise the anti-trust legislation are precisely as described in these columns four weeks ago.

The question of reposing the power of supervision and investigation in a commission like the Interstate Commerce Commission or in a permanent executive bureau was a crucial issue in the judgment of many conservative business men. It was wisely decided in favor of the executive bureau. This guards against excessive disturbance and assures responsible and self-contained oversight. Instead of making the requirement of reports and publicity arbitrary and universal, it is left to be applied where needful at the discretion of the Commissioner and practically of the President. This opens the way to the protection of the public without exposing legitimate and unquestioned business to needless intrusion. There has been a widespread impression that the Littlefield bill embodied the views and plans of Attorney-General Knox. This is entirely incorrect. The Attorney-General put himself in communication with Mr. Littlefield and the members of the House Committee, but for the purpose of restraining and moderating their extreme plans. The measure as they conceived it was thus modified, but it still raised doubtful questions and proposed radical action. Though carried through the House it was laid aside in the scheme of responsible legislation, and any modification in Senator Hoar's committee will meet the same fate. President Roosevelt's Administration has accomplished the new departure, but will inaugurate it in a conservative and experimental way.

GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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SHE went straight to her father with the whole story. He listened sitting at his desk, balancing a broad ivory paper-cutter on his forefinger. She felt much better when she had finished; her anger seemed to have been carried off in her words.

After a long silence her father said: "What do you wish to do?"

She looked foolish. "I don't know, papa," she said feebly. "What do you think we ought to do?"

"He may have been honestly deceived."

"But Mr. Macready said——"

"That was merely his offhand opinion," he interrupted. "They've been making imitation jewels of all kinds for years. I know the Italians have long been clever at it."

Elsie was silent. She could not help remembering Rontivogli's stupid, overcrafty reiterations. She knew that he knew.

"And," continued her father, examining the paper-cutter critically, "there isn't the slightest doubt as to the genuineness of Prince Rontivogli himself."

Another long silence during which neither father nor daughter showed the slightest curiosity as to what thoughts the other's face might be revealing.

"Even if he did willfully deceive in this—not vitally important—matter," continued the aspirant for a princess daughter, "I can imagine many extenuating circumstances. It isn't the young man's fault that he's poor. It isn't unnatural that he shouldn't wish to expose his poverty—especially if he"—the Senator's face took on a smile of fatherly benevolence—"happened to care for the young lady. 'All's fair in love and war,' you know. And we must not judge harshly those who have less than we have. Still——"

Rontivogli's "temperament" was vigorously reenforcing his title in repairing the havoc the false jewel had played with him in Elsie's mind. He had been a convincing lover; Elsie had too much vanity and too much desire to be loved madly not to be a credulous young woman. "I don't know what to do, papa," she said in the tone that proclaims a decision reached and a wish for support in it.

"Perhaps," replied the Senator slowly, the picture of forgiving charity, "it might be best to let the matter drop."

"But I simply can't wear the ring! I'd feel such a fraud, and I'd soon be disliking him, though this may not be at all his fault. Besides, some one might——"

"That could be easily arranged." Her father's eyes twinkled—he was preparing to treat the discovered deception as a little private joke on the prince between his daughter and himself. "We can get Tiffany to set an emerald in the ring. No one will know. And some day you can tease him about it. If he is innocent, it would mortify him horribly to learn the truth now, wouldn't it?"

Elsie smiled somewhat cheerfully. She was trying hard to make herself doubt the prince's guilty knowledge. "It must be done right away," she said.

She wore her gloves that afternoon. But Rontivogli, with nerves like a sensitive plant's leaves, felt a change in her, hard though she tried to seem unchanged. In the clear light of hind-sight he had been cursing himself for saying so much to her of Madame Almansa's insinuations; and at first he feared that by his blundering he had roused suspicion in her. But she showed that she was still in the mood to marry him, and the negotiations for settlements went smoothly on between Senator Pope's lawyer and the attorney to the Italian Embassy, whom he had engaged to represent him; he dismissed his fear as a wild imagining of guilt and set himself to remove the coolness just under Elsie's surface of warmth by lavishing his "temperament" upon her. And he was rewarded with swift success. A flaw in such a lover was as inconsequential as a flaw in an emerald—and was it not as much a matter of course?

Toward the end of the week she went with her father to New York, and in two days Tiffany changed the setting for a consideration of four thousand eight hundred dollars. She returned to Washington fully restored—but she kept the false jewel. The shock and its after-effects were over now. She was a little astonished that she, so used to the quaint ways of foreigners, should have attached importance to the quaintness of this foreigner—a lover who was fiery and infatuated, a lover who sang, a lover who was a Prince of a "house" that ruled and plotted and patronized the arts when Europe beyond the Alps was a savage wilderness. Rontivogli had not been studying women for twenty years—or ever since he was eighteen—aided by a classic face, a classic figure, a classic name and classic recklessness, without learning thoroughly the business he was now following.

Frothingham had ceased to hope, and, for lack of any other opening, was arranging to go to Chicago, there to visit his steamer friend Barney whom he had not permitted to forget him—Barney had a marriageable daughter and was rated at eleven millions; also, Chicago was reputed to be a promising field for titled foreigners. He felt that he was neglecting business in lingering at Washington. He saw no signs, heard no news, of available rich girls or rich men's daughters. Half a dozen questions about any girl and he would get an answer that would force him to strike her from his list—the father was opposed to large settlements; the family was opposed to international marriages; the family's social ambitions were of the new cis-Atlantic kind; the daughter was already engaged; the mother's aim was for princely or ducal rank. And he was kept in low spirits by the spectacle of the triumphant Rontivogli, and was exasperated by Elsie's treating him as an object of pity, a rejected and inconsolable lover.

As he sat alone in a corner of the club, staring with grim satire into the ugly face of his affairs, upon him intruded a man whom he had often described as the most viciously tiresome person he had ever met—Count Eitel zu Blickenstern. He disliked Blickenstern because he was a German; he avoided him because he was dull, because he was a chronic and ingenious borrower of small sums of money, and because every remark that seemed to him to have been intended humorously was hailed by him with a loud, mirthless laugh—the laugh of those who have no notion of wit or humor and fear their deformity will be discovered.

Frothingham had first met Blickenstern in the Riviera, where he was living on the last lees of tolerance. He would have cut him when he ran across him in New York had he not found him in high favor with the women who dominated fashionable society. They admitted Blickenstern as they admitted almost any of the few available men with no occupation but idleness. They needed escorts, attendants, fetch-and-carry men; Blickenstern was idle and willing, was big and always well dressed, was useful to do the hard work of arranging an entertainment once it had been planned. And his noisy convulsions flattered those unaccustomed to having their jokes appreciated.

"I HAVE COME, SIR, TO REPEL THE LIES OF THAT INFAMOUS PRUSSIAN"

Frothingham's cold stare did not disturb Blickenstern, born insensible to mental temperatures. He posed for a moment to give Frothingham a chance to admire his fashionable array of new light-gray frock suit, white spats, orchid in buttonhole and dark red tie; then he dropped upon the lounge with the good-natured, slightly condescending greeting he gave men when he had money in his pockets. He explained that he had come the night before in a private car with a party of distinguished New Yorkers who had to testify before a Senate committee. "And, do you know," said he—his English was idiomatic American and almost without accent, "the first person I ran into was that Italian scalawag, Rontivogli."

Frothingham's eyeglass glistened; otherwise he did not change expression. "D' you know 'im?" he asked languidly.

"Know 'im?" replied Blickenstern. "Rather! I'm responsible for him in this country. He landed without a friend, and the people he had letters to shut the door in his face—they don't fancy Italians in New York. I introduced him round and got him in everywhere. And, by gad, he not only refused to pay a note he gave me, but when I met him here last night he stared at me as if he'd never seen me before."

"Rough, wasn't it?"

Blickenstern laughed cheerfully, without a trace of irritation. Insults did not disturb him; he had killed one man and had wounded several in duels, but he fought only because it was the "proper thing for a gentleman"—and respect-inspiring in certain countries and in certain circumstances. "I'm off for home next week," he said, "never to return to this bounder-land. I think, just before I go, I'll get the face value of that note and interest—and not in money, either."

Blickenstern had several drinks "on" Frothingham—half a dozen in as rapid succession as Frothingham could induce. But he refused to disclose his proposed revenge; only chuckled, "I'll bet the dago'll leave on the first steamer after I sail."

Frothingham got Boughton to attempt Blickenstern, and Boughton not only tried it himself but also put at work a friend of his in the German Embassy. Blickenstern, however, would not go beyond waggling his big blond head and saying, "Wait! I don't want to spoil the fun." The military attaché at the German Embassy was with him when he met

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Rontivogli again. "I'll give the guinea one more chance," said he, overflowing with good nature as always when he had drunk to excess. It was the office of the Shoreham and Rontivogli was on his way out; Blickenstern bore down upon him, caught him by the lapel.

"I'm giving you your last chance, Cosimo," he said. "You'd better pay up."

"If you don't take your hands off me," exclaimed Rontivogli in French, "I'll have you put into the street." The look in his black eyes suggested the glitter of a stiletto.

Blickenstern shook him gently. "If you don't pay that note," he replied with unruffled good nature, "I'll publish it and the contract also. I'm leaving the country and don't care what they think of me here. But you—I hear you're about to marry?"

Rontivogli grew yellow under the bronze of his clear, pale skin. "I tell you, I can't pay the note. You know it. You drove me out of New York with your dogging and dunning me. In a few weeks I can pay, and will."

"Yes—when you're married." Blickenstern laughed loudly and not hollowly—here was a joke he could see. "What do you think I am—an imbecile? Don't I know that as soon as you're married you can snap your fingers—and will?"

Rontivogli disengaged himself and readjusted his close-fitting coat. "I'm certain you will not lay yourself liable to arrest for blackmail," he said with calm contempt and went on to his carriage.

Blickenstern looked after him, nodding and laughing. "Just wait!" he said, addressing his fellow-German and including the curious loungers in the office.

Frothingham searched for Blickenstern—he had a vague idea of taking him to call at the Popes. But he could not find him. He did see Rontivogli, however—one glance was enough to tell him that Blickenstern's threats had devoured his high spirits and were eating into his courage. He waited impatiently for the explosion—a five days' wait, for it did not come until the following Tuesday. That morning, as Hutt went out of his bedroom after fixing his bath, Joe Wallingford called from their common sitting-room:

"You're awake, aren't you?"

"Almost," answered Frothingham.

"Then just read that." He flung a newspaper through the crack in Frothingham's door on to his bed.

Frothingham took the paper and instantly caught the names of Rontivogli and Blickenstern in the largest headlines. He began eagerly upon a three-column article, the most of it under a New York date line.

"Ain't that cruel?" called Wallingford. "Ain't it a soaker?"

"Um," replied Frothingham, too busy to pause.

It was an account of a suit brought by Blickenstern against Rontivogli to collect a note for twenty-five hundred dollars. The "sensation" lay in a document which Blickenstern had attached to the note and had filed with the papers in the suit—a contract, reading:

> I, Cosimo di Rontivogli, hereby agree to pay Count Eitel zu Blickenstern twenty-five hundred dollars as soon as he has introduced me to the persons whose names are written upon the back of this contract in my handwriting. And I further agree to pay him an additional twenty-five hundred dollars within one month after I become engaged to an American lady, whether or not I am introduced to her by him. And I further agree to pay him an additional ten thousand dollars within three months after my marriage with an American lady, whether or not he introduces me to her.
>
> (Signed) COSIMO DI RONTIVOGLI.

This contract, the newspaper said, was in Rontivogli's autograph, and was witnessed by two clerks at the Holland House; on the back of the contract, and also in Rontivogli's autograph, were the names of fifteen fashionable and rich New York women. Frothingham glanced at the names—he knew the bearers of most of them—and hastened on into Blickenstern's interview. "In Europe," he had said to the reporter, "I should call the fellow out and kill him. Here, where the duel does not exist, I must take the only redress open to me for his betrayal of my friendship. I asked him to pay only the note. In fact he owes me five thousand more, as he is now engaged to a Washington heiress. He is a black rascal. If you will send to Milan you can get a fine tale of how he happened to come to your country. I owe all my American friends an apology for introducing him. I confess with shame that but for me he would have known no one."

The article went on with an account of Rontivogli's engagement to "Miss Elsie Pope, one of the best-known young women in Washington, Philadelphia and New York society, the only daughter of Senator John C. Pope, reputed to be the third richest man in the Millionaires' Club, as the Senate is called." Then followed Rontivogli's sweeping denial and his denunciation of the Prussian as a "blackmailer," a "notorious card-sharp," a "thorough scoundrel."

When Frothingham finished he said, "Gad, what a facet for Miss Pope!"

"Isn't it, though?" replied Wallingford. "And for her father. I always blame the fathers."

"But I thought it was the mothers who hankered after European marriages," said Frothingham.

COUNT EITEL ZU BLICKENSTERN

"That's what is usually said," Wallingford answered, "because only the mothers appear in the public part of the business. But who gives up the money for the settlements? The women ain't a nose ahead of the men in the race of snobbishness. Poor little Elsie Pope! This ought to be a lesson to our girls against——"

He paused abruptly and reddened, though Frothingham could not see him. "I almost forgot that Frothingham's one of 'em," he said to himself.

Frothingham was grinning in the seclusion of his bedroom. "I should say so!" he exclaimed in his drawling, satirical voice. "Wonder what the Milan yarn is?"

He learned in a few hours, for the Washington afternoon papers had a long Associated Press dispatch from Milan. Rontivogli, heavily in debt and ruined, had been backed by a syndicate of his creditors for an American tour in search of an heiress. They had risked in the venture forty thousand lire and, within a month, an additional twenty thousand. They regarded it as a by no means desperate investment for the recovery of the very large sum which Rontivogli had got out of them before they discovered his financial plight—certainly with such a title and so much personal beauty and charm he could win the daughter of one of the multitude of rich men among those title-crazy American vulgarians. The Milan dispatch set forth that the correspondent had had no difficulty in getting the facts, as "every one here knows the story. The formation of such syndicates is said to be common in England, France, Germany, Austria and Italy, and many of them have been successful."

"Poor Frothingham!" Wallingford thought as he read. "This is bad for his business. I fancy it'll be many a day before I see my thousand again." And then he delicately gave Frothingham a hint that if he needed another thousand he could have it. But Frothingham didn't need it just then—and, it should be set down to his credit, he would have hesitated long before taking it, had he needed it. Wallingford was not wrong in thinking there had been since he first knew Frothingham a marked decline in his "honor as a gentleman," and a marked rise in his "honor as a man."

Rontivogli went to the Popes at eleven o'clock that morning. The look of the flunky who opened the door foreshadowed to him his fate. He was shown not into the drawing-room but into a reception-room—a small alcove to the left of the door, intended for wraps rather than for callers. The footman returned with a package on his tray. "Miss Pope is not at 'ome," he said haughtily, omitting the customary "Your 'Ighness" and not even substituting so much as a "Sir" for it, "and she left this to be given to you."

Rontivogli ignored the impudences of omitting his title and of addressing him as "you" and took the package. The footman held aside the portière with the broadest possible hint in his face and manner.

"Tell Senator Pope that the Prince di Rontivogli wishes to see him," said Rontivogli in a tone which at once reduced the footman, in spite of himself, from a human being to a mechanical device for the transmission of messages.

When he hesitatingly withdrew Rontivogli opened the package—his ring with the stone unset and loose in the box. He solved the puzzle almost as soon as it was presented to him. He scowled, then gave a short, sneering laugh, put the lid on the box and thrust it into the tail pocket of his frock coat.

Senator Pope received him in his study, rising and bowing without advancing or extending his hand. He was serious, but bland—he did not know how to be brusque or even unkind in manner; he did know how to be diplomatic.

"I have come, sir, to repel the lies of that infamous Prussian," began Rontivogli with suppressed passion.

"You will, I trust, not distress me with the painful subject," said Pope slowly and gently. "We know that the Count has maligned you. But you, as a gentleman, must appreciate how terrible the notoriety is to us all. I assume that you have come to relieve the young lady of the embarrassment of the situation."

Rontivogli lost control of himself, raved, paced the floor, pleaded, denounced, threatened even. But Pope, sympathetic and in the proper places tenderly sorrowful, pressed in upon the Prince his and Elsie's unchangeable determination. At last Rontivogli gave up the useless battle and drew the box from his pocket. "Your daughter," he said, "sent me by a servant this broken ring. The stone has been removed and to my astonishment I find that a false emerald has been substituted." His voice and manner were apologetic, deprecatory, as if Senator Pope owed him an explanation which he was loth to demand.

He opened the box and exhibited its contents to Pope, who looked with polite interest. "The stone has become detached," was all he said.

"But why was it not returned to me?" asked Rontivogli. "Why this false emerald in its place?"

"It is the same stone," said Pope. His tone was absent as if he were thinking of something else.

"It is not!" Rontivogli's voice was bold and hard, a covert threat in it.

They looked each the other straight in the eyes—Pope inquiringly, the Italian defiantly. Then Pope said: "Ah! Excuse me one moment."

He left the room, muttering as he reached the hall, "The miserable swindler! He knows we won't have any further scandal, no matter what it costs." When he returned he had in his hand the emerald he and Elsie had bought at Tiffany's. He laid it on the corner of the desk nearest Rontivogli.

"This is *a* genuine emerald," he said, his voice neither hot nor cold. "You may take *it*—if you like."

"I thank you," replied Rontivogli with a slight bow of acknowledgment, as if a wrong to him had been righted.

He put the emerald and the ring in his waistcoat pocket; he put the box, with the false emerald in it, on the corner of the desk exactly where Senator Pope had laid the genuine stone. Then he went on, in a way that was the perfection of courtesy: "May I presume further on your kindness? This German cur has placed me in a distressing position. I wish to leave America at once, to return where a gentleman cannot be thus attacked without defense. Unfortunately——" He hesitated with a fine affectation of delicacy.

Senator Pope's eyes were more disagreeable to look at than any human being had ever before seen them. "I shall be glad to give you any *reasonable* assistance," he said with admirable self-control.

"You are most kind!" Rontivogli was almost effusive. "I shall return any advance you may make as soon as I am at home."

"How much?" asked Pope with a trace of impatience.

"I have many obligations which must be settled before I leave. I had just cabled for a remittance, but I wish to go before it can arrive. Might I trouble you for an advance of, perhaps, five thousand—I think that will be enough."

Senator Pope unlocked and opened a drawer, took out a flat package of bills. "Here is a thousand dollars," he said. "I cannot advance you more. And I trust you will sail the day after to-morrow." He looked hard at the Prince. "That will spare me the necessity of making a *private* appeal to the Italian Embassy through our State Department."

"You are most kind, mon chèr Senator," replied Rontivogli.

He put the package of bills in the inside pocket of his coat. He reflected a few seconds, then took his top hat. "Will you do me the honor of presenting my compliments and regrets to Madame Pope—and to Mademoiselle?" he said with steady eyes and elaborate politeness. "I thank you again. I regret that we part in circumstances so unhappy. I shall send your little advance within the month."

He bowed profoundly and Senator Pope inclined his head. He went to the door, turned there, bowed again. "Au revoir, my dear Senator," he said cordially, and was gone—a fascinating patrician figure of handsome ease and dignity.

XV

FROTHINGHAM let three days pass and on the fourth called at Senator Pope's. Elsie was in Philadelphia—was visiting an aunt. It had not occurred to him that she would run away and hide herself, so little did he think of the matter in any other light than that of a game between himself

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and Rontivogli. He was much upset and did not know what move to make next. Fate helped him the evening of the same day—the mail brought a note from Elsie:

My dear Friend:

I can't help writing to thank you. You warned me, and you were good and kind about it, and I was very disagreeable. I should like to say so to you, but I don't suppose you'll be in Philadelphia, will you? And it will be many a day before I see Washington. Indeed, I hope I shall never see it again. I didn't deserve your friendship. E. W. P.

Frothingham had not reflected on this letter long before he was telling Hutt to get his belongings together. The next afternoon found him at the Bellevue in Philadelphia, and a few hours later he was dining at the Hopkinses' with Elsie and her uncle and aunt. He liked the Hopkinses—stiff and shy, but kindly. He liked the dark furniture and walls and woodwork, suggesting old English; liked the faces in the family portraits—English faces; liked surroundings where there was nothing new or new-fashioned except his own and Elsie's dress, where there was so much that was fine as well as old. And he had never liked Elsie so well as now that she was chastened into an appealing gentleness and humility.

He saw that he had been right in thinking her note an apology and an attempt to recall him. And when the Hopkinses left them alone in the parlor after dinner he soon said: "I've come for an answer to that question I asked you."

She hung her head and flushed deeply. "Oh, I wish to get away from all this," she said in a low voice. "I'll be glad to go far away—far as—as you care to take me."

He sat beside her and took her hand. But he made no effort to show "temperament." "I'll go back to Washington and see your father to-morrow—if you wish," he said, after a silence.

"Yes," she replied.

She wrote a long letter to her father as soon as Frothingham was gone—her maid posted it at midnight. So it came to pass that Senator Pope was expecting him. He received him with the benign courtesy he gave to the humblest negro. He liked Frothingham—but, for that matter, it was impossible for him to dislike any member of the human race, even Rontivogli, or any well-disposed domestic animal; ever since he had "gathered his bunch," his content and complacence had, with a few brief pauses, been bubbling over in words and acts of kindness. But when Frothingham said, "I've come to see you, sir, about something of which I and your daughter have been talking," his face clouded with the same look as that with which he had received Rontivogli for the final interview.

Frothingham would not have attributed it to embarrassment had he known Senator Pope better. It was the look he wore whenever the exigencies of fate forced him to do anything unpleasant—whether to refuse a small favor or to cut a rival's throat or to scuttle a financial or political ship. For, being a good man and a lover of smoothness, it pained him exceedingly to cause his fellow-beings any other emotion but happiness. In the present instance the cause of his distress was the discovery that an alliance with nobility would destroy his chances of the Vice-Presidential nomination which he was plotting to get. He had not confided his ambition to his closest political lieutenant. But when Rontivogli was exposed and cast out, his colleague and boss had said to him: "I'm glad to hear you are not going to take a foreign nobleman into your family, Senator. Until the engagement was announced we were hoping you could be induced to make the race for the Vice-Presidency. While an Italian wouldn't have been as bad as an Englishman on account of the Irish vote, I don't think the people would have stood for even an Italian."

That settled any aristocratic ambitions.

"I've come, sir," Frothingham was saying, "to ask your consent to marrying your daughter."

Senator Pope's eyes swam, so strong was his emotion. "I am highly honored, Lord Frothingham. But I cannot give you an answer in so important a matter at once. I must consult with her mother." Mrs. Pope was a shadowy nonentity, flitting nervously in the wake of father and daughter.

He detained Frothingham for a long talk on England and America, and sent him away in an almost jubilant mood—no applicant ever left him downcast. The next day Frothingham got a telegram from Elsie asking him to come to her as soon as he could. He assumed that her father had decided to convey his consent through her, and his spirits rose higher. But the first glimpse of her disturbed him—hers was not the face of a bearer of good news.

"I saw your father," he began.

"Yes," she interrupted. "He has written me."

"Does he consent?"

"Yes and no." She hesitated. "He asked me not to tell, but I know I can trust you. He has been planning to be nominated for Vice-President. And he has found that he can't have the nomination if I marry a titled foreigner—especially an Englishman, because of the Irish. They say it would kill the ticket."

Frothingham retreated behind a vacant look.

"He found it out only a few days ago." She did not feel equal to telling him that her father had learned this fatal fact through the exposure of Rontivogli. "So," she ended, "we couldn't marry until after the election. For he says he's sure of the nomination."

"And when is this election?"

"A year from next fall."

Fortunately Frothingham had not the habit of letting his face speak for him. After a pause he said: "But surely you can persuade him."

"It's useless to try. You don't know him as I do. He seems yielding, but where he's set he's hard as granite."

"Nearly two years," he repeated. And to himself: "Impossible! I might weather six months, but two years—the creditors would laugh at me."

"And I wished to go away at once," she said with a long sigh, looking at him mournfully.

"I—we—can't wait two years," he replied.

"We needn't, need we? We might——" she began, then halted, blushing vividly.

He pretended not to understand—though he did, for he had already thought of that plan.

SHE WENT STRAIGHT TO HER FATHER WITH THE WHOLE STORY

"You know—I'm of age," she went on, seeing that he was not going to help her out. "We—we needn't wait for his consent." He did not change expression, but he was saying to himself, "Here's a mess. She's so mad to get away that she's ready to do anything."

"I think he'd forgive us," she went on. "But even if he didn't, I'd never regret."

He knew that he must say something, must say it quickly, and that it must be appreciative but noncommittal. "I couldn't accept such a sacrifice," he said. "It wouldn't be decent to take advantage of you in that fashion. I know it sounds unromantic to say it, but, by Jove, I don't go in for the sort of romance that makes a fellow a blackguard." And he frankly told enough of his financial difficulties to make the situation clear to her. "I believe you can talk your father round," he ended. "He thinks the world of you."

Elsie smiled—melancholy and cynical. "Yes—so long as I don't interfere. But I know how he feels about the Vice-Presidency. And that—that other affair has made him ——" She shook her head.

This chilled Frothingham. "He'd never forgive her if she ran off with me and lost him the office," he reflected. "Besides, I can't afford to go in without settlements arranged beforehand. I must chuck it—quick as ever I can."

He urged persuading her father and she promised to try. He saw her the next day and the next, both afternoons and evenings. On the third day he did not see her until late in the afternoon—her father had come from Washington and had spent the morning with her. And while they were talking Frothingham was reading a letter from Honoria which had been languidly pursuing him for a week. Part of it was:

> I think you met Cecilia Allerton in Boston. Had you heard of her bolting with Frank Mortimer?

"Frank Mortimer!" he exclaimed, sitting bolt upright in bed in his astonishment. "That brute with the big teeth and the empty head!"

> Her father was angry with her for something or other and treated her cruelly. Every one was pitying her. Frank fell in love with her out of sympathy, and she was so miserable that, when her father wouldn't consent, she ran off with him. Mr. Allerton has changed his will, they say, leaving everything to colleges and charities. But Frank has an income and will have more when his uncle dies, and she has a rich aunt who loathes her father, and so may leave her something.
>
> Cecilia's quite mad about Frank, now that they're married. Willie Kennefick was dining with us last night. He says she was in love with Stanley Huddiford who died a year or so ago. He says she believes Stanley's soul has entered into Frank! She's a clever girl, they say, but a bit eccentric, like so many of them down Boston way——

Frothingham looked on this news as a direct warning to him. "I'll take no risks with Pope," he said. "It would be sheer madness."

And before he left his rooms he wrote to Barney, fixing the next day but one for his arrival at Chicago. He felt that there was no hope of winning Pope—at least not at present. "If she by chance succeeds after I'm gone—and I'll leave her in a good humor—I can easily return. But I know there's nothing in it."

Failure was mourning in her eyes when he called at five o'clock. They went for a walk, and in reluctant words she told him that her father was immovable, that their only choice was between disobeying him and breaking the engagement. She listened coldly while he explained his position again; when he had finished she sneered. "You are—unanswerable," she said bitterly.

"No doubt I do lack 'temperament,'" he drawled, an ironic gleam on his eyeglass.

She was humble at once. "Oh—I understand," she answered.

But she was too heartsick to talk; and he forgot that he was walking with her, could only feel ruin's arm linked firmly in his. It was dusk when they reached the house.

In the doorway he took her hand and held it.

"I shall see you when I return?" he asked. "Will you answer if I write, now and then?"

"Yes," she replied gratefully.

She sent away the servant who came at her ring. She detained Frothingham, hoping against reason and instinct that he would tear off that tranquil mask of his, would forget his responsibilities as the bearer of a proud and ancient name, and would say: "I care for only you. Come!" Even after he had left her she lingered, holding the door ajar, listening for returning footsteps. At last she shut the door and went forlornly and wearily to her great, lonely, sombre dressing-room. She stood before the mirror of her dressing-table, studying her plain, wistful, woeful little face. "You aren't pretty," she said to it, "and one can't expect much when men think of nothing but looks in a woman." She could no longer see herself for tears. "And I believe he'd have been—at least kind to me." She rang for her maid and began listlessly and mechanically to dress for dinner.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Envy is admiration in despair.

¶ Progress is slow because it is the work of dreamers.

¶ Experience is a good teacher, but charges like a specialist.

¶ Laws may not make a man good, but they may keep him from being bad.

¶ Friends are made by exchanging services; enemies, by exchanging servants.

¶ The cry "Plagiarist!" was doubtless raised by the first author when the second began to write.

¶ It is concentration that counts. The flame of a candle applied direct is more uncomfortable than the diffused heat of a blast furnace.

Rich Men's Monuments

A NEW YORKER famous for his wealth died about three months ago. Already his family are vigorously bestirring themselves socially. They are entertaining; they entertain; they wear the slight and swiftly curtailing symbols of grief as if they were some sort of a grim, tactless mortuary jest. Many "old-fashioned" people are scandalized. The less serious-minded shrug their shoulders and say: "Life is so short nowadays that there is no time to mourn."

The dead man gave considerable sums to charity; he built for himself a splendid mausoleum; he left a name which might be called on the whole honorable, if one will make liberal allowances for human frailty under extraordinary temptation. But his real monument is the disrespect of his family, unable to maintain even the conventions of grief for so short a time as ninety days after his death, although they are most conventional people and he left them all rich. And he himself built that real monument. He himself is to blame that his name is already a mere legal phrase in the execution of a "last will and testament."

The test of a man's character is his intimate, private relations. What he does before the public—whether in the accumulation or in the distribution of wealth and other kinds of force—is necessarily tainted with vanity and selfishness. But a reputation built up with his family and friends is a genuine reputation, a character. It is the man himself.

This rich man had no character fit to be remembered. True, he did not beat his wife and children; he did not fail to provide for them according to his means. He did everything which the law would have compelled him to do, had he been inclined otherwise. And he did everything which the even more potent sanctions of public opinion compelled. But he would have been arraigned and severely condemned if the courts of this world were able to reach and judge the deepest wrongs, the cruelest injustices.

He neglected his family shamefully in that he gave practically none of his time to them. He knew little about their movements, less about their thoughts. And he aided and abetted his wife in making frivolity and uselessness the chief occupation of herself and their children. In the least important sense of the words he was a husband and a father. In the truly important sense he was neither, though he assumed the responsibilities of both. And he closed his career with what was in the circumstances almost his crowning crime—he left his family the riches which he had never taught them to use, which he had permitted and encouraged them to abuse.

Over against this record must be set his abstention from crime or conspicuous meanness in his business relations and his public gifts. Certainly no one will plead that it is an extraordinary merit for a man to keep from being indicted or jailed. And is there much greater merit in comparatively trifling public gifts given through the carelessness of good nature or the vanity for public applause or through obedience to the current fashion which makes it as much the "proper thing" for a rich man to give of his abundance as for males to wear trousers and females skirts?

If we had the old Egyptian courts of the dead they might here enforce a wholesome lesson upon rich and poor, upon famous and obscure.

Not long ago some one wrote to a philanthropist for a small donation toward a tiny but amazingly helpful hospital. The answer came: "I do a wholesale, not a retail, business." This man, well-meaning though he is, does not realize that a human being can do little good "wholesale," that the highest good, the good which counts for progress, must be done "retail," must be the influence of the individual upon those with whom he comes immediately and personally and intimately into contact. This truth, always important and heretofore usually recognized, is in danger of being forgotten now that the minds and the eyes of men are full of schemes for making everybody intelligent and high-minded by act of legislation or by donation from multi-millionaires.

If Washington had had the personal character of Napoleon as well as perhaps equal military and administrative genius and certainly equal power of enlisting the enthusiasm and devotion of an army, what a tremendous difference it would have made in the history of the world. The greatest work which Washington's character did for his country and for mankind was in shaping and determining the actions, the very thoughts of those who were in intimate personal contact with him. And his fame to-day, as high above that of all the other friends of liberty as is his monument above the housetops of the capital, rests chiefly upon his personal character, during his lifetime shining apparently upon his associates only, but now seen to have illuminated his every act. His genius led his country from dependence. His character led it to sound and enduring liberty.

History, so often shallow of brain and false of tongue, tells us that mankind has been built up chiefly by reputations—by the men who strutted and swaggered. But reason and experience tell us that mankind has been built up chiefly by character—by its man to man, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart influences. And it is only when the products of intellect are preserved in character that they do not decay and become rank and poisonous.

Of all the pitiful masquerades on this world-stage does any cut a sorrier figure than he who, when he is dead, will be remembered by those who did not know him, will be right speedily and charitably forgotten by those who did? And if his life-account should by chance show a balance to the good, that balance is his mask's, not his.

Back to the Tall Grass

THE cities are growing more and more crowded every year as people are attracted to them from the country, and year by year men are learning better and better the truth that it is in the country that one can live the sanest life.

Thus we can account for the remarkable exodus of city people to the country and the tremendous influx of country people to the city. Brooklyn, for instance, was never so populous as now, and there are whole Jersey suburbs made up to the last man of people who have fled from Brooklyn and its confinements to breathe the fresh air of the Oranges.

It is easy to understand why this is so. The city holds out inducements to the country boy that his own environment will never yield him, and he comes to the metropolis, works at his business as few city boys can work, and in course of time he marries a girl who has also come in from the country to earn her living, and they settle down in a cosy flat up in Harlem or out in Brooklyn, and when his means at last permit he builds himself a house on Riverside Drive or the Park Slope and is happy. His children have all the advantages of the city that were denied him when he was a small boy, and if they do not grow up to as lusty a manhood as his, if they do not amount to as much as he did, there are two reasons for it: they have a rich father and he did not, they were born in the city. Now, it is an undeniable fact that few city men rise high in the councils of the nation. If a great man is wise he is born in the country.

Yes, it is easy to understand why there has been such an exodus to the country. The city boy, born and brought up in brick-walled dwellings, getting a smell of the life-giving country air only during an all too short vacation, envies his country cousin who can breathe ozone all the year round and who has all outdoors for his playground, and he determines to go to the country to live if ever it becomes possible. To be sure he is only a clerk and promotion is likely to stop when he has reached a certain point, but perhaps he can get an ideal little house not too far from the city and lead there an ideal life—and perhaps an ideal girl.

In course of time he meets and marries the latter, also a city denizen but with longings for the country. For the first months, or perhaps years, they must put up with a cramped city flat, although her father owns his house in the vicinity of Washington Square. But in course of time children come to them and then they see the absurdity, the criminality of bringing up children in the city. They remember their own childhood and how physically dwarfing it was, and they go a-househunting in the suburbs and at last find a cosy little house, not so far from New York but that he can commute, and they move out there, and he raises his own vegetables and she goes in for chickens and becomes something of a botanist, and her sons grow up lusty and broad-minded.

And the end of it all is that when the sons are of an age to take up business they go into the city with a country education and they take the prizes from under the very noses of the city-bred children whose country-bred father won the prizes of his generation before, and so the city and the country are changing inhabitants all the time, and who shall say that it is not for the best?

But he is wisest who, having fled from the city as soon as he was able, keeps his children in the country, there to live and die. If every one lived in the country the city would be a very good place in which to live because there would be plenty of room. Pending that time it were better for all city people to live in the country, for there is *always* lots of room there.

Collectors with Shotguns

IF THE painful experiences of England and Germany in attempting to collect their bills from Venezuela with shotguns shall promote more civilized methods of transacting international business the enterprise will have been well worth its cost. There was at first, even in this country, a general impression that the allies had a good case against Venezuela, but they have succeeded in making the disreputable little Republic a martyr, not only in our eyes but in those of the whole civilized world. And when they get their money it will have cost them in war expenses, loss of trade and general ill-will ten dollars for every dollar they collect.

All this is as it should be. It does not comport with public policy that one member of the family of nations should be encouraged to chase another member with a gun to collect a debt. The peace of the world is more important than the settlement of a trivial account.

Of course it is desirable that a debt should be paid, but there are other and better methods of pressing a debtor than blockades and bombardments. The appropriate penalty for financial dishonesty is loss of credit. If a country refuse to protect foreign investors, let them keep out. On the New York Stock Exchange billions of dollars change hands on no more substantial guaranty than the raising of a finger. The contracts so made are not enforced by guns, or even by courts. Their execution often means ruin to some of the parties. Yet they are never repudiated. Why? Because a broker who refused to carry out his agreements could no longer do business on the Exchange.

If the South American Republics are dishonest, that is the way to treat them. Let foreign capitalists refuse to take their bonds or build their railroads. Let the exchanges of London and Berlin refuse to list their securities. Let them be placarded everywhere as "wildcat." But if the foreign capitalists think they see sufficient profit in South American investments to make it worth while to risk their money in that quarter, let them stand by the chances they have accepted. Let them not charge triple interest to cover risks and then call on their governments to make their investments gilt-edged with warships.

The time is coming when such proceedings as those of England and Germany will be as unknown in polite international society as an irruption of cowboys to "shoot up" the feet of the guests in a drawing-room. In that time, too, of course, the conduct of countries like Venezuela will be very materially improved. We cannot accept the European theory that the Monroe Doctrine requires us to keep the South American republics in order and compel them by force to live up to their obligations. But we might very readily adopt the rôle of a benevolent adviser. We might let the disorderly republics know what we thought they ought to do and warn them when they seemed in danger of getting into trouble. A favorite idea of the cartoonists is to represent Uncle Sam in the guise of the international policeman. That is not a very attractive rôle. It might be better to regard him as the international schoolmaster.

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WHAT A GOVERNOR DOES

OLD STATEHOUSE AT SPRINGFIELD

GOVERNOR RICHARD YATES

PRESENT STATEHOUSE AT SPRINGFIELD

By Richard Yates

Governor of Illinois

RICHARD YATES

WAR GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS

IN THE routine discharge of his official duties every present-day Governor of a great commonwealth is confronted with a task alike peculiar for the variety and volume of its demands and the manner in which he is permitted to accomplish their discharge. If the citizens of each State understood how manifold, exacting and complex are the affairs to which their chief executive must attend and also appreciated the especial handicaps to the dispatch of these duties imposed by tradition and the exigencies of our form of popular government, it cannot be doubted that the people would, as a natural consequence, so alter their demands upon him as greatly to facilitate his official labors. Because of my belief that a better understanding of the work which a modern Governor must discharge will have this desirable result, I consent to give this glimpse of the routine of life in the executive office and mansion.

From Colonial days has descended to the American people a legacy of formalism, in relation to the discharge of the functions of a Governor, patterned after European models. While the limitations of a pioneer life made for a radical degree of "democratic simplicity," in the Statehouse and Executive Mansion of the West a survival of the spirit of polite consideration has always prevailed, no matter how plain and simple the tastes and habits of the citizen occupying them as the official head of the State. And such polite consideration is still expected by the public.

How Executive Labors Have Multiplied

IN THE days when many States contained not more than half their present population, when transportation was so difficult that it required greater time and discomfort for the citizen to make a pilgrimage from an adjoining county to his State capitol than is now needed to go from Chicago to New York; when the telegraph was in its infancy and the telephone unknown; when the postage on a letter was so considerable a tax that communications of this kind were confined to matters of the most pressing importance; when home-seeking left the people little time for office-seeking—in these "good old days" the Governor of a commonwealth had a leisure for the exercise of courtliness and a gallantry of attention to his visitors which is impossible to a modern chief executive of State. In the period of our country's development shortly preceding the Civil War, for example, the daily callers at the office of the Governor of a State in the Middle West were numbered by dozens where now they are counted by scores and hundreds. Then the reception of a telegram was an event in the executive office, while now they are far more numerous than were letters in the antebellum days. To make this contrast between the old days and the new more concrete let me say that in the administration of the war Governor of Illinois, this commonwealth had but four State institutions, three of these being in one city, whereas it now has twenty, the largest of which probably contains more inmates than were in all of the original four. Then Illinois had less than two million inhabitants, with a lack of transportation facilities which made it impossible for more than a few hundred of that number to make their voices heard in the capitol; now there are five million residents within the borders of Illinois who may reach the ear of their executive through the desk telephone which is ever at his hand. What wonder, in view of these marvelous advances in facilities for communication, that the old-time Governors had leisure for the exercise of courtly graces?

Altogether the most onerous labor imposed on a Governor is that of filling the appointive positions at his official disposal. In this task are involved all the complications of party and personal politics: self-interest, the interests of friends and political associates, and the broader interests of the administration and its policy.

In giving a glimpse of this phase of a Governor's work, of its extent and ramifications and of all the demands which it imposes upon the time and energies of the executive, I speak without complaint or criticism, and simply as an observer at first hand of this phase of our political life.

Illinois to-day places at the disposal of her government a total of 2950 positions. Of these about 2450 do not pay an annual salary or wages above $600 and are, on the ground of their comparative unimportance, passed by the Governor to be filled at the discretion of his more responsible appointees. But on this score he often counts without his host. All things are relative, and the position paying only $50 a month is regarded by the small farmer or the laborer from the "back town" of a remote and thinly populated county as quite as desirable as the place paying $5000 to $10,000 is desirable to the city resident. More than this, he feels that he has a right to just as prompt an assurance that he will receive this party recognition as that given to the candidate for the more lucrative position. Consequently he refuses to wait until the latter has been appointed and finds time to select the recipients of his official favor. This view of the matter brings him at once to the office of the newly elected Governor, with whom he requests an interview. He has as much right to such an audience as has the politician who is after the more responsible appointment, and he cannot be refused, either in justice or in good policy. Probably neither the county judge nor the county clerk in his community receives a salary larger than that of the position for which the farmer or villager is an applicant, and the compensation is measured by this standard.

A Mountain of Patronage to be Leveled

EXCLUSIVE of teachers in the normal schools, physicians in State hospitals, experts in the grain-inspection office, and other specialists who are properly regarded as not subject to political removal, there are only 150 positions of importance at the disposal of the Governor. As these carry salaries of respectable size, together with dignity and influence, the contest for them is more general, spirited and persistent than any save those familiar with this phase of partisan strife can possibly realize. Broadly speaking, 6000 applications for appointment were filed and urged upon the consideration of the Governor. If he was not able personally to examine and pass upon all these documents, he fell far short of meeting the expectations of the applicants and their friends.

These applications, however, formed merely the foundation of the structure of influence and persuasion builded by these industrious political architects. Letters and petitions of indorsement followed until the total number of communications directly related to the original applications exceeded 100,000. All these were expected to pass under the eye of the executive; and a very large share of them did receive his personal consideration. To classify and file this volume of correspondence requires the labor of a force of clerks, and even the formal acknowledgment of the most important communications of the mass involves weeks of work by responsible assistants.

No wide-awake American politician is ever content to rest his hopes on the convincing power of any written indorsement, no matter what may be the weight of authority behind it. He is alive to the advantages of a personal interview and regards his documentary application and indorsements much as the lawyer regards the written brief. They are formal memoranda to be enforced and amplified by the more convincing eloquence of the oral argument, by the intimate appeal of eye and voice. Also he seems to cherish the conviction that if he can look the executive squarely in the eye, the man who holds the appointive power will not be able to deny his request.

Why the Governor is Less Fortunate than the President

UNFORTUNATELY the Governors of most States come into office almost simultaneously with the convening of the legislatures of their commonwealth. This results in a congestion of affairs, making it necessary for him to fill his list of appointments at the time when he should be free to give his whole attention to the course of legislation and to other duties of an official rather than political nature. Unlike the President of the United States, he does not have time, before the assembling of the legislative body, to dispose of the complicated and burdensome task of filling the offices and formulating his policies as to the routine of his work. Instead he is compelled to discharge both of these heavy lines of work at the same time and, if it is his first term, to do this before he has had time fairly to take his bearings in a position full of grave responsibilities.

Not only does the assembling of the legislature bring a double official pressure upon the shoulders of the executive, but it also calls to his doors a multitude of casual visitors, mainly from country districts, who come to the capital city only in the course of the session. The special pressure to which I allude relates to the matter of appointments as well as to legislation. The Senate, for example, is designed to act as a check upon the official deeds of the Governor. His appointments, of the "nominative class," must be confirmed by that body before they become operative. It is no secret that this branch of the General Assembly or Legislature, which has a comparatively small number of members—say fifty to sixty—is, to all practical purposes, run by a very small coterie of men who have the gift of leadership. Depend upon it that not only have these leaders agreed among themselves as to the appointment which they will ask at the hands of the executive, but such an agreement has been reached before the legislature is organized. Also, it is safe to assume that these political generals have not failed to file claim to the disposal of any important appointments which they do not understand to be otherwise apportioned in accordance with the plans of the party organization. After the Senator who is a follower and not a leader, but who belongs to the party of the administration, votes day after day for the confirmation of the Governor's appointments, he is likely to say to himself: "Why should I sit here day after day and vote good appointments to the friends of other Senators while I get no favors of this sort to distribute among my own followers?"

Reasoning in this manner for a day or two he calls upon the Governor, urges a friend for an appointment and, unless he receives encouragement, perhaps intimates that in the future the executive may not find it so easy to get appointments confirmed. If the Governor has sufficient courage and is making an equitable distribution of party favors, he need have no fear of this kind of pressure; but it makes an added problem for him to deal with, and one which he would not have, at least to so great an extent, if the legislature did not convene almost immediately following his election, which is always attended by the excitement of a campaign.

Keeping an Eye on Current Legislation

ESPECIALLY is it within the power of the chairmen of the committees on appropriations, judiciary and several other important interests to make strong demands upon the executive, who must see to it that his administration is not hampered for funds properly to conduct the State institutions. On the other hand, he is naturally interested to protect his administration from the charge of a too lavish expenditure of public funds through unwise appropriations, for he may be sure that, rightly or wrongly, the people will hold him responsible for the acts of the members of his own party in the General Assembly.

Although the Governor may not have in the legislature a single "administration measure" or bill to which he is committed, he can scarcely expect to exercise his full duty in an intelligent manner without keeping a close watch upon the course of legislation. It is not enough that he should understand the contents of the bills which are finally passed and presented to him for signature or veto, or are left to become laws without either; he must have also a fair knowledge of the antecedents of the more important measures; he must know by whom they are inspired, the motives and the men behind them, through what hands have they passed and by whom have they been amended, championed or assailed. If he does not keep in touch with this kind of information he will find himself sadly at sea in the matter of party leadership and responsibility.

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This kind of surveillance he must accomplish through the watchfulness of trusted friends and lieutenants, who are either members of the Senate and House or who are in attendance as alert observers. Then, too, he must have a working knowledge of the bills and measures which are finally passed and come to him for approval. All this might seem to be comparatively a simple matter—and so it would be if the executive had unlimited time in which to pass upon these measures.

The Burden of Pardon Petitions

Although the work of making his appointments is the most burdensome and demands far more time than other features of the Governor's work, especially in the early portion of his term, it is not by any means the duty which will put him under the greatest stress. Consideration of petitions for pardon imposes the most wearing strain to which he is subjected. It is one thing to refuse a man appointment to a coveted political office and quite another to turn from the prayers of mothers, wives and children pleading that the life of a man under sentence of death be spared. His responsibility, as the day for the execution approaches, becomes very depressing to the executive who is possessed of the average amount of sympathy. Let me give the experience of a single day in reference to pardons.

Entering my office in the morning I found the father of a young prisoner waiting for me. This man's son had been convicted of stealing goods from his employer. The theft was not made in a moment of sudden temptation, but was carefully planned and systematically executed. In order to dispose of his plunder the culprit had corrupted the integrity of a fifteen-year-old boy. This was the kind of a criminal I was asked to release from a lengthy prison term.

With him the father brought a request for clemency from the trial judge, the State's attorney, several members of the jury which had brought in the verdict of guilty, and from numerous men of high standing and strong influence. With such indorsements the father expected the success of his mission; but the facts of the case were against the justice of his plea, and the painful interview was closed with a denial of the petition.

Scarcely had this matter been disposed of when a woman in middle-life, leading a little girl, entered the office. The mother was evidently very poor as her dress was of coarse material resembling blue denim. At once the little girl threw herself upon the floor at my feet and sobbed: "Oh, please give me back my papa." To the prayer of the child the mother added all the pleadings that the heart of a faithful wife could devise, beseeching me that I should spare the extreme penalty in the case of her husband because of the many virtues which her heart imputed to him.

This scene was keenly distressing, but when I left the office and walked back to the Executive Mansion another awaited me. There, sitting outside on the steps, I found a most pitiable old woman who greeted me with the words, "I've come, sir, to see you about my baby—my poor baby in the prison." The "baby," so I soon learned, was twenty-four years of age. At the mention of his name I clearly recalled the facts of his case: that all the evidence showed that he was a confirmed highwayman of a cruel and desperate type. But to the wretched old woman before me this hardened criminal was a "baby."

There was but one thing to do, and that I did: to tell her, without explanation, that there was no hope and that the law must take its course.

Social Duties and Harassments

Regarding the volume of correspondence which passes through the office of the executive, it is well to begin, as he must, with the acknowledgment of letters and telegrams of congratulation. If it be his first term, and if his State is a large one, he will find that the number of these communications will probably exceed five thousand, and more likely will approach the ten-thousand mark.

In the ordinary course of business, judging from personal experience, the executive office will send out an average of one hundred letters, a very considerable share of which demand in some degree the personal attention of the Governor. Then he must deal with a considerable volume of correspondence, such as reports, relating to the management of State institutions and other departments of the public service. These, in Illinois, will amount to 150 formal communications each month. Add to this the daily presentation of requisitions from executives of other States. In former days these demands to surrender into the custody of an officer from another State the person of a supposed criminal were seldom investigated or denied, but were generally allowed on the grounds of State courtesy. This practice has been greatly modified, and no requisition is now allowed in Illinois without examination into the merits of the case.

Not fewer than five invitations are each day received at this executive office, and of these about eight a month are accepted. In this matter, as in many others, the Governor of a State finds himself between two fires. If he habitually denies these requests for his presence at public or social functions he is subjected to sharp criticism by those he is obliged to disappoint.

On the other hand, the acceptance of any considerable number of such invitations will involve numerous trips into more or less remote parts of the State. Inevitably many citizens coming to the executive office while he is absent on these trips are disappointed and inconvenienced, and are prone to observe that if the Governor would give less time to social and semi-social affairs and more attention to the business of the State he would render more service to the public.

In this connection it may not be out of place to observe that the new executive is likely to be surprised at the curious nature of many requests which come to him because of his official position. These are interesting as indicating the unique conception of the utility of a Governor which some persons entertain.

The Part of a Tactful Wife

Let no executive's wife be surprised to receive eight hundred requests to send "only one common handkerchief," while the committees in charge of popular "sock socials" do not hesitate to send miniature bits of footwear to the official head of the commonwealth with the request that he send them back with an inclosure of coppers. Also, he will not escape requests for his autograph on patch-quilts and other kindred articles. But those requests do not assume the serious proportions which characterize the demands for private charity to which he is constantly subjected.

It is the custom of most Governors to hold weekly receptions during the session of the legislature. These functions are almost invariably attended in large numbers, and demand not a little of the executive's time. Another social claim upon his time is in connection with the meetings of the State Militia, when custom properly demands that he shall entertain the officers of the organization of which he is commander-in-chief. These are pleasant duties, but they require time, and help to swell the list of obligations to which he must give his personal attention and presence.

Still another requirement is that the Governor shall pay at least an annual visit to each State institution. These are scattered throughout the State, and as Illinois contains twenty of these institutions, each requiring a visit of one to three days in length, it will be seen that this demand on the Governor's time is not a light one.

Comparatively seldom is the executive who occupies a State mansion able to take a luncheon or dinner in the privacy of his family. Guests at the board are the regular order of the day, and these vary in number from two or three to a score or even more. He is glad to welcome them and takes delight in their presence, but this does not alter the fact that family privacy and moments of personal leisure are almost unknown to the average executive of a large State. He keeps open house and should do so, for his house is the people's house, and many a homesick legislator comes to regard it as a second home, where he has a welcome to the atmosphere of family life.

Most happy and fortunate is that Governor who brings to the executive mansion a wife who presides with grace, tact and efficiency over its social and domestic affairs. Her duties are scarcely lighter than his own, but their successful discharge gives cheer and pleasure to hundreds of guests, and at the same time exerts a most powerful influence upon the career of her husband; and the place which a State administration occupies in the regard of the people is often determined almost as much by the mistress of the mansion as by the official and political acts of the executive.

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How Shall a Young Man Educate Himself?

By WILLIAM MATHEWS

I HAVE been asked to write for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST an article answering this question—How can a young man who is an employee or in business for himself, and who must work hard during the daytime, best cultivate his mind in the evenings and in the odd moments that he can seize? The question seems an easy one to answer, but is really difficult, because to do so is like prescribing a medicine or regimen, not for John Jones or William Smith, whom one personally knows, but for a man of whose ancestry, bodily constitution, idiosyncrasies and environment one knows nothing. Still, as there are certain general rules of health which all men must observe, or suffer from disease and weakness, so there are certain general rules of self-culture the observance of which is vital to success.

I begin by saying of that much-abused term "self-culture," that, strictly speaking, there never was, and never will be, a "self-educated" man in the history of the world. Self-education, without the help of others, is, indeed, inconceivable; for in that case the individual must have been separated from his very birth from all communion with his fellow-men. Nay, more; he must have invented his own language and his own alphabet, and must have achieved singly in a lifetime what his fellow-men collectively have been occupied in doing for six thousand or more years. Nevertheless, there have been men, like Samuel Lee, of Lognor, in Shropshire, England, or James Ferguson, of Keith, Scotland, who have possessed themselves of an education from its lowest to its highest branches with so little foreign aid that they form a class by themselves, and, relatively to the tutored class, may be called *self-educated.*

These men, who have stood to themselves in the double relation of teacher and pupil, have sprung up under the most unpropitious circumstances, and, like certain sturdy plants, in spite of unfavorable soil and climate, almost without sunshine or shower, have reached a glorious maturity of intellect. Thirsting for knowledge as the hart panteth after the water brooks; urged on by a burning, insatiable desire for self-improvement; struggling like the chained eagle for its native heavens, they have converted obstacles into stepping-stones to self-advancement, discouragements into helps to progress, and fought their way upward, in the face of wind and sun, to the heights where "fame's proud temple shines afar," and where, encircled with a splendor of their own creation, they are gazed at with wonder by their fellow-men.

Limiting the meaning of "self-education" to mental culture, every graduate of Oxford or Harvard is, to a large extent, self-educated. Every college student has two educations: one which his professors give him, and another—by far the more important—which he gives himself. An undergraduate may have the most learned, accomplished and skillful instructors, who may aid, encourage and stimulate him, but they cannot *think* for him. They may simplify what is abstruse, explain what is difficult, and illuminate what is obscure; but they cannot relieve the scholar from the necessity of personal mental effort. They cannot perform in his stead the mental operations which are necessary to train and discipline his mind, enrich it with knowledge, energize its faculties—in short, *gymnaze* it, as athletic exercises do the body—things which constitute the very essence of education. All these things the learner must do for himself.

I would say, then, to every young man who aspires to self-culture: You have everything to encourage and stimulate, nothing to depress or dishearten you. Between the mightiest and the meanest of men there is no difference so great as that which is wrought by culture, and that culture may be yours. Having learned the alphabet, you have a key which will unlock every door to knowledge. It was a saying of that wonderful boy, Chatterton, that God had sent His creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything, if they would choose to be at the trouble. You have all the faculties which have been possessed by men of the highest order of mind. These faculties are as susceptible of culture in your case as in theirs. They did not attain their high mental culture without long and patient toil; and the same

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Make Time for Reading

If you ask what is the best means of carrying on the work of self-culture, I answer, it is *reading*. Books are the great storehouses or granaries of nearly all the knowledge which the observation, the experience, and the researches of the human race have been accumulating during successive ages. They offer us, without cost, the intellectual stores which myriads of laborers have been gathering in days and nights of toil for thousands of years. There is no possible subject on which they will not enlighten you, if you crave information. Do you say that you have little time for reading—that you are the servant of others, and are engaged during the entire day in business or manual toil? I answer, in the words of Channing, that an earnest purpose finds time or makes time. It seizes on spare moments, and turns larger fragments of leisure to golden account. Have you not as much time for study as had Heyne, the great classical scholar of Germany, who struggled thirty-two years with the bitterest poverty, and who, when trying to educate himself, slept for six months but two nights a week? Have you not as many hours for reading as had Samuel Lee, a miserably poor carpenter's apprentice in England, who, though noted only for his dullness at the charity school, acquired, while working for his master, a dozen languages, including Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Aramaic, Arabic, Persian and Hindustani, and became a professor in the University of Cambridge and one of the profoundest linguists of Europe?

There is hardly any man who may not have some portion of the day at command—an early hour in the morning, fifteen minutes at noon, and an hour or two in the evening; and it is simply astonishing how fruitful of improvement such hours and bits and snatches of time become, when eagerly seized and wisely used. An hour only a day, given to the study of some favorite subject, will insure you unexpected accumulations of knowledge. Read with care but ten pages a day, omitting Sundays, and at the end of a year you will have made your own the hived wisdom of ten volumes of three hundred pages each, even after allowing thirteen days for illness and other interruptions—enough for the mastery of two histories or sciences! Choose, then, without delay, some valuable branch of study; fasten down upon it, and cleave to it until you feel that you have mastered it. Select for this purpose a few of the best and most substantial books on the subject, whose contents have been sifted and approved by the best judges; read them slowly and deliberately, seizing on their pith and marrow, and pausing from time to time to reflect on what you have read, and to fasten it in the memory. Try this plan for a twelvemonth, and see if at its end you have not added a cubit to your intellectual stature!

"But how and where am I to begin?" some young man may ask. "What subject and what books am I to study first?" I answer: Begin with the subject in which you are most interested. If it is history, begin with that. No study can be more profitable or more delightful. "If a man is in a strait," says Carlyle, "a very good indication as to choice, perhaps the best you could get, is a book you have a great curiosity about. You are then in the best possible condition to improve by that book." It matters little what you take up first. Choose the history of some central country which has had constant relations with the other countries of Europe—as France, for example. In learning its history you will necessarily learn much of the history of other countries. Get Guizot's History of France, in eight octavo volumes, which is profusely illustrated and cheap. White's History of France in one volume, read afterward, will serve to recall the leading incidents in Guizot. If you wish for a more thorough knowledge, Martin's History may be read. As your curiosity is excited about celebrated Frenchmen, turn aside occasionally from the history, and read their lives in the Encyclopædia Britannica, or some trustworthy biographical dictionary, or in some of the brief biographies which the press is now multiplying. Lanfrey's Napoleon, by a hostile writer, and Count Segur's history of the campaign against Russia, will be found intensely interesting, and the same may be said of Gardner's history of the disastrous Waterloo campaign. Finally, read Carlyle's pregnant, dramatic and thrilling History of the French Revolution.

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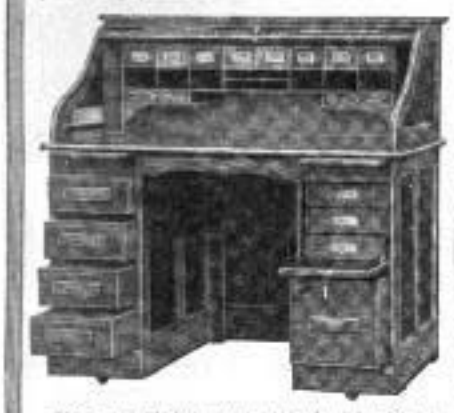

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To acquire a foreign language one needs (except for the pronunciation) only a grammar and a dictionary, and a few well-edited textbooks. Samuel Lee, the self-educated linguist of whom I have spoken, had less than these, for his textbooks had meagre notes and other helps. In buying textbooks—and indeed, books generally—get the best-printed ones you can afford. If you afterward change your books for finer editions, you lose the advantage of a local memory, and will turn less readily to a passage. In reading history, have always a good Atlas at your elbow for reference. Without such reference, history is, in a large degree, unintelligible.

Read Deeply, Not Widely

Read much, but not many books. Read actively, and not passively; with an independent, questioning spirit, and not with a slavish deference to the author. To master a book thoroughly, frequent reviews will be necessary. Only thus can you fix its facts and ideas firmly in the memory. There are few first-rate books which will not yield more profit on a second and even a third perusal than at the first. Many eminent men have had their pet authors with whom they have been in daily communion—never weary of brooding over their well-worn pages, and treasuring their imperishable thoughts. The Germans have a saying that nothing is so prolific of improvement as a little learned well. Everything completely learned is a spur to further acquisition; while all cloudiness and half-knowledge dishearten the learner and cut the nerve for study.

Here I should like to explain why so few persons remember well what they read; but I must limit myself to naming five things which must be done to get a retentive memory: 1. Have a clear apprehension of what you wish to remember. 2. Methodize your acquisitions. In studying a subject you will fix its facts or principles most firmly in the mind by mastering its parts in a natural and orderly sequence, from the easiest to the most difficult, so that each shall be a nucleus or basis for more in an endless series. Study of this kind is like a well-built staircase, by which one can climb to a great height with a minimum of fatigue, lifting the body only a few inches at a time. 3. Attend closely to what you read. Concentrate your mind exclusively upon it; hence, to remember, you must be interested in what you read. Study that which nature has fitted you to learn—that which you delight in learning. Never lash your brain, or force yourself to learn what you have little or no capacity for learning. Study that which is adapted to your nature, and learn it step by step, without hurry, and you will gain a maximum of mental culture with a minimum of cerebral fatigue.

Avoid everything like *cram*. Value study by the insight it gives you into subjects, not by the number of books you have read. A few thoughtfully read books, forged at the hearts and fashioned by the intellects of great men like Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Pascal or Dante, will do more to invigorate and enrich the mind than a whole library of third-rate productions. 4. Re-read and review, again and again, what you read. "It is best knocking in the nail overnight," says Dr. Thomas Fuller, "and clinching it in the morning." 5. Keep your body in good condition. The impressions made upon the mental tablet are like those made upon the photographer's plate. If the chemicals are good, and the plate is in a condition to receive the impressions, the picture will be good; otherwise it will be dull, brown or indistinct.

Finally, remember that culture—genuine culture—means hard work, and, therefore, whatever subject you study, make it a rule to master it. Bring all your powers of mind to bear upon it; go round its entire circumference; probe to the bottom of it; pluck out the very heart of it. If you meet a difficulty which menaces your progress, look on it as an athlete with whom you are to wrestle. Face it boldly and resolutely; survey it on all sides; then close and grapple with it till by your prowess you have reduced it to powder. The struggle is the very thing you want; it will invigorate your intellectual muscles. A throw upon your back will do you good. It may leave you for the moment breathless and exhausted; but you will rise up to the next onset with a firmer step and a surer hand.

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

GIVE THE PUN A CHANCE — A well-meaning acquaintance of excellent descent who now shows a desire to reform.

¶In this day and generation, should any young person so far forget himself as to emit a pun—he takes his life in his hands. We all know that, and hence are constantly on guard to avoid even the appearance of evil. This is due not so much to any inherent heinousness in the pun itself as to the healthy revolt which followed an unfortunately artificial period in literature and furniture upholstery when every one punned on everything most distressingly.

But that was a long while ago. Surely society and literature are pretty well purged of the pun evil now. It is about time the proper pun came into its own again. The pun is not so bad—provided it isn't a bad pun; there are puns and puns. There are worse jokes. Even if the pun were the lowest form of wit, which is merely one man's opinion—I don't remember whose, clearly not Shakespeare's and probably no humorous person's, else he would not have dogmatized about humor—it is better to have a low form of wit than no wit at all. Did you ever observe a gathering of old companions of the former generation, a family reunion at Christmas or at a wedding of their children? What a lot of fun they get out of it; and the puns they make! But look at the self-conscious younger generation, sitting at the other end of the table thinking about themselves, or at best half whispering their so-called new humor, occasionally turning an ancient apothegm inside out or standing a proverb on its head—which are only perverted puns, after all. But if by chance there should pop out an accidental, old-fashioned, broad-faced, Simon-pure pun, such as produces a hearty haw-haw from the elemental old people, the rest would turn and rend the malefactor with jeers and sneers. And it is noticeable that those who cannot distinguish a pitiful pun from a worthy one always groan the loudest. They have learned that punning is bad form and a pun is to be pounced upon, therefore they pounce with a consistency which might suggest a lack of humor.

Down with the bad pun, and as for the persistent punster—away with him, of course. But the harmless pun—let it pass; it won't hurt you, it may divert some one else, and the habit of tolerance, once established, may in time cure the cursed malady of ingrowing thoughts, make our wits more supple, teach a tongue-tied generation to be less afraid of itself, more prone to use the gift of speech in the hearty, happy, wholesome way of the Elizabethan time, and thus add to the gayety of families, if not of nations. "We've only got one life to live," as a famous punster once remarked, "and we'll be a long time dead." Give the pun a chance.

THE BOOKMAN UP TO DATE — Some instances of the effect of the strenuous life on the peaceful pursuivant of letters.

¶Has the old-fashioned bookman disappeared—the little, snuffy, shambling, near-sighted man, a sort of shop-worn Charles Lamb, whose approval of your purchase spoke in every accent, and whose deprecation of your erring taste frowned from every feature? Possibly he may still linger in out-of-the-way second-hand retreats, far from the cry of the Best Sellers, but the department store knows him not, and even those shops where books only are sold are strangers to his countenance. A young man who applied for a position the other day as clerk in a university book-shop was refused because he confessed, under cross-examination, to a fondness for reading, and in book-shops the business of clerks is to know names, titles and prices, not books.

However, it occasionally happens that not even names and titles are carefully conned. It would grieve the soul of a well-known poet to learn that a customer had been informed by a satisfied and self-sufficient clerk that no

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such person as he, the author, existed, and—— But indeed the story is too good to spoil, and, even at the expense of the author's pride, it must be told.

"Carman, Carman, Bliss Carman. There *is* no such name. What you are thinking of is Carmen Sylva."

Now in that young man there was a certain sense of justice. What he took from Carman he gave to Carmen. So, too, with another clerk—perhaps his brother—who in response to an inquiry for Dante Gabriel Rosetti's poems produced five rather bulky volumes, three of which on examination proved to be Dante and the other two Christina Rosetti! But what shall be said of the iniquity of this culprit?

Scene: A Broadway book-shop.

(Near-sighted customer holding up a volume): "Is this Number Five John Street?"

(Obliging clerk): "No, you'll find that downtown. Take the car."

Same scene an hour later.

(Second customer): "Do you sell With Edged Tools?"

"No, madam; this is not a hardware shop."

B. WENDELL AND THE BUSY BEE—A study in literary values by the Harvard professor now lecturing at Oxford.

¶He was a clever Frenchman who said that our illusions are like our teeth: we loose our first ones to make way for our second ones, but they, in their turn lost, are replaced only with false ones. One wonders in just what state of recovery Professor Barrett Wendell finds himself from the rude shock they gave him at Oxford; but whatever it may have done to his illusions it left his sense of humor untouched; he tells the story himself.

Mr. Wendell, it should be known, has this year been absent from his chair to give a course of lectures at Oxford. Upon the delivery of his first lecture he was impressed, even inspired, by the quality of rapt attention his audience accorded him. He spoke of it later in gratitude to one of his hearers. Now, whether the answer was only an example of the proverbial English tact or whether it was malice on the instant you must judge for yourself. "Yes," it came, prompt as the beggar's cap, "we were positively hypnotized with fear that bee would sting you. He must have been circling over your head for twenty minutes."

Mr. Wendell is inclined to think that the bee left his sting, after all, and he confesses with wry good nature that it has proved a hard one to draw. In all justice it should be said that Mr. Wendell's lectures are never dull; when they are not enlivening the boys see to it that they shall be enlivened. The story has been told before of how they drove him from the lecture-room of the Fogg Art Museum by detonating a battery of alarm-clocks at intervals of ten minutes each—first one behind the stereopticon screen, then a second one somewhere back of him up under the *alto relievo* moulding of the ceiling, and finally one in his desk itself. Certainly it was impolite, but it must be admitted that the results were fully up to the expectations of the perpetrators, who never revealed their identity to the class, with whom—as with all his classes—Mr. Wendell is deservedly popular. They were generally execrated by the undergraduates at large, and their impertinence is only recalled here as a tentative explanation of why Mr. Wendell's ears, used to harsher alarums, were not wakened by the warlike buzzing of the busy bee.

THE GENTLE ART OF NODDING—Which contemporary literature would seem to show is not confined to Homer.

¶Some one has claimed that Mr. R. W. Chambers has been taking liberties with the moon. Another critical soul is moved thereby to point out that Rider Haggard in one of his stories places the crescent moon, as well as the glow of sunrise, in the East, and that he also describes a solar eclipse as lasting half an hour, whereas its usual duration is about eight minutes. Stevenson brings up the new moon at two a. m., although as a matter of fact the sun rises first. But these slips are less obvious than two famous examples. In his account of Dotheboy's Hall Dickens describes a boy as weeding the garden in one sentence and presently states that it was freezing weather.

In the good old Swiss Family Robinson the dog Bill, constantly mentioned as Bill, finally produces a litter of puppies. The gentle art of nodding is not confined to Homer alone.

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Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

SUBSTANTIAL advantages are expected to accrue from certain investigations which Government chemists are about to undertake respecting the composition of patent foods for infants and invalids, of which there are now so many on the market. The purity of most of them is not seriously suspected, but it is desired to know exactly what they contain and how wholesome they are.

Foods of this kind, ordinarily, are predigested — that is to say, prepared in such a way as to require a minimum of effort on the part of the consumer to assimilate them. An acid may be employed to accomplish the artificial digestion of the starch in a product of the sort, and when such is the case it is worth while to ascertain whether any of the acid, or enough to be injurious, remains in the substance as sold. This, of course, can be found out only by scientific analysis.

Again, protein — the stuff, in a food, that goes to make muscle and blood — is predigested by a ferment. The question is just how the material treated is modified by the ferment used, and whether its wholesomeness is lessened by the process. And finally, it is worth while to inquire whether the nutritious properties of the ingredients have been diminished by the methods of manufacture.

Many will say that this investigation suggests paternalism on the part of Uncle Sam, especially as regards the babies, but the results obtained will be highly appreciated by physicians, as well as by mothers, and will be published a few months hence, with names of manufacturers and of products given.

The Home of the Emerald

THOUGH so impoverished financially, the Republic of Colombia, with which Uncle Sam has just made a bargain for the digging of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, possesses a great source of wealth in its emerald mines, which produce the finest gems of this kind in the world. The Muzo mine has been famous since the year 1555, and is owned by the Government, which leases the property for periods of five years to the highest bidder at public auction. For reasons not explained, the value of the output has always been kept a secret, but it must represent hundreds of thousands of dollars annually.

The veins in which the emeralds occur run irregularly through a formation of slate rock, and the gems are found usually in pockets. One stone weighing, in the rough, 2330 carats was taken out a few years ago and sent abroad to be cut. Most of them go, for this purpose, to British India, where some of the finest ones are purchased by native rajahs, the others of high grade being shipped to Europe for sale.

To get out the emeralds hydraulic power is used to wash away the top soil, leaving bare the slate rock, which is cut away with long iron bars handled by natives. Powder is employed for blasting where it can be used without danger of injuring the stones. No precautions are taken to prevent stealing, except that the work-people are selected with great care. After extraction the gems are classified and shipped, insured.

In early days the emerald mines at Muzo and elsewhere in Colombia were worked for the King of Spain, who furnished troops to protect the laborers from hostile natives; but, owing to the dishonesty of those in charge, the business did not pay, and in 1792 the work was suspended.

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UNFERMENTED grape juice, as a beverage and for use in a great variety of other ways, is fast acquiring popularity in this country, and immense quantities of it are now being put up for market. Three hundred thousand gallons of the product represented the output of the Chautauqua (New York) district alone for 1902.

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The problem of preserving it unfermented in bottles has not yet been wholly solved. Not only must fermentation be prevented, but the product must be bright and clear in order to be marketable. Most of the bottled grape juice lacks clearness, and chemical preservatives will not do, because they are harmful. Electricity has been tried to kill the germs of fermentation, but up to date heat has proved the best agent, though the temperature must not be too high lest the flavor of the wine be injured. It is found that complete sterility can be obtained without damage at 165 to 176 degrees.

The method adopted in California consists in selecting only clean and perfectly sound grapes, not too ripe, running the juice from the presses into sterilized receptacles, allowing it to settle twenty-four hours, then "pasteurizing" it by the application of heat, pouring it into fresh sterilized vessels with sterilized bungs, permitting it to settle for a week, filtering it, bottling it as it flows from the filter, sterilizing the corked bottles, and finally sealing over each cork with wax to keep out possible germs.

The Seizure of the Scotia Mill

(Concluded from Page 5)

the sheathing. A gigantic lumber-jack, "Chanting Jimmy," climbed to the top of the highest pile of joists, and began wildly to wave himself.

"We're Rory's men, Rory's men, Rory, Rory, Rory's men!"

Every man in the flotilla took it up in a last tumultuous burst of raucous exultation. And jammed on the wharves, all Portage, though its multifold throat was by now sorely raw and aching, sent it back in a frenzied roar.

Two dripping figures gnashed and reviled in impotent paroxysms as they passed out of the gate.

The tugs swung off, rocking drunkenly like a pair of shameless pipers at the head of a loot-laden regiment, and with whistles skirling insulting pibrochs and triumphant slogans they took the Channel.

It was the original purpose of this story to tell of that most memorable voyage, and of nothing but that: to tell of a course lost for twenty hours, of scourging nor'easter, of engines that had to be fed with studding and trusses, of semi-starvation, and broken hawsers in the wildest fury of the gale—but the substance of all that would yet have been that the Achilles still held to it! And the Robbie, on the weather flank of that dumb, storm-beaten flock, kept them together and nuzzled them ever onward like the bravest of untiring collies. And so, in the end, they made their haven.

Moreover, by the favor of a Government which has always given every encouragement to all honest immigration, it was a most amazingly short time until the Scotia's "hands" and "oscillating gangs" were eating up their hundred and fifty thousand feet a day of good Ontario pine. "Big Rory" throve thereafter like a green bay tree. And Sanders from Windsor was his junior partner.

As for Mr. Schunk, after a week's chartering of every tug for fifty miles up and down the Channel, and a pursuit the futility of which any of those tug captains, had they really been honorable men, might well have explained to him, he spent the remainder of the year in the even more expensive futility of international litigation. And, before he had had a sufficiency of that, of the two payments which Rory had made him on his now forfeited pine land, there remained no very extensive margin of profit. Nor in this matter did he call in Mr. E. G. Egan as legal adviser.

That once ever-smiling attorney had risen from a month of inflammatory rheumatism to spend a summer attempting to overcrowd the Michigan state prison with such of Rory's men as still rashly remained in their own, their native, land. As yet, however, notwithstanding the intensity of his feelings, in that field, at least, he is a lawyer without convictions.

And if the moral investiture of this story should still seem to require a considerable deal of mending, it can only be said that the tale in the main is a true one; and if a little ethical raggedness cannot be mitigatingly covered by the mantle of Truth, why, Truth is a very poor sort of goddess indeed, and should have no further worship from any discriminating story-teller.

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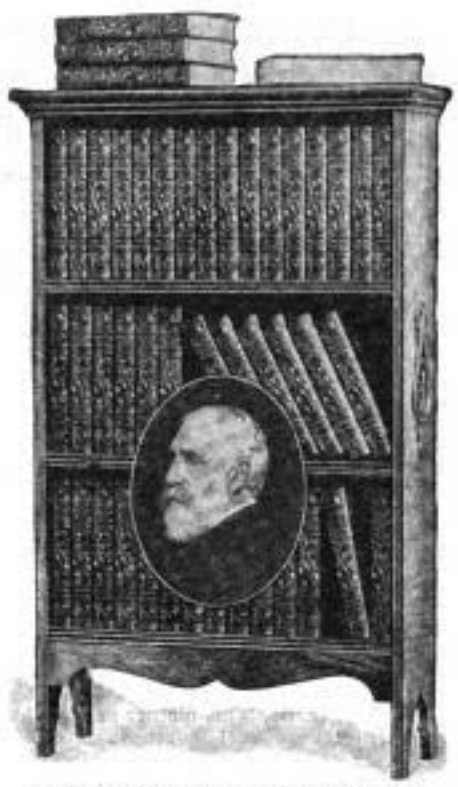

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The "Governor's" Record

The Exploits of a Dutiful Son Who Took His Father for a Model

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

ELLIS ASHBROOK was about to start for college, and there was more than the customary excitement in the Ashbrook family, due to the fact that Ellis never had been away from home before, except for an occasional visit to friends or relatives. He was not the kind of a boy that is generally described as "goody-goody" or "mother's darling," but it so happened that he always had been under home influences. The excellence of the local preparatory schools had made it unnecessary to send him elsewhere for his preliminary education. And now, not only was he going away, but he was going to the college from which his father had graduated. Naturally, they were all very solicitous.

"Just remember," his sister said to him, "that papa went to that college, and don't disgrace him."

"I hope, Ellis," his mother added, "that you will take your father as a model and endeavor to equal his record. He was one of the earliest graduates, and the college still delights to honor him. You know he was president of the alumni association three times, which shows the regard in which he was held by his former classmates. Emulate him in every respect."

Then John Ashbrook took his son aside for a litttle fatherly advice and encouragement.

"Show them that you are a chip of the old block, Ellis," he said. "My college has seen fit to honor me in many ways, and I have great veneration for it. I am still well known there, for two of my old classmates are now professors, and several others are living in the college town. I want you to show them that you are the same kind of a fellow your father was—indeed, I'd like to have you excel me in every way. Do your best, my boy. I'm more particular than I should be if you were going to any other college in Christendom."

How forgetful men are! At that moment John Ashbrook recollected only one part of his record, which was that he had graduated with honors; if he had happened to be with a little party of the "old boys" he might have recalled some other features.

The idea of going to his father's college had pleased Ellis previously, but now he was discouraged. "Comparisons are odious," and especially so when one knows that one is to be compared constantly with a high-class model.

"I wish to thunder," Ellis muttered to himself, "that the Governor had not made such a rattling fine record. Every old guy in the place will be watching me and judging me by the standard he set. I believe I'd rather go where I just had to make my own record. However, I'll do my best to show that I'm in the same class with the Governor and worthy of his old niche."

Ellis, it will be seen, was a good boy, but still very much of a boy. He had the right spirit, but his home training had not prevented him from learning to call his father "Governor" and to speak with thoughtless disrespect of others of mature judgment. He had the average boy's vitality and love of sports and mischief, but this tendency had not been developed to the exclusion of ambition to do creditable work in the more serious pursuits of life.

He found, as predicted, that his father was still well remembered in the college town. Indeed, almost the first question asked by the college registrar, after getting his name, was: "Are you the son of Jack Ashbrook?"

"Jack" rather grated on Ellis' nerves, but he admitted that he was; whereupon the registrar became reminiscent.

"I was in the class below him," he said, "and to see his son here brings up old times."

"I hope," said Ellis modestly, "to prove myself a worthy descendant, so far as college life goes."

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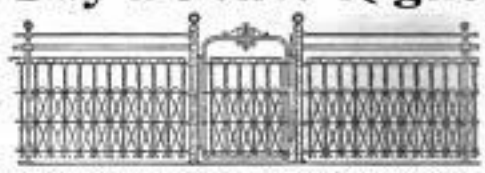

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"I hope you will," said the registrar.

"I shall endeavor to emulate him in all ways."

A quizzical smile appeared on the registrar's face.

"Not in all ways," he said.

"Why not?" asked Ellis.

"Well, I recall that he came very near being expelled for running into the mathematics professor and pushing him into the lake. We boys knew it wasn't an accident, but the faculty finally accepted that plea."

Ellis departed thoughtful. Here was a new feature of his father's record, and he began to see what it would really mean to prove himself "a chip of the old block."

"But father told me to do it," he soliloquized.

He was engaged in these reflections when he was stopped on the campus by an undergraduate.

"Somebody told me you are Jack Ashbrook's son?" remarked the undergraduate inquiringly.

"I'm John Ashbrook's son," returned Ellis.

"Oh, he's 'Jack' Ashbrook in the traditions of this college, and don't you forget it," retorted the undergraduate. "But I don't believe you're made of the same stuff. I guess his record is beyond you."

"What do you know about his record?" demanded Ellis.

"Oh, everybody here knows about the time he and some others tied a calf to the chapel bell-rope so that every time the calf moved its head it rang the bell. Say! there was a ghost scare that night that pretty near turned some of the fellows' hair gray. That story will last as long as the college does."

Ellis shook his head doubtfully as he walked along. Then he began to smile. It occurred to him that it might be difficult to excel his father, but that there would be considerable sport in endeavoring to do so.

"Under my instructions," he said to himself, "there is no danger that I shall suffer from ennui while I am here. I wonder what else the Governor did."

He took some letters of introduction from his pocket and noted the addresses. In any event, he would find out at the earliest possible moment just what was in store for him.

The first man to whom he presented a letter was a local lawyer, who shook his hand warmly.

"So you're Jack Ashbrook's son!" exclaimed the lawyer. "By George! how time does fly! It seems only yesterday that Jack and I were suspended for six weeks for giving certain girls in the 'fem. sem.' on the other side of the lake a midnight serenade that scandalized their institution and ours. Oh, those were great times, and your father was king of us all. I'll bet we gave the principal of that female seminary more trouble than she has had in all the rest of her life."

"That will be interesting news to mother," thought Ellis as he went on to present his next letter.

Two days later he thought he had all the evidence he needed, and, with a broad smile on his face, he mailed this communication to his paternal parent:

"*Dear Father:* Just before I left home I received a fine large assortment of advice that has somewhat troubled and bewildered me in view of recent developments. Sister Helen implored me not to disgrace you; mother asked me to emulate you in every respect, and you expressed a hope that I would show that I am 'a chip of the old block,' and, if possible, excel you in every way. The task promises to be a difficult one, except so far as Helen's advice is concerned. Your old chum, James Markham, assures me facetiously that I cannot possibly disgrace you, unless I get myself expelled, as you suffered every other form of punishment, so I will leave that feature out of consideration. As for the rest I will do my very best.

"At the present moment I am on the lookout for a calf to tie to the chapel bell-rope, but I have not yet found one that can be easily secured in the absence of the owner. Perhaps the knowledge that I am your son has caused them to guard their calves with extra care. However, I hope to be successful in the course of another week.

"The mathematics professor studiously avoids the vicinity of the lake. It may be that he recalls what happened to his predecessor in your day. But please do not condemn me yet. I will surely get him before the end of the term.

"The toolhouse that you pushed over the embankment has been replaced by a more substantial structure, but I have located a storm vestibule that I can easily wreck some dark night. Will that do?

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"I am now working on the odorous combination with which you drove the chemistry class from its room. This may take time, and I think you should allow me the whole first year for it. The opportunities for springing it on the class without detection are few.

"These are the principal features of your record that I have discovered so far. They make my task rather difficult, but I hope to prove myself equal to it if too many other incidents do not come to light. At any rate, I will do my best.

"By the way, might I suggest that my allowance seems to be inadequate? I think I should have at least $500 more for the college year.

"Your affectionate son, ELLIS.

"P. S.—Please ask mother to send me my guitar. I neglected to bring it, and you might tell her that I cannot possibly give the 'fem.-sem.' girls a midnight serenade, as you did, without it. Of course, the girl for whom you got suspended is no longer there, but I already have my eye on one that I think should prove a worthy successor."

John Ashbrook frowned and smiled alternately as he read the letter. Once he laughed and remarked to himself, "That boy is nobody's fool, anyhow." But when he reached the postscript he suddenly sat bolt upright in his chair and whistled softly "That would be a nice story for me to take home to Lucy, wouldn't it?" he commented. Then he laughed again and picked up his pen.

"Never mind my record," he wrote. "It wasn't much of a record, anyway, and I'd a good deal rather you made one of your own. You impress me as being quite capable of it. Of course I will have your guitar sent to you, but I would suggest that you do not use it for that purpose. At any rate, I deem it wise not to mention that feature to your mother. Perhaps you are right about the inadequacy of the allowance. College boys spend more now than they did in my day, so I inclose my check for $500."

After a moment or two of thought he added this as a postscript: "I am a little undecided, Ellis, whether you are going to be a financier or a confidence man, but, whichever it is, I am satisfied you will be a good one."

Mr. Yerkes' First Venture

WHEN Charles Tyson Yerkes, now busy battling with that antediluvian institution, the London 'bus, was a Quaker lad in Philadelphia, he happened, down on the river front one day, on an auction sale of the contents of a soap-maker's shop. Eighteen dollars had been bid when the young Quaker elbowed his way into the place.

"Going! Go-ing! Going at the insignificant sum of eighteen dollars!" cried the auctioneer.

The lad's eager eye ran over the stock in a hasty appraisal. "Nineteen!"

"Nineteen is bid. Who'll give twenty? Going at nineteen—going!—go-ing! Sold!"

The successful bidder had never had so much money in his possession. He ran home to borrow it of his father, who was reluctant to encourage the lad in such wild speculation. But he got the $19, and a little while after he reappeared at the soap-maker's with a cart. He loaded the cakes of soap on the cart, and then went around selling his stock piece by piece to the Philadelphia housewives. Before the day was over he had emptied the cart, repaid his father's loan, and laid $23 aside.

This was Mr. Yerkes' first business venture. Not many years later he was trading in street railways. He still has the fever for buying things at auction. A little while ago in London he paid £15,000 for a little known canvas by Turner. The walls of his London office are covered with rare paintings he has picked up at Christie's and on the continent. Mr. Yerkes recently received by letter from a prominent resident of London a suggestion that he spend £300,000 in the purchase of a certain well-known collection of paintings, and then present it to East London. His English correspondent naively added that such a generous act would undoubtedly prompt the King to give the railway builder a baronetcy. Mr. Yerkes has not yet made an offer for the collection.

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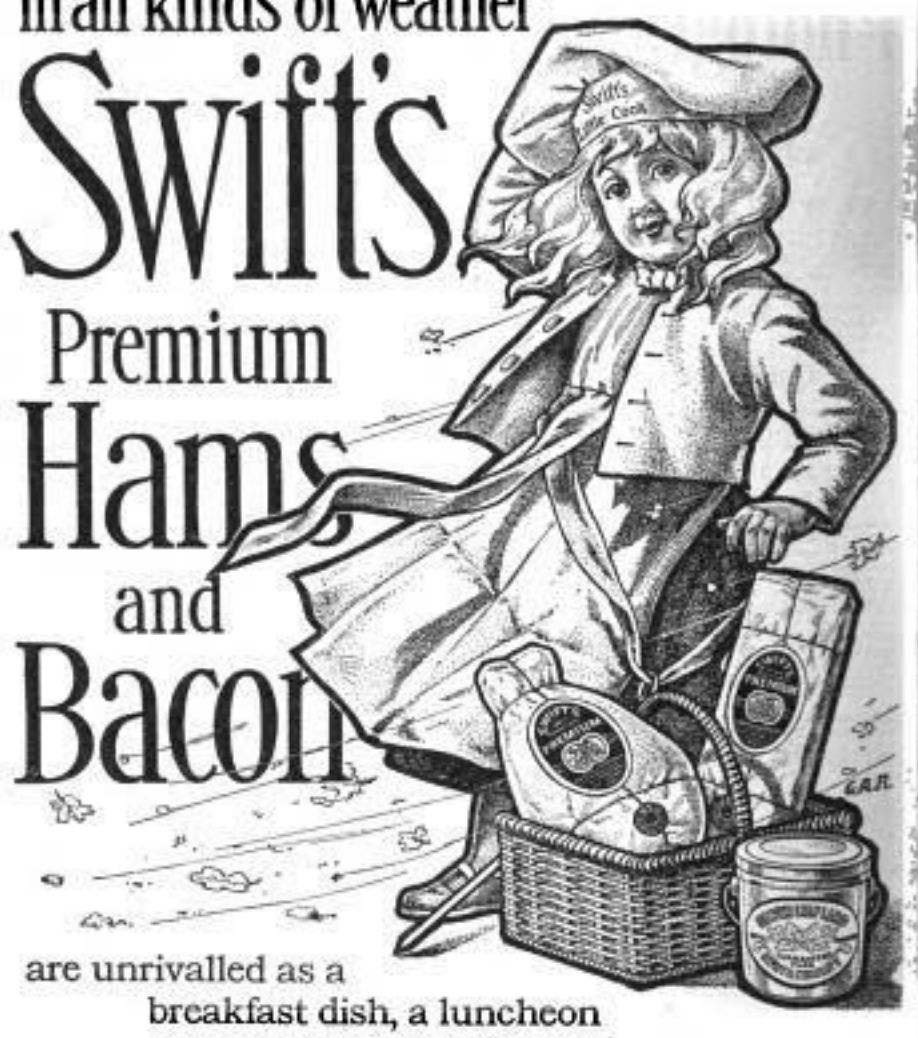

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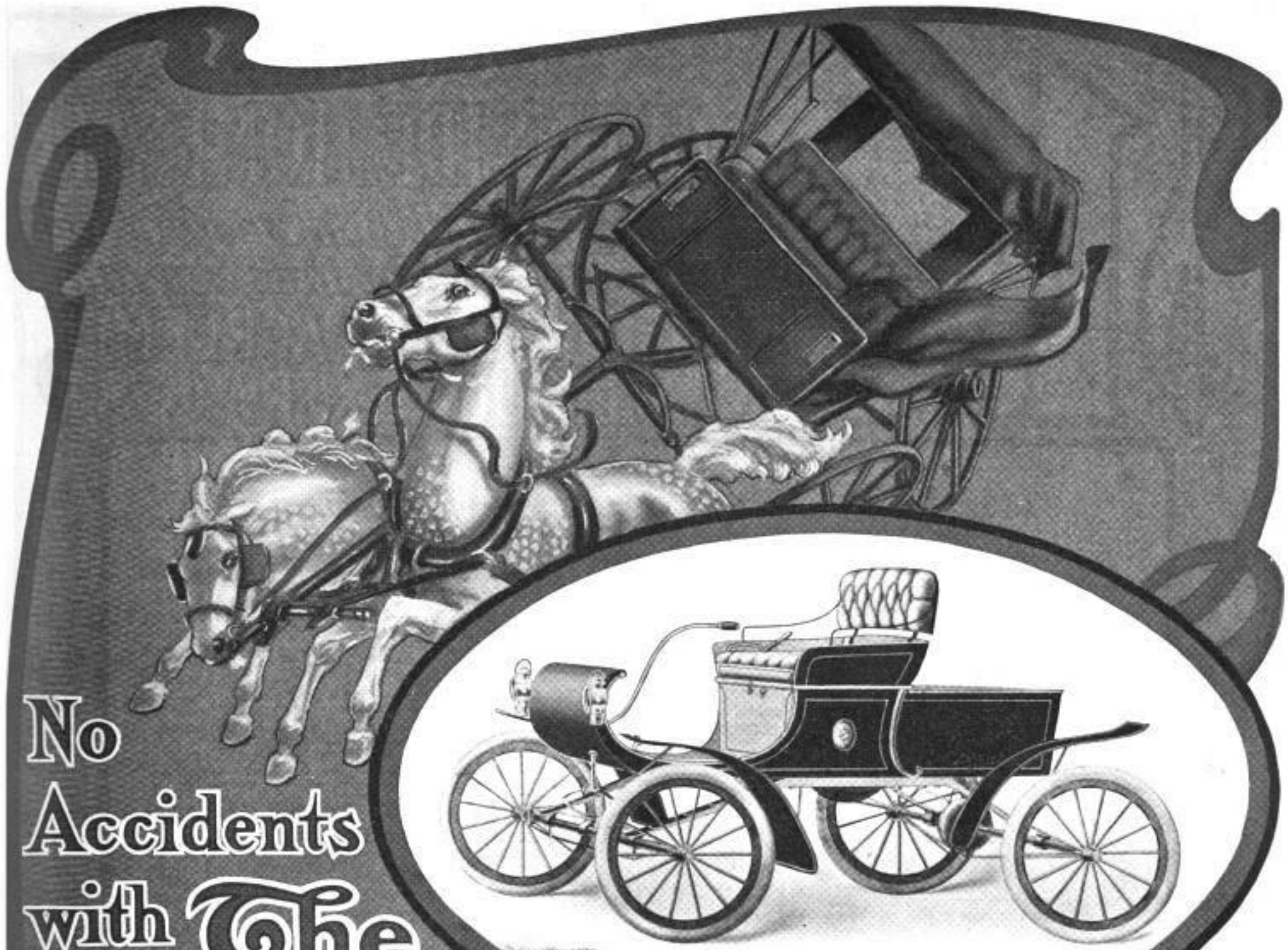

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Doubtless every man has felt at some time that he would like to be a land holder. That he would like to have a little piece of this earth—of this great country that he could call his own. This is a worthy sentiment, but to select his piece of land in the heart of a populous community where the mere pressure of population is there to increase the value of his holding, perhaps many fold—this is sentiment combined with business.

It unquestionably strengthens a man's character to own property—it increases his responsibility. If he can tie himself up, and is obliged to make regular payments, he is sure to save. The trouble is that he allows the chance to pass. He is going to begin next month. Rich men talk of the importance of a man's first Thousand Dollars. Why not his first Hundred or his first Ten? The saving of this first $10.00 may be your first step to independence. THE TIME TO DO IT IS NOW.

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The most typical American city. No greater centre of population in the world is growing more rapidly, and its growth is permanent. From the laborer to the capitalist it would seem the aim of every man in Philadelphia is to own his home. The city is populous, crowded; real estate is extremely valuable; rents in town are high. For years people have been pushing towards the suburbs. The working man for his cottage, the millionaire for his mansion.

One after another beautiful suburbs have been bought, and every building lot sold. The suburbs are magnificent. In most of them you cannot buy a building lot to-day for the price of a good forty-acre farm elsewhere. People who buy for a home in Philadelphia do not sell. Many a homestead here has been in the same family for 150 years. Some buy for homes, some to hold as an investment. A man buys several lots, builds on one, holds the others; their advance pays for his home. The steady increase in the price of property here has made thousands of men independent.

Five years ago the suburb of Ogontz Park was put on the market by W. T. B. Roberts; to-day but a few home sites in the entire suburb for sale, and these have doubled in value since the opening.

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W. T. B. Roberts is the largest real estate operator in Philadelphia. His record is one of unbroken successes. Ogontz Park was his last achievement; Glenside is now receiving his attention. It is said of him here that he has helped to make 10,000 young men independent. Any responsible business man in Philadelphia can tell you about him. Every bank will attest his success. He knows Philadelphia and Philadelphia property as no other man knows it. The firm of W. T. B. Roberts & Son is widely known throughout the country. They are planning business of national scope. They want to make the acquaintance of bright young men in every community. They desire to know prospective investors everywhere; making small but highly profitable investments for them, and establishing business relations that will grow with them and their friends.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MARCH 14, 1903 — FIVE CENTS THE COPY

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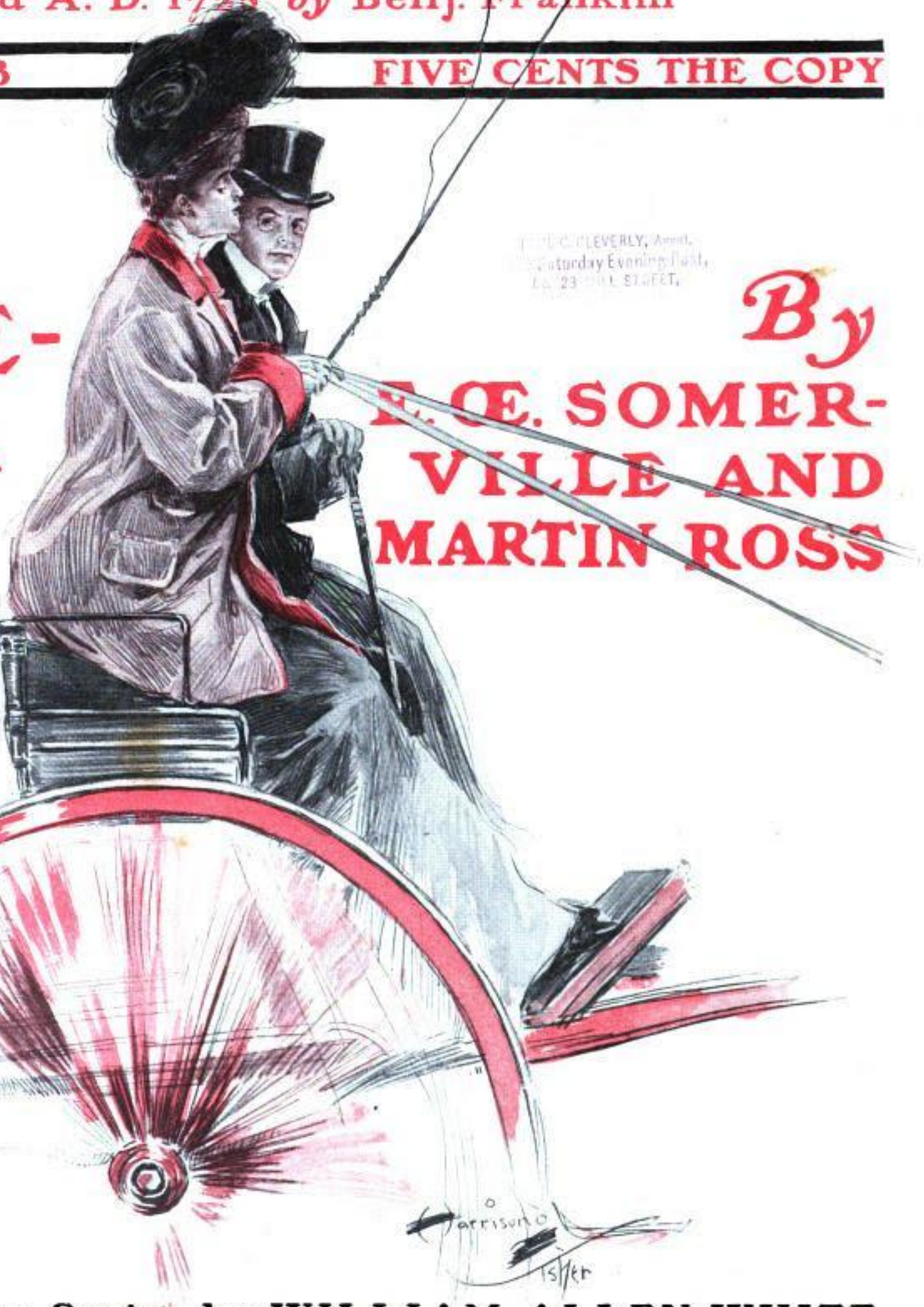
The CONNE-MARA MARE

By E. Œ. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS



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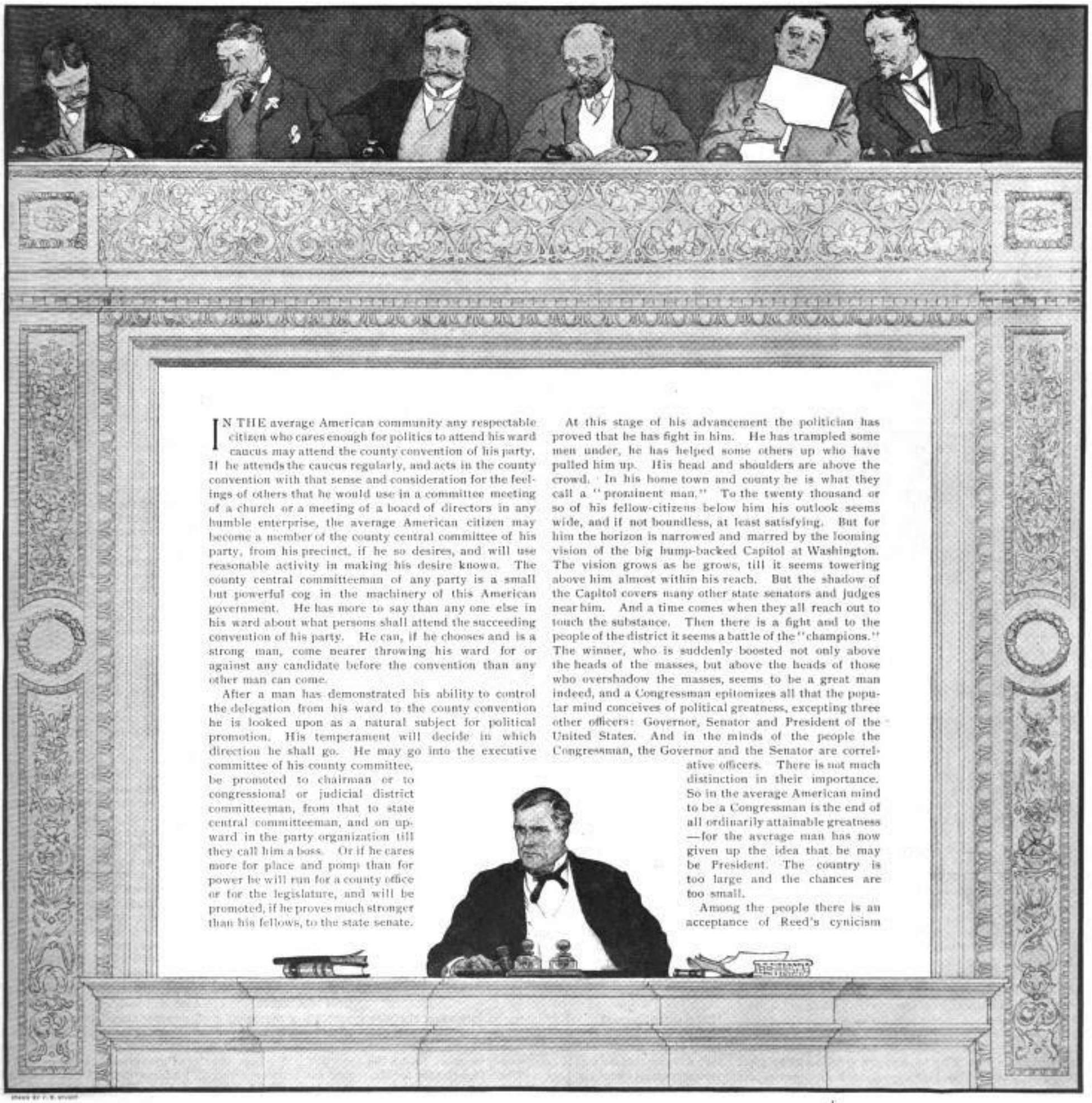
THE POLITICIANS

Our "Hired Men" at Washington—By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE



IN THE average American community any respectable citizen who cares enough for politics to attend his ward caucus may attend the county convention of his party. If he attends the caucus regularly, and acts in the county convention with that sense and consideration for the feelings of others that he would use in a committee meeting of a church or a meeting of a board of directors in any humble enterprise, the average American citizen may become a member of the county central committee of his party, from his precinct, if he so desires, and will use reasonable activity in making his desire known. The county central committeeman of any party is a small but powerful cog in the machinery of this American government. He has more to say than any one else in his ward about what persons shall attend the succeeding convention of his party. He can, if he chooses and is a strong man, come nearer throwing his ward for or against any candidate before the convention than any other man can come.

After a man has demonstrated his ability to control the delegation from his ward to the county convention he is looked upon as a natural subject for political promotion. His temperament will decide in which direction he shall go. He may go into the executive committee of his county committee, be promoted to chairman or to congressional or judicial district committeeman, from that to state central committeeman, and on upward in the party organization till they call him a boss. Or if he cares more for place and pomp than for power he will run for a county office or for the legislature, and will be promoted, if he proves much stronger than his fellows, to the state senate.

At this stage of his advancement the politician has proved that he has fight in him. He has trampled some men under, he has helped some others up who have pulled him up. His head and shoulders are above the crowd. In his home town and county he is what they call a "prominent man." To the twenty thousand or so of his fellow-citizens below him his outlook seems wide, and if not boundless, at least satisfying. But for him the horizon is narrowed and marred by the looming vision of the big bump-backed Capitol at Washington. The vision grows as he grows, till it seems towering above him almost within his reach. But the shadow of the Capitol covers many other state senators and judges near him. And a time comes when they all reach out to touch the substance. Then there is a fight and to the people of the district it seems a battle of the "champions." The winner, who is suddenly boosted not only above the heads of the masses, but above the heads of those who overshadow the masses, seems to be a great man indeed, and a Congressman epitomizes all that the popular mind conceives of political greatness, excepting three other officers: Governor, Senator and President of the United States. And in the minds of the people the Congressman, the Governor and the Senator are correlative officers. There is not much distinction in their importance. So in the average American mind to be a Congressman is the end of all ordinarily attainable greatness—for the average man has now given up the idea that he may be President. The country is too large and the chances are too small.

Among the people there is an acceptance of Reed's cynicism

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that the United States Senate is a place where politicians go when they are dead. The people do not know that to all intents and purposes the Constitution of the United States was amended by the Reed rules, and that to be a member of the House in Washington is altogether a different thing from being a member of Congress at home. The House of Representatives of the American Congress has become a large advisory committee to the Senate. The House suggests possible laws; the Senate passes them; the House is the hopper; the Senate is the mill that makes the grist.

The new Congressman upon arriving at Washington takes a header into oblivion. No matter how much fame he may have at home, no matter what may be his achievements in other than political work, no matter how much or how little money he may have, and no matter what may be his family, the new Congressman in Washington is unknown. Department clerks drawing a hundred dollars a month sniff at the new millionaire member of the House of Representatives, and refer to him as "a little old dinky Congressman." His wife, who may be a Van Rensselear, a Pierpont or a Jones, has to make the first call on the wives of other members and the wives of Senators and the wives of members of the Cabinet before the family can have the slightest official recognition! The new Congressman can't second a motion or move to adjourn without getting some one's consent; his bills are buried, and his resolutions come to naught. He is the parasite on the flea on the end of the hair of the tip of the tail of the dog of the boy of the wife of the Wild Man of Borneo! It is barely possible that he may agitate the flea, and ruffle the hair, and wag the tail, and animate the dog, and attract the boy, and startle the mother, and move the old man and get something done, but it is highly improbable. The Congressman is at the bottom of the ladder; and the only way he can climb up is by hard, well-directed work. The great danger threatening the new member is that he may spend his time looking for some other kind of work than that which lies before him. There are sixty-two committees in the organization of the House. About twenty of them are important committees. They are the Committees on Ways and Means, Appropriations, Judiciary, Banking and Currency, Interstate and Foreign Commerce, River and Harbors, Merchant Marine and Fisheries, Agriculture, Foreign Affairs, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, Post-Office and Post-Roads, Indian Affairs, Insular Affairs, Public Buildings and Grounds, Pensions, District of Columbia, Rules, Public Lands and Territories. Of course a new member is not put on any of these committees—except in rare cases. If he lands on the Committee on Elections or on Ventilation and Acoustics he is doing well. And because his committee is unimportant the new member is tempted to shirk his work. If he yields to temptation he joins the great majority—members who come back to Washington year after year and never get any place in the organization of the House. For work even in humble places is recognized, and a worker moves up. There are not over two dozen effective workers in the House, and they run it. These two dozen men are Henderson, Cannon, Payne, Dalzell, Grosvenor, Littlefield, Babcock, Hepburn, Richardson, John S. Williams, DeArmond, Sherman, Hitt, Hull, Burton of Ohio, Tawney, Jenkins, McCall, Foss, Grow, Cooper, Hemenway, Overstreet and Underwood. Long, Loud and Hopkins might be included in this list, but they leave the House with this session. Clarke, Cushman, Landis, Curtis, Lacey, Littauer, Dick and half a dozen other especially active members may move into the first rank next year. These House leaders form an autocracy. They are the House of Representatives. The other members seem to be merely a Greek chorus, coming on the stage at times, chanting the praises or bewailing the iniquities of the real actors in the drama.

How One Congressman Got to the Surface

AND even though a man may work he cannot expect to get more than his nose above the waters of oblivion by his third term. Payne, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, has been in Congress eighteen years. The average reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST hadn't heard of Mr. Payne four years ago; yet Payne was on his seventh term then, and he has always been a hard worker. He had considerable power four years ago, and was a man to be consulted; but there is a wide difference between power and fame. Indeed, though a dozen or so men have much power, less than a dozen have much fame. For the kind of effort that wins power in the House of Representatives is not the kind that makes men famous.

Take the case of Congressman Long, who came out of the West in '94. He landed on the Elections Committee. He went over the evidence in election contest cases, and the chairman of the committee found him a reliable young man to lean upon. Long stayed up nights with trivial details of his work. When he made a report as member of a subcommittee on a branch of a case the members of the committee found that he had the right of the matter. They put him on the Ways and Means Committee—the most important one in the House—in his second term. He gorged himself with statistics and became fat with facts—the most uninteresting facts, that could by no possibility have anything to do with brilliant oratory; he helped the more experienced members of the committee to form their judgments by furnishing them with facts. At the end of his second term they gave him a chance to make a speech on the Porto Rican tariff; it was not a speech that will ever appear in the school readers. When it was printed it looked like a State Auditor's report; it was bristly with statistics. But the members of Congress said it was the best presentation of the Republican position on the Porto Rican tariff that the session brought out; and the Republican National Committee used the speech as its textbook on the subject. The next term the young man devoted himself to Cuban reciprocity. General Wood, who was Governor-General of Cuba at the time when Long was studying the Cuban tariff, said in a public speech recently that Long's requests for information kept coming from the War Department to Cuba until his name used to make the Cuban clerks groan. They knew it meant work for them. But Long mastered his subject, and when the Ways and Means Committee began to work on the subject of Cuban reciprocity they turned naturally to Long for information. On that branch of legislation he became one of the leaders of the House. And last month his State promoted him to the Senate. The case of Long is used because it is typical of successful work in the House of Representatives. The reader can see that rhetorical eloquence had nothing to do with it. Nothing but hard digging—the thing that students call "boning"—wins in the House. The district that sends an orator to the House might as well send a basswood man. A modern Robert Ingersoll, if he depended on his oratorical powers, would be unknown in the House to-day. Debate has ceased virtually in the National House of Representatives. It has become a laboratory and not a forum. A deaf and dumb leader of the House is much more probable now than "an orator as Brutus is."

The Beauties of the Cloture Rule

AND this brings us fairly to the core of the case, which is the cloture rule. The cloture rule simplified is this: That the time devoted to debate upon any subject may be governed by a majority of the members of the House. The individual member may not talk to his heart's content. By surrendering this right to the floor the individual member gives to the majority of the House—which is, of course, the majority party, and it in turn is governed by the small group of its caucus leaders—the right to say what bills shall be discussed, and who shall discuss those bills, and how long each member shall talk. When four hundred members divest themselves of this power, each putting his quota of power into the hands of the leaders of his party caucus, an irresistible force in directing legislation passes into the hands of these caucus leaders. And, by the same token, the individual member, who does not happen to regain any of his surrendered power by reason of his place in the organization of the House, is as powerless as a page, so far as legislation goes. He can't talk, and he can't make signs, and about all he can do is to feel the iron props of official dignity gouging the back of his head, while he sits around looking pleasant, waiting for the operator to squeeze the bulb and get the ordeal over. Scores and scores of members come to Washington term after term and never make even a bubble on the surface of the utter oblivion that engulfs them. The cloture is at their throats and they do not know how to throw it off. If the impotent member belongs to the minority party it would seem as though he might as well go home. For not only are his vote and his voice useless, but he cannot in the nature of things be remembered when the House distributes its prize packages. These gifts—garden seeds, public documents, river and harbor appropriations, monuments to great men who are dead, and public buildings—are the inconsequential members' last gasping protest against obscurity. When a member can get a river and harbor appropriation or a public building or a monument for his constituents, and supply the libraries of the towns with a few hundred pounds of the uncensored and often grotesquely incorrect publications of the Government printing office, the member feels that his constituents cannot prove—whatever they may say—that he is absolutely useless. It is curious to note that with the rising standard of living, garden seeds, which were the life-preservers of many a Congressman in the eighties, are now considered insufficient to support the Congressional corporosity! So the garden-seed statesman is going out with the undertow of the incoming tide of prosperity. And, sad as it may seem to those who deplore the passing of that patriotism ever tangibly in evidence for drill and guard-mount, the garden-seed statesman is not going alone. A military escort is with him in the person of that peppery statesman who advertised himself noisily as "the friend of the old soldier." The old soldier has as many sincere friends in the House to-day as ever, but it has become fashionable to do rather more and talk less: because talk on any subject is under the ban.

The Best Brand of Moral Fibre

THE throttling of the individual has had the effect of giving the House a kind of mechanical moral uplift. The majority of the members of the House are honest whether they care to be or not, for actual votes on any measure before the House are rarely marketable quantities. Men seeking to influence House legislation now do their work in the committees. And the committees, which represent the average sense of honesty of the party in power, are for the most part honest. For it is impossible to assemble ten Americans from ten callings of life and not find seven of them honest. So in the House of Representatives, where the selection of members has been after a sifting process from the ward, through the county, and in the district, the membership is of a rather higher standard of honesty than would be found in any other American gathering of its size, not excepting a church synod or scientific society. For the honesty that one acquires in practical life, by finding through miserable experience that dishonesty is a fatal policy, is the best grade of moral fibre—much better than that which accepts a moral intelligence precept without trying the other way once or twice. So the Congressmen who come here schooled in life, with burned marks on their fingers, rarely play with the fire of political corruption, and live by honest means. Theoretically a Congressman gets five thousand dollars a year, but scores of Congressmen make their wives their secretaries, and by saving their mileage by riding on passes and husbanding their stationery allowance manage to get seventy-five hundred a year. By living as simply as possible, without being niggardly, a Congressman and his wife can get along and save a little money on this. But they cannot go even into the outer fringe of what is called official society. They must not expect to dine out frequently or to entertain even their visiting constituents. And there is no doubt that social influence is interlocked with political influence in Congress, and the member who saves anything from his salary must be content to sacrifice some of his prestige; if he has none to sacrifice, and no reasonable hope of any, he is justified in saving what money he can save. It will do no good to raise the Congressman's salary, for that would merely raise the standard of living. Nothing can help the unknown member. He is the man with the five talents. No system of government was ever devised and no scheme of living can be adopted which is based on consideration for the incompetents. And yet they are in the vast and hopeless majority. And in the House of Representatives, where the majority is supposed to rule, it doesn't.

The majority accommodates itself to the minority—that knows how to get things done. In other days the minority was called the nobility, lords and dukes and what not; now, if the members of the minority are on our side we call them leaders, and if they are on the other side we call them bosses.

The Dancing Bears in the House

AND yet the leaders of the House of Representatives have short chains, as leaders have elsewhere. The House leaders must move within the limits of not merely the race sense of fairness and honesty, but they must move within the circle of approval of the unknown members. The leaders are bears chained to a pole; they dance, they win much applause, they cut curious capers; but it is the humble gentleman with the past due whiskers who owns the chain and furnishes the power that turns the crank and makes the music. Leadership is an agency held only on good behavior. In the House of Representatives utterly bad leaders are impossible; for they could not lead. No one would follow. There are about as many known scoundrels in the House as there are recognized leaders. If they should combine and try to force an issue they would make no headway, for their very reputations would bar them, because instinctively the membership of the House would not find these bad men representative. When a man surrenders his power to other men—and that is the only way leaders can get it—he must feel instinctively that they are "his kind of people." The judgments of men in forming a human crystal, which we call organization, are generally as infallible as is the force that draws the inanimate elements together in their chemical unions. And so the two dozen leaders of the House of Representatives are as truly representative of the House as the members of the House are representative of all the people of the American nation. It matters not how small the leadership is of any American body if it is chosen after the American fashion. It is customary to revile legislatures, municipal, State and national. Because a few members of a legislature or a Congress are bad, and hence inevitably prominent—like the black sheep in the white flock—constituencies are prone to condemn whole law-making bodies out of hand. Yet the laws passed by such bodies are generally fair laws; they are rarely foolish laws, and never tyrannical. And of the American House of Representatives it may be said without fear of contradiction that it reflects the American sense of justice and integrity and frugality with scientific accuracy. No better answer was ever made to a criticism than that which retorted to the cry of a Billion-Dollar Congress that this is a "billion-dollar country."

The National Congress is representative.

The representative character of the House of Representatives is a hopeful sign in American politics. The American people are becoming complex; the simplicity and unity of American life are gone from the surface of things. The influx of millions of illiterate foreigners, apparently indigestible by our political organs, the rise of great fortunes, the growth of new and intricate forms of business, the tightening of class lines by labor unions, the acquisition of foreign territory and

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alien peoples, the release and political endowment of a race of slaves, the introduction of machinery crowding craftsmen from their benches, all these things and scores of other forms of industrial and civil progress have changed the pastoral democracy of the early nineteenth century almost beyond recognition. Every social and economic condition that the fathers feared is here: great wealth, deep poverty; greed, tethered by elastic legal red tape, a shoddy aristocracy lacking only noble titles, free land gone, and the struggle for sheer creature comforts growing keener—no goblin from the nightmare of the Conscript Fathers of the Republic is absent from the reality to-day. And yet here sits the Representative part of the American Congress, a sturdy, hard-headed set of average Americans, going about from day to day, working under a cloture rule which theoretically might permit a few men to lead the whole body astray into the currents of contemporary license and iniquity, and the product of this representative body is wholesome and fair, and more sane and equitable and righteous on the whole and in the long run than the enactments of any other legislative body that ever sat in the world.

Persons who have a hankering for psychical problems and things that make the head ache might find it profitable to figure out how in the process of political crystallization Nature rejects the impurities and draws together by almost divine prescience those things that are clean and of good report, and makes them the ultimate legal expression of the American spirit. The man who shall find and proclaim the law that makes for righteousness in the trend of American affairs will be known among men as a great scientist. In other days such a man would have been venerated as a prophet!

The Shrewd Laird of Skibo

THE American tourist in the north of Scotland, who happens along the shores of Dornoch Firth, hears many tales of the "laird" of Skibo Castle—tales of his generosity, his shrewdness, his kindly humor.

One day, while walking along the main road, Mr. Carnegie found a crofter thatching a dilapidated cottage roof.

"Why don't you slate it?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"Weel, sir, it wad cost ower much siller," replied the crofter craftily.

"What would it cost?" asked the ironmaster.

"About fufty punds."

Mr. Carnegie took a check-book from his pocket, signed a check for the amount, handed it to the amazed crofter, and smilingly went on his way. "An honest man," mused he.

Now the crofter had a wife, who on hearing of the windfall to the family exclaimed: "Ye auld fule, that ye didna ax him for mair! Awa' tae Skibo, an' tell the laird ye wis mistaken, an' that it wad cost seventy."

Thus commanded, the crofter wended his way to the castle where he was shown into the library.

"Well," said Mr. Carnegie, "what now?"

The man explained.

"Have you that check?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

The expectant Scotchman handed the check to Mr. Carnegie, who tore it up, gave the crofter a look of angry contempt, and pointed to the door.

While steaming out of Dornoch Firth one day on his yacht, Sea Breeze, Mr. Carnegie was disturbed to hear an uproar in the engine-room, followed by the sudden stopping of the machinery. The engine had broken down. The chief engineer reported to the owner that the repairs could not be made without the help of a skilled machinist.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mr. Carnegie.

"Well, sir, there's an engineer at Inverness."

"Yes, but that costs money."

Mr. Carnegie set to work in the engine-room, and, with one man's assistance, set the engine to rights in half an hour.

Another time he took a party of friends from America across the Firth on the Sea Breeze to Port Mahomach, a little fishing village, christened by Mr. Carnegie "The Venice of the North." Upon landing, the "laird" asked a laborer working in a field to lead the way over to Tarbet Ness Lighthouse, where they were to have luncheon on the rocky coast. The laborer had not gone far when he asked if he might go back to his work because he should not be seen walking with gentlefolk without his coat.

"Oh, is that all?" said Mr. Carnegie, pulling off his own coat. "There's mine; put it on."

As the laborer stood six feet, and was proportionately large of girth, his futile efforts to get inside Mr. Carnegie's coat created great amusement.

"It's nae fit," said the laborer.

"Never mind," chuckled the ironmaster, "carry it on your arm, and people will think it belongs to you, and that you are carrying it because you're warm."

THE CONNEMARA MARE

The Story of a Horse that Led a Double Life

By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross

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PART I

THE gray mare, which had been one of the last, if not the very last, of the sales at the Dublin Horse Show was not at all happy in her mind.

Still less so was the dealer's under-strapper, to whom fell the task of escorting her through the streets of Dublin. Her late owner's groom had assured him that she would "folly him out of his hands, and that whatever she'd see she wouldn't care for it nor ask to look at it!"

It cannot be denied, however, that when an electric tram swept past her like a terrace under way, closely followed by a cart laden with a clanking and horrific reaping-machine, she showed that she possessed powers of observation. The incident passed off with credit to the under-strapper, but when an animal has to be played like a salmon down the length of Lower Mount Street, and when it barn-dances obliquely along the north side of Merrion Square, the worst may be looked for in Nassau Street.

And it was indeed in Nassau Street, and, moreover, in full view of the bow window of the Kildare Street Club, that the cup of the under-strapper's misfortunes brimmed over. To be sure he could not know that the new owner of the gray mare was in that window; it was enough for him that a quiescent and unsuspected piano-organ broke with three majestic chords into Mascagni's Intermezzo at his very ear, and that, without any apparent interval of time, he was surmounting a heap composed of a newspaper boy, a sandwich man and a hospital nurse, while his hands held nothing save a red-hot memory of where the rope had been. The smashing of glass and the clatter of hoofs on the pavement filled in what space was left in his mind for other impressions.

"She's into the hat shop!" said Mr. Rupert Gunning to himself in the window of the club, recognizing his recent purchase and the full measure of the calamity in one and the same moment.

He also recognized in its perfection the fact, already suspected by him, that he had been a fool.

Upheld by this soothing reflection he went out into the street, where awaited him the privileges of proprietorship. These began with the dispatching of the mare, badly cut and apparently lame on every leg, in charge of the remains of the under-strapper, to her destination. They continued with the consolation of the hospital nurse, and embraced in varying pecuniary degrees the compensation of the sandwich man, the newspaper boy, and the proprietor of the hat shop. During all this time he enjoyed the unfaltering attention of a fair-sized crowd, liberal in comment, prolific of imbecile suggestion. And all these things were only the beginning of the trouble.

Mr. Gunning proceeded to his room and to the packing of his portmanteau for that evening's mail-boat to Holyhead in a mood of considerable sourness. It may be conceded to him that circumstances had been of a souring character. He had bought Miss Fanny Fitzroy's gray mare at the Horse Show for reasons of an undeniably sentimental sort. Therefore, having no good cause to show for the purchase, he had paid secretly the sum of sixty pounds for an animal that he had consistently crabbed, amounting in the eyes of the world in general to a rather advanced love-token, if not a formal declaration. He had planned no future for the gray mare, but he had cherished a trembling hope that some day he might be in a position to restore her to her late owner without considering the expression in any eyes save those which had recalled to him the play of lights in a Connemara trout stream.

Now, it appeared, this pleasing vision must go the way of many others.

The August sunlight illumined Mr. Gunning's folly and his bulging portmanteau, packed as brutally as only a man in a passion can pack; when he reached the hall it also irradiated the short figure and seedy tidiness of the dealer who had been his confederate in the purchase of the mare.

"What did the vet say, Brennan?" said Mr. Gunning with the brevity of ill-humor.

Mr. Brennan paused before replying, a pause laden with the promise of evil tidings. His short, silvery hair glistened respectably in the sunshine; he had preserved unblemished from some earlier phase of his career the air of a family coachman out of place. It veiled, though it could not conceal, the dissolute twinkle in his eye as he replied:

"He said, sir, if it wasn't that she was something out of condition, he'd recommend you to send her out to the lions at the Zoo!"

"THE COB I BOUGHT AT THE HORSE SHOW? OH, YES—I GOT RID OF IT"

This specimen of veterinary humor had hardly the success that had been hoped for it. Rupert Gunning's face was so remarkably void of appreciation that Mr. Brennan abruptly relapsed into gloom.

"He said he'd only be wasting his time with her, sir; he might as well go stitch a bog-hole as them wounds the window gave her; the tendon of the near fore is the same as in two halves with it, let alone the shoulder, that's worse again with her pitching out on the point of it."

"Was that all he had to say?" demanded the mare's owner.

"Well, beyond those remarks he passed about the Zoo, I should say it was, sir," admitted Mr. Brennan.

There was another pause, during which Rupert asked himself what the deuce he was to do with the mare, and Mr. Brennan, thoroughly aware that he was doing so, decorously thumbed the brim of his hat.

"Maybe we might let her get the night, sir," he said, after a respectful interval, "and you might see her yourself in the morning——"

"I don't want to see her. I know well enough what she looks like," interrupted his client irritably. "Anyhow, I'm crossing to England to-night, and I don't choose to miss the boat for the fun of looking at an unfortunate brute that's cut half to pieces!"

Mr. Brennan cleared his throat. "If you were thinking to leave her in my stables, sir," he said firmly, "I'd sooner be quit of her. I've only a small place, and I'd lose too much time with her if I had to keep her the way she is. She might be on my hands three months and die at the end of it."

The clock here struck the quarter at which Mr. Gunning ought to start for his train at Westland Row.

"You see, sir——" recommenced Brennan. It was precisely at this point that Mr. Gunning lost his temper.

"I suppose you can find time to shoot her," he said with a very red face. "Kindly do so to-night!"

Mr. Brennan's arid countenance revealed no emotion. He was accustomed to understanding his clients a trifle better than they understood themselves, and inscrutable though Mr.

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Gunning's original motive in buying the mare had been, he had during this interview yielded to treatment and followed a prepared path.

That night, in the domestic circle, he went so far as to lay the matter before Mrs. Brennan.

"He picked out a mare that was as poor as a raven—though she's a good-enough stamp if she was in condition—and tells me to buy her. 'What price will I give, sir?' says I. 'Ye'll give what they're askin',' says he, 'and that's sixty sovereigns!' I'm thirty years buying horses, and such a disgrace was never put on me, to be made a fool of before all Dublin! Going giving the first price for a mare that wasn't value for the half of it! Well, he sees the mare then, cut into garters below in Nassau Street. Divil a hair he cares! Nor never came down to the stable to put an eye on her! 'Shoot her!' says he, leppin' up on a car. 'Westland Row!' says he to the fella'. 'Drive like blazes!'—and away with him! Well, no matter; I earned my money easy, an' I got the mare cheap!"

Mrs. Brennan added another spoonful of brown sugar to the porter that she was mulling in a saucepan on the range.

"Didn't ye say it was a young lady that owned the mare, James?" she asked in a colorless voice.

"Well, you're the divil, Mary!" replied Mr. Brennan in sincere admiration.

The mail-boat was as crowded as is usual on the last night of the Horse Show week. Overhead flowed the smoke river from the funnels, behind flowed the foam river of wake; the Hill of Howth receded apace into the west, its lighthouse glowing like a planet in the twilight. Men with cigars, aggressively fit and dinner-full, strode the deck in couples, and thrashed out the Horse Show and Leopardstown to their uttermost husks.

Rupert Gunning was also, but with excessive reluctance, discussing the Horse Show. As he had given himself a good deal of trouble in order to cross on this particular evening, and as any one who was even slightly acquainted with Miss Fitzroy must have been aware that she would decline to talk of anything else, sympathy for him is not altogether deserved. The boat swung softly in a trance of speed, and Miss Fitzroy, better known to a larger circle of intimates as Fanny Fitz, tried to think the motion was pleasant. She had made a good many migrations to England by various routes and classes. There had indeed been times of stress when she had crossed unostentatiously third class, trusting that luck and a thick veil might save her from her friends, but the day after she had sold a horse for sixty pounds was not the day for a daughter of Ireland to study economics. The breeze brought warm and subtle wafts from the machinery; it also blew wisps of hair into Fanny Fitz's eyes and over her nose, in a manner much revered in fiction, but in real life usually unbecoming and always exasperating. She leaned back on the bench and wondered whether the satisfaction of crowing over Mr. Gunning compensated her for abandoning the tranquil security of the ladies' cabin.

Mr. Gunning, though less contradictious than his wont, was certainly one of the most deliberately unsympathetic men she knew. None the less he was a man, and some one to talk to, both points in his favor, and she stayed on.

"I just missed meeting the man who bought my mare," she said, recurring to the subject for the fourth time; "apparently he didn't think her 'a leggy, long-backed brute,' as other people did, or said they did!"

"Did many people say it?" asked Mr. Gunning, beginning to make a cigarette.

"Oh, no one whose opinion signified!" retorted Fanny Fitz with a glance from her charming, changeful eyes that suggested that she did not always mean quite what she said. "I believe the dealer bought her for a Leicestershire man. What she really wants is a big country where she can extend herself."

Mr. Gunning reflected that by this time the gray mare had extended herself once for all in Brennan's back yard: he had done nothing to be ashamed of, but he felt abjectly guilty.

"If I go with Maudie to Connemara again next year," continued Fanny, "I must look out for another. You'll come, too, I hope? A little opposition is such a help in making up one's mind! I don't know what I should have done without you at Leenane last June!"

Perhaps it was the vision of early summer that the words called up; perhaps it was the smile, half-seen in the semi-dark, that curved her provoking lips; perhaps it was compunction for his share in the tragedy of the Connemara mare; but possibly without any of these explanations Rupert would have done as he did, which was to place his hand on Fanny Fitz's as it lay on the bench beside him.

She was so amazed that for a moment she wildly thought he had mistaken it in the darkness for his tobacco pouch. Then, jumping with a shock to the conclusion that even the unsympathetic Mr. Gunning shared most men's views about not wasting an opportunity, she removed her hand with a jerk.

"Oh! I beg your pardon!" said Rupert pusillanimously. Miss Fitzroy fell back again on the tobacco-pouch theory.

At this moment the glowing end of a cigar deviated from its orbit on the deck and approached them.

"HE SAID, SIR, HE'D RECOMMEND YOU TO SEND HER OUT TO THE LIONS AT THE ZOO!"

"Is that you, Gunning? I thought it was your voice," said the owner of the cigar.

"Yes, it is," said Mr. Gunning in a tone singularly lacking in encouragement. "Thought I saw you at dinner, but couldn't be sure."

As a matter of fact, no one could have been more thoroughly aware than he of Captain Carteret's presence in the saloon.

"I thought so, too!" said Fanny Fitz from the darkness, "but Captain Carteret wouldn't look my way!"

Captain Carteret gave a somewhat exaggerated start of discovery and threw his cigar over the side. He had evidently come to stay.

"How was it I didn't see you at the Horse Show?" he said.

"The only people one ever sees there are the people one doesn't want to see," said Fanny. "I could meet no one except the auctioneer from Craffroe, and he always said the same thing. 'Fearful sultry, Miss Fitzroy! Have ye a purchaser yet for your animal, Miss Fitzroy? Ye have not! Oh, fie, fie!' It was rather funny at first, but it palled."

"I was there only one day," said Captain Carteret; "I wish I'd known you had a horse up; I might have helped you to sell."

"Thanks! I sold all right," said Fanny Fitz magnificently. "Did rather well, too!"

"Capital!" said Captain Carteret vaguely. His acquaintance with Fanny extended over a three-day shooting party in Kildare, and a dance given by the detachment of his regiment at Enniscar, for which he had come down from the depot. It was not sufficient to enlighten him as to what it meant to her to own and sell a horse for the first time in her life.

"By the by, Gunning," he went on, "you seemed to be having a lively time in Nassau Street yesterday! My wife and I were driving in from the polo, and we saw you in the thick of what looked like a street row. Some one in the club afterward told me it was a horse you had bought at the show that had come to grief. I hope it wasn't much hurt?"

There was a moment of silence—astonished, inquisitive silence on the part of Miss Fitzroy; temporary cessation of the faculty of speech on that of Mr. Gunning. It was the moment, as he reflected afterward, for a clean, decisive lie, a denial of all ownership; either that or the instant flinging of Captain Carteret overboard.

Unfortunately for him, he did neither; he lied partially, timorously, and with that clinging to the skirts of the truth that marks the novice.

"Oh, she was all right," he said, his face purpling heavily in the kindly darkness. "What was the polo like, Carteret?"

"But I had no idea that you had bought a horse!" broke in Fanny Fitz in high excitement. "Why didn't you tell Maudie and me? What is it like?"

"Oh, it's—she's just a cob—a gray cob—I just picked her up at the end of the show."

"What sort of a cob? Can she jump? Are you going to ride her with Freddy's hounds?" continued the implacably interested Fanny.

"I bought her as—as a trapper, and to do a bit of carting," replied Rupert, beginning suddenly to feel his powers of invention awakening. "She's quite a common brute. She doesn't jump."

"She seems to have jumped pretty well in Nassau Street," remarked Captain Carteret; "as well as I could see in the crowd, she didn't strike me as if she'd take kindly to carting."

"Well, I do think you might have told us about it!" reiterated Fanny Fitz. "Men are so ridiculously mysterious about buying or selling horses. I simply named my price and got it. I see nothing to make a mystery about in a deal; do you, Captain Carteret?"

"Well, that depends on whether you are buying or selling," replied Captain Carteret.

But Fate, in the shape of a turning tide and a consequent roll, played for once into the hands of Rupert Gunning. The boat swayed slowly, but deeply, and a waft of steam blew across Miss Fitzroy's face. It was not mere steam; it had been among hot, oily things, stealing and giving odor. Fanny Fitz was not sick, but she knew that she had her limits, and that conversation, save of the usual rudimentary kind with the stewardess, were best abandoned.

PART II

MR. WILLIAM TENNESSY, lately returned from America, at present publican in Enniscar and proprietor of a small farm on its outskirts, had taken a gray mare to the forge.

It was now November, and the mare had been out at grass for nearly three months, somewhat to the detriment of her figure, but very much to her general advantage. Even in the southwest of Ireland it is not usual to keep horses out quite so late in the year, but Mr. Tennessy, having begun his varied career as a traveling tinker, was not the man to be bound by convention. He had provided the mare with the society of a donkey and two sheep, and with the shelter of a filthy and ruinous cow-shed. Taking into consideration the fact that he had paid only seven pounds ten shillings for her, he thought this accommodation was as much as she was entitled to.

She was now drooping and dozing in a dark corner of the forge, waiting her turn to be shod, as shaggy and as dirty a creature as had ever stood there.

"Where did ye get that one?" inquired the owner of a car with a broken spring, in the course of much lengthy conversation.

"I got her from a cousin of my own that died down in the County Limerick," said Mr. Tennessy in his most agreeable manner. "'Twas himself bred her, and she was near deshtroyed fallin' back on a harra' with him. It's for postin' I have her."

"She's shlack enough yet," said the carman.

"Ah, wait a while!" said Mr. Tennessy easily; "in a week's time when I'll have her clipped out she'll be as clean as amber."

The conversation flowed on to other themes.

It was nearly dark when the carman took his departure, and the smith, a silent youth with sore eyes, caught hold of one of the gray mare's fetlocks and told her to "lift!" He examined each hoof in succession by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle, raked his fire together, and then, turning to Mr. Tennessy, remarked:

"Ye'd laugh if ye were here the day I put a slipper on this one, an' she afther comin' out o' the thrain—last June it was. 'Twas one Connolly back from Craffroeside was taking her from the station; him that thrained her for Miss Fitzroy. She gave him the two heels in the face." The glow from the fire illumined the smith's sardonic grin of remembrance. "She had a sand-crack in the near fore that time, and there's the sign of it yet."

The Cinderella-like episode of the slipper had naturally not entered into Mr. Tennessy's calculations, but he took the unforeseen without a change of countenance.

"Well, now," he said deliberately, "I was sayin' to meself on the road a while ago, if there was one this side o' the counthry would know her it'd be yerself."

The smith took the compliment with a blink of his sore eyes.

"Any one'd be hard set to know her now," he said.

There was a pause, during which a leap of sparks answered each thump of the hammer on the white-hot iron, and Mr. Tennessy arranged his course of action.

"Well, Larry," he said, "I'll tell ye now what no one in this counthry knows but meself and Patsey Crimmeen. Sure I know it's as good to tell a thing to the ground as to tell it to yerself!"

He lowered his voice.

"'Twas Mr. Gunning, of Streamstown, bought that one from Miss Fitzroy at the Dublin Show, and a hundhred pound he gave for her!"

The smith mentally docked this sum by seventy pounds, but said "By dam!" in polite convention.

"'Twasn't a week afther that I got her for twinty-five pound!"

The smith made a further mental deduction equally justified by the facts; the long snore and wheeze of the bellows

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filled the silence, and the dirty walls flushed and glowed with the steady crescendo and diminuendo of the glow.

The ex-tinker picked up the bottle with the candle. "Look at that!" he said, lowering the light and displaying a long transverse scar beginning at the mare's knee and ending in an enlarged fetlock.

"I seen that," said the smith.

"And look at that!" continued Mr. Tennessy, putting back the shaggy hair on her shoulder. A wide and shiny patch of black skin showed where the hatter's plate glass had flayed the shoulder. "She played the divil' goin' through the streets, and made flitthers of herself this way in a shop window. Gunning give the word to shoot her. The dealer's boy told Patsey Crimmeen. 'Twas Patsey was careing her at the show for Miss Fitzroy. Sbtan', will ye!"—this to the mare, whose eyes glinted white as she flung away her head from the light of the candle.

"Whatever fright she got she didn't forget it," said the smith.

"I was up in Dublin meself the same time," pursued Mr. Tennessy. "Afther seein' Patsey I took a sbtroll down to Brennan's yard. The leg was in two halves, barrin' the shkin, and the showldher swoll up as big as a sack o' male. I was three or four days goin' down to look at her this way, and I seen she wasn't as bad as what they thought. I come in one morning, and the boy says to me, 'The boss has three horses comin' in to-day an' I dunno where'll we put this one.' I goes to Brennan, and he sitting down to his breakfast, and the wife with him. 'Sir,' says I, 'for the honor of God sell me that mare!' We had hard strugglin' then. In the latther end the wife says, 'It's as good for ye to part with her, James,' say she, 'and Mr. Gunning'll never know what way she went. This honest man'll never say where he got her.' 'I will not, ma'am,' says I. 'I have a brother in the postin' line in Belfast, and it's for him I'm buyin' her.'"

The process of making nail-holes in the shoe seemed to engross the taciturn young smith's attention for the next minute or two.

"There was a man over from Craffroe in town yesterday," he observed presently, "that said Mr. Gunning was lookin' out for a cob, and he'd fancy one that would lep."

He eyed his work sedulously as he spoke.

Something, it might have been the light of the candle, woke a flicker in Mr. Tennessy's eye. He passed his hand gently down the mare's quarter.

"Supposing now that the mane was off her, and something about six inches of a dock took off her tail, what sort of a cob d'ye think she'd make, Larry?"

The smith, with a sudden falsetto cackle of laughter, plunged the shoe into a tub of water, in which it gurgled and spluttered as if in appreciation of the jest.

PART III

DOTTED at intervals throughout society are the people endowed with the faculty for "getting up things." They are dauntless people, filled with the power of driving lesser and deeper reluctant spirits before them.

Of such was Mrs. Carteret, with powers matured in hill-stations in India, mellowed by much voyaging in P. and O. steamers. Not even an environment as unpromising as that of Enniscar in its winter torpor had power to dismay her. A public whose artistic tastes had hitherto been nourished upon traveling circuses, Nationalist meetings, and missionary magic lanterns in the Wesleyan schoolhouse was, she argued, practically virgin soil, and would ecstatically respond to any form of cultivation.

"I know there's not much talent to be had," she said combatively to her husband, "but we'll just black our faces and call ourselves the Green Coons or something, and it will be all right!"

"Dashed if I'll black my face again," said Captain Carteret. "I call it rot trying to get up anything here. There's no one to do anything."

"Well, there's ourselves and little Taylour" ("little Taylour," it may be explained, was Captain Carteret's subaltern), "that's two banjos and a bones, anyhow; and Freddy Alexander, and there's your dear friend Fanny Fitz—she'll be home in a few days, and those two big Hamilton girls——"

"Oh, Heavens!" ejaculated Captain Carteret.

"Oh, yes!" continued Mrs. Carteret, unheedingly, "and there's Mr. Gunning; he'll come if Fanny Fitz does."

"He'll not be much advantage when he does come," said Captain Carteret spitefully.

"Oh, he sings," said Mrs. Carteret, arranging her neat small fringe at the glass—"rather a good voice. You needn't be afraid, my dear; I'll arrange that the fascinating Fanny shall sit next you!"

Upon this somewhat unstable basis the formation of the troupe of Green Coons was undertaken. Mrs. Carteret took off her coat to the work, or rather, to be accurate, she put on a fur-lined one, and attended a Nationalist meeting in the Town Hall to judge for herself how the voices carried. She returned rejoicing—she had sat at the back of the hall and had not lost a syllable of the oratory, even during sundry heated episodes, discreetly summarized by the local paper as "interruption." The Town Hall was chartered, superficially cleansed, and in a week the posters had gone forth.

By what means it was accomplished that Rupert Gunning should attend the first rehearsal he did not exactly understand: he found himself enmeshed in a promise to meet every one else at the Town Hall, with tea at the Carterets' later.

The rehearsal progressed after the manner of amateur rehearsals. The troupe, with the exception of Mr. Gunning, who remained wrapped in silence, talked irrepressibly, and quite inappropriately to their rôle as Green Coons. Fanny Fitz and Captain Carteret finally removed themselves to a grimy corner behind the proscenium, and there practiced, sotto voce, the song with banjo accompaniment that was to culminate in the hornpipe. Freddy Alexander had gone forth to purchase a pack of cards in the futile hope that he could prevail upon Mrs. Carteret to allow him to inflict conjuring tricks upon the audience.

"As if there were anything on earth that bored people as much as card tricks!" said that experienced lady to Rupert Gunning. "Look here, *would* you mind reading over these riddles to see which you'd like to have to answer? Now, here's a local one. I'll ask it—'Why am dis room like de Enniscar Demesne?' And then *you'll* say, 'Because dere am so many pretty little deers in it!'"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly do that!" said Rupert hastily, alarmed as well as indignant; "I'm afraid I really must go now——"

He had to pass by Fanny Fitz on his way out of the hall. There was something vexed and forlorn about him, and being sympathetic she perceived it, though not its cause.

"You're deserting us!" she said, looking up at him.

"I have an appointment," he said stiffly, his glance evading hers and resting on Captain Carteret's well-clipped little black head.

Some of Fanny's worst scrapes had been brought about by her incapacity to allow any one to part from her on bad terms, and, moreover, she liked Rupert Gunning. She cast about in her mind for something conciliatory to say to him.

"When are you going to show me the cob that you bought at the Horse Show?"

The olive branch thus confidently tendered had a somewhat withering reception.

"The cob I bought at the Horse Show?" Mr. Gunning repeated with an increase of rigidity—"Oh, yes—I got rid of it."

He paused; the twangling of Captain Carteret's banjo bridged the interval imperturbably.

"Why had you to get rid of it?" asked Fanny, still sympathetic.

"She was a failure!" said Rupert vindictively; "I made a fool of myself in buying her!"

Fanny looked at him sideways from under her lashes.

"And I had counted on your giving me a mount on her now and then!"

Rupert forgot his wrath, forgot even the twangling banjo.

"I've just got another cob," he said quickly; "she jumps very well, and if you'd like to hunt her next Tuesday——"

"Oh, thanks awfully, but Captain Carteret has promised me a mount for next Tuesday!" said the perfidious Fanny.

Mrs. Carteret, on her knees by a refractory footlight, watched with anxiety Mr. Gunning's abrupt departure.

"Fanny!" she said severely, "what have you been doing to that man?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Fanny.

"If you've put him off singing I'll never forgive you!" continued Mrs. Carteret, advancing on her knees to the next footlight.

"I tell you I've done nothing to him," said Fanny Fitz guiltily.

In the mean time the object of this discussion was driving his ten Irish miles home by the light of a frosty full moon. Between the shafts of his cart a trim-looking mare of about fifteen hands trotted lazily, forging, shying, and generally comporting herself in a way only possible to a grass-fed animal who has been in the hands of such as Mr. William Tennessy. The thick and dingy mane that had hung impartially on each side of her neck, now, together with the major portion of her voluminous tail, adorned the manure heap in the rear of the Tennessy public-house. The pallid fleece in which she had been muffled had given place to a polished coat of iron-gray, that looked black in the moonlight. A week of overabundant oats had made her opinionated, but had not, so far, restored to her the fine-lady nervousness that had landed her in the window of the hat shop.

Rupert laid the whip along her fat sides with bitter disfavor. She was a brute in harness, he said to himself; her blemished fetlock was uglier than he had at first thought, and even though she had yesterday schooled over two miles of country like an old stager, she was too small to carry him, and she was not, apparently, wanted to carry any one else. Here the purchase received a very disagreeable cut on the neck that interrupted her speculations as to the nature of the shadows of telegraph-posts. To have bought two useless horses in four months was pretty average bad luck. It was also pretty bad luck to have been born a fool. Reflection here became merged in the shapeless and futile fumings of a man badly in love and preposterously jealous.

THE CUP OF THE UNDER-STRAPPER'S MISFORTUNES BRIMMED OVER

For Fanny Fitz the memory of the performance was a nightmare of blinding heat and glare, made actual only by poignant anxiety as to the length of her green skirt. The hope that she might be unrecognizable was shattered by the yell of "More power, Miss Fanny!" that crested the thunderous encore, evoked by her hornpipe with Captain Carteret, and the question of the skirt was decided by the fact that her aunts, in the front row, firmly perused their programs from the beginning of her dance to its conclusion.

The entertainment went with varying success, after the manner of its kind. The local hits and personal allusions, tollfully compiled and ardently believed in, were received in damping silence, while Rupert Gunning's song, of the truculent order dedicated to basses, and sung by him with a face

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FREAKS AND FORTUNES IN ADVERTISING

By Paul Latzke

THE NANNY-GOAT'S $20,000,000 LUNCHEON, AND OTHER SUBSTANTIAL WONDERS OF THE NEWEST BUSINESS

ON HARLEM HEIGHTS, where Washington fought, a goat was browsing. It was apparently most unpromising feeding-ground. But the goat was a wise goat and knew her business.

Surrounding her bare pasture on three sides were towering flat houses, the back windows of which overlooked the goat's preserve. It is strictly forbidden in New York, "under penalty of the law," to throw refuse out of one's window, but the Harlem goats have long since learned that there is nothing pleases New Yorkers more than to violate the law, if they can do so with comfort and safety.

This psychological fact known to few men, but understood by all animals on Manhattan Island that have to hustle for a living, makes this particular spot one of the choicest pastures known to the predatory kingdom, and the wise goat had only been able to possess herself of it after several sharp encounters with invaders. I had watched these encounters with warm interest, and it may have been in response to my prayers for the reward of the valiant Nanny that a window in one of the flats was opened, and a basket of refuse thrown out by a neat [illegible]e. Haynes, who years ago did the Harlem Police [illegible] for the Associated Press, insisted that my prayers had [illegible]ing to do with it.

"It is simply the criminal instinct of the Harlemite asserting itself," declared Haynes.

"You're a pessimist," I chided mildly. "Whatever the cause, the act has brought joy to the goat. See her expression of rapt satisfaction."

"And no wonder," said Haynes with a cheerful grin. "She's just had a $20,000,000 luncheon."

The change from melancholy pessimism was so pleasant that I let the imbecile remark go without comment. But Haynes wouldn't have it so.

"It's a fact; she's had a $20,000,000 meal. See that red paper disappearing down her throat?"

"Yes," I said kindly, watching him suspiciously for further symptoms.

"Well, sir, that paper—it has all disappeared now—was worth $20,000,000. That is, the right to reproduce it is."

I turned my attention again to the goat as the more promising subject of the two.

"You don't believe it?" persevered Haynes.

"I'm polite, Haynes, always."

"Well, it's true just the same. That thing the goat swallowed was a label off a baking-powder can. The company that owns that brand of baking powder is incorporated for $20,000,000; its stock is worth much more. And the main asset behind that immense capitalization is the right to use the red label of which you just saw the finish."

Haynes has imagination, but lacks depth. That is why he never got on as a newspaper man, and has to content himself with a paltry forty or fifty thousand a year in Wall Street, where he's now a broker. With proper mental balance, having gone so far as to see $20,000,000 in a tin-can label, he would have pursued the idea until he found behind it something far more wonderful—the power that made this label worth all these millions.

An analysis of this power makes the most fascinating study I know. In it lies everything the ambitious man craves—money, fame, adventure, wit and humor. The story of the baking-powder label makes an interesting study.

The "Sympathetic" Way to Wealth

SHORTLY after the war, one Doctor Price rode what might be called a "medical circuit" around the small towns lying near Chicago. He had various healing nostrums which he distributed. He announced his arrival in the various towns by advance advertising in the local newspapers, and gave further publicity to his works by distributing handbills that proclaimed the merits of his medicines. A regular physician would have called this quackery, but Doctor Price was content; he was building up a very good practice. He established regular dates in each town, and always found a satisfactory company of patients awaiting him. The doctor was a particular favorite with the women, for he not only brought them good advice and plenty of medicine, but he gave what was worth even more—intelligent sympathy. And out of this sympathy grew the $20,000,000 label that furnished a luncheon to the Harlem goat. In the course of his travels Doctor Price heard much of the troubles of bread and cake making. The housewives, and especially the housewives on farms, were always full of the difficulties that beset them in providing fresh yeast. The recitals on this subject were so frequent, and the trouble apparently so serious, that the doctor, ever a resourceful man, finally concluded that he would find his patients a substitute. He was, among other things, an excellent chemist, and he set about his task with system. After many trials he finally found a combination that worked—cream of tartar and soda, with a mixture of potato starch.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series by Mr. Latzke. The next paper will appear in an early number.

The First Battle of the Ink-Slingers

WHEN he was satisfied that his "baking powder," as he called it, would do the work, the doctor took a package out on his circuit. Whenever he could he traded off small lots of it for board and lodging. To put it up commercially had not at this time occurred to him. But the housewives who used the powder reported so rapturously the results that it did not take him long to determine that here was something better than country doctoring, if he could only advise womenkind generally of this new boon. As to the method, the doctor had no doubt that advertising would do the work. His small experience with his medicines convinced him of that. But advertising cost money, and of money the doctor had precious little. He went as far as his slight capital would warrant. Then he induced a country banker of Waukegan, Illinois, to buy a half-interest in his "baking powder."

Headquarters were established in Chicago and a systematic, though modest, advertising campaign was begun. Not many years afterward Doctor Price bought out his partner's interest. The exact purchase price has never become known, but one item was the transfer of $400,000 worth of high-class Chicago real estate. Persons in a position to know say that the partner received about $1,000,000 for his half-interest in the "baking powder."

At the time this sale was effected there was no longer anything secret about the compounding of baking powder. Doctor Price's simple preparation had been analyzed by scores of chemists, and there were dozens of similar mixtures on the market. But only one other was strongly advertised. Its owners were Dr. C. N. Hoagland, his brother, J. C. Hoagland, and William Ziegler. The Hoaglands had come originally from Fort Wayne, Indiana, where they owned a drug store. They were among the first to learn of Price's formula, having put up the baking powder for the doctor while it was still manufactured on a small scale. They moved afterward to Chicago and then to New York, where they joined forces with Mr. Ziegler, who was a manufacturer of flavoring extracts. It was said of the Hoaglands, both of whom are now dead, that they were in many respects the most daring advertisers ever known. At the start they went often without the necessaries of life in order to devote every penny they could rake and scrape to newspaper and magazine publicity. For years after their sales reached into the hundred thousands they continued to live in the smallest way, using all their income to enlarge their advertising. So aggressive did their work finally become, especially after they joined hands with Ziegler, that the business of their competitors was grievously menaced. It was because Price's partner, who never could quite fight down the conservatism that comes with country banking, would not consent to meet the Hoaglands on their own ground that Doctor Price bought him out. In the year following his purchase Doctor Price spent $280,000 for printer's ink and his competitors probably half as much again. This was considered enormous for those times. But worse was to come. The Hoaglands and Ziegler fell out, and the latter sold his interest to his partners. Within a few months Doctor Hoagland retired. Mr. Ziegler then bought an interest in the Price Company, and Doctor Hoagland, with Charles O. Gates and others, bought out the Cleveland Brothers, who were putting up baking powder in a small way at Albany, New York.

Then ensued a fight that brought joy to the publishers and, though no one expected it at the time, enormous gains to the combatants. Millions were spent by the rivals in advertising, and every one prophesied ultimate ruin. But so well did they all do their work that the aggregate sales were stimulated beyond anything that had been deemed possible, and the money poured out returned almost at once. Besides, there was built up a business for all three of the powders that has never since lost its impetus.

The death of Doctor Hoagland brought about a cessation of hostilities and the three companies were combined under one charter.

Doctor Price retired with a fortune estimated at $5,000,000. Mr. Ziegler also retired and is ranked among the important millionaires of New York, with a hobby for $250,000 Polar expeditions and other diversions that take the place of business with him.

The two Hoaglands left estates worth millions. No one knows how rich are Mr. Gates and the others now at the head of the resulting company, but it *is* known that the output of the combination is greater than ever. Its stock pays an average dividend of a million and a half a year. Its cash surplus is as high as the Eiffel Tower.

And all this vast wealth was created by advertising.

The Gold Mine in the Printer's Ink-Pot

THE joys of gold mining have been sung in all times, and "Better than a gold mine" has come to be an accepted phrase for describing the superlative in money-making. But for dazzling results gold mining is not in the same class with this other mining in the printer's ink-pot.

The gold production of the entire world for 1901 was $252,095,600. To produce this sum about $200,000,000 was paid out for labor, supplies, transportation, reduction, etc. This left a net profit of $50,000,000 in round numbers on the year's gold mining. In the United States alone $250,000,000 was spent last year for advertising. On this there was an estimated profit of $75,000,000, or $25,000,000 more than was cleared by gold mining throughout the whole world. A considerable sum of money was lost in advertising because of inexpert work, but these losses do not compare with the enormous sums lost by unfortunate prospectors and operators in gold mining. It has been said with some authority that more money in the shape of labor and supplies is put into the ground each year by miners than is taken out. The comparatively small number of men who have grown rich out of mining would seem to give this saying force. Of men who have grown rich through advertising there are scores to be found in every city, almost in every town. With few exceptions, almost every industry in the land is dependent on proper advertising for success. And this is getting to be the case to a greater extent every year. Even the Standard Oil Company, notorious for its antiquated methods, is going into the field

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Not long ago the company spent over $200,000 advertising the virtues of oil stoves for cooking and heating, to stimulate the demand for kerosene.

The coal strike last year taxed the petroleum supply to such an extent that the Standard did not repeat the experiment, which, it is said, was found very satisfactory. Some of its by-products, like paraffine wax and candles, axle grease, lubricating oil, and so forth, are advertised regularly, but in a small way compared to the advertising of some of the other big trusts. It is confidently prophesied, however, that the time is in sight when the Standard Oil will spend a million dollars a year to push its products, as some of the other great combinations are doing.

The United States Steel Company since its organization has spent probably three times as much for advertising as was spent before consolidation by its constituent companies. One of its branches, the American Steel and Wire Company, has gone into practically every agricultural paper in the country advertising its wire fencing. The National Biscuit Company last year spent in the neighborhood of a million and a quarter dollars, and the American Tobacco Company about as much.

Railroad advertising has grown by successive stages until to-day it ranks among the most important in the land. The fifteen leading railroads of the country spent in 1901 over $2,000,000, and it is expected that the annual reports for 1902 will show a very large increase over this. A comparatively few years ago there was little or no railroad advertising in the ordinary sense. The New York Central led the way when George H. Daniels became its general passenger agent, and the other great roads were not slow to follow suit.

The entire industrial system of the country is being modified by the power of advertising. The middle man, the jobber, is being more and more eliminated, and the producer is going direct to the consumer. This would have been practically impossible without the modern use of printer's ink. The story of P. D. Armour's first venture in advertising illustrates this fact very aptly. In the days before food staples were advertised in the public prints, and that was only about twenty years ago, Lord & Thomas, the Chicago advertising agents, began a campaign against Mr. Armour. They kept at it for years without success, putting up in the mean time with some very pretty brushes of temper, for Mr. Armour was not soft spoken when he wished to be rid of any one. But one day Mr. Lord found his opportunity and made the most of it. Mr. Armour was in his private office when Mr. Lord was shown in. His reception was not particularly warm, but an advertising agent is used to perseverance in the face of discouragement, buoyed up by the knowledge that he is the advance agent of prosperity for all who will listen to his counsel and follow his instructions. There was the usual argument between Mr. Armour and Mr. Lord which was about to end in the usual way, when the packer incautiously went beyond his depth by saying:

How P. D. Armour was Converted

"ARMOUR & CO. don't have to advertise. Our goods are known and appreciated by every man in the trade."

"So they are, Mr. Armour. But they are not known by the consumers."

"What difference does that make as long as the jobber and retailer know and sell them?"

"It makes this difference: A woman comes into a grocery store to buy beef extract. You make good beef extract, but she never heard of it because you've not advertised it. She *has* heard of some other extract which *has* been advertised, and she naturally asks for it. The grocer at first may try to push your product, but he'll soon grow tired of that, for the woman doesn't know it and doesn't want it. Do you think that grocer is going to wear out his gray matter for you? Not much. He's going to give that woman and all his other customers what they want. Your extract is going to lie on his shelf until the wrappers are soiled and the stuff is unsalable. Then you have to replace it. What you want to do is to educate the women into asking for Armour's extract. That you can only do by advertising."

Mr. Armour, whose figure was large and rotund, had a peculiar way of sticking out his stomach and putting his thumbs in his trousers pocket when he became interested. He struck this attitude soon after Mr. Lord got his new lead, and remained perfectly quiet until the advertising agent had finished. Then he said:

"Young man, I believe you're right. It's never been put to me in that light before."

Mr. Lord walked out of the office with a contract for $10,000, the first money ever spent by Armour & Co. for printer's ink. Last year the firm spent in the neighborhood of $200,000.

This is often the course of advertising—it has fairly to be forced down the throat of the man who afterward makes millions out of it and who comes in the end to count it as the greatest money-making machine under his control. At times, however, it is the other way about, the new advertiser having hard work to get into print, because the experts consider him reckless. The best story in illustration of this is told of a man who, starting without a penny, died a millionaire.

An Ingenious Young Man of Augusta

IN 1870 the firm of George P. Rowell & Co., New York advertising agents, received an inquiry from Augusta, Maine, that, Mr. Rowell remarked to his partner, must have come "from either a fool or a knave." The preposterous thing this man wanted was to place an inch advertisement in all the principal publications throughout the country. To-day such a proposition would not cause even a ripple in the least important advertising concern. But in 1870 such a thing had never been heard of. There were then no general lists of publications in existence. The few advertising agencies that were in business knew all about the papers in their immediate vicinities, but beyond that their knowledge was limited, both as to the class of publications and the rates charged for advertising. Nothing better illustrates the enormous strides that have been made in advertising within the last twenty-five years than this fact. The Augusta man was put off with an evasive answer. But he came back again as soon as the mails would carry, reiterating his demand. After several exchanges, Mr. Rowell finally wrote his correspondent that he evidently didn't know what he was asking; that the lists and estimates he required involved the expenditure of considerable time and money, and that the outlay required for such an undertaking was beyond the means of any man who did not have command of a very large fortune.

In response to this information there came a letter from Augusta couched in very clean-cut terms. Whatever might be the state of mind in New York, the writer said, up in Augusta people always knew what they wanted before they asked for it, and he was no exception to this rule. In desperation, Mr. Rowell made up a partial list of papers whose rates he knew. Then he sent his Augusta friend a note that he felt would end the business. He told him that if he intended carrying out the "huge" project he had written about, the list submitted would of necessity have to be included. To cover this list would involve the expenditure of $1800. If the Maine man was in earnest he could show his good faith in the matter by sending check by return mail for this sum. Upon receipt of such a check, Mr Rowell said, he should feel justified in going further, though that would require a personal interview. As promptly as the mails could travel there came a return letter and in this was a certified check for the amount asked. Also a curt request for the personal interview. The writer said he was too busy to come to New York, but having shown his good faith it was now up to Mr. Rowell to come to Augusta.

It was February, and particularly nasty weather. But under the circumstances there was nothing for the advertising agent to do but journey to Maine, where the thermometer ranged in the neighborhood of zero. Arriving in Augusta he put up his grip-sack at a hotel and then hunted up the address of the ambitious advertiser. He found a great barren room in which were seated a beardless boy of eighteen and three young women. There was no furniture in the room except an old desk, a couple of tables and some weather-beaten chairs. In one corner of the room was an alcove which had been transformed into a bin by means of some rough boards that ran half-way to the ceiling. Overflowing this bin were thousands of letters that had been opened. The young man and the girls were at work opening more letters. Mr. Rowell asked for his correspondent, and almost fainted when the boy said:

"That's my name."

When he had recovered his breath the advertising agent introduced himself, adding:

"I don't think that you're quite aware of the size of the contract you expect to undertake."

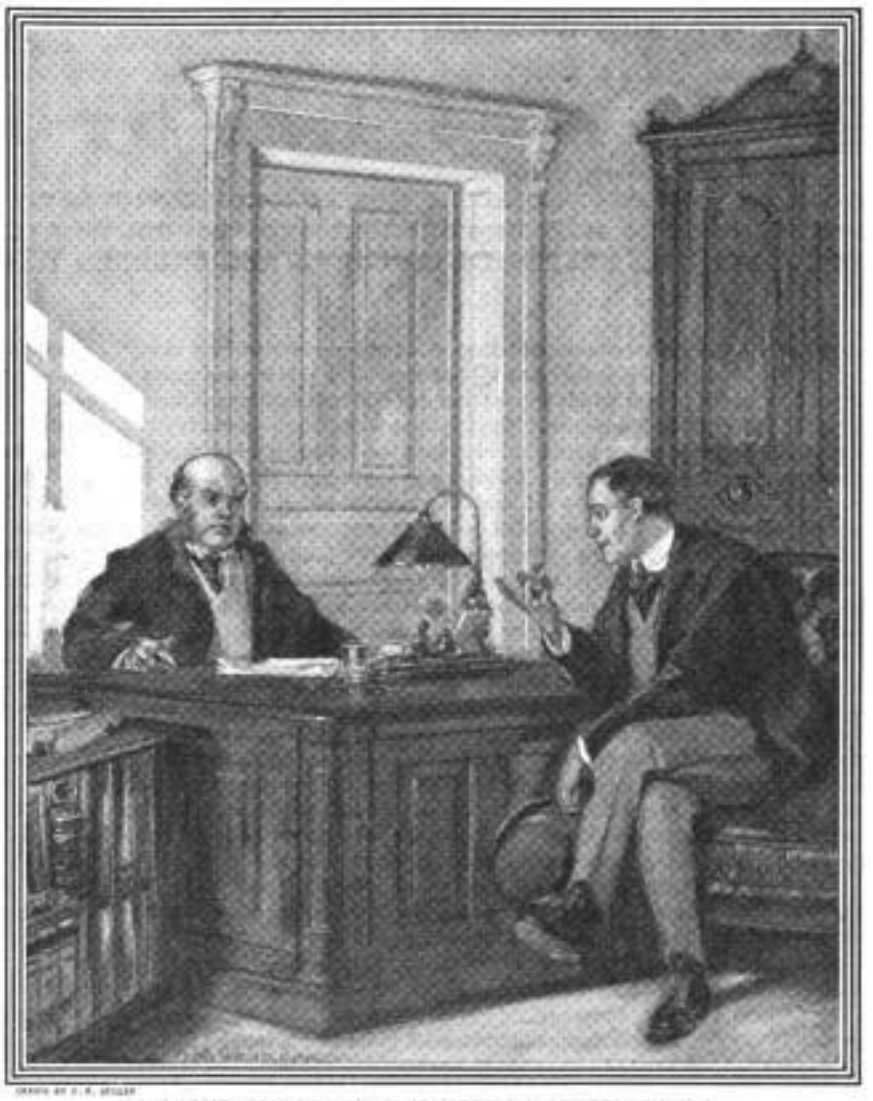
"Maybe not," snapped the youth. "But if there is anything in plain-spoken English I've tried to make myself reasonably clear. I've told you just what I want, and all I've had up to date in reply has been evasion."

That settled the argument. Mr. Rowell said he would return to his hotel and make out the list and estimates. He worked all that night and early next morning returned with his documents.

"What you want," he told his customer, "will cost $11,000. If you conclude to carry out the contract you will have to pay me $3200 cash in addition to the $1800 already sent, and undertake to send me $500 a week regularly until the contract is completed."

"All right. Just sit down. I'll be back in a few minutes."

In less than five minutes the youth was back and presented the astonished New Yorker with a certified check for $3200. "Now," said he, "go ahead for goodness' sake."



AN ADVERTISING AGENT IS USED TO PERSEVERANCE

The Washing-Powder Scheme

GREAT as had been Mr. Rowell's surprise up to this time, what followed was still more remarkable. The advertisement the young man desired him to place called for agents to sell a washing-compound recipe. This recipe, in the shape of a printed slip, was sent to those who responded for one dollar. There was nothing to prevent the agent to whom the recipe was sent from having any number of copies printed, except an implied contract which the advertiser sent when he accepted the agent's services. Under the terms of this contract the agent was told that he bound himself not to use this recipe on his own account, but to buy such copies of it as he could sell from the Augusta man, who on his part agreed to furnish the slips in lots of one hundred at twenty-five cents apiece. Apparently a more reckless and absurd proposition was never launched. Yet that it paid was made evident when the young man walked into Mr. Rowell's office the following summer and executed another contract, this time for $30,000, on which he paid $10,000 in cash on the spot.

Afterward this man and his washing-compound recipe became known in every publication office in the country. He was the pioneer in the enormous publication business that has for many years flourished in Augusta. The business which he founded has come to be one of the main industries of the place, and out of the rank of the men whom he trained and who followed in his footsteps have come Governors, Senators and Representatives. He went from washing recipes to pictures, and from pictures to almost everything else, extending the scope of his advertising every year. He died while still a very young man, at the Parker House, in Boston, leaving an estate valued at more than a million dollars.

He also left as a legacy an endless series of troubles for the post-office authorities. The papers that he founded and those founded by his imitators, had for their main object the sale of the goods handled by the publishers. They were circulated by the million, but as their paid subscriptions were generally less than half the number sent out, the post-office authorities were kept constantly on the jump to see that the regulations governing this class of matter were enforced.

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OUR AMERICAN SNOBS

THE CHILDREN HAVE FOUND OUT WHO WE ARE AND THE LITTLE BOYS WON'T DANCE WITH HER"

By James L. Ford

THE FOLLY OF PRETTY LITTLE MRS. FOXGLOVE, WHO SAVED AND SCRIMPED TO SEND HER DAUGHTER TO A SCHOOL WHERE, OF COURSE, THE DESIRABLE CHILDREN ALL SNUBBED HER

WHEN, moved to virtuous indignation by her recital of little Alice's sufferings, I told Mrs. Foxglove that I wondered why an all-wise God should see fit to send children to a woman capable of defiling their few years of joyous innocence with the foul rites of brazen-calf worship, she burst into a flood of tears and buried her head in the cushions of Mrs. Catnip's principal drawing-room sofa.

Now, it is a great mistake to imagine that women's tears flow readily on slight provocation. It is true that they frequently accompany sudden or unexpected or apparently causeless bursts of emotion, but in every case these are called forth by something deeper and of longer standing than the hasty word or harsh reproof which serves as the ostensible cause of grief. Therefore I regarded this tempestuous manifestation of woe with conscience undisturbed, knowing perfectly well that my words, so far from causing grief, had merely given welcome release to the pent-up flood of feeling that had been accumulating ever since the real cause began.

As a general thing, Mrs. Foxglove's tears are quickly dried, but this time she wept so long and violently that in order to beguile the time I took up a pack of cards and entered upon an absorbing game of solitaire. Just as I had reached an almost hopeless point, at which nothing but the miraculous appearance of the ten of spades would save the game, Mrs. Foxglove lifted her head from the sofa cushion and exclaimed: "You men are all alike, every one of you! You call yourselves our friends and there's not one of you can understand or appreciate the sacrifices we have to make for our children. Oh, you're all just the same. It's not the first time I've had such a thing as that said to me."

"In that case, my dear Mrs. Foxglove," I said soothingly, "permit me to felicitate you on the unusual good fortune which has put you in possession of another friend besides myself who is capable of telling you the cold truth."

At this conciliatory remark she rose and left the room and I heard her running upstairs at the top of her speed, while I went on with my game—a hopeless one now, I feared, for the ten of spades had not even yet appeared—and wondered who her other friend might be. There is a tall, grave-looking man who comes to see Mrs. Foxglove now and then, and is a notable figure in our little household by reason of the lofty courtesy of his manner and his pronounced Southern accent—Mrs. Foxglove seems to have lost nearly all of hers. Possibly he was the honest friend—and just then the tardy ten of spades, the Grouchy of the pack, showed its welcome face and I forgot the tall Southerner in the fascination of solitaire.

That very afternoon I related the story of little Alice Foxglove to a woman of my acquaintance who is looked upon at our table with wholesome awe as a leader of the Four Hundred—and little do Mrs. Taffeta and Mrs. Grinders suspect that the name of the modest and observant philosopher who pens these lines has a place on her list. This woman expressed no surprise at the behavior of the children—among whom is her own snarling, blotchy-faced daughter—but she did say that in her opinion the school was a poor one.

"My Marie is the quickest child at figures you ever saw," she said, beginning her tale of woe. "I'll bet there ain't a child in that whole school that can add and subtract and multiply like Marie, and yet the first week she was there they only gave her seven in mathematics instead of ten that she ought to have had. I didn't say anything about it, but the next week she got six and the next seven again, and so on until it got down to five. Then I got mad and drove down there and said to the principal, 'Now look here, Mr. Man, I'll bet you haven't a child in your school that's as smart at figures as my little Marie, and I want to know what's the reason she only gets five and six and seven instead of ten.'

"He got scared right away the minute he saw I was in earnest, and he went off and looked into some account books and talked to one of the other teachers, and then he came back and said it was all a mistake, that Marie should have had ten every week, and so I made him give me some new reports with ten in mathematics marked on each one. At first I thought that would make it all right, but when I came to read the reports all over again and found how the poor little thing had only got five and six and sometimes even four or three in history and French and the other studies, I said to myself: 'How do I know but what they've been making mistakes in those studies, too?'

"I guess I'll take her out anyway and have a governess teach her at home. There's all sorts of young ones going to that school now they've got a reputation, and Heaven only knows who she's associating with there day after day."

I am certain to be asked for the real name and address of the school which I have designated as the Nickel-Plush, but I shall not give it because I do not wish it to gain the patronage of any more women like the one who is deliberately teaching her child to turn her back on the genuine society of a Southern city and scratch for "desirable" acquaintances among the riffraff pitchforked together by Park Row.

The words of my friend of the Four Hundred made a deep impression on me, and late that afternoon as I sat before my open-grate fire waiting for the supper bell to ring I wondered how many women in the country were sending their children to such schools as the Nickel-Plush in the silly belief that they would there acquire a desirable circle of friends or even an education. Contemplation of this sorrowful subject suggested to my mind an idea that has since taken permanent root there, and which one of these days I may be able to carry out in practical fashion. I wondered whether a college for the education of parents is not more seriously needed in this country than new endowments for the instruction of youth.

That there is great need in this country for such a college—or, better still, for some reformatory institution for the benefit of parents who are confirmed worshipers of the brazen calf—is amply proved by the manner in which these idolaters, who are numbered by the hundreds of thousands if not by the millions, deliberately bring up their children in the worship of this loathsome brassy image.

From their very earliest years the children of the calf worshipers are duly impressed with the importance of that august body, the Four Hundred, whose comings and goings are discussed in their presence at every hour of the day. If there is a fashionable ball or assembly of any kind, it is certain to be the one topic of conversation at the breakfast-table the next morning; if Mrs. de Peyster-Berwick leaves Newport for a short business trip to Oklahoma the matter is thoroughly threshed out at the breakfast-table by the adults of the family, and in case of an extensive or imposing exodus of fashionables I have no doubt that the youngsters are kept home from school in order that they may thoroughly master this important branch of learning. I am sure that the loving, calf-worshiping mother knows of no more beautiful spectacle than that of her innocent child lifting its curly head from the crib and cooing over the list of guests at the Vanasterbilt masquerade ball, to which not one member of the family has been bidden.

In deciding to what school her offspring shall be sent the prudent mother writes for half a dozen school catalogues and studies the list of pupils and parents before looking at the curriculum. That schoolmasters are thoroughly aware of this practice is plainly evidenced by the manner in which most of these catalogues are prepared.

And when the hour of parting comes the modern mother sheds no tears, invokes no blessing, and wastes no time in bidding her children study hard and be good, as was the fashion in an elder day. On the contrary, the infants flutter away from the home nest with their little minds filled with the importance of cultivating the friendship of such of their fellow-pupils as can boast of names that enjoy an honored place in the chronicles of contemporary society, and, so long as they become dutiful little snobs, their delinquencies are likely to be viewed by their parents with amiable tolerance.

There are some who will smile at the absurdity of all this, but I feel more like weeping than laughing at this hideous spectacle of desecrated childhood. It is not funny, according to my sense of humor, to see a boy who ought to be sliding downhill or playing baseball endeavoring to build up what his mother calls "a desirable acquaintance" on the playground, while little girls of nine get names for their dolls out of the Social Register.

The mere thought of all the vileness that must come in later years as an aftermath to this custom of initiating infants into the mysteries of brazen-calf worship brings back to my mind the idea of a parents' college; and yet I doubt if any course of study that could be devised would convince the average calf worshiper that she cannot select fit companions for her child simply by comparing the names on the catalogue with those on the society page. The woman who once abandons herself to a belief in the potency of the sacrificial rites of brazen-calf worship will go down into her grave reaffirming her faith in the school-catalogue scheme of friendships.

Editor's Note—This is the second paper in Mr. Ford's series. The next will appear in an early number.

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I know of more than one school of high reputation that has degenerated into a perfect hotbed of snobbery and caddishness through the influence of calf-worshiping parents, and fully ninety-nine school catalogues out of one hundred fairly reek of it. Moreover, I honestly believe that if Miss Birdfood were to advertise, "Snobbery taught in all its branches," "The catechism of the Four Hundred recited every morning," "Special course in how to get into society," and the whole adorned with an effigy of a calf in gleaming brass, she would have even more pupils on her waiting list than she has now.

But what can be expected of children whose parents are not ashamed to fill their little heads with Park Row's sensational garbage about millionairedom? I myself have heard a mother read aloud in the presence of her own children one of those disgusting and idiotic millionaire articles with which our Sunday papers are overloaded. This one was from my own paper, the Planet, and was entitled, "Cradles in which the Children of the Four Hundred Sleep"; it was illustrated with pictures of cradles taken from the convenient pages of a furniture catalogue, and purporting to be those in which the various infantile members of our aristocracy found nightly rest. This silly woman read the article aloud from beginning to end, and directed the attention of her little ones to the different cradles with such idiotic remarks as "My, Katie! Just look at where the little Vanastorbilt baby sleeps. Ain't that grand? Don't you wish your papa would get one like that for little sister Emily?" or, "Jest look at that, children! that cradle cost two thousand dollars, and that's real lace it's got on to it. That's the way they do things in gilt-edged society. I suppose every one of those young ones has a servant to follow her around and pick up everything she drops. My, but that's the way I'd like to live once."

And the mother who will sit gawking over the millionaire stories in the Sunday paper will not hesitate to drag the joys of Christmas Day, that most delightful of domestic feasts, down to the same wretchedly sordid level by continually prating about the cost of things. A very little imbecile talk of this kind will suffice to rob the children's Christmas gifts of their chief charm, and to instil into the mind of one who has been made happy with a new toy the poison of discontent because it did not cost as much as the gold watch that the Sunday paper says—backing up its assertion with a reproduction from a jeweler's catalogue—was found in the toe of the silken stocking—see picture taken from hosiery catalogue—of little Gertie Vanastorbilt.

Is it not a crime to strip from the Christmas token every particle of the love and self-sacrifice which makes it beautiful and leave bare to the gaze of childhood the dross of which it is made? There are even those to whom the tradesman's countersign is a matter of greater moment than anything else, and who will tell you that "John gave me an elegant watch from Squiffany's," and "the flowers that Charley sent were from Quorley's," and "that night we were invited to an elegant dinner to the Nickel-Plush." There must be something innately vulgar and sordid in the mind that forgets the affection that prompted the gift in contemplation of the glamour of a trade-mark.

There are certain phases of child life in the ranks of the Four Hundred which I am happy to say are not discussed in the columns of the press as freely as if they were matters that related merely to the cost of things. Now and then I hear stories of the "fast pace" set by certain favored youngsters of well-advertised society, and whenever I hear of a parcel of boys of thirteen dining in evening dress and befuddling themselves with champagne, or of the supposedly humorous but really pathetic story of the little girls who "collected old silver" instead of seashells, or of some pampered child of fourteen who loses a hundred dollars at bridge, I feel like asking why it is that the brazen calf can make no better return for all our adoration than to beckon Time on and call upon Old Age to quicken his lagging steps.

And with this deliberate perversion of the infant mind going on year after year in all parts of the land, with parents teaching their progeny to prostrate themselves in open idolatry before the brazen calf, with the instructors of youth deliberately pandering to all this vileness and turning their schools into hotbeds of snobbery, it is a blessed relief to know that in our colleges and universities there are other gods besides this one of baser metal. It makes the heart glad to learn that in Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Williams the most sought-after men are not those whom the social philosopher would place in the ranks of the "desirable," and that in the eyes of the average undergraduate it is a much greater and nobler thing to pull stroke, even on a losing crew, or to be pounded into insensibility by the victorious eleven, than to be numbered among the gods of a false and silly worship.

Just before supper Mrs. Foxglove came into the drawing-room where I was warming my hands and said timidly: "I was foolish this afternoon, but I was feeling badly about something that Alice told me. You see, I've been saving up for so long to send her to the Nickel-Plush Dancing School, and this winter she started in and thought she was going to have a splendid time. It's the very best school in the city, you know, and only the very nicest children are taken there. They didn't want to take Alice at first because we're not society people, but when they found I was writing fashions they consented. Well, yesterday she came to me and wanted me to take her out, although she's only been to four classes and I paid in advance for twelve. The children have found out who we are and the little boys won't dance with her. It was never that way in the South. There the child had just as many partners as she wanted and everybody knew we were poor. Why, Alice says that one of the little boys told her he'd ask her to dance if he dared, but his mother was there watching him and he had to dance with the children whose fathers were rich and belonged to the Four Hundred."

"In the name of Heaven——" I began, and then stopped short, realizing that it would be easier to convince a Brahmin priest of the worthlessness of his faith than to destroy this sweet, trusting woman's belief in "desirable" people.

"What were you about to say?" she inquired in the tone of a martyr at the stake who hopes to be asked to recant in order that she may for the last time declare her faith before all men. Before I could frame a reply she went on:

"If you had a child to bring up wouldn't you like to have her associate with refined, well-bred people?"

"I certainly should," I replied, "and that is precisely why I should keep her out of the Nickel-Plush Dancing Academy and the Nickel-Plush School."

"I should think," she said reproachfully, "that as a New Yorker you would be ashamed to speak in such a way of the best society of your own city."

"Best society!" I cried, as the light broke in upon my brain; "I hope that you as an American have not been deluded into the belief that this city of wealth and progress and education and achievement, this lodestar of the Western Hemisphere, can offer nothing better in a social way than Mr. Tommy Timpson and the rest of the notorieties that we manufacture in the Planet office."

"Why, the papers all say that these people lead society——" And just then the supper bell rang and I went down to the table wondering if it would be a possible thing for me to open the eyes of this woman to the absurdity of her beliefs, and rescue poor, sensitive, gentle little Alice, whose pitiful story made me cry whenever I thought of it, from the clutches of the "desirable" young imps who were making her childhood a miserable instead of a happy one.

GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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XVI

AT CHICAGO Barney came down the platform to meet Frothingham. "Here you are!" he exclaimed. "Six months in the country but not a bit changed. And if an American goes over to your side and stays a week he has to learn the language all over again when he gets back."

It was still daylight and Barney told his coachman to drive home by way of "the store"—the great "Barney and Company Emporium—seventy stores and a bank, three restaurants, a nursery and an emergency hospital, all under one roof." Frothingham watched the throngs pouring torrentlike through the cañons made by the towering buildings. "Don't it remind you of New York?" asked Barney.

"Yes—and no," he replied. It seemed to him in the comparison that New York was a titanic triumph, Chicago a titanic struggle; New York a finished or at least definite creation, Chicago a chaos in convulsion. There was in the look and the noise of it an indefinable menace which oppressed him, filled him with vague uneasiness. When Barney told him the site of it was a swamp a few years before, he thought of a fairy story his nurse had told him—of a magic city that used to rise from an enchanted morass at dusk, live a single night and vanish with the dawn. And as the daylight waned, he wondered whether this inchoate, volcanic unreality of a city would not soon be again engulfed in the bosom of the swamp. But he began to note here and there traces of form, civilized form, peering from the chaos to indicate the trend of the convulsion—that it was upward, not downward.

"It is—tremendous," said Frothingham. "Is it bigger than New York?"

"No," Barney reluctantly answered. Then he added with curious, defiant energy: "But it *will* be! And it's American, which New York ain't. It's full of people that think for themselves and do as they d——n please. We ain't got many apes out here. We run more to humans."

They were now driving past Barney and Company's—a barracklike structure, towering story on story from a huge base bounded by four streets, where surged a seemingly insane confusion of men, women, children, horses, vans, automobiles, articulate in the demoniac voices of boys shrieking extras and drivers bawling oaths. And the sky blackened suddenly and from the direction of the lake came a storm, cruelly cold, bitter as hate, seizing the struggling, swearing, shouting mass of men and animals, lashing them with whips of icy rain and pelting them with bullets of hail.

"That's my little place," said Barney.

"It's—tremendous," was all Frothingham could say. The "Emporium" and its surroundings dazed him. He muttered under his breath, "And it's hell."

Barney told the story of creation as it read for him. He had been a drummer for a suspender house—eighteen hundred a year for touring the cities and towns of northern Indiana and Illinois; four thousand dollars put by after twelve years of toil; eyes ever alert for a chance to go into business on his own account. One of his towns was Terre Haute—he called it Terry Hut. In it was a dry-goods shop kept by a man named Meakim. Barney found that, of all the retailers he visited, Meakim was by far the shrewdest, the most energetic, and, above all, that he had an amazing talent for "dressing" his show windows and show cases. He persuaded Meakim to sell out and adventure Chicago with him. They set up in a small way and in an obscure corner. But both toiled; Barney was shrewd and almost sleepless, and Meakim "dressed" the windows and displayed the goods on and over the counters. They prospered, spread too rapidly for their capital, failed, gathered themselves together, prospered again. "I've built three stores in fourteen years," said Barney. "This last one was finished only five years ago—the year Meakim died. And already it's too small—we're moving our wholesale department to another building."

"I ALWAYS FEEL LIKE A STRANDED FISH IN THESE TOGS"

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Presently they were in Michigan Avenue and at Barney's house. It was a mass of Indiana limestone which he—with the assistance of a builder, audaciously "branched out" as an architect—had fashioned into a fantastic combination of German mediæval fortress and Italian renaissance villa. "Here's where I live," said Barney as the carriage stopped before the huge doors studded with enormous bronze nails. "And don't you dare back up Nelly when she jeers about it. She says she can't look at it without laughing or come into it without blushing. I suppose it *is* no good, in the way of art. But it keeps out the rain, and that's the main point in a house, ain't it?"

As he was getting out his keys the door was opened by a maid in a black dress, a white apron and cap. "Jessie," said he, in a tone which suggested that she might be his daughter, "this is the Earl of Frothingham, and I want you to take good care of him and of the young man who's coming with his trunks."

Frothingham took off his hat and bowed vaguely to the maid, who smiled cordially. "I'll show you your room," she said.

"Never mind, Jessie," interrupted Barney. "You needn't bother. I'll take him up myself. But I know everything's all right—Nelly looked after that."

Frothingham was impressed by the astonishing difference between the exterior and the interior of the house. He felt at home at once in this interior—handsome, cheerful, the absurd splendors of the architect-builder's devising softened into comfort and good taste. "We thought you'd like your young man near you," explained Barney, "so we put a bed in the dressing-room."

"Thank you," replied Frothingham. "This is charming."

"Nelly knows her business." Barney's good-natured face with its many dignifying scars from his wars with destiny beamed paternal enthusiasm. "You needn't dress for dinner unless you want to," he went on. "I never do unless we have company or I go out somewhere to something swell and formal. Wickham sometimes does and sometimes don't."

"I think I'll dress, if you don't mind," said Frothingham diplomatically.

"Suit yourself. This is Liberty Hall. We ain't got any rules." He looked at his watch. "That clock on the mantel there is four minutes fast. It's seven minutes to seven by the right time. We're having dinner at half-past seven, but you can come down just as soon as you feel like it."

Frothingham descended at five minutes before the dinner hour and found Nelly alone in the front parlor. Superficially she was like the women he had met in the Eastern cities. Like them she was dressed in a gown obviously imported from Paris; like them she wore it as only American and French women wear their clothes. He saw instantly that she was a well-bred girl of a most attractive American type. She was tall and long of limb—her arms were almost too long. She had a great deal of dark brown hair shading fascinatingly into black here and there. She had dark eyes—not brown, as he at first glance thought, but dark gray—a humor-loving mouth, a serious brow, a clear, delicate, olive skin. As she and Frothingham were shaking hands, her father and her brother entered—the brother, Wickham, a huge fellow, topping his father by several inches and having his father's keen, good-natured dark gray eyes and his father's features, except that the outline was more refined without being less strong.

Barney put his arm round his daughter and, with a foolish-fond expression, said: "Didn't I tell you, Frothingham? Wasn't I right?"

If Frothingham had been new to "the States" he would have thought this the strongest kind of a bid for him to enter the family. But he understood the American character in its obvious phases now. "The old chap's mad about her," was all Barney's speech suggested to him. "And," he admitted to himself, "I think he has reason to be. She's got the look I like." He noted the humorous comment on her father's flattery in Nelly's dark eyes, as he examined her through his eyeglass with ostentatiously critical minuteness. "Quite up to the mark, I should say," he replied with polite audacity, adding, "though I don't pretend to be an expert."

"You see, I did put on my dress suit, after all," said Barney, looking down at his old-fashioned, ill-fitting evening clothes. "The children would have it. I always feel like a stranded fish in these togs. You see, I never wore 'em in my life till I was past forty."

Wickham looked a little nervously at Frothingham; Nelly was smiling with frank amusement. Then Wickham looked ashamed of himself—but he carefully observed the peculiar stripes down the legs of Frothingham's trousers and the curious cut of his waistcoat and coat—"I must find out who's his tailor," he thought. "Poole don't send me over the real thing. I wish I dared wear a monocle. It's a whole outfit of brains and manners by itself. I don't believe he takes it out, even at night."

A maid announced dinner—not "Dinner is served," but "Dinner, Mr. Barney." And Barney jumped up with, "I'm glad to hear it. I'm hungry as a wolf." The dining-room was done in old English fashion—and the dinner, too, though an American would have called it the American fashion. The feature of its four courses was a huge roast, set before Barney on a great platter, with a mighty carving-knife like a simitar and a fork like a two-pronged spit. Barney himself carved—an energetic performance, lacking in grace perhaps, but swift and sure. On the table between him and the platter was a pile of plates. He put a slice of the roast into the top plate and the waitress removed it, carried it to Nelly's place and set it down. This was repeated until all were served.

Frothingham watched Barney's movements attentively, surprised that any of the American upper classes condescended to eat in such simplicity. He was almost startled when a bottle of wine was brought, for he had not forgotten Barney's denunciation of drink and drinkers. He had seen so many concessions of real or reputed principle for his benefit since he had been moving about in American "high life" that he was somewhat cynical as to principle in America. But he had not expected to find this degree, or even kind, of weakness in Barney. "He told me he wouldn't permit the stuff to come into his house," he thought, laughing to himself. Then he noticed that none of the family drank it. One taste was enough for him—"No wonder he's opposed to wine," he said to himself. Then aloud: "If you don't mind, I'll just take whisky—a little Scotch."

Barney showed amused embarrassment; Nelly and Wickham laughed. "We don't have anything to drink," she explained. "Father doesn't approve. But he told us you'd been brought up differently—that you must have wine. So we've got wine, but there isn't any whisky."

Frothingham looked vague—he was relieved to find that his friend Barney was not quite so weak as he had feared. "It doesn't in the least matter," he replied. "I shall get on famously with this."

"I'll take you down to the club after a while," said Wickham, "and you can have all you want. And to-morrow—eh, father?"

"Yes—yes—of course," answered Barney. "I never do try to put on style that I don't get left."

He winked at one of the maids significantly and when she drew near and bent her head, whispered to her. She left the dining-room; in about five minutes she reappeared with a decanter of Scotch, a tall glass, a bowl of ice and a bottle of mineral water on her tray.

"Why, father!" exclaimed Nelly, "where did that come from?"

Barney beamed, triumphant. "We've got neighbors, haven't we?"

"But what *will* they think of you?" she asked, pretending to be shocked.

"I don't know—and I don't care," he answered. "I never did spend much time in worrying about what my neighbors thought of me. Probably that's why we're here, and not in the poorhouse."

After dinner Frothingham stayed with Nelly in the parlor instead of going to the club with Wickham. He had found many girls in America who thought they were natural or who affected naturalness as a pose; but here was the first girl, it so happened, who was really natural, without thinking anything about it. She had all the charm of the girls of his own country for him—he liked ingenuousness; and in addition she had the charm of knowledge. She knew the world, but she looked at it with ingenuous eyes—and he would not have believed this a possible combination. "How do these Americans manage it?" he said to himself. "Her father comes from well down in the lower classes, yet he has all the assurance of an aristocrat. And as for the girl, she reminds me of Evelyn—and Gwen."

"Do you know," he said to her, "you don't suggest an American girl at all—that is, you do and you don't. You women over here are cleverer than ours, but a good many of 'em lack a certain something—a—I don't know just what to call it. It seems to me that—well, they are ladies, of course. But many of 'em—not all—but a great many of those I've chanced to meet—make me feel as if they were not exactly sure of themselves, as if they were trying to live up to something they'd read about or seen somewhere. I don't know that I make myself clear."

"Perfectly," replied Nelly. "You mean that they act as if they weren't satisfied with being the kind of lady they were born, and are trying to be some other kind—and don't succeed at it especially well."

"Exactly," said Frothingham. "I feel like saying to them, 'Oh, come now, chuck it, won't you, and let's see what you're really like!' But you—you remind me of our women, except that you're not ghastly dull as most of 'em are. Gad, they sit about in the country until they're feeble-minded. After a certain age, about all there is left of 'em is the match-making instinct. You'd understand if you'd been over there."

"I have been there," answered Nelly. "I spent more than a year in Europe—nearly half of it in your country. I liked it, but—well, one likes one's own country best, of course."

"I thought you American women preferred the other side."

"Oh, a few of us do—those who aren't happy unless they have somebody bowing and scraping to them, or are bowing and scraping to somebody. You know, the poor we have always with us—the poor in spirit as well as the other kind of poor."

Before they had talked an hour Frothingham felt that the outlook for his campaign in the Barney house was not promising. Nelly was frank and friendly, and he saw that she liked him. But there was something in her atmosphere which made him know that she cared little for the things which were everything to him and which must be everything to the woman he might hope to win. He feared that she was not for him. "She ain't in my class—or, perhaps I'd better say, I ain't in hers."

When Wickham came, at half-past ten, she left them. After suppressing yawns for fifteen minutes he said: "I'm off to bed. I was at a dance last night and owe myself five hours' sleep. You see, father and I get up at half-past six. We have to be at the store at eight."

At the store! At eight! "And he hasn't in the least the look of that sort of chap," thought Frothingham. As for rising at half-past six, one might do it to hunt or shoot. But to do it morning after morning "merely to set a lot of bounders to selling a lot of cloth"—preposterous!

XVII

AFTER a few days of Chicago Frothingham felt utterly out of place. There were no idlers, no idling places. To idle meant to sit in lonely boredom.

Barney and his son were busy all day—they grudged the half-hour of that precious time of theirs which they spent at luncheon. Nelly, too, had her work—some sort of a school she was running, away off somewhere in the poorer part of the town. He was sensitive enough soon to discover, in spite of her courtesy, that he was interrupting her routine seriously and was in the way to becoming a burden. He saw as much of her as he dared—she had for him a charm that became the more difficult to resist as his hope of winning her decreased. He relieved her of himself during her busy hours so tactfully that she did not suspect him of penetrating what she honestly tried to conceal.

He betook himself to the club. It was usually deserted; if a man did enter, he raced through and away as if pursued by demons; at luncheon all ate as if struggling for a prize offered to him who should chew the least, swallow the fastest and finish the soonest. He called on the women he met—they were out or just going out, or just coming in to busy themselves at home.

In New York, Boston, Washington he had thought the leisure class a lame imitation of the European class of industrious, experienced idlers, had found it small and peculiarly unsatisfactory because its men were inferior to its women in numbers and especially in brains. But here—there wasn't a pretense of a leisure class except the loungers in the parks. "This is a howling wilderness," he said to himself. "I should be better off in a desert. These lunatics make my head swim."

Wherever he went, all seemed possessed of and pursued by fever-demons. If it was a dinner, the diners were eager to dispatch it. The courses were served swiftly, the waiters snatching one's plate if he for a second ceased the machine-like lifting of food; the conversation was nervous and in the shrill tones of acute mental excitement. Words were cut short and slapped together almost incoherently. Sentences were left unfinished, the speaker leaping on to another sentence or submerged by the breaking of the flimsy speech-dam of the person he was addressing. Often all were talking at the same time. "Surely you can listen as you talk," said a woman to whom he complained. "Think how much time it saves!"

If it was a dance, the orchestra detonated the notes like cartridges from a Maxim gun; the dancers whirled or raced furiously. "Why this hurry?" he gasped to a handsome, powerful girl who had dragged him round a ballroom twice, had flung him into a chair and was dashing away with another man to finish the waltz.

"I've got to catch the train for the millennium," she screamed back over her shoulder and disappeared in the maelstrom.

Even at the play the audience shuffled uneasily while the players sped through their lines or the orchestra rattled off the between-the-acts music; and afterward all rushed from the theatre as if it were afire. The blank expression habitual to Frothingham's face was no longer a disguise; it was a reflection of his internal state.

"I must get out of this," he said to himself at the end of two weeks. "The disease may be catching. Now I understand that fellow who went from here to tear London up by the roots and put in his tuppenny tubes. A Chicagoan should be barred from a country like any other plague." And he wrote his sister that he was "beginning to twitch with the Chicago disease."

Evelyn had written him regularly—a letter by each Wednesday's steamer. She had put a brave face upon their affairs, had tried to make him picture life at Beauvais House as smooth, almost happy. But he had more than suspected that a far different story ran between the lines; and when she wrote that she had engaged herself to Charley Sidney he understood.

Seven months before he would have grumbled and cursed, and would have accepted the sacrifice. Now, it roused in him a fierce protest, a feeling of abhorrence of which he would not have been capable before he visited America—and the Barneys. "She sha'n't sell herself to that creeping cad," he said, and on impulse he cabled: "Sidney impossible and unnecessary. You must break it. Answer."

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The answer came later: "Shall do as you wish."

Instead of being relieved he repented his impulse, wondered where it had come from, fell into a profound depression. Seven months of stalking; nothing to show for it but three ridiculous, sickening misses. And here he was with an empty bag; and what little heart he once had for the game was gone; in its place a disgust for it and for himself. "How Nelly Barney would scorn me if she knew what a creature I am!" he said. He was now thinking a great deal on the subject of Nelly Barney's standards for men and also on the subject of Nelly Barney as a standard for women. In neither direction did he find any encouragement. He knew her through being in the same house with her day after day, through seeing her at all hours and in all moods—and she never made the slightest attempt to conceal her real self. He felt that such a woman could not be attracted by his title, would not be likely to be attracted by himself; he felt that she was at the same time more worth the winning than any other woman he knew in America—"Yes, or in England," he confessed to himself at last.

"What a pity, what a beastly, frightful shame," he thought. "She's got everything that I must have, and everything that I want, too."

But he had only twelve hundred dollars left, including the thousand from Wallingford. "I must have gone clean mad," he exclaimed whenever he wasn't with her and was alone with his affairs. Finally he was able to goad himself into dashing feverishly about in Chicago society. He sought the set she avoided—it was to him an additional charm in her that she did avoid it, for he had at bottom the extra-prim ideas of women which have never lost their hold upon Englishmen. There was, however, no alternative to seeking this set. He thought it the only one in which he was likely to succeed—those among the fashionable young women of the rich families who carried the "free and easy" pose in speech and manner to the point where it looked far worse to a foreigner than it really was, who laughed and talked noisily in public, who wore very loud and very clinging dresses, very big hats and very light shoes.

The newspapers gave him columns of free advertising and, with the Barneys vouching for him and "Wick" Barney pushing him, he immediately became a figure. Some of the young women of the "lively" set pursued him with an ardor which he would have mistaken when he first landed for evidence of serious attachment or intentions. But he had learned something of the ways of American flirts, married and single, and he had had experience of that American curiosity as to foreigners of rank which he had at first regarded as the frankest kind of title-worship.

Presently he found a girl he thought he could not be mistaken in fancying he could get—Jane or Jenny (Jeanne, she wrote it) Hooper, the daughter of that famous Amzi Hooper whose "Hooper's High-class Hams" and "Hooper's Excelsior Dressed Beef and Beef Extract" are trumpeted from newspaper, bill-board and blank wall throughout the land.

Her older sister had married a Papal duke under the impression that he was a noble of ancient and proud family. To her horror, to her family's humiliation and to her friends' hilarity it came out that the Duke of Valdonomia was the son of a Swiss hog-packer of as humble origin as Amzi Hooper and of less than one-fifth his wealth. The family longed to possess a genuine nobleman, and Jane—a devourer of the English novels which are written by the middle classes for the middle classes about the upper classes—seemed to be in sympathy with her father's and mother's ambition and keenly eager to become a "real lady." It was assumed by her set that Frothingham had come for her—the newspapers hinted as much several times each week.

But Frothingham, grown extraordinarily sensitive, shied at the amazing high heels on which she tottered like a cripple, at the skinlike fit of her clothes, at the suspicious brilliance of her cheeks and blackness of her brows and lashes. Whenever she spoke to him suddenly in her shrill dialect he felt as if a file had been drawn across his pneumogastric nerve. And she constantly used a slang expression which seemed to him—in her—the essence of vulgarity. She could not speak ten sentences without saying that she or somebody or everybody had nearly or quite "thrown a fit."

It struck him as a biting irony of Fate that the woman whom of all he knew well in America he least approved should be the one who was frankly throwing herself at his head in his hour of desperation. When he learned that her father was an Englishman born and bred in the "lower middle class," he felt that he had solved the problem of the family's eagerness to get him. "That's why the old beggar almost cringes as he talks to me," he said to himself. "Confound their impudence!" And the next time he met Hooper he treated him not as an American and an equal, but as an Englishman and an inferior. And Amzi at once fell into his "place," just as a car horse, though elevated to be a coach horse, will halt at one ring of a bell. "It's in the blood," thought Frothingham. "It can't be hid or got out." But—he didn't venture the experiment with the daughter.

The climax came one morning when he met her by chance in the Lake Park Drive. She was perched high on a red and black dog-cart in which she was driving a bay and a gray tandem. Her hat was the biggest he had seen her wear, and she was swathed in a silver gray dust-coat with a red embroidered collar. She stopped and invited him to join her.

"I needed you to complete my turnout," she said, when they were under way. Her dazzling smile took part of the edge off her unconscious insolence—or was it conscious? He found her a puzzle, with her flashes of good taste and flashes of good sense, with her wit that seemed accidental and her folly that seemed her real self.

He set his teeth and tried to think only of how much "I need her to complete *my* turnout," and of how pretty she was—for there was no denying her beauty, or her style for that matter, in spite of its efflorescence. He saw that every one was looking at them, but he did not appreciate that his own striking costume and his eyeglass were as magnetic as were her hat, her bright skin and her dust-coat with its gaudy collar. She was supremely happy. The most conspicuous girl in Chicago, driving with the most conspicuous man, in the most conspicuous trap and on the most conspicuous highway—what more could a young woman ask?

HERE WAS THE FIRST GIRL WHO WAS REALLY NATURAL

"Wonder why every one stares so?" she said with deliberate intent to provide an opening for compliment. She wished to hear him say the flattering things she was thinking about herself.

"I fancy they're staring at what I can't take my eyes off of," he replied. "You *do* look swift this morning."

"Swift! I don't like that." She was frowning. "You Englishmen come over here and think you can say what you please."

"I can't see where's the harm in telling a girl she's pretty and well got up, and looks a stunner."

"That isn't what 'swift' means in Chicago."

"Really! You don't say! That's what it means in London."

"But you're not in London."

"No." His tone strongly suggested a wish that he were.

"Wouldn't it be jolly if this were Hyde Park!" she exclaimed.

He did not show enthusiasm at this—but then his face was made to suppress, not to express, emotion.

"I simply adore London," she went on.

"It ain't bad—for a while, now and then."

"There's so much atmosphere about London—I don't mean the fog and soot. Here, they're all crazy about making money and working and all those kind of things. Whereas, over there, everybody's for having a good time and—and all those kind of things. Sometimes I think I'll throw a fit if I don't get away from here."

He looked gloom, then brightened—yes, she was tremendously pretty, and her mouth was like a red ripe cherry; yes, she might be toned down into a fairly decent countess. "They're quick to adapt themselves, these American girls. The minute she sees Evelyn she'll begin to learn."

"I don't see how you stand it," she continued. "When are you going away? Not that I sha'n't be sorry—you've been awfully nice to me, and I like to see a really well-dressed man once in a while."

"Ah, I don't mind it here." He paused for full a minute, then said: "And I'd like it, you know, if I could take you with me when I go." He followed this speech with a slow turning of the head until his eyeglass was full upon her. "By Jove, her color's genuine," he said to himself.

She had been happy a few minutes before; now she was all thrills and palings and flushings of ecstasy. She glanced at her conquest with sparkling eyes and laughing lips. She made him forget what "bad form" he had been thinking her. "Is that a joke?" she asked, as if she were assuming that it was.

"We don't go in for joking about that sort of thing where I come from," he drawled.

"But you oughtn't to have said it here." She was radiant, but her hands were trembling—it seemed most romantic to her, quite like a chapter out of a novel. Genuine aristocracy, that not only recognized itself but also was recognized by everybody, seemed to her as dreamlike as fairyland.

"If you'll drive home I'll ask you again there," he continued.

And he did, and she accepted him; and he was half-way to Barney's before he came from the spell of her fresh young beauty and her frank admiration of him, and began to think of Nelly and to see Jeanne from Nelly's standpoint again. At that moment Jeanne was busily telephoning her engagement to her intimates, her head full of castles and coronets and crests and peeresses' robes. It seemed to her that she could not wait to begin her triumph—the congratulations of friends, the receptions, dinners, dances in honor of her and her fiancé, the flare of newspaper brasses, the big wedding, and the crescendo of her gorgeous entry into English society as Countess of Frothingham. Cinderella was no more enraptured when the prince lifted her from the ashes than was Jenny Hooper with her ill-fed and extravagant imagination, her ill-directed and energetic ambition, her ill-informed and earnest misconception of life and of "being somebody."

"And he's coming to see you to-morrow, Pa," she said to Amzi Hooper, after delighting his ears with the great news. "He says your consent is necessary before it's announced."

"I guess he and I won't quarrel over it, Jenny," replied her father. "If he suits you, I can stand him."

Frothingham came the next afternoon and made his formal request. Mr. Hooper shook hands with him cordially. "I guess my girl knows what she's about," said he. "I'm pleased to have you as a son."

"Thanks," replied Frothingham—he could not altogether banish from his manner the instinctive haughtiness of English upper class for English lower class. "When could you receive my representative? Or shall I send him to some one who represents you?"

Mr. Hooper looked embarrassed and rubbed his jawbone vigorously with his thumb and forefinger. "Yes—yes—certainly—any time you say. I'll talk to him myself. Can he come to-morrow? I don't think it'll take him long to satisfy me you're all right."

Frothingham stared, thinking "Blast his impudence!" He said only, "To-morrow, at eleven, then."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Autobiography of a Beggar

BY I. K. FRIEDMAN

Author of By Bread Alone, Etc.

The Honoluler Queen

I KIN tell yer I was mighty happy de day I struck orff de main road, an' found a gent in swimmin' an' his clothes in a lonely pile on shore. I takes 'em out ef pity an' leaves meh own rags an' a note sayin':

"Dese clothes has seen better days.
So will yourn.
"Yourn fer clothes, MOLLBUZZER."

I looks so respectuble, de clothes fittin' ez ef dey was jist waitin' dere fer meh, dat I goes ter de first farmhouse I seen an' tells how I missed meh train an' lost meh purse, an' axes fer ter be trusted fer a meal an' a bed.

"All right," says de farmer; "yer looks strong."

"I am strong," answers I, "most de time, only now an' den on hot days I'm subjicted ter heart disease."

"Nothin' like work fer heart trouble," says he, pattin' his bulldorg on de back, "an' it's cool ter-day. Yer kin saw wood fer yer supper an' yer lodgin'."

I looks at de pile ef wood an' turns pale, an' I says, "Mr. Farmer, dat pile looks like six suppers an' a breakfust an' lodgin' ter match, so s'posen yer gives meh three dollars down an'——"

"Yer a cool one," says he.

"Well," I says, "yer needn't ef yer don't like. But I'll bet yer ten dollars agin yer cow an' de dorg an' a supper an' lodgin' dat I kin saw all ef de wood en thirty-four minutes by de clock."

"Impossible!" says he.

I takes orff meh coat an' vest an' throws 'em on de ground an' shouts, "Ef I ain't done in thirty-four minutes by de clock yer kin keep meh coat an' vest."

"How kin yer do it?" he axes. "Moses an' Aaron! it ain't possible!"

"I kin do it," I says, "by a continuerous flow ef 'lectric fluid dat pours from meh right skyeratiker nerve inter de steel ef de saw an' forms a congloumerous circuit wid de hypnertized wood."

"I never heard ef dat afore," says he; "it must be new."

"It is," I says. "I'm de inwentor." An' I rubs meh right arm, pickin' up de saw an' droppin' it lightnin' quick.

"Ouch!" I screams, "I got a 'lectric shock."

He looks at meh an' thinks an' scratches his head.

"Come," says I, "I'll bet de ten dollars agin de dorg an' de cow an' supper an' lodgin' fer ter-night an' breakfust in de mornin'."

"You put up de ten first," says he.

"I jist told yer, Mr. Farmer," says I, "dat I lost meh purse."

"Den how kin yer pay meh ef yer loses?" he axes.

"I'll work it out," says I.

"But what fer does yer want de cow an' de dorg?" he axes, pullin' his long white whiskers an' lookin' serspicous, like farmers allus is.

"I kin ride home on de cow," I says, "an' keep de dorg busy a-keepin' de cow on de jump. Er maybe I kin sell 'em both back ter you."

"Yer a cool one," says he. "Go on an' saw."

Den I grabs de saw an' I sawed wid all meh might an' main fer five minutes, an' I kin tell yer dat I makes de fur fly. When de farmer seen what I done in dose five minutes he quits his grinnin' an' looks skeered. I was glad on it, fer I couldn't a-kep' it up three minutes longer. Den de blade cracks agin a nail, an' I stops an' yells:

"Did yer see dat?"

"I did," says he; "what was it?"

"It was de 'lectric fluid," I says, "dat pours from meh right skyeratiker nerve inter de steel ef de saw an' forms a congloumerous circuit wid de hypnertized wood. It's beginnin' agin; I feels it comin' on full force. Maybe yer'd better stand back a piece."

"Hold on," he says; "maybe us had better call de bet orff; 'cause come ter think on it I don't need no help 'round here, an' yer ain't got de ten dollars, an' de cow might kill yer, an' de dorg wouldn't go away from here, anyways!"

"Yer ought ter have told meh," I says, "afore I went to de pain an' de trouble ef workin' up de 'lectric fluid."

"Well," says he, "yer kin have yer supper an' breakfust an' lodgin' free."

"I am goin' ter law," I says, "fer de cow an' de dorg, 'cause I'd have won de bet. An' I'm goin' ter print a piece in de papers dat——"

"Moses an' Aaron!" shouts he, "keep it out ef de papers. I'll give yer four dollars an' den yer kin ride home on de cars, 'stead ef on de cow, which is quicker an' safer."

"Good," says I, a-shakin' hands; "we'll call her square."

"Don't tell meh wife," he says, givin' meh de four.

"I won't," I says, takin' it an' goin' inter de house fer supper. An' I eats enough fer a week, not takin' no chances on breakfust.

"Does yer eat by de 'lectric fluid?" he whispers.

"Yes," says I, a-pilin' in; "it takes some time fer it ter git disconnected."

An' he don't say no more, only a-lookin' an' pullin' his long white beard. After supper he took meh inter de room where I was ter sleep, an' I was glad ter see dat it was on de ground floor an' handy in case ef trouble. I looks 'round, an' dere bein' nothin' ter take but de bed I starts ter git ready fer meh snooze. Den I hears some one a-knockin' on de door, an' I sticks meh head outer de winder an' I hears some one say ter de farmer:

"I was in swimmin' ter-day an' a hobo comes along an' grabs meh clothes from de beach an'——"

Dat was all I wants ter hear, knowin' de end ef de same old story; so afore gittin' ready ter make meh leap fer life an' liburty I writes in big letters on a brown piece ef paper what I finds in de room an' pins to de door dese lines ef po'try:

"Mr. Farmer:
Just tell de cove yer saw meh, but
De cove he didn't seen me saw.
"Yourn, MOLLBUZZER."

A DARK LADY CROSSES MEH PATH

HAVIN' good clothes, de next thing I done was ter foller de circus fer a time, 'cause de circus is a mighty good thing fer hobos an' children. In de fust place, it kind ef makes peepul good-natchered, an' in de second place, it takes de familees away from home, which gives us a chancet ter take away from home what dey leaves dere, an' in de third place dere's usually somethin' doin' 'bout de circus itself.

After joinin' de circus, de first foolish thing I done was ter pay a dime ter see de Honoluler Queen, which I was allus anxious ter see; but I allus got ketched slippin' under de tent ef de side-show an' licked most terribul. De pictshures showed de dusky queen dancin' on top ef waves ef real water, singin' an' actin' an' swallowin' swords, all ef which I was dyin' ter peep at, 'specially de sword swallowin'.

It hurt me must terribul when I got inside de tent ter find dat beautiful queen not accordin' ter de pictshures, but only a fat old nigger woman; an' when it come ter swallowin' a sword she only slipped a tin knife up her sleeve, which it don't need no queen ter do. It made meh mad ter be cheated out ef meh dime, an' I yelled out, "She ain't no queen, an' she didn't swaller no sword!" 'count ef yellin' which dey kicked meh outside ef de tent an' stamped on meh.

Sich is de world; ef a beggar gits caught playin' a trick he gits wallerped most awful, but ef he ketches another feller playin' tricks de other feller wallerps him. It made meh mad agin de Honoluler Queen anyways, an' it made meh still madder agin de boss ef de side-show. What kind ef a game is dat ter promise de publick ter see a nigger swaller a tin knife fer a dime, an' den ter have 'em slip de knives up deir sleves?

De loss ef meh good dime rankled in meh bosom so I couldn't sleep, an' de next day I went 'round an' axed de man fer it back agin; at which he only laffed, which made meh madder still. Wouldn't it you, dear reader? An' so when I seed de Honoluler Queen a-shakin' her spear outside de tent fer ter coax de poor harmless farmers inside ef it, I called her a name, an' she thrung dat spear at meh head an' it hit meh a awful whack, which I didn't think she could do, an' which made meh ter berlieve she was a real queen an' not a black nigger ater all.

It was dat same night dat I met four hobos near de circus tents, all of which I knowed in de city, an' I was ez glad ter see 'em ez ef dey all had milk an' honey in deir pockets. Dey was Crutch McAllister, an' Foxy Baskit (de one an' only, like de circus says), an' Squint-eye, an' One-armed Jake. Dey hardly knowed meh 'count ef de new clothes what I wore an' 'count ef de swelled head which de Honoluler Queen give meh wid her spear.

Dey took meh across de bridge, jist over de river from where de circus was playin', an' we went a piece in de woods where dey had a tent. I guess dey stole it from de gypsies, which was fair enuff, de gypsies havin' stole it from somebody else, maybe from de Injuns. Almost everything had ter be stoled oncet, I guess, fer ter start things goin'.

It was Foxy's idee ter open a little circus ef our own, 'count ef us havin' de tent, an' he said we could push it along near de road what de farmers had ter take ter cross de bridge ter go over ter de circus in Williamstown. It was meh ez said ter call our show De Five Jolly Beggars, er Real Life Among de Hobos, but Foxy says dat would be no good fer a circus, 'count ef de farmers all knowin' what beggars an' hobos was, an' peepul only go'n' ter a circus ter see what didn't grow ter home—like elerphunts er tigers, fer instunce.

"Now," says Foxy, "ef yer could only ketch a lion er a elerphunt."

"Bulldorgs is all de wild animuls what ever I wants ter know," says Squint-eye.

An' den Foxy says, "Ef yer can't ketch a wild animul we might ketch a wild man in de woods, an' a wild man is jist ez good fer a circus ez a wild animal."

"Dere ain't no more wild men, Foxy," I says. "I read it in de histree books."

"Dat shows all de histree books knows," says Foxy, "fer wild animuls allus draws 'em 'round, an' de circus bein' near dese woods, I'll bet dere's wild men hidin' 'round."

An' sure enuff, while Foxy was a-sayin' dis what should come along but a nigger tramp, a great big feller, lookin' pretty wild an' dodgin' 'round like ez ef he was a Zuler. Foxy was mighty skeered an' he says, "What did I tell yer, Mollbuzzer?" An' de others was fer gittin' up an' runnin', but I toled 'em quick it was only a nigger tramp what I knowed, havin' runned agin him in de countree.

So I called de nigger tramp an' I axed him ef he wouldn't stop an' have a bite ter eat an' a drop ter drink, which he said he would. Sure dat didn't look much like bein' wild, an' I calls Foxy out ef de tent an' I says ter him:

"Foxy, dat would be de scheme, ter dress up dis nigger tramp an' coax him inter playin' de Honoluler

DE HONOLULER QUEEN A-POUNDIN' DE HONOLULER KING WID HER SPEAR

Editor's Note—The last installment of this series will appear in a fortnight.

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"DE 'LECTRIC FLUID DAT POURS FROM MEH RIGHT SKYERATIKER NERVE"

King. De Honoluler Queen is drawin' immense in de side-show ef de circus, an' dere ain't nothin' she does de Honoluler King can't do in a hour."

"It sounds mighty good, Mollbuzzer," says Foxy, an' we goes back in de tent an' tells de others what our scheme was an' dey all was fer it in a minute. So we showed de coon our tent inside an' axed him ef he would like ter join our gang an' work along wid us, an' de coon said ez he would fust-rate, only he couldn't stay 'round dis part ef de countree fer long; an' when we axed him why dat was he wouldn't give us no reasons. I guessed he had runned out ef jail er stoled somethin' near where we was, which I told Foxy.

"Dat's nothin' agin bein' a Honoluler King, Mollbuzzer," says Foxy; "a king what won't steal an' kill ain't born fer his job."

De next mornin' we got up early an' tied de big coon up wid ropes so he couldn't git loose, an' Crutch McAllister went ter town fer ter buy a pail ef red an' blue paint, an' also ter steal shells from some farmer's fountain fer a necklace, an' a rooster fer its feathers, ter stick in a ring 'round de nigger's head, 'count ef de Honoluler Queen havin' one.

We took orff dat poor coon's clothes first an' we begun ter brush him wid de red paint like ez ef he was a wall ef a house. He was most awful mad when he waked up an' seen what we was a-doin' ter him. An' I toled him dere was no use ter git mad, 'cause we was a-goin' ter make him a Honoluler King fer his own good.

"I don't want ter be no king," he says; "all I wants is fer yer ter untie meh ropes an' let meh git 'way from here."

Dat coon was too pertickler fer a nigger altergither, anyways, an' when he seen meh cut orff his pants at de knees he swore he'd kill meh sure when de ropes was orff him, but we fixed him up a skirt out of pink tissher paper an' I explained it was de fashun fer Honoluler Kings ter wear deir pants short, but it didn't make de coon feel none better until I toled him we cut 'em orff in sich a way dat he could sew 'em on agin easy.

What troubled us most was how ter make him a long pigtail like de one which I seen on de head ef de Honoluler Queen, but Foxy said ater a while dat he knowed it was de style fer kings ter go baldheaded when queens wore deir hair long. "'Sides," says Foxy, "ef we shaved de coon's head ez bald ez a billiard ball de feathers'll look more kingy."

An' we took de razor out ef de coon's pocket an' Foxy shaved his head, only not havin' eny soap an' Foxy not bein' a barber by trade dat nigger set up sich a yell dat we was erbliged ter let one-half ef his head go, which was still more odd an' kingy. Next we made de coon a spear out ef a stick an' a shield out ef a barrul-top, an' we toled him ef he yelled an' danced all de time an' played de king like he orter we'd give him three per cent. ef all dat was left over from de profits an' de expinses, 'sides a yaller shirt an' a plug hat, an' I don't know what else. We left Crutch an' Squint-eye an' One-armed Jake inside de tent ter stick a pin in de coon if he should git sleepy an' fergit ter dance lively, an' meh an' Foxy wint outside an' hung up de sign, which read:

COUGH UP A DIME AN' SEE DE HONOLULER KING
BLACK WATKINS.
DE STRONGEST MAN IN DE WURLD!
DE LOUDEST SINGER!
DE WILDEST DANCER!
EATS SPEARS FER HIS DINNER.
DE ONLY HONOLULER KING AWAY FROM HIS HOME
IN DE WHOLE WURLD.

Price one dime. Chil'ren one cent. De King will give each lady a handsome presint free—seuvenirs which he brung wid him from his own Honoluler Land.

"What fer a presint kin King Watkins give de ladies, Foxy?" I axed him.

"A kiss," says Foxy; "a handsome Honoluler kiss from his own kingy lips;" an' Foxy begins ter yell 'round an' hit de sign wid his stick, an' Squint-eye an' Crutch stirred de coon up inside an' de show comminced. It skeered meh cold ter see de way de dimes begins ter tumble in. An' we was mad 'cause we didn't build a bigger tent, an' Squint-eye comin' runnin' out an' yellin' dat it might be a good idee ter pull de tent down an' charge de peepul a dime fer steppin' inside ef a rope, fer which Foxy called him a fool.

An' de coon seemed ter like bein' a king ater he got used ter it, fer de peepul was all lookin' at him an' wonderin' at him, which is agreerbul ter coons somehow, de same ez ter white men. An' he made lots ef fun by wantin' ter kiss de ladies in earnest fer a presint ter hisself, dey not wantin' it at all, an' him wantin' it mighty bad, which is human natcher, too.

But late in de aternoon King Watkins got tired ef singin' an' dancin', him sayin' his legs an' lungs was givin' out an' wantin' ter take a nap; but we had ter keep de show up while de dimes was rollin' in, so Crutch stuck pins inter his kingy legs, an' de blame coon got mad, which he had no right ter do, an' he hit Crutch on de head wid de barrul-top, an' Crutch grabbed him an' got hisself all covered over wid red an' blue paint, an' de king's feathers comes orff an' de crowd laffs an' howls, an' anudder nigger what jist give a dime ter see de Honoluler King yells out:

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Dat ain't no Honoluler King. He ain't no more a king en meh. Dat's Abraham Linkin Smith—jist a plain, eviry-day, no-account nigger what lived over here in Rock Haven an' runned away from his wife an' chil'ren last year."

An' when de Honoluler King heard dat he gave a most awful yell, an' he turned white under his blue an' red paint an' his black skin, an' he thrung his spear an' his shield on de floor an' tore orff his paper skirt an' made a leap for de door, but I grapped him wid Squint-eye an' we thrung him down, an' Crutch McAllister hit de other nigger what made all de trouble an' chased him out ef de tent.

"I'm a-goin' ter tell his wife at Rock Haven ater I see de circus," says de nigger. "She'll Honoluler King Abraham Linkin Smith, she will. I'll git even wid youse fellers fer hittin' meh an' cheatin' meh out ef a dime."

An' when de Honoluler King heard dat nigger carry on 'bout tellin' his wife he jist laid down an' cried an' begged us ter let him go, sayin' his wife was a most terribul woman, an' dat she would kill every one ef us sure ez could be. No sooner said en I looked up an' seen a big crowd runnin' double quick acrost de bridge.

"What's up, Foxy?" I axed, pointin' at de crowd.

"I don't know," says he; "maybe de tiger got out ef his cage. It would be a fine chancet ter swipe it an' put it in de tent wid our coon."

"Don't talk like a fool," I says, worried; "a tiger ain't no moskeeter what yer kin lead 'round wid a string! An' look at dat crowd! I never seen sich a crowd in de countree afore! An' see what dey're follerin'. It's de Honoluler Queen, her a-shakin' her spear an' dancin' de war dance. What'll we do?"

DE SAME EZ EF DEY HAD NIVER BEEN KING ER QUEEN AT ALL

I TAKES 'EM OUT EF PITY

"What'll we do?" says Foxy. "Let 'em chase de Honoluler Queen till she gits tired er dey gits tired. What's it ter us?"

"She's headed dis way," I says, "an' de circus man is tryin' ter throw a rope 'round her head."

An' dat great big Honoluler Queen comes on toward our tent a-swingin' her spear, de circus man still tryin' ter ketch her 'round de neck wid a rope, an' de crowd behint her laughin' an' howlin' an' screamin', an' more peepul leavin' de circus concert an' chasin' de mob all de time.

"Foxy," I whispers, gittin' skeered, "I knows what's up now. De Honoluler Queen is jealous ef de Honoluler King, him not bein' genuine, an' she comin' ter kill us."

"She certainly does look mad," says Foxy. "Mollbuzzer, yer kin watch de tent a bit an'——"

"No, Foxy," I says, "we dies er we thrives tergither."

"All right," says Foxy, "but we orter let dat poor nigger know so's he kin run away afore he gits kilt fer bein' a king."

"No," I says, "we kin keep de Honoluler Queen outside, an' bizness'll be better a'count ef de crowd."

An' afore we knows what is up, er who, er when, dat Honoluler Queen runs up wid her club fer our tent.

"Even de Honoluler Queen herself," yells Foxy out loud an' quick ez kin be, "is payin' ten cents er one dime ter see de real an' only lively Watkins, King ef Honoluler!"

But she didn't pay no dime, I'm a-tellin' yer; she jist reached out an' grabbed Foxy by de ear an' throwed him on de ground, an' runned inside de tent ez ef she was de owner ef de Honoluler King an' all de rest.

An' den meh an' Foxy hears dat Honoluler King a-yellin' louder en ef Crutch an' Squint-eye was a-makin' him inter a paper fer pins, an' we hears de Honoluler Queen a-screamin: "Yer lazy, good-fer-nothin' Abraham Linkin Smith, I got yer at last. I'm goin' ter show yer how ter lazy orff away from yer wife ter play king an' let meh play Honoluler Queen ter feed yer kids," an' I hears him a-beggin' her ter let him go, an' I raises meh voice an' yells:

"Ladies an' Gents, fer de oncet an' only time de Honoluler King an' Queen tergither under one tent! Price of admission twinty cents, er a dime fer each! Up an' be quick fer it'll only last fer a little while! De Honoluler King an' de Honoluler Queen in deir most touchin' act, De Happy Honoluler Fireside at Night!"

An' de crowd, bein' curious ter see what was up, comes along so quick wid deir twinty-cent pieces dat we didn't even have time ter make change, an' some ef 'em got in fer a dollar an' some ef 'em got in fer nothin'.

Den Squint-eye an' Crutch McAllister an' One-armed Jake comes runnin' out ef de tent fer help, Crutch yellin':

"De Honoluler Queen is got de Honoluler King on de floor an' she'll club him ter death ez sure ez kin be. We can't do nothin'. Come quick."

"An' leave all dis good money here?" I says. "Not meh. Let her club. Only I hope she ain't in no hurry."

An' when de crowd heard what was up dey pushes an' shoves so dat dey knocks de tent down, an' den der was de awfullest mix-up ever I seen, us tryin' ter fling out de peepul what hadn't paid ter see de King an' Queen, an' de peepul refusin' ter git out, an' de Honoluler Queen a-poundin' de Honoluler King wid her spear, an' de circus man a-tryin' ter jerk de Honoluler Queen back ter her tent by de arm, an' de Honoluler King gittin' mad at him, an' he hitted de circus man acrost de head, which made de Honoluler Queen proud ef her warrior husband, an' she says, "Dat's right, Abraham Linkin Smith, stand by yer wife an' she'll stand by yer." An' both ef 'em goes fer de circus man right an' left, ef which I was glad 'cause he was de feller what beated meh out ef de dime ter see de Honoluler Queen.

(Concluded on Page 32)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The paid circulation of the February 28th number of The Saturday Evening Post was 550,000 copies.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Lovers differ; husbands are all alike.

¶ Extravagance is your neighbor's method of spending money.

¶ Overlooking an opportunity is different from looking it over.

¶ The lazy man always extends a welcome to the spring-fever microbe.

¶ Many appreciate the greatness of the past; few, the greatness of the present.

¶ An optimist is a man who keeps a drug store and does not become a pessimist.

¶ Sometimes the son of a rich man is small enough to get through the eye of the needle.

¶ Many a man who is the architect of his own fortune finds that the structure has an imposing entrance but no way to get upstairs.

An Outburst of Mistaken Modesty

OUR new Ambassador to Germany, a Mr. Charlemagne Tower, is paying a quaint but a most impressive tribute to his predecessor.

He succeeds the learned and able Dr. Andrew D. White, who, all the world knows, was made Ambassador to Germany because he had earned an international reputation as an educator and as a diplomat. Naturally the German people eagerly seized the opportunity to show their admiration for Doctor White and their satisfaction in the honor done them by his appointment. He was made much of and proved himself worthy of his fame; and, with his simple manners and harmonizingly simple dress, he became a marked, and everywhere recognized, figure. Germans saw this man of elevated mien and simple attire among the throng of gaudily uniformed and therefore necessarily monotonous and commonplace representatives of the other powers and dominions, and they looked a second time and turned away only to look again. The disadvantage of uniform is that, though it dignifies those who would otherwise be obscure, it levels to mere clothes-horses those who would otherwise stand out for their superior personalities. The advantage of civilian dress is that, though it mercilessly bares the mediocre to the public gaze and the public disregard, it assists the man of individuality to assert himself to every eye.

When Mr. Tower reached Berlin he found himself in much the same situation in which Thomas Jefferson professed to find himself when he succeeded Dr. Benjamin Franklin at the Court of France. Some one said to Jefferson, "You take Doctor Franklin's place?" Jefferson replied, "No one could do that. I merely succeed him." Mr. Tower apparently felt that he must do something to continue the high reputation of the American Ambassadorship and to make the German people less sensible of the wide gap, as he modestly regarded it, between himself and Doctor White. Apparently he despaired of accomplishing this. So, after several months, he has hit upon a way of hiding himself in public and so sparing his office and himself what he probably regarded as the humiliation involved in being pointed out in his plain civilian attire as "Doctor White's successor." He has ventured to depart from the ancient custom of the American diplomatic corps and has put himself in a uniform described as "similar to the diplomatic uniforms of other countries" and "consisting of navy-blue cloth trousers with gold stripes about two inches wide down the sides, and a swallow-tail coat buttoning to the chin, with a straight military collar embroidered with gold heads of wheat; the cuffs and coattails gold-embroidered and the buttons of gold; a straight diplomatic sword, a hat cocked with white feathers lying close to the crown."

Thus, if by chance any one inquires, "Where is Doctor White's successor?" he is discovered only after long search among the similarly-dressed crowd.

From time to time there have been outbursts of this kind of modesty in our diplomatic service; but recently the disease has become epidemic. Several of our Ministers, notably certain "sons of somebodies," appointed because their parents had influence, have gone to such lengths in their self-abasement, in their modest sense of their unworthiness fitly to represent the great American people, that they have hidden themselves in militia, or band, or fraternal order uniforms, in any begilded and beplumed what-not that will reduce them to the level of the monarchic throng. And the worst of it is that their motives have been wholly misunderstood. Instead of applauding this self-deprecatory retiracy Europeans jeer at the decay of America's vaunted simplicity and freedom from peacockery, and Americans cry out that the silly tailor-vanity of their diplomats is destroying abroad our credit for democracy and manhood stripped of pretense.

The mistake is not unnatural. Extremes meet—and modesty and vanity are extremes. Perhaps everybody might be satisfied by the State Department's ordering these over-modest diplomats into the peace uniform of this republic of peace-loving and peace-advocating civilians. Then no one could say that they were trying to make themselves conspicuous or that they thought themselves able to look distinguished without the aid of barbaric plumage.

Let none of them fear that he will be slighted anywhere if he dresses as the representative of the American people. There was a time when a man in the plain toga of a Roman citizen was received by distant emperors and kings "with all the respect that would have been shown a messenger from the immortal gods." And there is now a time when a representative of another republic dressed in the plain, unpretentious garb of its citizenship has equal respect shown him. Nor will that respect be enhanced by decorations of gold lace, no, not even were he to get himself up in all the glory of the drum-major of the Jinestown band or of the carriage-opener of a fashionable New York shop.

Nationality above Grammar

AT LAST the irresistible sentiment of American nationality has won its final victory over the obstructive dogmas of grammar. The Congressional Committee on the Revision of the Laws has decided that hereafter our national statutes must say "the United States is" instead of "the United States are," as they have been doing hitherto.

It has been a long pull. The point did not occur to the founders of the Constitution. They spoke of the United States in the plural as a matter of course. "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against *them*, or in adhering to *their* enemies, giving them aid and comfort." This form of speech remained universal until within very recent memory. "The United States of America," said Bancroft, "are not only a republic, they are a 'society of societies,' 'a federal republic.'"

It was the Civil War that brought the rules of grammar to the dust. But, at first, even the victors in the struggle for national union did not realize that they had subjugated the agreement of nouns and verbs along with slavery and secession. They put into the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution the decree: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to *their* jurisdiction."

But it became evident soon after the war that the principle of national union was going to take possession of the language. The purpose of words is to express thoughts. The grammarians follow humbly in the wake of the philosophers. They build their rules on the observed facts of language; the facts are not made to fit the rules. The fathers of the Republic had thought of the Union as a group of States. They spoke of it in the plural, not merely to obey the technical rules of verbal agreement, but because they had a plural conception of the thing itself. But now people think of the nation as a unit. They say "the Nation is," "the Republic is," "the Union is," and naturally they say "the United States is." United States, in fact, has ceased to be a plural noun. It is a singular noun with a plural ending, like "politics" and "ethics."

Grammarians in future will have to make a note of this and amend their rule accordingly. They can either recognize United States as a singular noun, or they can note an exception to the general rule that a plural noun takes a plural verb. That ought to be easy, for a nation with four hundred and seventy-three universities and colleges is certainly more than a match for a little thing like grammar. In one respect, however, the process of evolution is still incomplete. If United States has become a national proper name like Germany or England, it ought to have a convenient derivative like German or Englishman to describe its citizens. Shall we say "United Stateser," "United Statesian," or "United Statesman"?

The Triumph of Commercialism

THE day when society rested on brute force, when nations were only powerful according to the number of mailed men they could put in the field, has gone never to return. And with the disappearance of that day disappeared the feudal lord. His place has been taken by the lord of commerce, who is not born to his title but wins it by the force of intellect, his courage, and his capacity. Nations to-day are only great that are great commercially. The factory, the mine, the shop are the things that count; they exercise a much more dominating influence on the world than ever did men in mail or archers with their cloth-yard shafts—and those were the forces that propped up tottering thrones or tore down proud crowns.

The age of a Machiavelli, of a Richelieu, of a Wolsey has been engulfed in history. A Napoleon no longer fits in with the scheme of things. What the world needs, what the world rewards most lavishly, is constructive, not destructive, ability; the master mind that eliminates friction, not he who increases the resistance.

These men are found to-day in commerce and in finance. It is there that their genius finds full play. They make millions for themselves, but they can only make them when they add to the comfort of all mankind, when they raise the general scale of civilization. We were told in our younger days that the man who made two blades of grass grow where before there was only one was a benefactor; to-day these men are not content with two poor little blades; nothing less than an entire field will suit them, a field rich with its ears of golden corn; a field that feeds the white man in the temperate zone as well as the yellow man in the tropics; a field that puts wealth in the pockets of hundreds.

A Rope of Sand?

ONE of our contemporaries during last year was busy in publishing a symposium of opinions on divorce in this country, its uses and abuses, the virtues in it, the crimes in it.

Sociologists, reformers, some twenty well-known bishops and doctors of divinity, authors and society men and women came to the front to anathematize or uphold it, to describe it as a cancer upon the body politic, or a safe issue for the poisonous humors of our domestic life. They all agreed in but one point—the frightful extent to which American society was affected by our lax marriage ties.

The bond which since the birth of the race has held the man and woman together in the most vital and lasting of partnerships was described by them as being now as rotten in this country as a rope of sand. If we are to believe these witnesses our homes are filled with husbands and wives who hate each other and children who are neglected and disowned.

These vague statements about us are naturally accepted in foreign countries without question. Americans abroad are accustomed to the complacency with which our English kinsfolk characterize our domestic life as rotten to the core.

Now, how much truth is there in all this outcry?

It is true that in certain professions, and in certain half-educated, would-be fashionable classes, marriages are contracted with no basis of endurance. The habits and circumstances of the lives of these men and women give to their minds a desire for change as strong as the longing of the body may be for whisky. They divorce and remarry as they would fit on a new suit of clothes.

We are too apt to take the newspaper accounts of these people as a picture of American life. To the great mass of our country people marriage is as sacred a relation as it was in the days of Abraham and Sarah. The fire which burns on the hearth of the poor carpenter in yon back alley is the same and as sacred as that which warmed the home of the Great Queen and lighted the whole world with its pure shining.

Who ever heard, too, of a divorce among our Southern brethren?

Let us take heart o' grace. In the great, decent, honest, unpublished masses marriage is still binding and holy.

The real danger is that in the mad struggle for fortune and place our young people may forget to marry at all.

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THE WASTE OF THE WORLD

By René Bache

WHAT AN INGENIOUS AND PERSEVERANT CIVILIZATION DOES WITH THE ODDS AND ENDS YOU THROW AWAY AND NEVER THINK OF AGAIN

LITTLE things count for more in the year 1903 A. D. than ever before in the history of the world. Nothing is so unimportant as not to have some value in the market of to-day, and much of what was formerly thrown away as worthless is now converted into precious commercial products. The refuse of yesterday is the wealth of to-day.

Mankind no longer depends wholly upon flowers for the perfumes which are required for toilet purposes and in the manufacture of confectionery and fancy soaps. Many of the most delicious scents are procured from more humble and much less attractive sources, such as fusel oil (a waste product of distilleries), from which are obtained oil of apples, oil of grapes and oil of pears. Putrid cheese is not the kind of substance from which one would expect to get an agreeable odor, and yet it is the principal substance employed in making the commercial oil of pineapple. In the same way oil of bitter almonds, which is utilized so widely by perfumers and candy makers, is derived from gas tar, a by-product of the gas factory.

Pearl buttons and other articles of mother-of-pearl are cut from various kinds of marine and fresh-water shells, the finest quality of raw material being furnished by the so-called pearl oyster, and until recently the residue of the nacreous valves was thrown away. To-day, however, all remnants of the shells are carefully preserved, and the pearly part of them is ground to a glittering powder, which, under the trade name of "pearl silver," is used in making artificial flowers and as a coating for wall-paper. The residue of the shell is separately ground, affording a powder of silky, metallic lustre, which, being colorable in any tint or shade, can be employed in many ways.

Not long ago the late P. D. Armour, of the great packing firm, gave an interesting account of the disposal of refuse under the modern system of wholesale butchering. A 1200-pound steer, live weight, he said, yields from 650 to 700 pounds of dressed beef; the remainder, nearly all of it, used to be thrown away; and to get rid of it cost money. The blood was allowed to run into the river, and the head, feet and "innards" were hauled out to a vacant place and buried in trenches.

There came a time when enterprising persons were found willing to accept such material and remove it for their own purposes, and the packing companies were glad to get rid of it so cheaply. Later, however, they discovered that they could sell it, and to-day much of the profit derivable from a steer comes from the parts which were rejected as waste a few years ago.

What They Do to the Frisky Steer

THE horns are cut off close to the head and the pith is removed, to be sent to the glue-pot, while the horns themselves are dried, sorted into various grades, and eventually converted into combs and buttons. Most of the so-called tortoise shell on the market is a really beautiful and very accurate imitation made from cattle-horns, which are reduced to flat sheets with the help of steam and afterward colored. The tips of the horns are converted into mouthpieces for pipes, and the scraps left over are sold to the florist as a superior kind of fertilizer.

The bones are utilized in a variety of ways, the knuckles from the feet and shanks being transformed into knife handles, toothbrushes and buttons. The hard bone takes a high polish and is hardly distinguishable from ivory; the scraps are used by manufacturers of bicycles for case-hardening steel, as well as for poultry food. As for the hoofs, they go to make buttons, glue and gelatine.

From the blood, albumen is extracted for calico-printing and for finishing leathers. Such portions of the hide as are not utilized for leather, furnish isinglass, and such of the fat as will not saponify is converted into glycerine and nitro-glycerine. From the fat also is obtained oil for oleomargarine and butterine; the feet yield neat's-foot oil, and the tails afford material for curled-hair mattresses. The rest of the hair is transformed into felt, cheaper grades of which are used for insulating refrigerator cars and ice-boxes, as well as for under-carpeting, while the better qualities are employed for horse-blankets, saddlery and hats.

Glycerine, which is now so important a by-product of the packing-house, and for which so many valuable uses have been found, was formerly a waste substance evolved incidentally to the manufacture of candles from palm oil. It was thrown away in quantities. But to-day the problem of utilizing every portion of the slaughtered animal has been solved so completely that absolutely nothing is lost. Even the gray brain-stuff of the calf furnishes a substance valuable in the treatment of neurasthenia and other nervous diseases, and the stomach of the pig yields pepsin for the benefit of persons with weak digestions. All parts of the beast that are not utilized for food or manufacture find their way back to the farm as fertilizer.

The profitable utilization of the waste of cities has been one of the most difficult puzzles in these modern days. Though it has not yet reached its final solution, much has already been accomplished in this direction. In New York, which in this respect is ahead of any other centre of population in the United States, all of the kitchen refuse collected from house to house is thrown into great iron receptacles and "digested" by steam, after which the cooked material is separated into greases and fertilizer stuff. The greases are shipped to Germany, where the art of treating them is better understood than in this country, and are refined and converted into lard-oil, glycerine, and other valuable commercial substances. The fertilizer stuff is dried and ground, after which it is put up in bags for market, much of it being sent to the Southern States, where it seems to find a special adaptation to the requirements of cotton-planters.

The Enterprising Experiment of Munich

IN RESPECT to the profitable employment of town waste, other than food refuse, the city of Munich, in Bavaria, is a model. All such material, amounting to five hundred tons per diem, is first passed through huge sieves, which rid it of the fine dust. The coarse residue is then poured upon an endless belt, from which it is sorted by women, the process producing a tolerable amount of valuable material. Unbroken bottles are washed by machinery and returned to the brewers and wine merchants. Broken glass is likewise washed and goes to the glass-works. The rags are beaten in a rag-beater, disinfected and sorted for sale. Old iron is saved for conversion into vitriol. Finally, the fine dust previously separated is mixed with dried blood, saltpetre and phosphoric acid, and packed in sacks for fertilizer. Old shoes are ground and mixed with the fertilizer. What remains is burned.

In this country the disposal of such refuse has not been reduced to such scientific principles, and it is the general practice of our communities to rely upon the facilities of the ash dump for getting rid of all waste of the kind. One might say that there was nothing in this world more completely emblematic of worthlessness than an ash dump, which produces nothing and is composed wholly of what people have thrown away; nevertheless, in its own way it is a mine of wealth, affording a livelihood to many persons and supplying much that is of subsequent use.

Anybody who will take the trouble to watch an ash dump day after day will learn some interesting facts. All day long women go to and from the refuse heap with baskets on their heads filled with broken bricks and crockery, which they carry to contractors who are building in the neighborhood and are glad to buy the stuff at the rate of one dollar for as much of it as suffices to fill a tip-cart. It does not take so very many basketfuls to fill a cart, and the women make better wages by this sort of labor than they could easily earn at anything else. Many of them devote to basket-carrying only such leisure as they have incidentally to other occupation. The bricks, which are mostly refuse from new buildings, carted to the dump to get rid of it, are broken up fine by the contractors and made into a mixture for concrete.

The women get many things besides broken bricks that have value. For old medicine bottles they receive twelve to fifteen cents a dozen at the apothecary's. Old shoes are treasures, too. If they are not good enough to wear as they are, they are either sold to the junk man or taken to a cobbler. The business of reorganizing old and apparently worn-out shoes is a very considerable one, though so little is known of it. It is indeed a far-gone shoe that is not worth something. In the worst case there is almost sure to be some part of the leather that is perfectly good; it may be only the heel-piece or a portion of the upper, but the shoe has a value, though it be only two or three cents. Cobbling on footwear of this class is somewhat different from ordinary work of the kind, partaking more of the nature of what surgeons call heroic treatment. For example, the renovator of such articles thinks nothing of slicing off the rear half of a shoe that is gone in front and attaching it to the front half of a shoe that is gone behind; or the remade shoe that he produces may be composed of a dozen unrelated parts. There is a regular market for renovated shoes in New York City, and tens of thousands of pairs are sent in the crude state from other centres of population to the metropolis every year.

Picking is always good on the ash dump, because the carts are continually making fresh deposits. If this supply were shut off the pile would cease within twenty-four hours to be productive. Each day whatever is of value is taken away, and thus only the surface affords anything of worth to the searcher for stray findings. Only on the surface does the small boy browse for good coals, filling a tin kettle or paper bag with the "cinders," as he calls them, and taking them home for the kitchen fire. The extent to which such refuse from the ranges and furnaces of the well-to-do is utilized by the poor people would excite astonishment were accurate data on the subject obtainable.

The Fate of Tomato Cans and Old Shoes

OLD rags and paper are gathered up by the women on the ash dump and sold to the junk man. All sorts of rags there are, from silk to calico, and all kinds of paper, from cream-laid note to waste stuff that has been taken from under carpets and thrown away. The junk men buy it all; there is nothing they will not pay something for. And in the spring contractors come and dig in the great heap for ashes, of which they cart away vast quantities for use, in a mixture with asphalt and water, in cementing cellar and basement floors.

The tin cans consigned to the ash dumps in such great numbers are collected and rolled out into sheets for roofing shanties. This, however, is only one of many ways in which they are utilized. Great quantities of cans are converted into sheet tin for covering parts of trunks, the inside of them usually retaining the original polish. Not a few factories devote their entire attention to the conversion of old tin cans, which are heated until the solder that holds them together runs into a separate receptacle, to be afterward sold for twelve cents a pound—the profit from this source alone almost paying for the gathering and handling of the raw material. The tops and bottoms are melted for sash-weights. Nothing is lost except the labels, which are removed by soaking, as a preliminary to rolling the cylinders flat, and thus it is that a two-horse load of old cans has a market value of six to eight dollars.

When an old shoe has got beyond the point where it can possibly be of any use as footgear, whether whole or in part, it is still valuable as scrap leather. All leather scraps, such as come in large quantities from the shoe factories, are chopped fine and converted into artificial leather. Sometimes, for this purpose, they are mixed with paper pulp and molded for the counters and insoles of boots and shoes, the material thus utilized being treated with a mixture of oil, rubber and glycerine. The glycerine softens it, and the oil and rubber render it waterproof. Then it is cut into the required shapes. Much material of this kind, in the shape of what is known as "leather board," is employed in the manufacture of traveling bags.

There is always a market for waste paper, and even old newspapers, which represent the lowest and least desirable grade, are worth fifteen cents a hundred pounds. The uses to which such material is put are almost innumerable, extending even to the manufacture of car-wheels and coffins. In the making of trunks and valises, as a substitute for leather, there is commonly used a sort of paper board.

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composed of layers of paper which has previously been subjected to a chemical treatment that renders it extremely hard and tough. All of the paper money issued by the United States Government is eventually, after being redeemed, ground up and reduced to a pulp, which, being of the finest linen stock, is eagerly purchased by paper-makers.

Sawdust, which was formerly a waste product, is put to a multitude of uses in these modern days. Mixed with tar and compressed into bricks it is employed for gas-making, a ton of the bricks yielding from 30,000 to 40,000 cubic feet of gas. Bricks of clay and sawdust mixed are considered very superior for building purposes, being only half the weight of ordinary bricks, and taking plaster direct without the intervention of laths. Sawdust is also employed instead of sand for mortar, and it is utilized quite commonly for filling the walls and floors of apartment houses to deaden sound. In cold-storage houses and market ice-boxes sawdust serves as a non-conductor, and hardwood sawdust is said to be excellent for smoking hams. Wood alcohol is also derived from sawdust by distillation.

Mixed with a glue solution and bichromate of potash, sawdust is now converted into an artificial wood which is very durable and takes a high polish. It is shaped in molds, and many handsome articles are made out of it. The bichromate is to render it waterproof. In France great success has been obtained in the manufacture of wood pastes, as they are called, from sawdust, with an admixture of dyewoods for color. Not to be forgotten are the bottle stoppers which, made from sawdust, serve quite satisfactorily in place of corks for certain purposes, holding the corkscrew well.

A Market for Skunk Tails

INCIDENTAL to the manufacture of corks there is much waste in the shape of small scraps which formerly were thrown away. Nowadays, however, such cork dust is used for stuffing mattresses, for upholstery, and for ships' fenders. It is also employed as a coating for the inside of paper tubes in which bottles are shipped, to prevent breakage.

Furriers' refuse finds a great variety of uses, every waste piece being salable for one purpose or another. Scraps of bearskin, skunk tails, and fragments of badger skin are bought by the brush-makers, the badger hair being utilized for the highest grade of shaving brushes. Cuttings of beaver and muskrat are sought by the hat-makers, while those of hare and rabbit are wanted by hat-makers and fur-makers. Odd bits of ermine go to make imitation "tips," and goose and swan feathers from refuse pieces are employed for stuffing muffs.

In the meerschaum factory all of the scraps are used for making imitation meerschaum, being ground fine and boiled with alum, to make the stuff stick together, and linseed oil to give it the requisite shine. The material is reduced to a soapy consistency by heat, and then shaped in molds, after which it is turned in the lathe; and finally the pipes are dried in a stove, boiled in melted suet, rubbed with a peculiar kind of grass, and dipped in boiling wax to give polish and hardness.

The utilization of refuse scraps of amber was long a puzzle, attempts to weld them together by heat being vain because the product was brown and brittle. However, a fairly satisfactory result has been accomplished by treating the stuff chemically, afterward subjecting it to high pressure.

Bookbinders' waste goes to make papier-maché, for bas-reliefs, dishes, picture frames, clock cases, and so forth, fine sifted wood ashes and flour paste entering into the composition. Old rubber as a refuse product is a thing of the past. It is mixed with new rubber, or else steamed to soften it and applied to a coarse woven fabric for waterproof cloth. Broken glass is converted into artificial stone for building purposes, being ground to powder and reduced to a paste in a furnace, after which it is pressed and sold under the name of "ceramic stone."

In former days there was no refuse product deemed more hopelessly without value than furnace slag, which now is turned to most useful account in the manufacture of paving-stones and in the production of bricks of superior quality. A cement equal to Portland cement is obtained from it, as well as a product called "slag wool," which is snow white and looks like cotton wool. This slag wool is utilized for covering boilers and steam pipes, being a non-conductor and incombustible.

Incidentally to the manufacture of gas large quantities of ammonia and coal tar are obtained as by-products. The former is valuable for a variety of purposes, while the latter is the source of aniline dyes and an endless number of medicinal substances, being a convenient organic base for chemists to work upon.

Wood shavings, which used to be thrown away, are now pressed solid, in which shape they furnish an economical fuel for making steam, burning slowly and developing high heat. Coal dust is likewise utilized as fuel, being made up into "briquettes" with sawdust, molasses and various things. Even smoke is saved in these times, being convertible into acetate of lime, alcohol and tar.

Breakfast Foods for the Neglected Horse

THE waste material from the factories which put up the new-fangled cereal breakfast foods consists mainly of the branny parts of the grains, and is being utilized for horses—a use to which is likewise put the refuse from cornstarch mills. This latter, which is known as "gluten feed," is the nitrogenous part of the maize and highly nutritious. Corn oil, a by-product of distilleries and starch works, is employed in the manufacture of paints and for many other purposes. Treated with sulphuric acid, it affords a product similar to rubber. Meanwhile the pith of the cornstalk is used as a filling for coffer-dams in the newest warships being placed just behind the outer skin of the vessel at the water-line. It is the most absorbent of all substances, readily taking up twenty times its own weight of water, and thus, when a projectile enters the side of the ship near the water-line the corn-pith can be counted on to expand and fill the hole.

The intensity of our civilization finds no more striking expression than is afforded by the high development of modern methods for utilizing products formerly regarded as worthless. Every year the world is becoming more densely populated, and the problem of supplying the multiplying wants of mankind is becoming increasingly difficult. Each discovery of a new means of converting the valueless into the valuable is a gain to the human race, for the future as well as for the present, and he should surely be regarded as the greatest of benefactors who is most successful in diminishing the waste of the world.

Driven Without the Camp

By Forrest Crissey

"JIMMIE TOTMAN WILL TAKE THE RIGHT AISLE"

"WILL it have a steeple, Pa, an' a bell?" inquired Ezra.

"Yes, I s'pose so," dryly answered his father.

"I wisht we *could* help," timidly responded the boy from his seat on the doorstep; "but," he added reflectively, "I s'pose we can't because we're poor."

"Now, look here," good-humoredly responded the man; "I didn't refuse to subscribe to rebuildin' the church because we're poorer than the rest of 'em. It's just as I told th' old Deacon: I hain't got the money an' I don't know where it's comin' from; an' it ain't honest to pledge what you can't expect to get."

Ezra's eyes were following the figure of the gaunt old Deacon bobbing down the hill path with a jerky, petulant tread.

"Acts kind of stirred up, don't he?" commented the father. "That's th' Deacon all over! He told me t' trust th' Lord an' He would provide. Guess it didn't occur t' him that if it's just a matter of *trustin'* th' members of th' church ought t' be able t' do that without callin' on outsiders. But th' long an' short of it is that I can't put down on th' church paper th' money that ought t' go to payin' my honest debts. An' I won't, neither!"

"Ain't all th' folks that's got children in th' Sunday-school goin' to give something?" persisted Ezra.

"Likely."

There was an interval of silence.

"Well," continued the father, "if you're so anxious t' have a hand in fixin' over th' church, you c'n subscribe sixty days' work with a double team. I'll let you drive Mack an' Tige t' haul the buildin' material from th' stun quarry and th' sawmill."

With a bound the boy leaped from the door-sill and sped down the path after the retreating figure of the Deacon. When he returned his eyes glowed with pride and excitement.

"He seemed kind of glad t' get th' haulin' subscribed," shyly commented the boy, resuming his seat. His eyes were fixed dreamily on the dumpy little church in the village, at the foot of the hill; but in its place he saw a splendid white steeple, a steep roof, tall windows and green blinds; and in his ears were ringing peals from a clanging bell, like those he had heard at Westfield the Sunday that he and Chet drove the new teacher home.

Two days later, seated on a scrap of soiled and fuzzy sheepskin, his bare feet dangling from the forward bolster of the long boxless wagon, Ezra called out:

"G' up there, Tige!" and drove proudly out of the churchyard with the air of a man conscious of the importance of his mission and of his ability to perform it.

A band of morning mist still hung over Bear Creek and threaded the valley like a gray ribbon; cows filed in solemn procession out of stable doors after their early milking; and farm dogs charged savagely at the clattering wagon and retreated at the swish of his whip as he passed: the reins danced merrily upon the backs of Mack and Tige, and a cloud of dust trailed in the wake of the happiest, proudest driver who ever cracked a whip.

At the Town Line Corners he passed Joe Shinn, the cattle buyer, who eyed him sharply, smiling at the odd figure of so small a boy behind so large a team. He looked curiously lonely perched on the jolting bolster of the long-reached wagon.

"Head up, like a steer in the corn!" muttered the cattle buyer, as he lashed the ragweed at the side of the wheel rut.

But Ezra was too happy to notice the smile of the passer, or even to whistle. He saw, instead, the line which Deacon Keth had written on the subscription paper: "*60 days' work—man and Double Team*"—saw the slender white steeple and heard the clanging of the deep-voiced bell! As he slapped the reins upon the flanks of Mack and Tige and clucked them into a sharper trot, the Golden

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Text of last Sunday's lesson came suddenly into his mind.

"Them sixty days' work is all in, Pa," said Ezra, halting the team at the back door on his return from the last trip to the shingle mill. "Skinny Munger asked me to let him drive far 's th' schoolhouse this mornin'. But he ain't safe with the horses! I wouldn't trust him."

Then his eyes sought the steeple in the valley and he added: "I guess all of us that's worked on the church is kind of glad t' see *that* up."

A week before this supreme event Sardias Shepherd, Superintendent of the Sunday-school, hailed Ezra from the post-office steps and said:

"You've been selected as one of the ushers to seat the people at the services, Ezra."

It was something to drive a double team and do a man's work—but to be chosen to act as usher at the Dedication! This honor had never winged his most ambitious dreams. As he walked homeward to carry these marvelous tidings, his feet were treading the soft new carpet of the church aisle instead of the narrow footpath, and he was showing strange men and women, dressed in fine clothes, to their seats in the pews. Clothes! The word cast a cloud of doubts over his bright expectations. His best suit was scarcely fit for Sunday-school, to say nothing of the Dedication in which he would be before the eyes of a vast congregation.

Pride and fear both found their way into his voice as he entered the sitting-room and told of the honor that had been offered him, ending his narrative with the depressing qualification:

"But my clothes ain't fit, an' I guess I'll have to give it up; won't I, Ma?"

Aunt Pomilla, who had come to help out on the new rag carpet, snapped her thread with a decisive jerk.

"No! I haven't churned butter all summer for nothing. You shall have a good suit, one that will be appropriate for the occasion!"

Acts rather than words were characteristic of this aunt, who had been carefully educated in a select female seminary and whose "butter money" was reckoned among the substantial cash assets of the town. Dropping her ball of rags she disappeared into the spare bedroom, returning with the red morocco pocketbook which had always stood in Ezra's eyes as the symbol of unlimited worldly wealth.

"There," she exclaimed, stiffly thrusting a ten-dollar note and two silver dollars into the boy's hands; "that'll buy the cloth and making for as good a suit as any boy in *this* town will wear to the Dedication. I always intended to do something substantial by you."

October never coined a more golden day than that which gladdened the pilgrims who journeyed to the Dedication from every village and settlement of the county, and even from "the city."

And he had helped build that church!—had done sixty days' work with Mack and Tige, hauling lumber from the Busti sawmill, stone from Ellsworth's gully, sand from Owlsborough and shingles from Ford's Run. It would stand there grand and beautiful, too, for years and years, until he was a grown-up man—and perhaps he would go away and then come back to it and be asked by the Superintendent to "address" the Sunday-school, as Philo Jennings had done when he came from New York last summer.

Almost faint with happiness, Ezra went slowly up the stairs and waited for the first-comers to arrive. The deacons of the church, preoccupied and solemn with importance, brushed hurriedly past him and entered the audience-room. A moment later Deacon Keth returned, touched the sleeve of Ezra's coat and said:

"Come into the conference-room. I have something to say to you."

Wondering what new instructions were to be given him and resolving not to forget a word that was told him, Ezra followed his venerable guide to the basement.

"There's been a mistake—a little hasty action on the part of your teacher. It has been decided," he continued, slowly polishing the crown of his silk hat, "that it would be inappropriate to have any but the children of 'professors' officiate at these solemn services. That's the decision of the deacons of this church, so we won't need your help, Jimmie Totman will take the right aisle."

Five minutes later a shaking little figure stole through the wood-room and out the back door of the basement. The butternut-brown suit hung awkwardly upon his stooped shoulders; the pride of life had suddenly left him, and he was miserably shrunken, wasted, swollen of eye and ashen of face. Scarcely would his nearest companion have recognized in his haunted face and stricken figure a suggestion of the Ezra who had "hauled" for the church and carried the approaching honors of the Dedication upon his erect shoulders with ingenuous pride.

Glancing back, as if fearful some dread pursuer were close upon his track, he hesitated for a moment, then fled precipitately to the stall in which Mack and Tige were gnawing the braces of the horse shed. The big bay instantly lowered his velvety nose and pushed it against the tear-wet face of the boy. But the caress was not returned, for the sound of an approaching wagon was heard and the brown figure of Ezra slipped quickly through the gap in the shed where the pawing of restless horses had broken out a board.

Finally he plunged into his father's sugar bush. There he paused for breath, leaning blindly against the trunk of a friendly maple. But the sugar shanty was still a little beyond. He would crawl in there—and never come out again! They would find him some time—after many days, perhaps—and then they would know how cruel it had all been!

But after an hour of wild sobbing on a bed of leaves in the shanty he was still alive! Then his head became strangely light. Into his confused thoughts crept the awful conviction that, in some mysterious way, hopelessly beyond his understanding, his father and mother must be among the lost—for the Deacon had said they were not "professors." And he was lost, too! They were all lost except those who belonged to the church. He saw the crowded seats, the solemn, expectant audience, saw Willie and Jimmie going up and down the aisles spying out seats for the late comers; heard the swelling chords of the organ, the song of the beautiful lady who had come over in the stage, the deep voice of the tall preacher making the opening prayer! And he was cast out, shamed and disgraced—he who had hauled for the church and had been chosen as an usher!

Before the slant beams of the sun threw long shadows from the maples and told of the approaching dusk a new sensation came to the prostrate boy—an inward gnawing. He was not hungry—he knew that, for he was going to die!—but a vision of fried cakes and cookies in the brown jars in the pantry came persistently before his eyes, and with increasing distinctness.

Perhaps, after all, it would be better to run away! That would provide an escape from the shame of it all and—perhaps—it might some time, in some way, come out all right. Maybe his father and mother would become converted and join the church, and the Deacon would grow sorry for what he had done. Then he could come back home again. Yes; he would run away!

He moved cautiously to the execution of his plan. The house was very still as he crept silently in at the front door and stole to his chamber. From his shell-box he took the store of pennies he had saved to buy Christmas presents with. Into a heap in the centre of a big handkerchief he tossed the New Testament his Sunday-school teacher had given him, his reward of merit cards, the chunk of gold quartz which Chet had brought from Colorado, his big crystal marble with a white lamb inside, the little buckskin purse from the new teacher, and a keyless padlock he had found—as long ago as he could remember—in the road in front of the shoe-shop.

Tying the corners of the handkerchief together he slipped the bundle upon his arm and went stealthily down the stairway to the pantry. The sight of his mother's sunbonnet hanging upon its nail beside the kitchen door caused his breast to shake with sobs. He might never see her again—never!

Groping in the crocks which held the cookies and doughnuts, he fought savagely against the impulse to give up his plan. But no; he could never bear the shame of facing his companions and all the church people.

Suddenly he jumped, dropping the fried cakes and cookies upon the pantry floor. His mother's hand was upon his shoulder and she was saying:

"Why, Ezra!"

Then, reading the terror of his upturned face, she led him into the kitchen, where he buried his face in her apron and sobbed out his tale of shame. In the course of its broken recital the father entered, and stood a silent listener. The brown, work-worn hands of the mother stroked the boy's hair until his tempest of sobs subsided and he found breath to confess:

"It—it—made me 'fraid you an' Pa might be in-fi-dels, like old Aaron the shoemaker, an' that you was—*lost!*"

"Your father hain't ever made any regular profession of religion," quickly returned

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Ezra's mother, "but he hain't so lost but what he gen'ly remembers to live the Golden Rule. I hain't forgot yet how he took care of Deacon Keth's children through the scarlet fever—never slept out of his clothes for two weeks—an' I sh'd think th' Deacon'd remember that, too!"

That night the father left the comforting of Ezra to the mother. His only remark was: "If it's clear to-morrow I'm goin' to go after some squirrels."

Ezra made no reply, asked no questions, but he knew that the squirrel hunt was planned for his pleasure, that he would tramp at his father's side all day long, and that he would be given the best shots with the long rifle.

Before they returned from the hunt, standing on the big rock overlooking the little valley, the father raised his hand, pointed at the straggling herds on the opposite slope and spoke, as if to himself;

"The cattle on a thousand hills are His!"

Then, his eyes still fixed on the dotted hillside, he said:

"A good many of the cruelest things that have been done in this world have been done in the name of religion—but without its spirit!"

In some way which he could not understand, it seemed to Ezra he had never been so near this tall, strong, quiet man before; and they went down the hillside hand in hand. Now, of a certainty, Ezra knew that his father was not numbered among the lost, and all the world seemed strangely safe and peaceful.

Passing through the village they came unexpectedly upon Aunt Pomilla, bearing in her hand the footstool which had rested in her pew since the old church was opened and which had been given a place of honor in the new structure.

"Yes; I'm taking it home, Amos. I guess I know when my toes have been tramped on. I told the old Deacon to-day that the church of the Lord ain't *all* steeple an' bell."

In the twilight, that evening, as the bell in the white steeple gave out its vibrant call for the "special consecration" meeting, Ezra shyly remarked to his mother:

"Sounds nice, don't it?"

And by this token she knew that the boy's peace and pride had been restored.

Letters by the Way

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of A Man of Putty, Etc.

COMING FROM BOSTON.

Dear Reader: How many funny things do not strike us as being funny simply because we are so used to them. If a hundred years ago a man had told a story of a fellow who chased a dinner-table through the air for forty miles and cut up a piece of meat in one town to put it into his mouth two, three, four miles beyond; whose glass of water while trickling down his twelve inches of throat was moving forward a thousand feet—people would have said it was a fairy story and an amusing one, and some Cruikshank or Rowlandson would have drawn a picture that would have set the world of that time a-laughing. But to-day we begin a dinner in New York and continue it in Pennsylvania, and perhaps come to the dessert in Ohio, and the humor of the thing never strikes us. We know that even if the dinner-table is going through the air at the rate of fifty miles an hour the chair that holds us is able to keep up exactly the same rate of speed without turning a hair, and that the hot soup that leaves the plate at East Smithville and reaches our mouth at Smithville Centre will not have cooled a degree in spite of the rush.

The joke of one generation becomes the solemn fact of the next. I remember seeing in London Punch a generation or so ago—generations slip by me so quickly that I can never be very exact—a picture by Du Maurier showing how people who could not go to the opera might have the opera brought to them by means of the phonograph. It was an amusing conceit—so we thought then—and far enough from the probability to be a joke, but to-day the phonograph is no joke, and there is many a man who does not care for music at all who would willingly pay five dollars for a seat at the Metropolitan if by that means he could forever escape the thin, small voice of the talking machine.

So, too, ten years ago it would have been considered a very good joke if a man had said, "I know a theatre where they compel women to remove their hats." People would have said sarcastically—the men would have been especially sarcastic—"Oh, indeed! Please take us to that theatre so that we may delight our eyes with such an unseen sight as a theatre full of bareheaded women." Of course the man would have been a liar-gentleman and it would have been his form of joke that he was getting off. But to-day there is at least one theatre where it would be no joke for a woman to retain her bonnet after the curtain went up. There are doubtless others, but the theatre which I have in mind is in Boston and the notice on the program reads, "Ladies must remove their hats. Those who do not wish to do so will go to the box-office where their money will be refunded. An usher will remind all women who have neglected to remove their hats."

I may not be quoting exactly, but the spirit is there—and what spirit! Imagine a manager with nerve enough to print such an order. And imagine how proud he must be when he sees the order obeyed night after night. Not a hat in sight. It was grand. I felt like tossing my own hat into the air and crying "Hurrah for the manager!" People used to say the thing couldn't be done, but it *has* been done and a theatre is no longer a milliner's show window. The world do move.

Speaking of jokes, it seems to me that the greatest joke is the Boston Elevated-Underground Railroad. A man wants to go to Adams Square from the North Station. He laboriously toils up the stairs to the Elevated the same as he does in New York, and just as he does in New York he immerses himself in his newspaper and is oblivious to everything. Suddenly darkness falls on his page and he looks up in terror. The train has left the glad free air and is in the subway. Before he realizes what has happened the guard calls out the name of the station and he emerges, and in order to get to the city level has to climb up stairs again.

Now in New York there is only one climb and that is at the beginning of the journey, but the Bostonian's motto is ever Excelsior.

And they manage the elevated crowds differently in Boston. People are jammed in at the car end the same as they are in New York, but they are squeezed out at the middle like seeds out of an orange. Still, as they are all moving the same way, there is less friction, and they undoubtedly retain more of their clothing than a New York crowd can possibly do.

I had always heard that Bostonians were readers and that they were loyal to the little band of *littérateurs* who made a crown of glory for the city on the three hills, so it did not surprise me to see a man, evidently a business man, reading Emerson's Essays on a Boston and Cambridge electric. (They call them "electrics" in Boston. They *have* to be different.) I was curious to know something of the history of this typical Bostonian, and so under pretext of asking him whether the car went through to Arlington I entered into conversation with him when he had finished the essay on Self-Reliance and was presumably in a position to look out for himself.

"Pardon my inquisitiveness," said I, "but I could not help seeing the title of your book, and as I am a stranger in Boston it pleased me not a little to learn that Bostonians are really as cultivated as the joke writers would have us believe."

"Oh, yes," said he; "there are cultivated men in all cities."

"Well, can you tell me if it is a general custom for business men to read Emerson on the street cars?"

With great courtesy but with a half concealed smile he said:

"I am not in a position to answer your question as I was never in Boston before. I am a professor in Columbia College and I am on my way to visit my brother, who is a professor in Harvard. I was born and brought up in Jersey City and I never happened to read Emerson until to-day, when I picked up this copy in the Corner Book Store. I see that I have missed an intellectual treat."

I retired, apologizing, and fell to reflecting on the danger of generalizing. It reminded

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me of a certain scene I once saw in New York when I was showing a Western friend the sights. We came on a group of children playing in Madison Square. They were not fashionably dressed; in fact their clothing showed signs of great wear, but they did seem to be having a good time and played with abandon.

My friend, who is something of a sentimentalist, wiped his eyes and said: "What a typical New York scene! These little children have probably come for the day from out some East Side rookery. The sight of trees and green grass is an unwonted one and to-day they are living. To-night they will go back to their noisome tenements and wish that their whole life could be spent on this breathing spot. Thank God for the city parks. How typical of New York it is. And how preternaturally old the poor little fellows look."

It certainly was a New York sight, and if snap-shotted would have become a permanent one, but, impelled by that same curiosity that had led me to speak to the Columbia professor, I went up to one of the children and said, "Johnny, where do you live when you're at home?"

"I live up at Goshen, Connecticut. We're on a picnic to New York. We belong to the First Congregational Sunday-school and the superintendent is paying for the whole thing. Ain't he generous? I like this green. It makes me think of the country."

"When did you leave the country?"

"This morning. We go back to-night. Been to the aquarium and the theatre and rode on the elevated cars, but I like this best because it's like home."

"A bit of New York!" Taken up bodily out of Connecticut and set down in New York, and my friend thought it a typical group of East Siders, and would probably have written an interesting letter to his home paper on what New York does for its city-ridden children if I hadn't found out the facts.

But it's a heap more interesting as a general thing to accept things at their face value and not go digging for the truth. I have no doubt that the Frenchiest Frenchmen I saw sipping coffee on the Boulevard des Italiens were Russians and Spanish Jews and Western art students. It takes a Kipling to look beneath the surface and grasp the essentials without spoiling the romance——

Oh, dear, we've got to change cars, and I was just warming up. I may write again if I don't hear from you.

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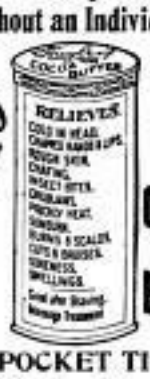

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By The Congressman's Wife

I HAVE been reminded throughout the dying throes of this Fifty-seventh Congress of the old cynic who said that dying was like thunder in two particulars: because we are alarmed at the sound of it and afraid of the symptoms that go before it; and this dying of the Fifty-seventh Congress is certainly very like thunder both in its symptoms and its sounds. I have listened for days from the gallery to a whole chamber full of men, all talking apparently against time and eternity, until I have become convinced of the truth that no wild beast is more to be dreaded than the man who is a spendthrift with his tongue. Truly, the tribulations of the Senate majority are an edifying spectacle, and as I have gazed down upon the devious ways of our legislators and have seen their deadlocked determination over Statehood and heard their deadlocked denials about the Trust telegrams, for some of their number have been going around with an air of "You-may-search-me-if-you-want-to," I have felt that I was in sore danger of meeting the fate of the man who died of laughing at seeing a monkey trying to pull off a pair of his boots.

The galleries around the Senate during these days have been a perfect flower garden filled with choice sprigs of the smart set, and I have been much afraid that Mr. Frye would call us all to order. There has been such a chattering going on that I have seen him raise his gavel once or twice as he glanced up our way. Robert and Senator P—— have come up every day for a time, and even the new Member of the House has borne us company, and they have brought the gossip of the cloakrooms and lobbies with them.

When all three of them joined us on one occasion the new Member whispered to me:

"This deadlock over the Omnibus bill with its two factions reminds me of a game we used to play when I was a boy. We used to duck our heads in a bucket of water and dare each other to stay under the longest."

"These two fighting factions remind me more," said I, "of the two parts of a pair of scissors that cut up everything that comes between without hurting each other in the least. It has been a liberal education to see the methods of Senators in getting into this fight. Some have been so amiable and ponderous with their opinions tacked to their tongues just as a notice might be tacked to a church door, and others have fought pugnaciously and insistently. If I were a politician I'd be a fighter, and when a great battle was over I'd be counted with the dead and not with the missing."

"Well," said Senator P—— dryly, in an undertone, "if this Omnibus bill is not disposed of pretty soon there won't be an intelligible tongue left among us. Frye is so worn out with it, and with announcing day after day that this bill is before the Senate as unfinished business, that he cannot now pronounce 'Omnibus' to save his life, and it is about all he can do not to call it 'Om'nous' bill."

This produced an audible ripple among us, and instantly the doorkeeper left his perch above and came down the gallery steps, looking for the offenders and saying, "No demonstration is permitted."

We subsided and gave our attention to the debate below. Senator X—— was talking. He had been talking for three days. He was gesticulating and riding up and down on his tiptoes with the rhythm of his words. The Democratic side of the chamber was almost deserted; even Cherokee Strip looked lonely. Across the middle aisle Senator Stewart and his opposite neighbor, Senator Berry, had swung their chairs, and with their newspapers spread out before them completely blocked business in that aisle, while Senator Beveridge and Senator Quay, the leaders of the two factions, were in their seats, silent, alert, like sentinels on picket duty. I whispered to Senator P——:

"I should think the real obstructionists in the Senate are Mr. Stewart and Mr. Berry. They are spread out over the entire aisle."

"Oh, they are tired to death. We are all tired to death," whispered back the Senator. "We've managed, however, to get a good deal out of this fight in the way of amusement. Some of us were badgering Quay yesterday about this bill, and we told him he was no nearer a vote than he was last week, and a witty Southern Senator said:

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"'"What's the matter, Uncle Hannibal; can't you land him?"

"'"Well," said Uncle Hannibal sagely, "'pears to me like I dunno whuther I's a nigger a-fishin', or whuther that fish is a-niggerin'."'"

"Did Mr. Quay see the application?" I whispered.

"Oh, yes; you know it is an old saying that the prosperity of a jest lies in the ear of him who hears, and Quay heard all right and laughed all right," said the Senator.

"By the way," said Robert, "have you happened to hear the masterly way Joe Blackburn has of telling a man that what he says is not true? He took issue with an assertion of a certain Senator the other day, and conveyed his meaning in the most parliamentary fashion:

"'It goes without saying that the truth is innocent of any appearance in that statement.'

"And apropos," continued Robert, "of the prolonged deadlock in the Delaware Legislature which is keeping two vacant seats in the Senate Chamber here, Blackburn told a good story of his friend, Colonel Chinn, of Kentucky.

"'They ought to have Chinn up in Delaware,' said he; 'he'd settle it. Once when there was a row in our Kentucky Legislature Chinn got together a faction that turned out some of the legislators so effectually that they did not know they were out till it was over, and one of the ousted ones said:

"'"Colonel Chinn, I want an explanation as to why I was turned out."

"'"Sir, because you part your hair in the middle."

"'"But, sir," said the ousted one, "why did you turn out my colleague?"

"'"Because he doesn't part his hair in the middle," was the imperturbable answer.'"

"I should have thought," said I, interrupting Robert, "that such a proceeding would have ended with pistols."

"Oh, there was a row and some talk of shooting, but no one was hurt. Blackburn, who is a mighty good story-teller, said that another time Chinn wanted some office, and it was when the silver craze was over all the land. Colonel Chinn made up his mind to take the stump, although he couldn't make a speech to save his life. So he decided he would not let any of his own friends hear his speeches but would talk only to the negroes, whose votes he wanted. About two hundred negroes attended Chinn's meeting. He began a long speech on the tariff, but was finally interrupted:

"'Boss, we don' want no tariff; we wants silver talk.'

"'Oh, all right,' said Chinn cheerfully, 'I know about silver down to the ground. My friends, it's this in a nutshell: The Republicans have got all the jobs, the Jews have got all the gold, but if you darkies and we poor white trash had all the silver we'd soon wipe all the rest off the globe—see?'

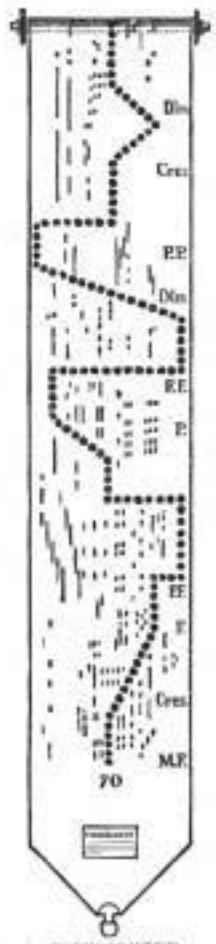
"And Blackburn said Colonel Chinn got every negro vote in that community," wound up Robert.

"That speech of Colonel Chinn's," said Senator P—— reminiscently, "recalls a remarkably funny speech over in the House some years ago. A certain North Carolina man, renowned for his humor and for his odd quips and jests, got up one day when things were dull in the House and suddenly launched out into a speech that fairly scintillated with flowery phrases and rhetorical effects. He quoted from every English and American poet known, but it was all apropos of nothing under the sun. The House came flocking in from the lobbies to listen, to wonder and to catch on if it could to the reason for it. When the outburst was over, and the House caught its breath, the demand came from all sides to know what had provoked such a speech and what he had meant.

"'Oh, don't bother about what it meant, gentlemen. I was not talking for the House, but simply for *Buncombe*.'

"Buncombe," explained the Senator, laughing silently at the recollection, "was the man's home county in North Carolina."

"I imagine the House got as much fun out of that speech," said the Member, "as the Supreme Court did last week when our new justice, Justice Holmes, handed down his famous first opinion on the Circus Poster Case,



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and quoted Ruskin. He had copies of these posters, which were handed around among the Justices, who examined their flaming cuts with the utmost dignity, amidst the ever impressive quiet which rules in that court. But there was a little girl among the spectators who had not been taken into the account. When she saw those posters and the gravity of the Justices she whispered audibly:

"'Why doesn't some one laugh, mamma?'"

This caused us a smile. Then I asked:

"Isn't it odd, the way that Justice Brewer and Justice Brown, of the Supreme Bench, have kept pace with each other all through their careers? They were boys together, they went through Yale College together, they went out West together, they studied law at the same time, they married at the same time, and their names were sent to the President for the Supreme Bench at the same time and for the same vacancy. When this happened, and the President was considering their names, Justice Brown wrote to the President withdrawing his name and urging the President to appoint his friend, who, he said, 'was the better man.' In consideration of this request the President appointed Justice Brewer, but he had been so impressed by the other's letter that when another vacancy occurred on the Bench he promptly offered it to Justice Brown, and in a short time both men faced each other from opposite ends of the Circle of Justices, and as Justice Brewer put it:

"'Yale College hems in the Supreme Court.'"

"I hear," said Robert, "that the whole Bench was quite indignant not long since because some one dubbed one of their decisions as 'The last guess of the Supreme Court.'"

"Pshaw," said Senator P—— decisively, "the Supreme Court is the strongest, highest expression of judicial thought that this or any other country is ever likely to hear expounded."

"By the way," said the new Member, "I was up at the new White House offices the other day, and there was a little ripple of fun running around about a recent Cabinet meeting. It seems that the different Secretaries had been unburdening themselves of their annoyances, Root and Moody in particular. Moody's pet grievance was the astronomical features of the Naval Observatory, which had been such a fad with Long. He said to the Cabinet:

"'I think the Navy ought to go out of the business of Astronomy. I do not know how to run an Observatory and you will never get a Secretary who does know how, nor an officer who knows how. Now, I should be glad to give the whole thing away to any scientific institution that could run it.'

"It was pointed out to the Secretary that the Naval Observatory had been built up carefully to its present proportions step by step, and that it had cost the Government a million dollars, and possessed a splendid collection of instruments and the best scientific library in the Western Hemisphere, and therefore he'd better hold on to it.

"And Root's particular annoyance on this occasion, barring about twenty others or more, was the case of Miss Taylor, who has taken her case against the War Department for removal into court. Some one was badgering Root and telling him Miss Taylor had dismissed her lawyers and was going to conduct her own case—that she meant to make things hot for the Department. One of the Cabinet said:

"'You'd better turn the case over to the Attorney-General, here, Root.'

"'No, no, you don't,' interposed the Attorney-General; 'Root must get out of that scrape by himself.'

"'Oh,' said Root quickly, 'I wouldn't think of getting Knox into this. This is a case for a *lawyer*.'"

Just then there seemed to be an unusual stir on the floor below. Senator X—— had paused in his talk. Several Senators were on their feet trying to speak. Mr. Frye was pounding with his gavel. I glanced around for an explanation, and there in the middle aisle of the gallery stood the Sergeant-at-Arms, bland and determined, looking fixedly at us.

"What does he want?" I asked quickly.

"Oh," laughed Senator P——, "they haven't had a quorum downstairs for the last half-hour and they've just found it out, and we're to be haled before the bar of the Senate. Come along, Slocum, our playtime is over."

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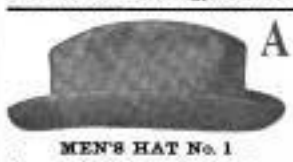
A 50-Cent Hat by Mail



MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal-order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. We are hat manufacturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for catalogue.*

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Rainy-Day and Walking Suits and Skirts, Travelling Dresses, Spring Jackets, etc.

Remember that we keep no ready-made goods, but *make every garment especially to order*, thus insuring the perfection of fit and finish. No matter where you live we pay the express charges.

Our new Spring and Summer catalogue illustrates an exquisite line of ladies' suits and skirts. Our styles are shown by no other house, and the materials from which we make our garments comprise the very latest fabrics. Write to-day for Catalogue and Samples. We will send them *free* by return mail. A postal will bring them.

If any garment which we make for you fails to fit and give perfect satisfaction, send it back promptly and *we will refund your money*. It's your good will we want most.

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fit the leg perfectly. They cost but 25 cts. and in heavy cable Silk elastic 50 cts. Send us the guarantee ticket to be found in the box and we will mail you in separate lessons, a course in Physical Culture by an eminent professor. If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name with price and we will forward a pair of Flexo Garters and the Physical Culture Course.

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Cordially yours, **PATRICK J. SWEENEY, Principal,**

Manhattan Reporting Co., Dept. 2, 150 Nassau St., New York

Photography of Snakes and Other Reptiles

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt

SNAKES, from their great agility and long, whiplike forms, very often make it extremely difficult for the amateur photographer to keep the entire creature in focus and within the boundary limits of the plate. This applies especially to the smaller forms we commonly run across in our rambles, such as the pretty little summer snakes, one blue and the other green; the garter snake and some few others. Large forms, such as the big rattlers, boa constrictors and the like, I have as yet had no experience with, but they will be found easy to photograph when compared with the smaller varieties just mentioned.

One day I caught a fine specimen of the little green summer snake I speak of and the gentle, delicate little creature was extremely lively. It was only by chance that it was seen, for his entire body was as green as the greenest of malachite, and he was reposing in wavy curves in a smilax vine having leaves and stems that matched his scaly coat to a fault. After his capture I took all of the smilax needed for a photographic picture to my studio, where I verily believe I got away with the best part of a dozen five-by-eight plates before my object was accomplished.

The blotched king snake has made a good picture for me several times, and on one occasion in a sort of a knot in the roughish branches of an old pine tree. He remained so but a moment, however, and then began to uncoil and descend to the ground. He was checked instantaneously by blowing at him, when he drew his head and the fore part of his length back in a beautiful double curve and he was immediately taken in this interesting attitude.

Some of the smaller innoxious serpents are protected by the law of "protective resemblance." Often it is very difficult to discover their presence on the dark soil among the blackish roots and brown crumpled leaves in some swampy fen, amid the sprouting ferns and grasses.

To obtain such a subject, one must cut out the entire sod with a spade, just as it

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.50		146	324	806	2,588
1.00		293	650	1,614	5,177
2.00		585	1,301	3,228	10,355
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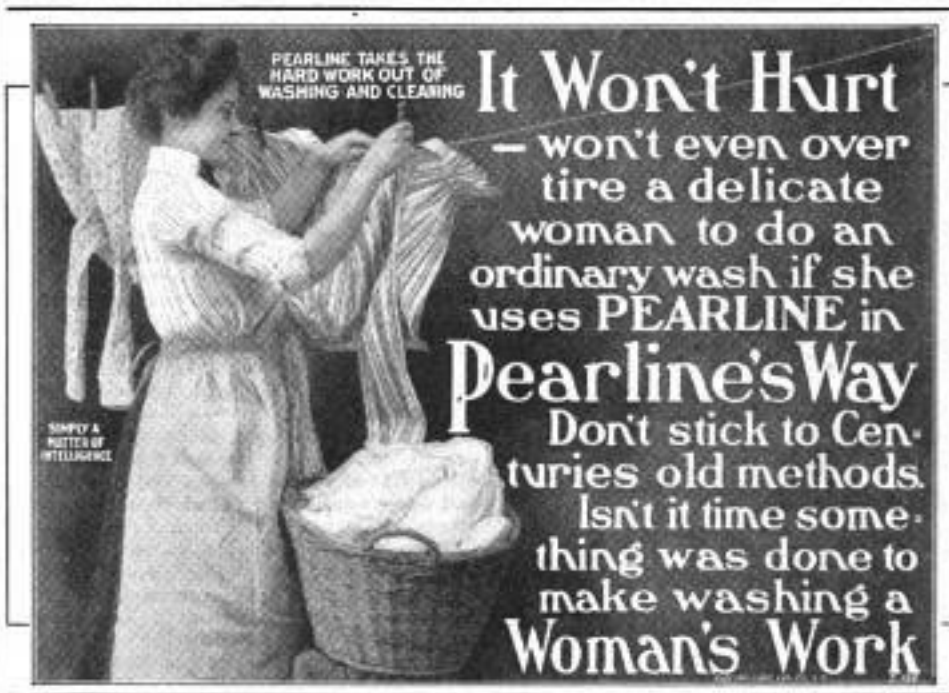

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— won't even over tire a delicate woman to do an ordinary wash if she uses PEARLINE in

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Don't stick to Centuries old methods. Isn't it time something was done to make washing a Woman's Work

The coat may not make the man, but a few coats of

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The C. W. N. Handbook gives full information how to make records so that owners of phonographs can take vocal or instrumental records easily. Greatest value of phonograph is in making records from your family and friends. Book contains instructions for care and use of machine. Any one who owns a phonograph should have this book. Bound in paper, 25c.; in cloth, 50c. Send stamps or coin to H. SEN & CO., 2 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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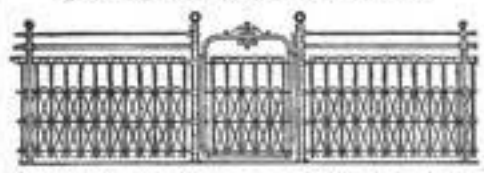

Here is the correct fence for lawns, parks, cemeteries, etc. A model of taste in design, invincibly strong, woven throughout of double galvanized steel wire. Rot and weather proof, retains its poise and rigidity for a lifetime. Our catalog shows ten other first-class styles at 10 to 50 cts. a ft. Free.

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National Press Association, 67 Baldwin Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

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No. 21

Waverley Electric Vehicles

The Waverley Electric Surrey was a feature of the great New York Automobile Show. See February number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, story of Julia Marlowe. The automobile she is pictured in is a "Waverley." Waverley automobiles are the most practical, up-to-date electric vehicles made. Our catalogue "D," just off the press, is yours for the asking.

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Valentines' School of Telegraphy, Janesville, Wis.

THE BLOTCHED KING SNAKE
(DESCENDING FROM A LIMB)

is found, and carry it in a basket to the studio. Here it must be placed upon a stand at a height equal to that of the camera upon its tripod. No great amount of light must be admitted, and, if the snake be quiet, a diaphragm with a very small aperture must be employed, and a long time (three minutes) exposure given.

It is all nonsense talking about making "snap-shots" of such subjects. They do not admit of it, nor can one secure the requisite amount of detail if such a procedure be attempted. It is an entirely different matter, of course, if the specimen you desire to photograph is in active movement at the time the exposure is made, but under those circumstances it is a rare thing that one can devote any study to the subject, and it is only a chance that a really valuable and artistic picture is the result of the operation. Now, the bullfrog, shown in another picture, was practically an instantaneous picture, because frogs are very difficult subjects to get to stand still, and, everything else being equal, the quicker the exposure made upon them the better.

As I have elsewhere stated, of the great number of animal pictures I have taken with the camera, I have as yet never employed a hand camera for the purpose. It is all tripod work, every bit of it, and I think the famous Kearton brothers in England recommend the same plan. In fact, it is the only practical one to be recommended, and the only one in which success can be counted on. One needs, however, the simplest, quickest and, above all things, the most noiseless shutter that has been invented.

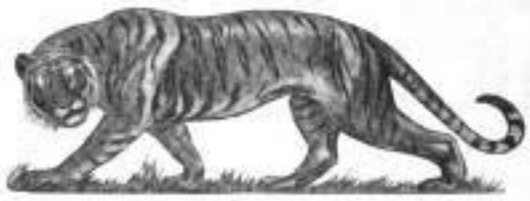
Attached to the shutter one should use a pneumatic bulb and no less than twelve or fifteen feet of rubber tubing, and by practice and experience learn to handle them under all circumstances.

Photographing a bird on its nest is a good illustrative case demanding such a device. The camera is artfully concealed near the nest and set in readiness to take the picture, while the long tube allows the operator to hide himself at a considerable distance from it. Those in the fashion in these days use the five-by-seven plate, but the plate for the purpose here being considered is the five-by-eight size, the additional inch on the long side meaning everything in obtaining long slim forms, such as pikes among fishes, certain types with long tails among reptiles, and a great many others, altogether too numerous to mention.

Fully as important as the size of the plate employed is its quality. I now employ for my purpose, with very great satisfaction, isochromatic dry plates, both quick and slow.

The isochromatic plate gives me the ability to produce color definition, though in some subjects this will make little or no difference. Take such difficult subjects to photograph as turtles and tortoises, for example. I made a successful picture of a young snapping-turtle, with a rapid plate, but the animal is all of a uniform brown color, so special definition was not required.

Our common box tortoises, however, are a very different kind of a species to obtain good photographic pictures of; and this not only on account of the difficulty of catching them in



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Cooking—THE NEW WAY

Every woman should know about cooking by steam. Food cooked in an

Ideal Steam Cooker

is more palatable, more nutritious than food cooked the old way; no evaporation; juices of meats retained; tough meats made tender. Cooks a whole meal on one burner of gas, gasoline, oil or coal stove; **Reduces fuel bills one-half.** Impossible to scorch anything; **Whistle blows** when water is needed. IDEAL COOKERS (round or square, with doors) cost no more than ordinary kind.

BOOK FREE. Let us send you a nicely illustrated 32-page book about cooking by steam.

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IMPROVED

ENGLISH LAWN GRASS SEED

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Sample Pound Package 25c—Postage 8c extra.

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BLATCHFORD'S CALF MEAL FACTORY
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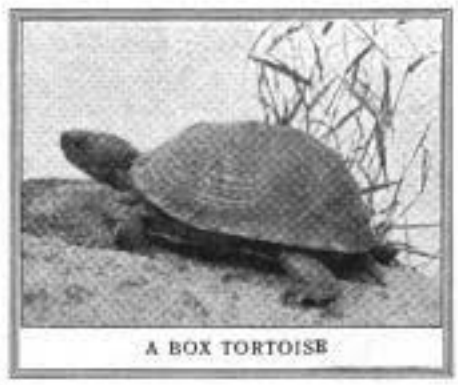
favorable positions, with head, limbs and tail all out and in full view, but on account of their color, which in the most highly colored specimens generally consists in irregularly arranged bright orange spots on a blackish-brown ground of the carapace and head.

These tortoises, it will be found, vary widely in the matter of individual temperament, some specimens being very sluggish in habit; and in photographing them one is obliged to wait a long time before the subject will condescend to come out of its shell—that is, extend its head, limbs and tail, and walk off a bit.

Others again are extremely lively, struggling in the hand of the photographer to escape, and rambling off the instant they are placed upon the ground.

In the course of a couple of hours, by exercising great patience and kindness, one can generally succeed in even getting such an apparently unteachable creature as this tortoise to understand what is needed of it, and a successful exposure is then made.



A BOX TORTOISE

The amateur photographer whose tastes lead him or her to make photographic pictures of living forms, will find that a small aquarium will make it possible to secure many of the aquatic animals. In it one may obtain very interesting photographs of the several species of our pretty pond turtles, newts, fish, water beetles and the like. The aquarium, filled with perfectly clear water and containing such plants, rocks and pebbly bottom as are required, is placed in the proper light on a stand as high as the box of the camera.

At the back of the aquarium a large piece of manila paper is placed for a background shutting out all objects in the rear of the aquarium.

Through this method I obtained the picture of the triton or newt shown in the accompanying picture, and have also photographed crayfish, many species of fishes, and other aquatic forms.

Some of our smaller wood lizards, such as the common swift, for example, and very gentle little creatures they are, make excellent subjects to test the skill of the naturalist photographer.

My picture of one of these was obtained by instantaneous exposure in the following manner:

Having selected a piece of old pine branch with a cone upon it, it was sustained in front of a white background in the proper light, as already directed, and with the camera focused upon it to the very finest degree of sharpness. Then closing the shutter, and placing in a very small "stop" and drawing the slide to the plate-holder, I was ready for an exposure with the pneumatic bulb in my left hand.

Meanwhile I pointed at the cone with my right forefinger, the arm being extended, with the lizard on the upper side of it opposite the elbow. By gently blowing at him, he was induced to run down my arm and out upon my extended finger, which was several inches removed from the cone. Then I gave a brisk puff and he jumped to the pine branch, when I instantly made the exposure by squeezing the bulb in my other hand, and so got the pretty little chap in the most natural attitude possible.

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THE output of fiction never has been so enormous in this country as during the last Christmas holidays. Two significant facts are to be noticed about this flood of novels and short stories.

One is, that the great majority of them are the work of women, and the other is the large number which have been modeled on the lines of some "Big Seller."

Stanley Weyman's Gentleman of France has brought into the market dozens of imaginary legends of the Guadalquiver or the Seine—fantastic dreams which else had perished unborn in the brains of romantic girls and boys. Now that they have made their entrance into the world in cold print they may be called snap-shots of the realm of ancient chivalry. There are the castles, clowns, knights and troubadours, correct in clothes and speech. But yet one feels that the pictures were taken by a Yankee camera—a camera which never had crossed the seas.

As soon, too, as David Harum had set the country in a roar, how many of us scribblers seized our pens to sketch the grim, warty old farmers in Maine or Wyoming with whom we had boarded last summer?

A crop of Colonial stories sprang up, plenty as mushrooms on a sheep-walk, in the track of Mary Johnston's triumphant footsteps. And so on and on.

The breathless haste with which every successful book is imitated in this country has a pitiful significance,. It hints at the countless bright, energetic women who stand hungry in the market-place, eager to earn a livelihood in any decent way. They are as ready to write novels as to speculate in whale-oil, and often know as much of one kind of manufacture as of the other.

Hence many of these little books, red and blue, and gay with dashing figures on the backs, which heap our tables this winter, should perhaps be regarded as mere mouthfuls, meant to satisfy a moment's hunger—the hunger for money in the writer and for amusement in the reader. But, with all, what a flavor they have! The grammar may be faulty, the imitation of their model glaring, wit, pathos and humor may be wholly lacking, but in even the leanest and poorest of them there is a backbone of sincerity. The American woman who writes a book, from Margaret Deland down, invariably gives us something of herself in it, tears out a rib from her own side to make this creature alive which she sends out into the world. It is a singular trait in our women, but they have it. It may partly be due to the fact that they are wide-awake enough to know that the day for factitious lip-talk is past. The world has no time to spare to poseurs or make-believes. It only will listen to words which come blood-stained from the heart.

The Realm of Childhood

The story of Emmy Lou is perhaps the most genuine and delicate bit of humor to be found among recent books. During the last few years there have been many explorers through that unknown, mysterious realm of childhood into which Dickens was the first adventurer. His David and Tiny Tim and Paul Dombey with all their truth and pathos were, after all, only pictures of the child as seen by the adult. Kenneth Graham's immortal Harold is the boy as he remembers himself when he is a grown man. But Madden Martin has gone into the heart of an innocent, dull-witted little girl of six and

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speaks out of that. She and her public school, her classmates and her thinkings and sayings are commonplace as the grass growing in the sun, but are as foreign and mysterious to us as the life of grass and sun.

We all applaud the explorer who opens up a new country in the world to us, be it Thibet or the Arctic regions. But we owe more to the man who shows us for the first time the world as it is seen by living things close at hand. Mrs. Stowe first gave us the negro's view of life, Kipling the wolf's, and now Mrs. Martin that of the little child.

Another book which has greatly puzzled the critics is Barrie's Little White Bird. It sets out to be a wayward, irresponsible flight of fancy—the freakish longings and doings of a lonely old bachelor. Some of these waking dreams are true and fine, and are brought home to us with that wizard touch of genius which gave Thrums to each of us—Thrums and Lizzy and Barrie's mother, possessions in perpetuity for us for all time.

But the defect in this book is that Mr. Barrie sometimes becomes conscious of his own magic. He summons for the first time into the world the dog that was a boy, out of the dark whence Shakespeare called Caliban, and then stops to look at him with his head on one side and a nod of approval, as though speculating how the new idea will hit the public.

Mr. Barrie is a successful man of business as well as a dreamer of dreams; he has at once the second sight of the Scot, and his eye for a bargain. He shows us both qualities in this book. They mix as badly as common water and holy oil.

A National Exhibit

The majority of the recent books are not so individual as these. They are, as a rule, sketches of the different picturesque phases of American life of to-day seen here and there—a kindly Irishwoman in a slum, cowboys, soldiers of fortune, freed plantation slaves, grim New England women, Boer patriots, Doukhobor zealots—whoever and whatever will attract the eye of the public for a moment. It is as though we were invited into a huge photograph gallery, filled with the pictures of notable living folk; heads, half-lengths, full figures. The likenesses are usually a little caricatured, but, as a rule, are done with a vigorous and friendly touch.

One feature in this exhibition cannot be passed over in silence—that is, the number of pictures of that class which in foreign galleries are placed in apartments forbidden to young girls. Most of these sketches of life in its rank and brutal phases are the work of women.

We cannot but wonder as we lay one of these books down, what was the purpose of its writer? Not, of course, to help or instruct the public, and certainly not to amuse it. There is usually not a gleam of humor or fun in these ill-smelling pages. Can it be that the minds of certain unlucky, unfortunate folk are haunted by these unclean thoughts, by a perpetual consciousness of certain facts in life which even the beasts strive to keep out of sight? Do they want to give them to the public in order that they may rid themselves of them—just as they give the offal of their households to the garbage man to carry away?

After all, books of fiction are written, as they are read, to satisfy some temporary mental hunger of a people. If we could read consecutively the popular romances of each century in England we should have at the end a clearer idea of the changes in the character of the English people than any history could give us.

Take Fielding, for example. In his novels are all the unconscious brutality, the grossness which never had learned how to blush, the tenderness, the slavish worship of rank which belonged to the middle-class Englishman under the first Georges. It was a day when Lady Blarney, with her rouge and musk, rubbed shoulders with the holy, simple old Vicar.

Take Sir Walter, a man whose mind was saturated from boyhood with the history and legends of his little country. His one aim in life was to make them real to the outside world, to force it to do homage, as he did, to the chivalry, the high spiritual life in these cattle thieves, with their cast-iron religion, their bogies and their second sight. It was his one errand in life to exploit this thing, to win recognition for Scotland from the world. "*Ich kann nicht anders*," he might have cried. He gave his message. No country ever owed so much to one man as Scotland to Scott. He brought to life knights and villains, Lowland old wives and Hieland lasses.

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No truer picture ever was painted than that of Scotland in these books, purblind with bigotry, knightly, rapacious, but always decent.

Next to Scott, Anthony Trollope ranks in English literature as the great historical painter of his own age. Trollope, always candid to bluntness, stated in his Autobiography that he was used to write so many pages each day. That was the practice of Byron, of Dickens, of many great masters of English literature. But the modern young literati who write the newspaper reviews, whose ideal author has attacks of inspiration at uncertain periods, when the ichor escapes in whiffs of gusty passion, as in the case of the Delphian oracle, jeer at Trollope and his methodic workaday ways. It is their custom to class him as a poor literary carpenter. In the meanwhile his people remain here in the world, living men and women, to tell the story of their times as no history can do. Whoever wishes to know England in the early Victorian days will learn to love the Duchess, to laugh at Planty Pall, and to take the Archdeacon to his heart of hearts. Barchester is as real a shire to most of us as Devon; the only difference is that we know it better.

We need not go over the roll-call of the great English novelists to show that they all had a like purpose, which was to paint the phase of social life which was most familiar to them.

The curious point worth notice is that few of the modern American novelists have any such aim. The old magicians of fiction called into life real men and women. Once born they did not die. We love or hate Rochester or Becky Sharp or Lady Kew, and gossip about them just as we do about the woman next door. But how many of us have any private opinion concerning the characters in this winter's novels, charming as many of them are? Some of them—notably Mrs. Humphry Ward's books—are bundles of qualities, with not a drop of red blood among them. Or they are lay figures which set forth the author's favorite moral. Or they are a striking *tableau vivant* meant to illustrate some dramatic phase of our modern life.

Mr. Howells' Beef Dinners

Many years ago, when Mr. Howells drew Silas Lapham, we had hopes that he would give us American characters with the fidelity, if not the power, of Thackeray or Trollope. But the novelist became the champion of realism. He laid down the axiom: No man must paint life except as it actually appears to the naked eye. Unfortunately, Mr. Howells is near-sighted; he has not the eye of the eye. He sees a husband and wife, for example, and can tell us of the cut of their clothes, the size of their joint of beef, and the pitter-patter of the guests who eat it with them. Beneath may lie a tragedy as terrible as that of Vashti and Esther. But he cannot see it. He has given us many pleasing domestic pictures of beef and dinner-tables, and never wearies of scolding other men who discover hidden meanings in the feast.

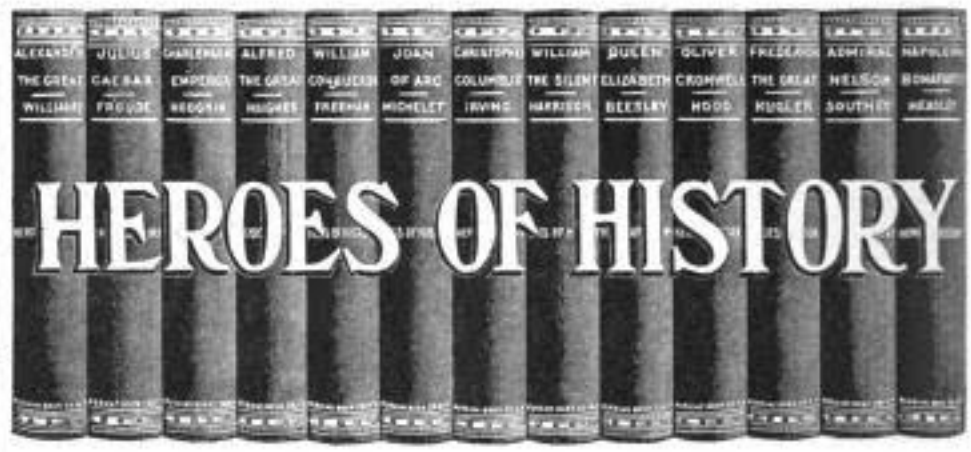
"There is a dinner-table and beef," he reiterates. "*I* see nothing but a dinner-table and beef; and, therefore, there is nothing else there."

Mr. Henry James in his earlier work drew three or four American men and women, *en silhouette*, it is true, but with startling vividness and vitality. Who can forget the hero of The American, or the father with a leech of a daughter in a short tale called Le Pension du Bon Repas? Of late years Mr. James apparently is convinced that his public demand high-flavored dishes and gives them to them. He is making a fatal mistake. One of our shrewdest critics said when Jude the Obscure was published, "The American will not tolerate the literature of the pigsty, and the man who gives it to him insures his own final defeat."

Among the books which are merely photographs of some phase of American life there are many of great power and charm, such as John Fox's glimpses of Kentucky and James Lane Allen's pictures of birds and gardens. His birds and beasts are always of so much higher breeding than his men!

The contribution to the passing literature of the day by our colored fellow-citizens during the last year has been large and has shown much native strength. But why do they follow in the old dusty paths of white romancers?

Their own story is yet to tell. No other is just now so well worth the telling.



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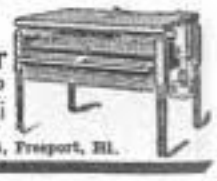

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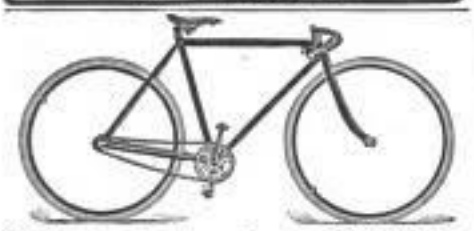

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The Connemara Mare

(Continued from Page 5)

that would have done credit to Othello, received an ovation that confirmed Captain Carteret in his contempt for country audiences. The performance raged to its close in a "cake-walk," to the inspiring strains of Razors a-Flyin' Through de Air, and the curtain fell on what the Enniscar Independent described cryptically as a "*tout ensemble à la conversazione* that was refreshingly unique."

"Five minutes more and I should have had heat apoplexy!" said Mrs. Carteret, hurling her turban across the clerk's room, "but it all went splendidly! Empty that basin out of the window, somebody, and give me the vaseline. The last time I blacked my face it was covered with red spots for a week afterward because I used soap instead of vaseline!"

Rupert Gunning approached Fanny with an open note in his hand.

"I've had this from your aunt," he said, handing it to her. It was decorated with sooty thumb-marks, to which Fanny's black claw contributed a fresh batch as she took it, but she read it without a smile.

It was to the effect that the heat of the room had been too much for the elder Misses Fitzroy, and they had therefore gone home, but as Mr. Gunning had to pass their gate perhaps he would be kind enough to drive their niece home.

"Oh——" said Fanny, in tones from which dismay was by no means eliminated. "How stupid of Aunt Rachel!"

"I'm afraid there seems no way out of it for you," said Rupert offendedly.

A glimpse of their two wrathful black faces in the glass abruptly checked Fanny's desire to say something crushing. At this juncture she would rather have died than laughed.

Burnt cork is not lightly to be removed at the first essay, and when, half an hour later, Fanny Fitz, with a pale and dirty face, stood under the dismal light of the lamp outside the Town Hall, waiting for Mr. Gunning's trap, she had the pleasure of hearing a woman among the loiterers say compassionately:

"God help her, the crayture! She looks like a servant that be bate out with work!"

Mr. Gunning's new cob stood hearkening with flickering ears to the various commotions of the street—she understood them all perfectly well, but her soul being uplifted by reason of oats, she chose to resent them as impertinences. Having tolerated with difficulty the installment of Miss Fitzroy in the trap, she started with a flourish, and pulled hard until clear of the town and its flaring public-houses. On the open road, with nothing more enlivening than the dark hills, half-seen in the light of the rising moon, she settled down. Rupert turned to his silent companion. He had become aware during the evening that something was wrong, and his own sense of injury was frightened into the background.

"What do you think of my new buy?" he said pacifically; "she's a good goer, isn't she?"

"Very," replied Fanny.

Silence again reigned. One or two further attempts at conversation met with equal discouragement. The miles passed by. At length, as the mare slackened to walk up a long hill, Rupert said with a voice that had the shake of pent-up injury:

"I've been wondering what I've done to be put into Coventry like this!"

"I thought you probably wouldn't care to speak to me!" was Fanny's astonishing reply, delivered in tones of ice.

"I!" he stammered, "not care to speak to *you!* You ought to know——"

"Yes, indeed, I do know!" broke in Fanny, passing from the frigid to the torrid zone with characteristic speed, "I know what a *failure* your horse-dealing at the Dublin Show was! I've heard how you bought my mare and had her shot the same night, because you wouldn't take the trouble even to go and look at her after the poor little thing was hurt! Oh! I can't bear even to *think* of it!"

Rupert Gunning remained abjectly and dumfoundedly silent.

"And then," continued Fanny, whirling on to the final point of her indictment, "you pretended to Captain Carteret and me that the horse you had bought was 'a common

THE PUBLISHERS believe that in the publication of "Modern Eloquence" they are adding something of value to the world's literature—a work that traverses entirely new fields. For the first time, the best After-Dinner Speeches, Lectures, Addresses and Anecdotes of the most brilliant men of the present generation (the past fifty years) have been gathered together.

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brute,' *a cob for carting*, and you said the other night that you had made a fool of yourself over it! I didn't know then all about it, but I do now. Captain Carteret heard about it from the dealer in Dublin. Even the dealer said it was a pity you hadn't given the mare a chance!"

"It's all perfectly true," said Rupert in a low voice.

A soft answer, so far from turning away wrath, frequently inflames it.

"Then I think there's no more to be said!" said Fanny hotly.

There was silence. They had reached the top of the hill and the gray mare began to trot.

"Well, there's just one thing I should like to say," said Rupert awkwardly, his breath coming very short; "I couldn't help everything going wrong about the mare. It was just my bad luck. I only bought her to please you. They told me she couldn't get right after the accident. What was the good of my going to look at her? I wanted to cross in the boat with you. Whatever I did I did for you. I would do anything in the world for you——"

It was at this crucial moment that there arose suddenly from the dim gray road in front of them a slightly grayer shadow, a shadow that limped amid the clanking of chains. The Connemara mare, now masquerading as a County Cork cob, asked for nothing better. If it were a ghost she was legitimately entitled to flee from it; if, as was indeed the case, it was a donkey, she made a point of shying at donkeys. She realized that, by a singular stroke of good fortune, the reins were lying in loops on her back.

A snort, a sideways bound, a couple of gleeful kicks on the dashboard, and she was away at full gallop, with one rein under her tail and a pleasant open road before her.

"It's all right!" said Rupert, recovering his balance by a hairbreadth, and feeling in his heart that it was all wrong, "the Craffroe Hill will stop her. Hold on to the rail."

Fanny said nothing. It was, indeed, all that she could do to keep her seat in the trap, with which the rushing road was playing cup and ball; she was, besides, not one of the people who are conversational in emergencies. When an animal, as active and artful as the Connemara mare, is going at some twenty miles an hour, with one of the reins under its tail, endeavors to detach the rein are not much avail, and when the tail is still tender from recent docking, they are a good deal worse than useless. Having twice nearly fallen on his head, Rupert abandoned the attempt and prayed for the long, stiff ascent of the Craffroe Hill.

It came swiftly out of the gray moonlight. At its foot another road forked to the right, instead of facing the hill that led to home and stable, the mare swung into the side road, with one wheel up on the grass, and the cushions slipping from the seat, and Rupert just saving the situation with the left rein that remained to him, said to himself that they were in for a bad business.

For a mile they swung and clattered along it, with the wind striking and splitting against their faces like a cold and tearing stream of water; a light wavered and disappeared across the pallid fields to the left, a group of starveling trees on a hill slid up into the skyline behind it, and at last it seemed as if some touch of self-control, some suggestion of having had enough of the joke, was shortening the mare's grasping stride. The trap pitched more than ever as she came up into the shafts and back into her harness; she twisted suddenly to the left into a narrow lane, cleared the corner by an impossible fluke, and Fanny Fitz was hurled ignominiously on to Rupert Gunning's lap. Long briars and twigs struck them from either side, the trap bumped in craggy ruts and slashed through wide puddles, then reeled irretrievably over a heap of stones and tilted against the low bank to the right.

Without any exact knowledge of how she got there, Fanny found herself on her hands and knees in a clump of bracken on top of the bank; Rupert was already picking himself out of rugs and other jetsam in the field below her, and the mare was proceeding up the lane at a disorderly trot, having jerked the trap on to its legs again from its reclining position.

Fanny was lifted down into the lane; she told him that she was not hurt, but her knees shook, her hands trembled, and the arm that was round her tightened its clasp in silence. When a man is strongly moved by tenderness and anxiety and relief he can say little to make it known; he need not—it is known beyond all telling by the one other person whom it concerns. She felt suddenly that she was safe, that his heart was torn for her

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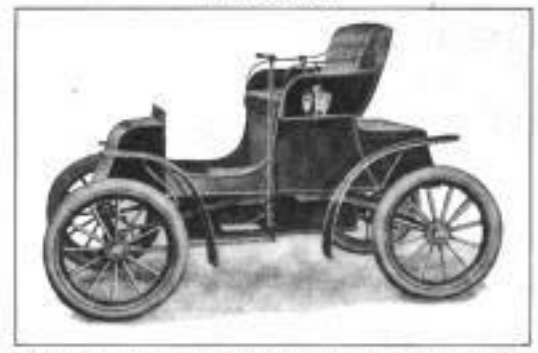

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sake, and that the tension of the last ten minutes had been great. It went through her with a pang, and her head swayed against his arm. In a moment she felt his lips on her hair, on her temple, and the oldest, the most familiar of all words of endearment was spoken at her ear. She recovered herself, but in a new world. She tried to walk on up the lane, but stumbled in the deep ruts and found the supporting arm again ready at need. She did not resist it.

A shrill neigh arose in front of them. The mare had pulled up at a closed gate and was apparently apostrophizing some low farm buildings beyond it. A dog barked hysterically, the door of a cowshed burst open, and a man came out with a lantern.

"Oh, I know now where we are!" cried Fanny wildly; "it's Johnny Connolly's! Oh, Johnny, Johnny Connolly, we've been run away with!"

"For the Lorrud's sake!" responded Johnny Connolly, standing stock-still in his amazement, "is that Miss Fanny?"

"Get hold of the mare," shouted Rupert, "or she'll jump the gate!"

Johnny Connolly advanced, still calling his astonishment, and the mare uttered a low but vehement neigh.

"Ye've deshtroyed Miss Fanny! And Mr. Gunning, the Lord save us! Ye've killed the two o' ye! What happened ye at all? Woa gerrl, woa gerrlie! Ye'd say she knew me, the crayture." The mare was rubbing her dripping face and neck against the farmer's shoulder with hoarse whispering snorts of recognition and pleasure. He held his lantern high to look at her.

"Musha, why wouldn't she know me!" he roared; "sure it's yer own mare, Miss Fanny! 'Tis the Connemara mare I thrained for ye! And may the divil sweep and roast thim that has it told through all the counthry that she was killed!"

The Autobiography of a Beggar

(Concluded from Page 13)

"Git some one ter raise up de tent an' charge a dollar," yells Foxy, dreadful excited. "Git 'er up!"

"It can't be done," yells Crutch.

"Dat rascul ef a circus man spiled our bizness," yells One-armed Jake, "him bein' jealous ef us an' sickin' de Honoluler Queen on de Honoluler King." An' Jake cracks de circus man one wid his good arm an' one wid his wood arm, an' de crowd pitches in ter pull 'em apart, an' I don't know what would have happened only a crowd ef circus peepul comes over de bridge ter help deir side out, fer it was gittin' most terribul.

All I kin rimimber now is dat when some one got orff meh chest an' quit poundin' meh head I looked up an' seen de Honoluler King an' de Honoluler Queen a-goin' home arm in arm, de best friends in all de world, de same ez ef dey had niver been king er queen at all, but jist plain husband an' wife all deir lives.

An' I hollers ter Foxy quick an' tells him what I seen, an' he says, "Ater 'em quick, Mollbuzzer. Ater 'em! We kin git both ef 'em ter travel aroun' wid us under one tent, an' we kin have de best show in de countree. De Honoluler Queen is better en a tiger er a elerphunt. 'Stead ef dancin' we kin let 'em fight. Ater 'em quick, Mollbuzzer."

An' I scoots ater 'em, Foxy jist a little bit ahint meh yellin', "Coax him, Mollbuzzer, coax him; promise him a red silk tent an' a yaller banjo, an' her a diamond bracelet an' a yaller handkerchief."

An' in meh excitemint I didn't notice dat Foxy kep' care ter keep ahint meh an' coax meh ter coax dem, fer when I ketched de Honoluler King he jist grabs meh by de neck an' he says, "Dere's de man what cut meh pants orff an' painted meh red."

"Dat's de man, is it!" yells de Honoluler Queen, a-lookin' at meh sharp; "dat's de same man what called meh names yisterday."

"I got a diamond tent an' a yaller diamond," I started fer ter explain, but dey wouldn't even wait ter hear what I had ter give 'em, but bein' in a hurry he jist took all de coin what I had away from meh, sayin' it was his'n, anyway.

De more I thinks ef de circus bizness, Mr. Anterpolergist, de more I thinks ef Mr. P. T. Barnum, fer how he could keep elerphunts an' tigers an' Honoluler Queens goin' 'round de same ring an' not git hurt bisself is a mysteree ter meh. Maybe he wore Injee-rubber clothes an' had a peculiar kind ef skin.

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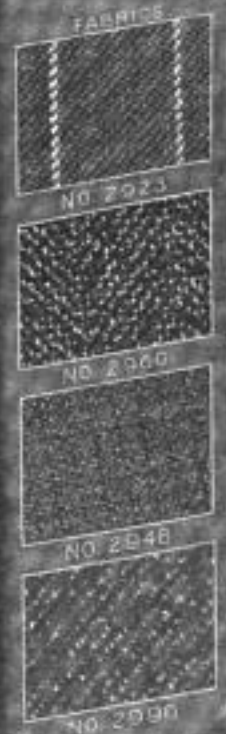

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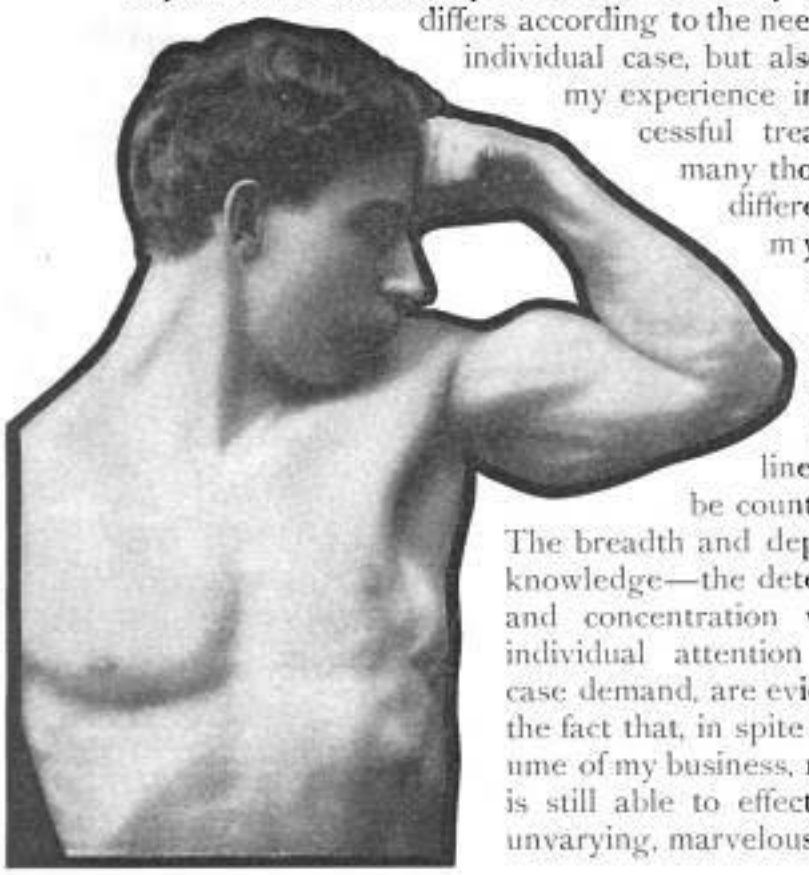

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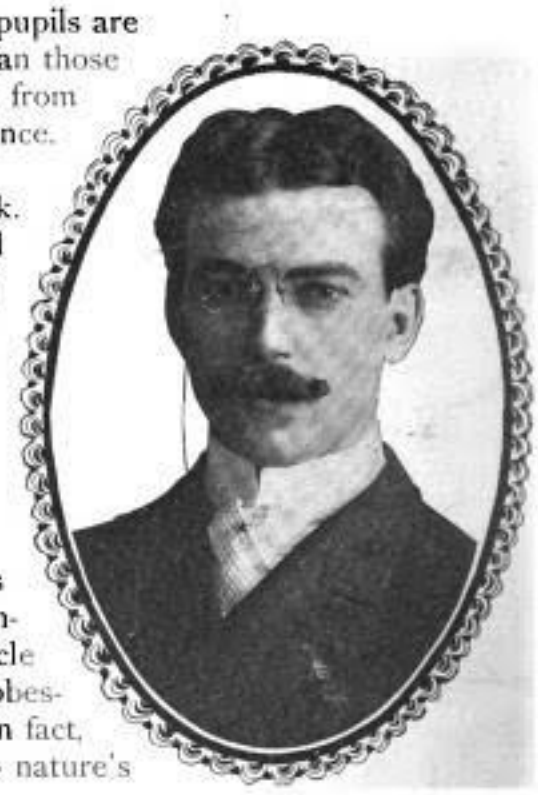

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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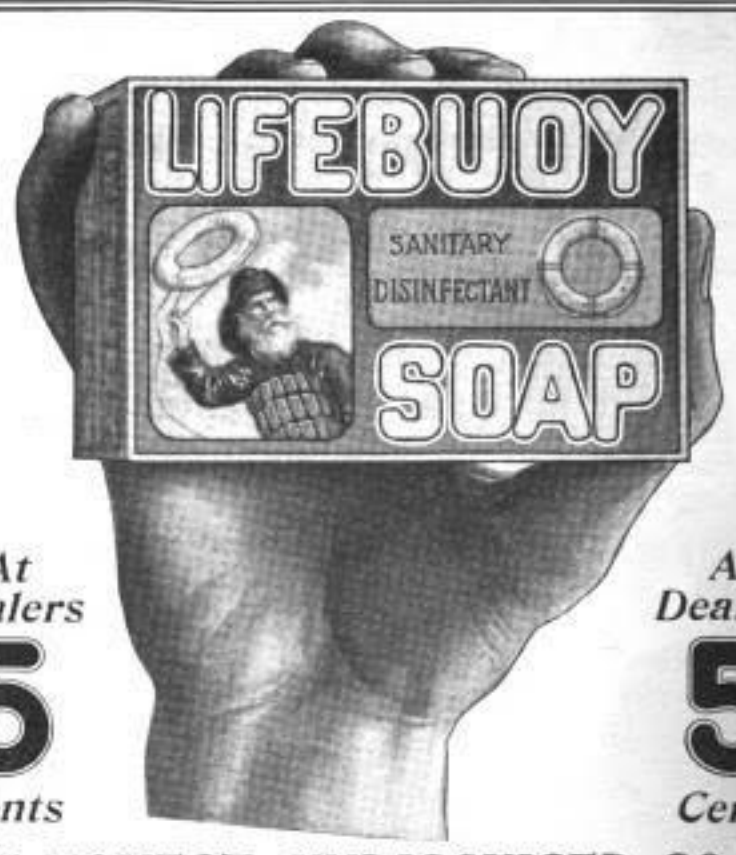

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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THE BRAIN TRUST

The Oligarchy that Rules the Country

By William Allen White

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SENATOR PLATT
OF CONNECTICUT

A GREAT editor has been described as a man who knows where the devil is going to break out next, and who has a reporter on the spot to tell about it. If this definition is correct, the fact is significant that more reporters hang up their overcoats in the press gallery of the United States Senate than in any other news centre in the world. During the three or four years last past there has been a gradual thinning out of reporters in the press gallery of the House of Representatives, and now it is virtually deserted. But the Senate press gallery lobby is crowded. Which fact seems to indicate that the real power in the legislative branch of the American Government has passed from the House to the Senate. Yet it is not well to be cock-sure. For there is always a crowd about the doors of the House; the lobby before the door of the House Committee on Ways and Means is always thronged, and the patter of hurrying feet on the tiled corridors of that part of the Capitol where even the minor committees of the House are found is never silent during the working-day. With people who do things and have real, though often trivial, business, the House is still popular. The Senate is not so. And yet newspaper men, who generally sense things accurately, avoid the House and court the Senate. The conditions are anomalous. The explanation is this: In the House news is made under cover, in committees, by machine, as it were; measures that have been incubating for years, burst suddenly through their shells in the House, without warning, without discussion, and hurry to their passage. Not a dozen members know what bills are coming, outside of the committeemen who bring these bills in full-fledged. Debate is smothered in the House, and measures go to a vote on party lines. There is no news element in the cut and dried, and reporters avoid it. But in the Senate, because debate is unlimited, the real merits of the measure in question will be discussed, and there reporters go for the meat of the matter. It was supposed by the makers of the Constitution that the House would initiate legislation and that the Senate would have merely a veto power on the House's bills. The situation now seems to be this: The House winnows out the chaff from among the many bills introduced, and hands them up for the Senate to formulate, discuss and pass; then voting upon reports of conference committees, after the Senate has hammered a bill into a prospective law, the House has the veto on the Senate's initiative.

Thus it happens that, the House being no longer a deliberative body, the strong men of the House are leaving it for the Senate. The great national careers of the eighties and nineties that were made in Congress at all were made in the House. Blaine, McKinley and Reed grew famous and powerful in the House. Harrison served a term in the Senate, but that term did not add much lustre to his name. The Senate in those days was considered an old gentlemen's home, a kind of male embroidery club, where elderly men of means could enjoy their afternoon snoozes while their wives and daughters were dressing for dinner. So it happens that the Senate, in its dawning day of power, is filled with rich old snoozers, and eight men, only two of whom are more than well-to-do, run things in the Senate as though they had a fee-simple title to it. These eight men often are referred to as the Senate Brain Trust. They are Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Hanna, of Ohio; Platt, of Connecticut; Lodge, of Massachusetts; Hale and Frye, of Maine; Allison, of Iowa; and Spooner, of Wisconsin. These men, so far as the legislative branch of this Government goes in any affair, are the Republican party. They can unite and force the House of Representatives into any position they would insist on; for they are fair men whose judgment is reliable; and if they would join in making a request or a suggestion to the President of the United States to-day, even though his own judgment might point in another direction than theirs, he would hesitate a long time before following it on anything but a moral issue. These men are as close, taken as a group, to President Roosevelt as his Cabinet is, similarly considered. He consults them freely, and, so much as a man may do in simple dignity, he shares some of the impersonal responsibilities of his office with them. The brain trust is not a good name for these men; rather they might be called the official keepers of the National conscience.

No better preliminary work may be done, in considering the Senate and its powers and tendencies, than to look at these men briefly who control the Senate. In the first place it may be noted that five out of the eight of them are Eastern men; the Senate is dominated by the East as the House is by the West; and not merely is the majority of the Senate leaders composed of Easterners, but New Englanders — Yankees of the purest strain. Each of the eight has received some sort of a college education. Six of them, Lodge, Frye, Hale, Spooner, Platt and Allison, were trained as lawyers. There are three practical politicians in the group — Hanna, Aldrich and Lodge. Any of the others would be helpless in the upper corridors of a hotel during a hot political fight. Two of them are accounted rich — Hanna and Aldrich; the others are well-to-do American gentlemen passing middle age, who have no reason to fear want in their declining years. Excepting the three men who live west of the Alleghenies, where every reëlection to the Senate is a fight with the wolves, the Senate leaders may expect to stay in the Senate during the rest of their natural lives. They have to all intents a life tenure on their offices. They may follow the dictates of their consciences as closely as a Federal judge may without considering the caprices of the people at the polls. In the New England group there isn't a man who might not oppose his party time and again, even abuse and bullyrag his party with impunity. This liberality of action gives the East its power, and until the West takes its lariat off its members and gives them personal elbow-room the West will be represented in the Senate by nobodies. The very fact that Hanna by the crass power of personality can drag his State after him, and that Spooner by sheer intellect can command his State, and that tradition in Iowa compels Allison's reelection, gives these three men much of their strength. No State that sends a slave to the Senate, who has to cringe to public sentiment, need expect to be represented there by a man. This much, then, is seen of the group of Senate leaders: that they are trained minds and free men. Men of that type are likely to be honest; for a good head soon learns to give up the luxury of a bad heart. It is well known of men that, in all the relations of life — in business, in politics, and in the more intimate social relations — these Senate leaders are true and square. There is not a crooked stick among them. But whatever else may be said of the Senate as it now exists it will not tolerate a scoundrel among its leaders. The surest road to obscurity in the Senate is the broad and devious one.

Now the Senate and the House differ widely in this: that in the House after the thirty foremost men are named the others are utterly unknown. In the Senate when the eight foremost men are named there are twice as many other men who narrowly escape being in the first class. Among these men

SENATOR LODGE
OF MASSACHUSETTS

SENATOR HANNA
OF OHIO

SENATOR SPOONER
OF WISCONSIN

SENATOR GALLINGER
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

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are every Senator from New England and the Senators from Michigan, Indiana, Nevada, Missouri, and Senators Foraker, Quarles, Quay, Bailey, Blackburn, Dolliver, Elkins, Cullom, Morgan, Nelson, Warren, and two or three others. By a turn of the wheel of fortune any of these men in the second class may be thrown into the first class, provided always that he is reasonably decent, and just a little more honest than his times. Indeed, so far as the rules of the Senate are concerned, a man may rise from the level of the Senate to prominence at his will. There is absolutely free play for every Senator under the Senate rules. Debate is unlimited.

The machine, though it exists, is submerged, and the individual seems unhampered in his action before the Senate. Theoretically, every Senator is a leader. Yet two-thirds of the membership of the Senate is as ignorant of what is really going on, and is as ineffective in getting things done, and is as totally without knowledge of how to direct its power as the majority in the House of Representatives is under the strangling cloture rule. Nothing in this American Government shows so clearly how little laws and rules and restrictions have to do with the condition of men, and how much character *does* have to do, as the comparison between the rules of the Senate and those of the House, and the similarity of the results in the matter of leadership. Character is the only thing among men that makes things move.

The Senator's Possible Power for Evil

IT MAY be shown how under the rules of the Senate the individual possesses dangerous power. It may be demonstrated clearly that one man, standing on his rights as a Senator to debate a measure till he is convinced of his error, may prevent the passage of every bit of legislation before the Congress for six years—even the appropriation bills. There is no doubt that under the law and the rules he can do this, if the Senate does not change its rules in the mean time. It may be shown how a Senator under the present system of distributing the patronage may tie the hands of the President by refusing, for instance, to confirm any Presidential appointee for United States Marshal in the Senator's State who will not execute the laws as the Senator reads them rather than as the President wishes them executed. The possible power for evil of any Senator is to-day nearly as much as the possible power for evil of a President, provided a Senator cares to be brazen, and a President would be brazen also, and not seek cover. The power of the Senate for good or bad has been set forth ably by Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson recently. He showed how the Constitution places the appointing power in the matter of administrative offices under the Government with the President and the veto power with the Senate, and how the growth of the party system has reversed this, so that to-day Senators appoint all these officers, and the President vetoes their appointments—when he must do so—and that his desire to veto Senatorial appointments is weakened by the fact that the Senate, having power to confirm other appointments than the one immediately under consideration, may keep out of office every good and efficient man who is near the President's heart, including prospective members of his Cabinet. One may go even a step further and prove that in many States the Senator is the political boss, or office broker. In these States his power to control important Federal offices, and his vote on the confirmation of even minor Federal officers in his State has made members of Congress from his State his henchmen, and has put the State administration under his hands. There is no question about the facts here. In theory it is possible for a Senator to exercise the power of an absolute monarch in his State, and to throttle the Government of the Nation so long as he continues in office. But no such thing was ever done, nor ever will be done. No matter what horrible dragons we may carve out of the wood of possibility they will not really and truly bite; they lack one thing: life. And in reckoning the danger from rules and customs and laws we should not fail to reckon with life. It is not the things in this life that may or might happen that should engage our precautions. It is the things that do happen. There are certain recurring phenomena of existence which the race has come to understand; this understanding is coined into current proverbs: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." Evil is a coward. In the Senate of the United States, whatever is done is done openly. Everything is subject to amendment and debate. The man who would do all these terrible things with which we are threatened by the power of the Senate must do them in broad daylight. Good men and great are scarce, Heaven knows; but bad men and great are still scarcer; only one character in history is bad and great enough to do any of these dangerous things which American Senators might do, and he is supposed to be in chains and not a possible Senatorial candidate.

SENATOR ALDRICH
OF RHODE ISLAND

That some Senators do sometimes use their power villainously is, of course, true. One may even go further and say that, being human, it is probable that once in a while every Senator, however good, uses his power badly. But being representative American citizens, and being in the Senate because they are thoroughly representative, these Senators are going to act largely as the average man acts, and during a day, or a month, or a year the balance of good done by any Senator is going to oversum the small amount of evil he does. Generally the evil will be done thoughtlessly, whereas the good will come from the conscious effort to help the world along which is planted in every sane heart. But suppose a man is deliberately bad; suppose he skates as near the edge of the ice of good behavior as possible; suppose he is a moral degenerate and should happen to get into the Senate; what then? What checks are there on him?

Apparently none, but really a score. The first is self-preservation: the desire for reëlection. Putting that away, there is the common-sense of decency among the other Senators which would smother Senatorial courtesy and all its brood the moment they threatened any real danger to public welfare. But barring the sense of decency of his associates, there is the crushing power of the party machine, which, though a Senator or a group of them may control its levers and pulleys and cogs, gets its real power from the members of the party in the wards and precincts of the land. The man who would dare violate that party sense would be ground to pieces. They would all come out the same kind of sausage. The moral sense of this Republic grinds exceeding fine. And the moral sense of the people will back a man up, standing alone, just as it will grind him up, standing alone. Witness Beveridge. There is no doubt but that for six weeks a working majority of the Senate favored the admission of four Territories into the Union. During that time a majority of the people did not favor this measure. Senator Beveridge had charge of the fight against the Statehood bill that favored the admission of four States. The Senate was against him. Probably the people were with him. Then began the longest continuous filibustering fight ever made in the history of the Senate. To many outsiders it looked as though Quay was doing the filibustering. He was doing nothing of the kind. He was merely insisting day by day on a vote on the Statehood bill, and the Beveridge people, who knew the majority in the Senate was against them, would not let the matter come to a vote, and kept exercising the Senatorial right to debate the question indefinitely. Now, if Beveridge had been advocating a proposition distinctly immoral or had been opposing a proposition that stood for a great moral issue, he would have been withered by a flood of public wrath, instead of getting the mild scorching that came from a few Western papers. The beet-sugar Senators a year ago were kept jumping like dancing turkeys while they opposed a moral issue and were glad enough to announce their conversion to the Cuban reciprocity idea when Congress convened in December. Theoretically, the Senate is not near the people; it was devised as a long-term body which should be somewhat removed from popular waves of emotion and of prejudice. When these are wrong, the Senate, by some inscrutable means, withstands them. But when a wave of popular feeling is a moral wave the Senate is more sensitive to it than the House; for the men in the Senate are wiser than those in the House, and "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Where Gratitude Comes In

AND now, bearing all these things in mind, remembering that whatever gorgons lie in wait the Republic is not in the slightest danger, it may be well to consider briefly the questionable powers of the Senate. These are mostly powers of patronage. For while the House and the people are checks on the lawmaking powers of the Senate majority, the general conduct of the Senator, as has just been shown, cannot go far astray. But in patronage the Senator has much unhampered power. Gratitude is the basis of many good actions. When a Federal officer knows that a Senator—or a Representative, if he be high in authority—desires a thing done about which the public seems to have no feeling well defined, if the Senator or the Representative has that Federal officer under substantial obligations of a political nature, the thing will probably be done—provided the officer next above doesn't find it out.

Probably not ten district attorneys in the United States would refuse the request of the Senator who gave them their offices to dismiss a suit against any minor offender—if the district attorney could do so without attracting the attention of the Attorney-General of the United States.

The same thing is equally true of marshals and revenue collectors and land officers.

The responsibility for executing the laws is divided between the law-making branch of the Government and the executive. This is, of course, bad, because the blame falls not on the Senators when officers are derelict, but upon the executive branch. The thing is extra-constitutional and pernicious. But it is not a cause for revolution nor for serious alarm. In the nature of things it will correct itself before it gets too bad. So long as the people are clean the Government will be clean. And these practices, bad as they are, are really no worse than the sharp practices of business and the tricks of all trades, which pass current among the people for acumen and commendable keenness. It is easy to call the thing smart in one's own business that one scorns as crooked in another man's business! And the irregular practices of some of the Senators—not all, nor by any means a majority—represent the average moral lapses of the average man in his own affairs. These are, of course, reprehensible and should not be condoned; but on the other hand, they should not cause any one to lose faith in either his God or his country.

SENATOR FRYE
OF MAINE

A Fair Judgment of the Senate

THE Senate should be judged not by its faults nor by its virtues, but by the balance between them. It should be judged as a man is judged, not for this one good thing nor that other bad thing, but on the whole and by and large. "By their fruits ye shall know them." And under this test, taking the good and the bad, rejecting nothing, the Senate stands well. On the whole, the work of the Senate at the session last past has been good work. It may have omitted to do certain things which it should have done; but in legislation that is a small fault. Generally speaking, there are laws enough, and the failure to make one or two more is rarely serious. The important question to put is whether or not the things done were well done. If that question may be answered without apology, the result is good. And there is really nothing to blush for in the work of the Senate at this session. The bills which the Senate has helped to make laws were not all that many people desired. But they were equitable compromises between opposing extremes. All legislation is compromise. During the last half of the nineteenth century the Congress of the nation became little more than a clearing-house of opposing interests. There was scarcely any issue before the people that did not resolve itself into a tug of war between the representatives of the States in Congress: Senators, who should not be ambassadors from the several States, but tribunes of all the people of all the States, came to be mere wranglers for sectional interest. But of late years questions have arisen that have put the Senators back in the places where they belonged in the minds of the men who created the Senate—that is, as councilors of the whole nation. The discussions of our insular policy should not be sectional. Such a policy should be American policy rather than Northern, Southern, Eastern or Western. The tendency during the recent session was certainly in that direction. When that tendency grows rigid in custom the American Senate, with its open debate, renewed from year to year with new blood, "of the people and by the people," yet always out of the reach of the people in their passing spasms of anger, will be the greatest forum in the world. Then, discussing affairs beyond sectional interest (and in that much altruistic), affairs that shall test the national unselfishness and make the country take a loftier view of life than the full dinner-pail view, American Senators, relieved from the distracting details of preliminary legislation by the work of an efficient House, will find the "subject and the occasion" for true eloquence. And those times will develop the man! For it is a curious thing about our form of government that the same forces which develop great opportunities make men great enough to fill them. When opportunities go begging it will be the first sign of the nation's decay; and if that sign appears in the Senate, then indeed the alarm should be sounded. But now is not the time.

The Potato-Tender's Letter

WHICH recalls a closing story. In the old days in the Dakotas the United States Government sent some potatoes to a small army post for planting. The whole West was interested in the experiment, as it was thought then that potatoes would not grow in that soil. The potatoes were planted inside a stockade, and when the officer in charge took his squad away he left the crop in charge of a plainsman with instructions to allow no one inside the stockade and to report promptly and regularly on the potatoes. In ten days the officer got this letter from his potato-tender:

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Dere Cap: Nothink Mutch has happen sense you left. Nigger Bill whitch is a renegade Crow Injun and a War Party come up yesterday and Wanted in. Nigger Bill he road up hooping and sed: I want in, and I sed No Nigger Bill you cannot come in and he sed I am a chief and I am coming in and I sed No Nigger Bill you must not come in, and he said Well I am coming in, and he started for the wicket. Then I went and got my gun and shot Nigger Bill and killed Him. He is ded. The potatoes is doing well.

In these times there is danger of being diverted from the main and vital part of things, and seeing bias and finding trivial faults. Therefore it may be well to know that so far as the United States Senate is concerned, the potatoes, however small some of them may be, on the whole and in the main "is doing well."

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. White's articles on Washington. The next will appear in an early number.

Great Men at the Table

By William Mathews

AS EVERYTHING relating to great men is interesting, it is not strange that so much has been published about their tastes regarding things edible and potable. Possessing stronger natures—intenser likes and antipathies—than most other men, it is not strange that they have generally been exceedingly fond of particular dishes. Aristotle, the father of philosophy, who dominated the intellectual world for two thousand years, was an exception. He lived so frugally that he might almost be said to have feasted on fancy. He speaks of himself somewhere as a fit person to have lived in the world when men fed on acorns. A noted French lady said that she would commit a baseness for the sake of fried potatoes. A similar avowal with regard to some other pet dish might be made truthfully by more than one disciple of Epicurus.

It is well known that the English King who died of a surfeit of lampreys was one of the foremost statesmen and warriors of his age, besides being a scholar. Alexander Pope, who was an epicure, would lie abed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's unless he was told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he would rise instantly and hurry down to the table. His host, the brilliant orator and politician, was temperate at the table; but an over-roasted leg of mutton would strangely ruffle his temper. When Bolingbroke, inviting the cynical Swift to dinner, told of the tempting dishes that would be set before him, the Dean replied: "A plague on your bill of fare! Show me your bill of company."

Doctor Johnson had a keen relish for a leg of mutton and for a veal pie with plums. "At my aunt Fields'," he once said, "I ate so much of a leg of mutton that she used to talk of it." Being once treated to a dish of new honey and clouted cream, he ate so voraciously that his entertainer was alarmed. Dryden, declining, in 1699, an invitation from a lady to an attractive supper, wrote: "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach." The great Greek scholar, Doctor Parr, avowed that he had a great love for "hot boiled lobsters with a profusion of shrimp sauce." Byron was inordinately fond of bacon and eggs, in which he would indulge in spite of what he knew would be the inevitable result—an attack of indigestion. Another and a harmless passion of the poet was that for soda water, on which and dry biscuits he at one time almost exclusively subsisted. In this he was rivaled by the famous Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey, the millionaire author, who during the days and nights of continuous work in which he dashed off his Vathek—an Eastern tale to which Byron said that "even Rasselas must bow"—subsisted mainly on the same gaseous fluid.

Like Byron, Leigh Hunt would treat himself at late suppers to the most indigestible foods, though he had repeatedly suffered from them—"nightmare producing things," as he himself confessed, "that had nearly killed him." Ariosto had a ravenous appetite for turnips. Goethe had an immense appetite, and ate more than most men even on days when he complained of not being hungry. He took no refreshment, however, until two o'clock except a cup of chocolate at eleven. Of wine he took two or three bottles daily. Handel, who was a large, bulky man, ate enormously, and when he dined at a tavern always ordered dinner for three. When told that the dinner would be ready as soon as the company should arrive, he would exclaim: "Den pring up de dinner prestissimo; I am de company." Beethoven, who in general cared little for the pleasures of the table, yet was very fastidious and even whimsical regarding his food. Soup was his favorite dish; but it was hard to make it so as to please him. He told a servant who had lied to him that she was not pure in heart and therefore could not make good soup. Once, when his cook set before him some eggs that were stale, he threw one by one the whole batch at her.

Dr. George Fordyce, a celebrated London physician, author and lecturer on chemistry, who died in 1802, had a singular theory regarding meals. He asserted that as one meal a day was enough for a lion, it ought to suffice for a man. In accordance with this opinion, he for more than twenty years ate only a dinner during the entire day, which he took regularly at four o'clock in the afternoon at Dolly's Chop House. But then, like the one meal of the lion, it was a meal indeed. A pound and a half of rump steak, half of a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a gill of brandy, and a tankard of strong ale—these satisfied nature's cravings till twenty-four hours more had passed, and occupied one hour and a half of his time. How the doctor was able, half an hour afterward—at six o'clock, daily—to deliver his lectures on Anatomy and Chemistry it is hard to see.

The Finals and Alice Gray

By Brand Whitlock

THE HISTORY OF A MATCH THAT DECIDED MORE THAN THE CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP

ALICE sat on the piazza of the clubhouse looking out on the fair green of the home hole. Jack Lauden was already there, practicing mid-iron shots. At the finish of each stroke he held the attitude, his legs apart as in a huge stride, his body twisted on his hips, his mid-iron at an angle in the air, his eyes intent on the ball that went so unerringly on to the green. Lauden held the position each time for several minutes, rigid, like a dog that is pointing. Never once did he turn his head to look at the brilliant throng on the clubhouse piazza; he affected a complete oblivion to that presence; he seemed to be utterly absorbed in the study of his game.

Alice thought him as oblivious as he appeared. As a golfer she admired his perfect form; she admired, too, the picture he made: his spotless white flannels against the deep green of the course; the blue and white handkerchief knotted at his throat; his arms bare to the elbows and bronzed and brawny as a mower's. His plaid hose showed at his ankles whenever he whirled in his stroke, his smooth face flushed with his exertion, and his yellow curls stirred in the light breeze that blew across the links.

Haworth, standing on the lawn, leaned against the rail of the piazza. He was dressed for play; his heavy leather bag leaned against the rail beside him. He had a driver in his hand. Once or twice he swung lightly at a clover top, but he did not practice. He, too, watched Lauden and admired him. He envied him, too, his being able to play so certainly and so easily before that company. He knew that he himself should be practicing, but the company embarrassed him. He let the moments pass by. Once he looked at Alice sitting there in her white linen She was beautiful, he thought, though not so beautiful as on that day when he first had seen her, in her golf suit, her head bare, her sleeves rolled to her elbows, bending above her ball on the putting green. The gallery had held its breath that day until she made the long nineteen-yard putt. He, too, had held his breath, but not because of any suspense about the putt. But to-day he saw the admiration on her face and his own face grew long and serious. He wished the moment for playing would hasten, that he might begin and have it over.

The throng on the piazza, pacing nervously up and down, chattering, laughing, their red and green and white jackets flashing back and forth in the brilliant light of the October afternoon, gathered finally about Alice. Sissy Louison, in a new scarlet jacket with brass buttons, though he never played, posted himself directly at Alice's side.

"Well, Alice," he said, "you're my lady at the tourney to-day—the winner gets your hand, eh?" He said this in the right of impertinence that was his by virtue of his position as an old beau who had stood still in his youth, as it were, while all the generations of the town's young girls grew up, danced, drove and flirted with him, then passed on to matronhood and left him to their younger sisters.

The group about her laughed knowingly, and Sissy Louison stood with his legs apart, cocked his head, and smiled with the self-satisfaction he always felt when he had said a thing no one else would have dared to say. Alice glanced at him, but she could not achieve a steady gaze.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, twisting her gloves in her fingers and tossing her head to one side.

The group laughed again, emboldened by the effrontery of Sissy Louison. They enjoyed Alice's embarrassment.

"It makes it awfully interesting!" exclaimed Blanche Norris.

"Yes," said Alexander, "it's the most valuable president's cup ever put up in this or any other club."

"It holds so much," said Sissy Louison.

"Who're you betting on, Alice?" asked Williams rather bluntly.

"Ho, as if she'd tell!" cried Sissy Louison, clapping his hands. "That's just the point!"

He minced away, carefully reassuring himself that his cap was covering the bald spot on his head.

"Isn't he awful?" said Alice, looking after him, and trying to recover the dignity he had so seriously compromised.

"No, honestly, Alice," persisted Williams, "joking aside, who do you think will win?"

She saw that he was appealing to her now as the winner of the woman's championship.

"I really think it's a very even thing, John," she said quite seriously.

Then they all cried out and laughed immoderately, the women clapping their hands. Alice blushed deeply.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" said Sissy Louison, flitting up again.

"She says it's a very even thing!" said Blanche Norris with a significant glance.

"Why, of course! I could have told you that!" Sissy Louison replied.

"I think you're all perfectly horrid!" said Alice, flirting her gloves at them.

Williams and Alexander and the other men crossed the piazza and stood before the great blackboard on the wall of the clubhouse, where, in a graduated series of brackets, the story of the tournament for the president's cup was told. The last and smallest bracket embraced the names of Lauden and Haworth. Just below its point was written: "Champion, 1902." The name of the winner would be written in after Lauden and Haworth had played the finals that afternoon.

ALICE

The men studied the record as if they might pick the winner. The joking she had endured that afternoon had gone deeper in her heart than Alice Gray would admit even to herself. She knew that society, because of the gossip about her relation to this match, had revived an interest in a sport it feared was no longer as fashionable as it once was, and she knew, too, how much truth there was in society's sentimental tale; there was enough, so far as her own indecision and trouble of heart went, at least, to make her wish they would discuss some other topic.

When Sissy Louison had nervously tripped away again she looked out over the green, across the gully, and far away to where the sun lay bright and warm on The Veldt. Her eyes dreamily rested on the canvas pavilion on the hill at the fifth tee, gleaming, a white spot, through the October haze that filled the valleys between the smooth green hills.

"Isn't it an ideal day?" she said at length.

"Look at Jack Lauden," said Blanche Norris irrelevantly, her eyes on nearer scenes. "His form is perfect!"

"Yes," said Mollie Wells, "but where is Archie?"

"He's over there," said Blanche, pointing to Haworth. He was still leaning against the railing of the piazza.

"I wonder why he isn't practicing?" said Mollie. "Does he think it isn't necessary?"

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Haworth had felt their gaze upon him, and he glanced up uneasily. He saw that Alice was looking at him now, and he felt drawn toward her. He picked up his caddie bag and came over to where she sat in the midst of the group. He leaned over the rail, folding his bare arms upon it.

"Why aren't you practicing?" asked Alice rather severely.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered, kicking the toe of his hobnailed shoe into the sod. "Jack's in great form to-day, isn't he?" He turned to look at Lauden, seeking to divert attention from himself to his competitor. Lauden had moved toward the green and had taken his mashie.

"He drops 'em dead every time," remarked Mollie.

The girls went to the other end of the piazza to follow Lauden's practice play, and the men soon went after them. Haworth turned again and looked up at Alice.

"Are you nervous?" she asked.

"Frightfully," he replied.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "What for?"

"Well," he answered, "you know I never can play with a gallery."

"How did you get along this morning?"

"Not very well."

"Not very well?"

"No. I played eighteen holes with Clifton."

"That was too much. You should have rested. How did you come out?"

"He beat."

"He!" said Alice in scorn. "How, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I don't know," Haworth said, almost penitently. "He made an eighty-three." He mused a moment. "He wore that striped sweater of his—that always does make me fidgety."

She looked at him sympathetically.

"And then," he continued, "Lauden's got that caddie this afternoon." He pointed at the boy leaping into the air in a pretense of catching Lauden's balls. "I never could play with that kid around. He nearly drives me crazy."

"Oh, Archie, you are simply ridiculous!" exclaimed Alice.

"I know it," he confessed. "I'm ridiculous about a good many things." He spoke with a meaning, then glanced about to see if any one were near. They were quite alone. He leaned farther over the railing. Then he added: "You, for instance."

She made no reply.

"You might at least deny *that* is ridiculous," he complained. "Of course the thought of my presumption is ridiculous. I know that." He ended hopelessly, hanging his head.

"Hadn't you better be thinking about golf? You have enough whims as it is—with your striped sweaters and your caddies and all that. Of course," she hastened to do the justice of one golfer to another, knowing the moods and tenses of the game, "I understand just how they affect you. I nearly lost my match because Sadie Harnett wore her hair in a pigtail down her back—as if she were still sixteen—the silly thing!"

"There's something else," Haworth began.

"What's that?"

"You."

"Me?"

"Yes, you," he answered boldly. "I shall never be able to keep my eye on the ball with you about."

MacNeal, the professional, was coming out of the club-house, clattering across the piazza in his spiked shoes. With him were Lawrence, the president of the club, and Gregory, who was to score.

"It's time," said Alice. She sprang to her feet.

"Yes," said Haworth. A chill was on him. He picked up his bag. The whole brilliant throng moved across the green toward the tee of Westward Ho, the first hole.

Lauden drove, a long, clean drive, straight across the pond two hundred yards down the course. Haworth, with a deliberation that Alice knew was to overcome his nervousness, addressed his ball again and again. It rather exasperated Alice, the more because when he drove at last his ball was quite as good, in direction and in distance, as Lauden's. Then the players and the gallery trooped down the hill and across the little white bridge to the fair green. Haworth could see Alice walking ahead with Lauden. Lauden was laughing down into her very eyes, and she was smiling back into his.

"I'm going to win, Alice," Lauden was saying. "I'll beat him to a standstill. I know it."

"I wouldn't be too cock-sure," she said.

"All right," Lauden answered, tossing his head, "you wait and see. I'll lay that cup in your hands to-night."

"How romantic you are, Jack!" Alice exclaimed. "Just like a crusader!" Her tone was one of irony, but her blush was one of pleasure.

Haworth was playing the odd; his ball dropped on the green and Lauden pitched his beside it easily. They putted out in two each and halved the hole.

The second hole, where the drive is over the burn, as every one loved to hear MacNeal call the high-banked stream, was the hardest on the course. But the rivals played it evenly until they were on the green. Haworth, twenty feet from the hole, was putting. Alice saw that, just as he drew back his club, he cast his glance toward her. The putt was short; he played one more. Lauden went in on his fifth stroke and the hole was his.

"It's absurd," said Alice to Mollie Wells, "how Archie lets little things throw him off his game."

Haworth, however, won the third hole, running down a long putt from the edge of the green for a three. The girls clapped their hands.

"Sh!" went Lawrence, hushing them. He took golf even more seriously than did MacNeal; so seriously that he always met the club's deficits at the end of the year.

They halved the fourth hole, and Lauden won the fifth. On the sixth, the smooth terrace that lay along the side of the ridge, he played perfectly, so that the gallery applauded again. Haworth had topped his drive, and it required four for him to hole out. Lauden was two up.

With Haworth, Alice climbed the hill up to the seventh tee.

"What was it that time?" she said almost petulantly.

"It was that Mrs. Cordill; didn't you hear her? Jabbering away there at the tee just as I drove! Can't anything be done to keep her still?"

"Jack doesn't mind it," said Alice. "He's playing faultless golf. Look at him now—and such form!"

She stood, as it were, on tiptoe, breathless.

"Watch his follow-through!" she whispered hurriedly.

Lauden's driver cracked, and the ball soared gracefully across the ravine, far down the course. He turned away with a nonchalant smile.

"Splendid, Jack!" cried Alice.

The throng looked at her.

"Want to bet on him, Alice?" called Sissy Louison.

"Sh!" went Lawrence, and she stopped stock-still, the wind playing with her skirts. Haworth glanced at her. She caught the appeal in his glance. Then he drove, pressing savagely, but his drive cleared the ravine.

"Nice one, old man," patronized Lauden.

Haworth made no reply, but ran in long leaps down into the ravine and up the other slope.

"He's out of sorts," said Mollie Wells. "Isn't he?"

"Why, I hadn't noticed it," said Alice with an air almost of injury.

Haworth's brassie fell on the hither side of the sunken road that made a hazard for the green and gave the hole its name of Waterloo, but he pitched his ball on to the green and it ran prettily down to within a foot of the hole.

"Bonnie shot!" exclaimed MacNeal in his deep voice, and the gallery laughed. There was pride in the laugh; they all felt so thoroughly repaid. MacNeal was their greatest comfort. They never omitted to explain, in speaking of him, "He learned his game at St. Andrews, you know." It demanded an offhand manner, but they had acquired that.

The bonnie shot enabled Haworth to halve that hole as well. But on Valley Creek, with its bogey of five, Haworth took six, while Lauden, never varying in his game, made the hole in bogey and won.

"He's two up, isn't he?" asked Mollie Wells.

"Three," Alice replied with a sudden and surprising pride. She marveled, secretly, to herself; and she walked with her head down, meditating. Mollie drew away from her and entwined her arm about Blanche Norris.

"I've solved the problem," she whispered. They were lifting their skirts as they went through the tall grass toward the group of slender little pines that grew between the green of the eighth and the tee of the ninth hole.

"Which is it?" Blanche asked.

"Jack!" Mollie replied.

"How do you know?"

"Because," Mollie said.

"Dear me!" Blanche marveled.

Katherine Mendenhall overtook them.

"We know now," Blanche hastened to assure her.

"Tell me," Katherine demanded.

And they told her just as Sissy Louison, having seen them with their heads together, ran up.

"What is it, girls?" he said eagerly, bending near them. "Tell me too!"

"Oh, nothing," Mollie replied coldly.

But Blanche was more generous.

"We have found out that it's Archie, that's all," she said.

"Nonsense!" Sissy Louison replied. "I know better. It's Jack Lauden—you'll see!" He winked knowingly, and the girls clutched each other, furtively, rapturously. Lauden had made his drive, using a mid-iron on the short hole, and then he took his stand beside Alice to await Haworth's effort. Alice, looking at Haworth, saw that the perspiration was streaming down his face. The autumnal sun had been slanting down on them, but she knew that his warmth had other causes. He teed his ball, and then when about to drive he paused and drew out his handkerchief, wiping the perspiration from his eyes, then scouring his whole face roughly. There was something almost pitiable about it. He made ready again, and was about to swing when a web of gossamer, floating lightly on the October breeze, blew across his face. He puffed at it impotently, but he had to draw out his handkerchief again to wipe it away. There was something ridiculous about it this time. A titter rippled through the group of onlookers, just as Haworth swung. His ball went swishing a little way through the long grass, and stopped. Consequently, in the end, the hole was Lauden's, three to four. The match was half played, and they all turned toward the tee of the tenth hole. Alice overheard Lauden say to Haworth:

"Hard luck, old man."

"Bad playing," Haworth answered, sternly just.

She dropped behind the others, for she felt a sudden need of being alone. The contest, though it was not at all close, was wearing on her nerves. She looked ahead at Lauden, at his broad shoulders, and his fair curly head that sat so firmly upon them. He swung confidently along, a man to admire, as one of those destined to win at everything, and to win easily, gracefully, with a laugh. She had felt the force of his nature in the look of those blue eyes; she had felt it often as they had been turned upon her. As he strode on, chatting with Haworth, her own heart beat rapidly. Once, glancing at him, she saw his profile as he turned to speak to Haworth. She caught her breath. She told herself that she cared nothing especially for his prowess at golf; that, of course, was an inconsequential thing; but it gave her an insight into his character. He was one of those strong, virile men, born to lead, to command, to summon victory. He carried himself in his business just as he did on the links; he was supreme there as well. His men all loved him, and, with that apparently negligent disregard of attire that gave his mode of wearing good clothes its greatest charm, he could go any moment into the works and toil with them. They never had any strikes at the Lauden Company's plant. She remembered that Jack had told her strikes didn't pay. And this was the man who loved her, who had so often told her that he intended to make her his wife. She thrilled under the thought, and glancing at him in that instant she suddenly dropped her eyes and blushed. She gazed, then, far across the links; the little green hills rolled away; the sun lay warm upon them; the little flags that marked the course fluttered smartly; here and there she caught the silver glint of the little stream; the whole valley was filled with the hazy air; gossamers trailed by; far off the motionless forests banked their brilliant colors against the serene sky. As she gazed, tears dimmed her eyes, and a vague unhappiness, a sorrow that was yet an ecstasy, came over her. She felt that this question which had so long troubled her must be settled soon; she could not go through such another winter as the last, with Jack and Archie after her all the time, and ready to fly at each other's throats any moment, yet always maintaining the punctilious truce of gentlemen. Her eye again followed Lauden: he had carelessly dropped his ball on the grass tee, and stood gazing down the course, measuring his distance. He swung his driver once or twice, then switched it in a great arc through the startled air, and sent the ball careering far across the brook. He watched it until it had fallen and ended its long roll; then he turned. His eye caught hers; his white teeth showed in a smile; and she smiled back at him.

But as Haworth stooped to pat his tee into form Alice told herself that she must not admit such considerations now; she must watch and enjoy this match, and she must view it from the unbiased and judicial standpoint of a golfer who hopes that the better man may win. She went forward resolutely and stood beside Mollie Wells and Blanche Norris. Raising her eyes she caught a glimpse of Lauden standing with his

BORN TO LEAD, TO COMMAND, TO SUMMON VICTORY

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muscular arms folded across his broad chest, his driver hanging in one hand. He was standing by the side of MacNeal, who had taught him his game. But Alice checked herself again; she felt that she must not look at Jack now—there would be time enough for that—and again she felt the warm glow within her breast. No, she must watch Haworth. He was rising from his stooping posture and taking his stance. As she looked at him she remembered an evening long ago. . . . It was a pity, she felt; she did hope—it all flashed through her mind in the instant that he was addressing his ball—she did hope that he would win a few holes now, that the match might be more even. His driver sang through the air, and his ball followed Lauden's. He was, of course, a little short, and had to play the odd. His approach was perfect. The gallery applauded. Lauden, in playing the like, fell short; he played one more. Then in two putts each they holed out, but Haworth had won that hole, and Lauden was only three up.

A look of black determination had settled on Haworth's face, and he played the eleventh hole, The Gulch, in that spirit. Lauden had grown careless, and made his first bad drive of the afternoon, going into the bunker. Thus it was that Haworth was playing one off three when his brassie laid him on the green. So he won the hole and Lauden was only two up. He won the twelfth hole almost as easily.

"Nothing can cope with that kind of work, Archie," laughed Lauden.

Alice saw Haworth, as he approached the tee, glare at Lauden's caddie. The boy was leaning idly on the sand-box moulding little tees along its edge.

"Fore, caddie," said Haworth in a low voice as he balanced for his stance.

"Come back here, kid," said Lauden. The caddie obeyed and Haworth began swinging his club lightly back and forth. There was silence. Alice looked at him; she could see the trouble in his eyes; the strain was telling. He drove, and he sliced badly. And Alice felt a vague new trouble in her heart.

"He's off his game, eh, Alice?" said Sissy Louison, using a phrase he had heard.

"No," she replied, "Mr. Lauden's caddie should not have stood where he did."

"Why, he wasn't in the way," said the old beau.

"Psychologically he was, Mr. Louison," replied Alice coldly.

"I thought that he teed too high," said Katherine Mendenhall, who had just then joined them.

"No," said Alice with her expert knowledge, "it wasn't that; he caught it on the toe of his club. It's too bad."

They went down the green, and after playing out of the rough grass beside the course Haworth was still away, and in playing he sclaffed. Lawrence ran over and solicitously replaced the divot. Alice, with her eyes on Haworth, who was waiting beside his ball, felt that if he would only show anger it might aid her own feelings.

"I'd swear if it were I," said Mollie Wells who had halted near her.

"So should I," she replied.

Lauden, about to play, paused coolly and lighted a cigarette. The fragrance of it was blown across to where they stood. Alice caught the odor. The men, sniffing it eagerly, lighted cigarettes themselves. But Alice felt that it would have been more generous in Lauden not to have lighted his cigarette just at that crisis. Lauden's stroke, of course, was perfect; the ball rose, sailed over the hill, fell a foot from the hole and fell dead. He won the hole in three.

"Two up now," said some one near Alice. Somehow it impressed her sadly, and she knit her brows, wondering why.

They were upon The Veldt now, the long, straight, beautiful hole, five hundred and one yards in length, lying on the uplands, commanding the whole countryside, and swept always by inspiring winds.

"Any one could play golf up here," said Gregory, filling his lungs gladly with the pure air.

Lauden drove and Haworth drove, and their balls lay, white dots, side by side, far down the green, beyond the two-hundred-yard post, and almost to the road. Lauden and Haworth, their drivers over their shoulders, marched side by side like two soldiers, their caddies and the group of enthusiasts following them closely. Once, as he marched, Lauden swung carelessly at the white head of a dandelion which, at a distance, looked so much like a ball; he scattered its down to the winds. He swung as lightly at his ball, and it sped on and on and on, seeming to climb through the air each instant to accelerate its speed. Haworth's brassie was as fine; the gallery applauded. Their approaches were good, and they halved the hole by perfect play.

They were at the fifteenth hole, the one they called The Oaks, because some small trees of that variety grew out of the gully that divided the two little breasts of hills, and the man from whom the grounds were leased would not let them cut the trees down. Here Lauden, for some reason, took his cleek to drive, and for some reason the action affected Alice as had the lighting of the cigarette. The calm and serene assurance of the thing made Haworth's position all the more pitiable. Lauden seemingly had but to slap his ball with the iron to send it to the ravine; there it lay waiting for a mid-iron to place it on the green. But Haworth, too, used an iron, and Alice felt a vicarious embarrassment. He fell short, and in playing the odd he went into the gulch; he played two more with a niblick before he surrendered and dropped back with his penalty. Lauden, of course, won the hole easily. He was two up now, and but three to play.

"He has a chance, though," some one was saying of Haworth.

"Yes, by winning all three holes," some one else replied.

"Which is just the same as one chance in a thousand," a third observed, almost contemptuously.

"I told you it would be Jack, girls," Alice heard Sissy Louison's voice saying.

The sixteenth hole had an elevated green; behind and all around the ground sloped sharply away from it. It looked like the glacis of a fort, and it served a like purpose. In playing his third shot Haworth overplayed the green. Lauden's approach had been played with his usual accuracy; he had laughed when his ball rolled almost into the hole.

"He's as good as dormie," Alice heard them saying.

Haworth played; his ball by an effort gained the green. He played one more, a long putt that rimmed the cup. Then Lauden carelessly touched his ball; he did not even take his putter to do it; he used the mashie he held in his hand. His ball rattled in the cup, and he had won the hole and the match and the president's cup. A shout rang out, they all clapped their hands, and then began the chatter of their congratulations.

"Will you play the by-holes?" asked Gregory.

Haworth shook his head.

"THEN," HE BEGAN, "I MAY—AFTER ALL——"

Lauden gave his club to his caddie, and the boy marched proudly in front of the little procession that started across the green toward the clubhouse. Lauden was striding along; beside him strode MacNeal and Lawrence and Gregory, all of them talking volubly, leaning over to look into each other's faces and drive their points home, all of them golfers. The rest followed, eager, enthusiastic, happy, identifying themselves promptly with the victor and the victory.

Haworth was back on the green, alone but for his caddie. The boy looked up into his face and Haworth smiled.

"Well, lad," he said, laying his hand on the boy's head—they had taken to calling the caddies "lad" when MacNeal came among them—"Well, lad, we'll have to be satisfied with our position as runner-up."

"I'd rather caddie for you at that," said the boy, sneering toward the clubhouse.

Haworth laughed and was touched. He started then after the others.

Alice had gone with the crowd, but as they advanced she found herself going ever more slowly. She did not have the joy in the victory she had anticipated. She thought of Haworth and glanced about, but she did not see him. She felt, presently, that he was somewhere back there behind her, alone in defeat. She fell away from the excited gallery. Haworth, looking up, saw that she was lagging far behind the others. She stopped at last, then started on, then turned and started on again. She hesitated in her steps; finally she whirled and faced him. As he looked at her she came back. She met him frankly, her hand outheld.

"I'm awfully sorry, Archie, really I am," she said.

He took her hand and replied:

"Thank you, Alice."

She looked into his face.

"Why, Archie!" she exclaimed. "Don't take it *that* hard!"

He smiled.

"I don't mind the cup; that's nothing; but—you know, Alice, what they've been saying. Of course, it's silly, but it got on my nerves—into my very being. I felt that if I lost the match—I lost——"

He glanced about. The caddie was moping far behind.

"That's what made it hard," he went on. He bent nearer. She faltered upon the beginning of some speech, then suddenly she looked up at him, and as suddenly her eyes fell.

"I don't think I'd pay much attention to what they all say," she said.

Haworth halted.

"Alice!" he almost cried.

"Don't," she protested. "Be careful."

He was bending over her.

"Then," he began, "I may—after all——"

She smiled into his eyes, and an ecstasy swam within him.

Side by side, in silence, they walked over to the clubhouse, and on the steps of the piazza Lauden awaited them, surrounded by his admirers. He looked big in his victory.

"Come on, Archie," he called, "come on. There's a bottle waiting for you."

Haworth stepped up with a rare smile.

"I must congratulate you, Jack. I never saw more magnificent golf."

He smiled so readily, and was so fine and generous about it all, that they marveled at the splendid grace with which he took his defeat. But that was for a second only. They all looked again at him, then at Alice standing there beside him. And as they looked at them the pair blushed hotly. Suddenly Lauden's face fell. The throng was breathless an instant, then they all clapped their hands.

"Bonnie shot!" cried Sissy Louison.

And they all burst into laughter.

On the blackboard Lawrence had just written in the blank above the words "Champion 1902":

"Lauden, 3 up 2 to play."

Lauden glanced at the inscription.

"I think," he said slowly, "that I look more like the runner-up—at least to me."

The company had come down from the piazza and were pressing around Haworth and Alice. But she ran from them, Mollie and Blanche and Katherine attending her with a new and intense solicitude. They heard her say on the threshold of the clubhouse:

"Hurry up, Archie; I have my trap; I'll drive you home."

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The New Lawyer at Seminole

By Willis Gibson

HOW HE HELD A BRIEF FOR BOTH SIDES OF THE CASE AND WON FOR BOTH HIS CLIENTS

"I THINK YOU ARE THE MAN TO HELP ME WITH A LITTLE JOB I HAVE ON HAND"

ON A CERTAIN December afternoon, in his Chicago office, the General Manager of the West Trunk System opened with a bang the venerable book in which were recorded the holders of the company's annual passes, and, girding himself for a long-deferred work of reform, ran a belligerent eye down its initial page. The first name at which he paused was that of Arlo Crane, mayor of Seminole, Illinois.

Arlo Crane had stood Seminole's mayor sixteen years, but he had held his pass even longer. Back in the pioneer days of the road some now-forgotten director—a friend of Crane—had put his name on the book. It seemed to the General Manager that after half a lifetime of free rides a man ought to be willing to pay fare. He dipped a pen deep into his red-ink well—and all unknowingly into a mess of trouble—and drew a flaming band through Arlo Crane's entry.

New Year's morning, out in Seminole, Mayor Crane entered the post-office, scattering greetings all about him, and blithely sorted his mail in quest of the yellow envelope stamped with the red driving wheel—the trade-mark of the West Trunk—that had so long been wont to await him on that day. When he failed to find the yellow envelope he marched from the post-office quite discomfited, with never a "Happy New Year" for any one. Arlo Crane had seldom actually used his "annual," but he had found it very agreeable nevertheless to take the shiny little card from his wallet occasionally and read that "On Presentation Hereof, Hon. A. Crane Will be Passed Over All Divisions." More than that, a famous dignity had been trod upon; the proudest man in a proud man's town had been cast aside without a line of explanation.

Now in the Seminole Council there was an alderman, Mr. Mink, who was happy only when he was revising the City's laws. On the second Monday in January Alderman Mink chanced to turn his attention to the ordinance under which the West Trunk, to avoid a marsh in the path of its mile-long spur to the plant of the Union Packing Company, had laid one hundred yards of track on D Street, an isolated grade on the western outskirts of town. Mr. Mink wanted this ordinance repealed.

Unwittingly he stumbled upon a time when Mayor Crane, still finding no yellow envelope in his post-office box, had come to regard himself as a much-abused gentleman. In respect to Alderman Mink's project the Mayor felt called upon to address the Council so vigorously concerning the unbridled greed of railways—which, he said, was becoming more than ever apparent of late years—that the Honorable Body, quite carried away, passed the repeal almost unanimously, and by wire gave the West Trunk until the following noon to get its rails up. When upon the arrival of the appointed noon the spur continued intact, Mayor Crane gravely led Seminole's six policemen to D Street. Removing the coupling fish-plates at intervals, the Mayor and his men divided the one hundred yards of trespassing track into half a dozen sections, then with crowbars turned the sections, one after another, bodily upside down.

Next morning—Wednesday—there was a sensation in Seminole. The West Trunk passenger depot, a dingy but comfortable wooden structure, which since the coming of the road had stood, most conveniently, at the point where the tracks crossed busy Broadway, had disappeared. And to the vast crowd of citizens that congregated to gape astounded at its empty foundations the thing remained wholly inexplicable until a young clerk from the window of the near-by freight-house benevolently shouted:

"If it's the passenger depot you folks are looking for, you'll find it at its new location—California Avenue."

The citizens stared incredulous. California Avenue! Why, that was a mile and a half to the eastward, hidden beyond the top of the Long Grade, on the very limits of the city; in fact, California Avenue *was* the city limit. It marked the terminus of the West Trunk's long yard. A part of ill-fated Apple Blossom Addition, which never had been settled, it was really no street at all. There was no grade there, no sidewalks; nothing but rotting surveyors' stakes.

Nevertheless no better explanation appeared; presently the citizens trudged, a doubting cavalcade, to the brow of the Long Grade, and gazed out over the level country beyond.

There it was, the old brown depot, just within the borders of forgotten Apple Blossom Addition, still, lonely, like some country way-station, a solitary structure amid a limitless expanse of snow-wrapped meadows. It sat—rude steps rigged to its doors—upon two coupled flat-cars switched out close beside the main track, on the one siding of the yard that extended so far to the east. In the night a gang had come in on a special, moved the depot astride a handy side-track, lifted it high on jackscrews, run the flats beneath it, then towed away cars and depot at the tail of their engine.

That evening's Herald published an interview with the railroad's agent that clinched the matter. As soon as warmer weather permitted, he stated, foundations would be laid for the depot at its new location. Telegraphic business would continue to be transacted at Broadway through the instruments in the freight-house, and the depot, as formerly, would close for the night with the passing of the Omaha Limited at ten, but passenger trains would hereafter stop to discharge and receive passengers only at California Avenue.

Ponderously, then, a monster indignation outspread through decorous Seminole. Early in the afternoon of Thursday handbills appeared announcing for the night, at the City Hall, a mass-meeting to authorize a legal campaign against the West Trunk's scheme of retaliation which before surrender should be carried to the highest courts in the land. Everywhere men read the call with stern faces, grave, determined. In all the town there was but a single exception. Lawyer Richard Forest, junior member of the Seminole bar, scanning the handbill in his Broadway office, got on his feet abruptly, and declared with unmistakable jubilance to the walls of his empty room:

"By Jingo, boys, this is going to be a *fight!*"

But a moment before young Forest had been celebrating his first anniversary in Seminole by inspecting a journal whose credit columns, aside from a few odd jobs, collections and the like, sent him by out-of-town patrons who secured his name from the State Bar Directory, stood stark white. At his case book, resting brave and bulky near by, he had not troubled to look. Only once had an entry threatened to appear there. Roderick Mullen, a boss stevedore at the Union Packing Plant, because he had not been invited to the Erin Club's ball, had jovially taken possession of the Armory, where the affair was to occur, and held it, the only guest, until morning. Legal clouds that overhung the stevedore in consequence, Forest, by some diplomacy and much handshaking, had cleared away. Ungratefully, Mr. Mullen has so far neglected to pay his fee.

Forest had chosen Seminole for his first office on information—imparted by a former college chum professing to know the Middle West—that the town had "ten thousand well-fed citizens, no end of prosperous businesses, and no one to manage its litigations save a dozen gentle old judges whose desks stand knee-deep with year-old matters. The town," Forest's friend asserted, "is sound asleep, just waiting for a hustler to wake it up."

Forest had not come to Seminole a green hand. For the preceding two years he had been well connected with the legal department of a great Chicago corporation. Also, he had grit, ambition, a plucky young wife, and a comfortable bread-and-butter fund.

But Seminole, so he immediately found, if sound asleep, was loath to be awakened. Essentially an old man's town, long-settled, slow-going, cautious, it cherished the old ways of business. After a generation of attorneys who stalked to their offices solemn and preoccupied, their chins bowed upon their cravats, Seminole could not take seriously this new lawyer Forest who went about cheerfully, and who on Sunday afternoons took his wife on brisk tramps out into the country—a very schoolboy's recreation.

Little wonder, then, that Forest waxed enthusiastic over the handbill of the mass-meeting. He saw between its lines the chance he had so long awaited to force himself before Seminole's drowsy eye. Inevitably in the oncoming legal conflict easy-going Colonel Van Duzee, the City Attorney, and tranquil Judge Henty, the West Trunk's local counsel, would crave lieutenants by the dozen; Forest purposed to enlist. Once getting a foothold—no matter on which side—he would see to it that he made himself felt.

And forthwith he confidently set out from his office to make the opening move in the game.

"I shall need assistants, yes," said Colonel Van Duzee for the town. "But I fear"—he was wholly sincere—"that this is a task for us grayheads. I am inviting, outside of our city, veteran jurists of Quincy and Springfield to join me. If I may say so, my dear Forest, I hardly think your residence in Illinois has been sufficient to give you the familiarity with local conditions which seems to me necessary in these proceedings."

On much the same grounds Judge Henty for the railroad felt himself unable "consistently to recommend" Forest to his superiors.

Denied by plaintiff and defendant, Forest regained his office by all known standards finally separated from the case of Seminole vs. the West Trunk. But Forest threw known standards aside. He had made no mistake. The fight was to be big; outsiders, lawyers from distant towns, were being welcomed to it.

"If I can't make good here *now*," Forest told himself, "I never can."

All afternoon he paced his office floor, thinking, thinking, searching for a way by which he might still involve himself in the controversy. Telephoning his wife that he should want no supper, he went on with the struggle until the shuffling of many feet over the Broadway walks reminded him of the night's mass-meeting. Thinking to find some inspiration there, he joined the crowd.

SHE SMILED AND THOUGHT SHE KNEW THE "SOMEBODY ELSE" IN THE CASE

The meeting stood a belligerent unit. Rousing speeches followed fast one upon another. Colonel Van Duzee told at length of his plans. But Forest lost interest. His eye wandering presently fell upon a commanding old man at the back of the audience, a stranger in Seminole. On a sudden he placed him.

Then with the recollection the idea for which he had been searching all afternoon and evening abruptly gripped him. The bare scheme, bold, fantastic even, swiftly grew big within him. Details—vague, chimerical, immature—resolved themselves into a semblance of practicability. While Colonel Van Duzee was still speaking Forest struck off for home.

His wife was waiting up for him.

"Oh, Dick," she greeted him eagerly, "what about the big case, the trouble with the railroad? To-night's Herald said that every lawyer in Seminole was to take some part in it. But your name wasn't there. You're in the case, aren't you?"

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"Yes," said Forest grimly. "Yes, I'm in it."

"Oh, I knew the paper was wrong," she cried gladly. "Which side are you on?"

"Both," replied the lawyer.

Distracted though it was by the excitement of the railroad squabble, Seminole still found time to marvel at Lawyer Forest's puzzling activity through the next day. It was rumored that he had got a case. It was rumored that he had abandoned the law and was looking for a job. The town as a whole could make nothing of it.

Between breakfast and luncheon he inspected the register of the Valley House; called on Captain Hogarth, the retired civil engineer, and with him pottered for an hour over great maps of the county; visited the City Hall, and, much to the Recorder's disgust, insisted that the City's copy of the West Trunk's local franchise be dragged from the vault for his inspection; closeted himself with each of the town's real-estate dealers; interviewed the officers of the Union Packing Company. Immediately after luncheon he rented a team and cutter, and by a most unfrequented route, with many stops, drove ten miles north to Cannon Rapids, made a few inquiries there, then returned to Seminole in season for supper.

At eight o'clock that evening Forest called upon Mayor Arlo Crane at his residence. The Mayor, mildly surprised—the pair had met but once before—received the lawyer in his library. He had just lit a cigar; he offered Forest one.

"Mayor Crane," began Forest directly, "I want you—for the City—to give me the contract to bring about an immediate and peaceful settlement of the controversy between Seminole and the West Trunk System."

The Mayor, quite taken aback, rose to his feet.

"Peace! settlement!" he vociferated. "I am astonished, Mr. Forest. We, the people of Seminole, are for war. We are in want of warriors, sir, not peacemakers. And," he continued brusquely, "supposing for the moment that I wished a peacemaker, do you not think that it should be my privilege to call him to me, at my own time?"

"My position here to-night," rejoined Forest quietly, "is that of the man who comes before you with an asphalt pavement to sell—who believes he has something that you, standing for the City, can use. From what I have learned to-day I know a settlement such as I have in mind to be valuable—vital even—to both town and railroad. I believe I have plans and information to enable me, acting for both sides, to effect that settlement. My services I proffer on a business basis."

Mayor Crane doubtfully sank again into his chair and took a fresh grip on his cigar.

"Well, well," he assented stiffly, "what is it you wish to propose, then?"

"Before I propose anything," answered Forest, "I want to tell you what some of those things I learned to-day were. This morning I looked a bit into the West Trunk's rights here. I had the City's copy of their franchise brought out. From the cobwebs on its outside and the wording within it was easy to see that no one in Seminole had consulted that paper for a good many years. It was equally plain that the railroad had consulted its copy very lately. The franchise defines the West Trunk's yard property as bounded by Terrace Street on the west and California Avenue on the east—we all know that, of course. But afterward it goes on to say that the railroad 'shall be permitted, at whatsoever point or points within those yards it may find convenient, to locate and erect depots and other necessary buildings.' Well, Mayor Crane, the West Trunk finds it convenient now to locate its passenger depot at California Avenue—quite as convenient there as at Broadway. And how are we going to get around it by law? The arrangement is very inconvenient for Seminole, no doubt. But where is there anything in the franchise about Seminole's convenience?"

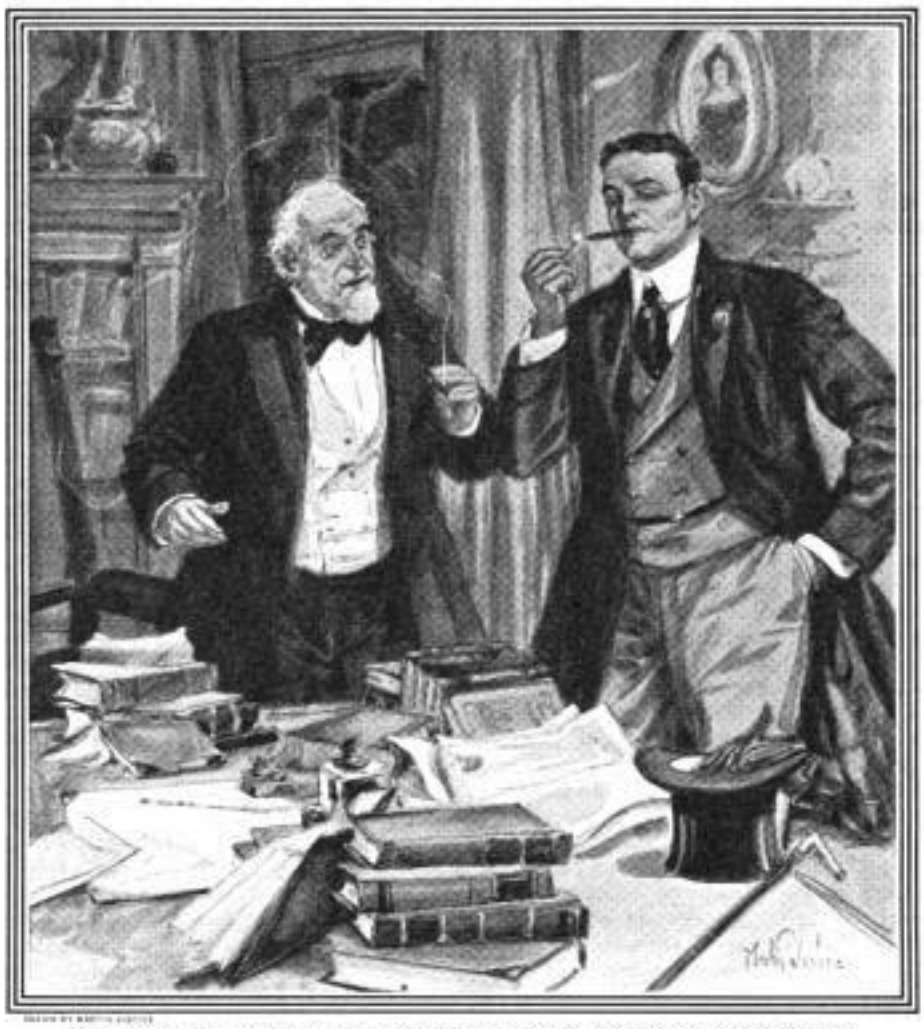
The Mayor frowned thoughtfully at the floor, his cigar smouldering unnoticed in one limp hand.

"Possibly," argued Forest, "after years of litigation the City's counselors will quash that franchise. But, in the mean time, our real-estate men tell me, attracted by the depot, an undesired addition to Seminole will spring up in the Apple Blossom neighborhood. Particularly a new, cheap business district will grow up there. Broadway businesses will lose trade, properties will stand idle. That compactness of the city which now holds real estate so high will be disrupted. Indeed, the change has already begun. In my rounds of the real-estate offices I learned of a dozen options secured by out-of-town parties on lots near the depot."

The Mayor still frowned thoughtfully. His cigar burnt out.

"Also," Forest proceeded after a silence, "I called this morning on the Union Packing Company people. I found them discussing offers of sites and bonuses from three cities down the State. The Union people told me—their tone was not threatening, only businesslike—that the closing of their spur was causing them teaming of products, extra handling and delay that they could not afford. I suppose," mused the lawyer, "that the trade of those three hundred families that go with the plant will be worth a good deal to whichever city the company chooses."

"Don't say any more," the Mayor abruptly protested. "I know what you're leading to. You want to make out that the City did wrong in cutting the D Street spur. Well—you've told me some very disturbing things, I'll say that. And, well," he hesitated, "I will admit, in strict confidence, that the spur matter may have been ill-advised—I say may have been, mind you. But even so——"



"I WANT YOU—FOR THE CITY—TO GIVE ME THE CONTRACT TO BRING ABOUT AN IMMEDIATE AND PEACEFUL SETTLEMENT"

"Supposing," interrupted Forest sharply, hastening to grip his opportunity, "that the West Trunk depot were returned to Broadway, would you sanction the reopening of the packing-house spur?"

"Yes," returned the Mayor slowly, "I would. But," he objected, fast getting command of himself again, "for you to persuade the railroad to that I should first have to raise the white flag. I am a proud man, Mr. Forest—an old man—I cannot make the first move toward peace. I cannot allow you to repeat the admissions I have made."

"But," persisted Forest, "if I find that I can bring about the return of the depot without violating your conditions, shall I proceed?"

"Yes," answered Mayor Crane, "I am safe in agreeing to that—you have set for yourself an impossible task."

Nevertheless, in the uncomfortable hour between three and four Saturday morning Forest quite cheerfully rose, in a hack jolted out the rude trail that had been broken to California Avenue, and took train for Chicago to call upon Mr. Roswell Gregory, president of the West Trunk System.

In the West Trunk's offices it took Forest some time to get from the president's anteroom to the president's private office, but when at length he scaled the bulwarks of red tape he found behind them a heavy-set man, cordial, good-humored, open to reason. As Forest advanced his settlement project he saw he had Mr. Gregory interested. At length the president remarked with a chuckle:

"It's new—the lawyer turning peacemaker—but I don't know but what there's something in it. Go ahead now—what is it you want me to do?"

"I want you to consent," answered Forest frankly, "to the return of the Seminole passenger depot to Broadway, on condition that I secure the reopening of the packing-house spur."

To prove that action in the spur matter must be speedy or not at all, Forest told of his visit to the packing-house. Then he proceeded to facts tending to show that the depot's early presence at Broadway was equally urgent.

"In the crowd at the anti-West Trunk mass-meeting at Seminole," he narrated, "I saw Mr. L. W. Butler, president of the 'K' Route. I worked here in Chicago at one time in the building where the 'K' has its office; Mr. Butler had been pointed out to me often. It came to me that night that his line lay only ten miles away—to the north. I wondered if he was not planning to reap the benefit of Seminole's squabble with the West Trunk by running a branch into the heart of the town. In the morning I looked about a bit; I found his name on the register of the Valley House. With him was Mr. D. Reed, whom the Railway Guide places as the 'K's' chief engineer."

"But," objected Gregory, puzzled, "they can't get into Seminole. There's a rocky, ridgy country to the north there that would eat up a million dollars a mile."

"Well," answered Forest, "I didn't know anything about that then, and I asked Captain Hogarth, an old engineer in Seminole, what would be the 'K's' likeliest route. At first the Captain said there was no way through those ridges you speak of, but finally, studying over his maps, on the theory that easy grades are to be found along the banks of watercourses, we hit upon a route. Yesterday afternoon I drove over it—by following Coon Creek out of Seminole, got north *into* the rough country, made a portage there of perhaps ten rods to the Cannon River, and following the Cannon got on north and *out* of the rough country to the line of the 'K' at Cannon Rapids station. Asking from farmhouse to farmhouse, I found that Mr. Butler and another man—Reed undoubtedly—had been over the same route, going in the opposite direction, the day before. They had a team and cutter, but ranged over most of the ground on foot, and gave some ten hours to the job. Of the 'K's' intentions you, of course, are the judge, but I can say that if they do come in, no matter if they give the Seminole folks nothing better than box-cars to ride in, the West Trunk might as well cross Seminole off its map."

"I'm obliged to you," Gregory assured Forest heartily, after the two had talked for a half-hour more, "for calling on me. I don't mind telling you, between ourselves, that if I had known about that hole in the hills the Seminole depot would be at Broadway to-day. But now the thing's done we must stand by it. Should we back down at Seminole a dozen of our towns who fancy they have grievances would promptly go at us. If you can reopen the packing-house spur we'll consent to the return of the depot. But we can't make the first move. If you can swing your settlement in view of those conditions, go ahead."

"The situation," explained Forest to his wife that night, "is this: Mayor Crane wants peace, is willing to pay for it, but his pride is in the way; he won't move first. President Gregory wants peace, is willing to pay for it, but principles intervene; *he* won't move first. There's just one way out of it: somebody else will have to make that first move."

When from time to time during Sunday Nellie Forest looked in upon her husband as he sat in his den scowling through a fog of tobacco-smoke, piecing together ideas that had come to him at the mass-meeting, at the Mayor's, on the train returning from Chicago, she smiled and thought she knew the "somebody else" in the case.

Forest's Monday morning did not much smack of action—at California Avenue a thoughtful survey of the old brown depot sitting forlorn and uncomfortable upon its flat-cars; a chat inside with the ticket clerk; a tramp down the railroad yard and out the packing-house spur to D Street; a leisurely inspection there of the sections of track lying capsized and melancholy by the roadside.

But when abruptly the whistle of the packing-house outburst tumultuous in the twelve o'clock call there was a change. Hurrying over the remainder of the spur Forest entered the plant yard, and from the crowd of nooning hands sought out his neglectful client, the hero of the Erin Club ball, Roderick Mullen.

"Mullen," said Forest bluntly, "from a financial standpoint I can't say much for you. But, just the same, I think you are the man to help me with a little job I have on hand. I want a live man—and I know you're that."

"Now, your honor," expostulated Mullen, "every day I've had that little indebtedness on my mind."

"Well," returned Forest dryly, "now is your chance to square up. Can you pick out of the plant here, do you think,

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thirty husky men who are keen for a bit of overtime and won't gossip, and have them outside the main gate at half-past ten to-night? And can you, by the same hour, get together two dozen crowbars, some big wrenches, a batch of lanterns, and say fifty feet of stout rope?"

"Is it a burglary or a lynching that you want us for, sir?" inquired Mullen with a grin.

"It's a job worth ten dollars to you, and two apiece to the other boys," answered the lawyer crisply. "It'll be a worthy work."

"But we don't want any one to catch us at it; I see, sir," commented the stevedore sympathetically. "Well," he decreed after meditation, "I think I can arrange it."

It was very dark and very cold that night in Seminole—wintry enough to keep the town's four night-policemen on duty about the redhot stove at headquarters. Forest, swinging westward between rows of close-shuttered houses shortly after ten, noticed with satisfaction that he was the only man abroad. But he was still better pleased, upon arriving before the packing-house gate, to have a huge shape suddenly rise up betwixt him and the murky sky, and remark in the cheery voice of Mr. R. Mullen:

"I have the paraphernalia all assembled, sir, and the pirates as well—thirty of them shivering by the fence there."

"Well," responded Forest briskly, "we'll give them something to warm them up."

Mysteriously from out the gloom a whispering group of brawny spectres appeared, burdened with vague accoutrements that jostled with muffled clinkings, and in a moment more Forest had them stumbling away from the plant between the dimly-seen rails of the famous D Street spur.

At D Street Forest halted the party and ordered lanterns lit.

"Mullen," he directed, "pick out the twenty strongest men here."

When this had been accomplished after fierce whispered discussion, he continued:

"The ten who are left will take all the lanterns but two, half the crowbars, and the wrenches, and stay here under Mullen. It will be your job, Mullen, to put this packing-house spur into commission. Here"—Forest raised a lantern high—"is your track right convenient—save that it's bottom up—in six sections. And here, in a pile"—he swung his lantern over another spot—"are your fish-plates, bolts and nuts. Right the sections, work them into place with your 'bars—the wind's swept the ground clear here; you can see by the grooves the ties left where the track was originally—then couple up with the fish-plates."

"In other words," hazarded the boss stevedore, "you want us to do just what the policemen did, only backward."

"Exactly. But be sure of this—don't start work until twelve by the City Hall bell. Now," Forest turned to the picked twenty, "you strong chaps gather up all the stuff the other fellows aren't needing and come with me."

Cautiously, with lanterns out, Forest led his detachment, across open fields, on a great detour about the northern outskirts of the town, to bring it to a halt before the West Trunk passenger depot standing dark and deserted upon the Apple Blossom meadows, the ticket clerk long since departed, rising into the night there a vague, grotesque bulk, solitary, abandoned. Ahead the yard lay silent, empty, showing never a light anywhere save the reds and greens of the switch lamps, and the yellow glint that marked the window of the telegraph office in the freight-house a mile and more away.

"Our job," Forest advised his followers, "will be to put this depot back at Broadway—starting at twelve. If any of you fellows haven't been up here in daylight, I'll say the depot's on wheels—on flat-cars—and this siding it's on stands clear all the way downtown—hasn't been used since the depot's blocked this end. There aren't any telegraph wires to bother us—the company hasn't rigged them into the depot yet." These things Forest had learned in his morning's chat with the ticket clerk. "It'll simply be a question of hard pulling and keeping quiet about it."

The lanterns lighted for a moment, the stairs to the depot's doors were loosened, and the stout rope Mullen had provided made fast to the head coupling of the forward flat-car. Half of the packers, with Forest, manned the cable. The rest, with crowbars, took station by the trucks of the flats. Things were barely ready when the City Hall bell laboriously began its midnight task.

The men at the rope bent their backs. The men by the trucks put the points of their 'bars behind the wheels, and pried. With a gleeful squeal from the wheel bearings beneath, the West Trunk passenger depot departed—gradually—from California Avenue.

Over the half-mile level between the Avenue and the top of the Long Grade the pace was sluggish, halting; a foot, an inch at a time—a tireless, interminable heaving and tugging and prying. There were no sounds save the panting of the men, the crisp crackling of their boots over the brittle snow-crust, and now and then the sharp clangor of a crowbar falling across a rail. But the packers reveled in the enterprise. "Hallowe'en in the winter-time," they called it. And once over the brow of the grade the real work was done. The flats began to move for themselves; presently it became necessary to set a brake.

No trains swept in from the east or west. Seminole folks slept on in their shuttered houses. No inquiring head appeared in the operator's window. Nobody watched the depot on its stubby train stealing down the long siding through the frosty night save the blinking eyes of the switch lamps. Nobody else saw the depot come to a stop at two o'clock Tuesday morning, squarely opposite its abandoned foundations at the Broadway crossing.

To the aid of Roderick Mullen, then, Forest hurried his party. But when he arrived at D Street the boss stevedore proudly greeted him:

"Sure, sir, I'm in the wrong business; I was simply born for this track-laying."

"All done?" asked Forest.

"Complete," returned Mullen.

A lantern in either hand Forest had a look around. But Mullen had been justly proud. The missing sections of the spur had been replaced with real skill.

"You started at twelve?" Forest questioned him finally.

"At the first tap of the bell," Mullen assured him.

At seven o'clock, on Broadway, Forest and Mayor Crane stood talking. Before them the West Trunk depot, the prodigal, loomed black and bulky against the sun-flooded east.

"And so," Forest was saying, "I made the first move myself. I didn't move for one side before the other; both works began simultaneously, at midnight. Haven't you got your depot back without having to ask for it? In reopening the spur didn't I stand on your agreement? Do you see where the railroad has got any the better of the town?"

"Why, no," responded the Mayor, beaming long at the depot. "Why no, I don't know as I do."

Already Forest, by telegraph, had asked similar questions—with appropriate alterations—of President Gregory.

But Gregory was long in replying. Toward noon Forest started from his office for the freight-house to see if any message had come in over the railroad wires. But gaining the street he halted.

Squarely in front of the depot, blocking Broadway, lay the Omaha Express. It was no moment's stop for orders. The engine stood immobile, at rest, its boiler steaming and humming comfortably, the measured exhausts of its air-pump purring deliberate in the stack. The engineer was out of the cab with his oil can. From the mail-and-baggage car pouches and trunks were being unloaded. Passengers were stepping off the platforms of the coaches.

"I guess," commented Forest, "that settles that."

Two days later the lawyer, in his office, from two checks was making these entries in his journal:

To West Trunk System.
In re "Settlement Proceedings."

Services,	$250.00
Expense, labor, etc., pro rata,	40.00

To City of Seminole.
In re Do.

Services,	250.00
Expense, labor, etc., pro rata,	40.00

When he had done his eye fell upon his spotless case book. "Keep up your courage, old chap," he murmured with a friendly pat. "I'm better known here than I was. I think the next row I tackle I'll handle through the court-house."

As Forest spoke, shouts, hoarse and alarming, penetrated his tight-shut windows. But Forest smiled at them; it was only the foreman of the railroad gang superintending the descent of the depot from its flat-cars.

Money Kings of the World

Some European Potentates

By W. T. Stead

EUROPE, according to the Almanach de Gotha, is governed by the Czar and the Kaiser, Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, the Kings of Italy and of Spain, and the President of the French Republic. The minor monarchs of the smaller kingdoms need not be enumerated. But the Crédit Lyonnais is more potent in France than M. Loubet. M. Witte overshadows the throne in Russia. The Pope with his millions at the Vatican is more powerful than his Royal neighbor at the Quirinal, and in Germany the Kaiser would be powerless without his financiers.

Of all the Money Kings of Europe by far the most conspicuous and by far the most powerful is the Russian Minister of Finance. He is the modern Joseph of the Muscovite Pharaoh. He, more than any modern statesman, has realized the sovereignty of money. The Imperial sceptre, backed by its army of millions of armed men, is to him almost as much an anachronism as the blunderbuss. When he wishes to annex a province he does it not by a soldier but by a banker. When he wishes to consolidate the power of the Government he does it not by freeing the press or by conceding parliamentary institutions, but by consolidating great industries, monopolizing national trade, until people begin to wonder whether any property will be left in Russia that is not owned and administered by the State. But M. Witte's astonishing exploits in converting the historic Empire of the Romanoff into an immense monopoly of the means both of production and of distribution have been dealt with in these columns by another pen. So with this brief allusion to the most remarkable and significant of the Money Kings of the Old World, I proceed with a rapid survey of our other potentates and millionaires.

There are many millionaires in Russia, but the autocracy is too strong for them even to aspire to convert it into a plutocracy. Some of the Russian nobles are immensely rich, but their wealth gives them no direct voice in the affairs of the State. The merchant millionaire and the Siberian mine owner have no ambition to wield political power. Many of them can hardly sign their names and many of them prefer the primitive abacus to the multiplication table. Yet they are not without public spirit.

There is only one other case on record, I believe, of a multi-millionaire with anything like Mr. Rhodes' wealth leaving all his fortune for public purposes. That instance occurred in Russia just a year before Mr. Rhodes' death. The testator, M. G. G. Solodoonikoff, was a Moscow millionaire, who had made his immense fortune chiefly by colossal speculations on the Bourse, and partly by the immense appreciation which has taken place in the value of real property in Russia. He was one of the largest shareholders in the Moscow-Archangel Railway prior to its purchase by the Crown, and made enormous profits out of this railway. M. Solodoonikoff was also the biggest shareholder in the Moscow-Kazan Railway. He held shares in so many different undertakings that it was said the handling of coupons alone gave constant employment to ten clerks. M. Solodoonikoff was a miser. He lived in a dilapidated two-storied little house surrounded by rotting furniture. He lived a life almost altogether locked up in himself, spending nearly all day at home and half of it in a dressing-gown. He had been abroad and knew Western European life; and like Mr. Rhodes had journalistic ambitions, once actually going so far as to buy the Russian Illustrated Gazette. He carried on negotiations with various journalists, and had arranged everything, when on the day the contracts were to be signed he drew back, fearing the risk of losing a few thousand rubles. Moscow perpetually rang with anecdotes of the penuriousness and at the same time of the extraordinary business capacity of Solodoonikoff. Toward the end of his life he aged rapidly, and was fond of sitting in his ancient saloon telling his visitors of the celebrities who had sat on his dirty, threadbare sofa.

M. Solodoonikoff apparently had never done any good in his life. But he was determined, nevertheless, that his wealth should not be spent unproductively after his death. When the will was opened it was found that he had left his immense fortune, estimated at from about 40,000,000 rubles, or 30,000,000 dollars, to 100,000,000 rubles, or 75,000,000 dollars, to public purposes. His property was to be realized in the course of the next ten or fifteen years, and after payment of a few small legacies of from $25,000 to $150,000 to relations and friends, the whole was left to the public. The millions were to be divided into three equal parts, the first portion to be spent on the building of secondary schools for girls on the model of the Female Gymnasium in the town of Orloff; the

Editor's Note—This is the seventh paper in Mr. Stead's series. The eighth and concluding paper will appear in an early number.

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second third to be spent on industrial training schools for men and women, the building and organization of which was to be left to the Zemstvos or County Councils; the third part on the building of cheap lodgings for the working-class.

Curiously enough, almost on the same day died another Moscow millionaire, K. T. Soldatenkoff, a neighbor, co-shareholder and benefactor like Solodoonikoff. But, whereas Solodoonikoff has left his millions to charity after his death, Soldatenkoff had spent his in good works during his life, and had gained the name of the best man in Moscow.

In Austria the most notable of millionaires was the late Baron Hirsch, who made most of his money building railways in the Balkans and in speculation on the Bourse. He was reputed, erroneously, no doubt, to have financed the Prince of Wales. But it is true that his immense wealth gave him a position in Austria to which no Jew but a Rothschild had previously dared to aspire. Like the Moscow millionaires his chief renown arose from his benefactions. There is something magnificent in a bequest of $35,000,000 given by one of the richest of the sons of Israel to improve the condition of his poorer compatriots. It is to be regretted that, although Baron Hirsch's intentions were of the best, the application of the enormous sum has by no means realized the hope of the munificent founder.

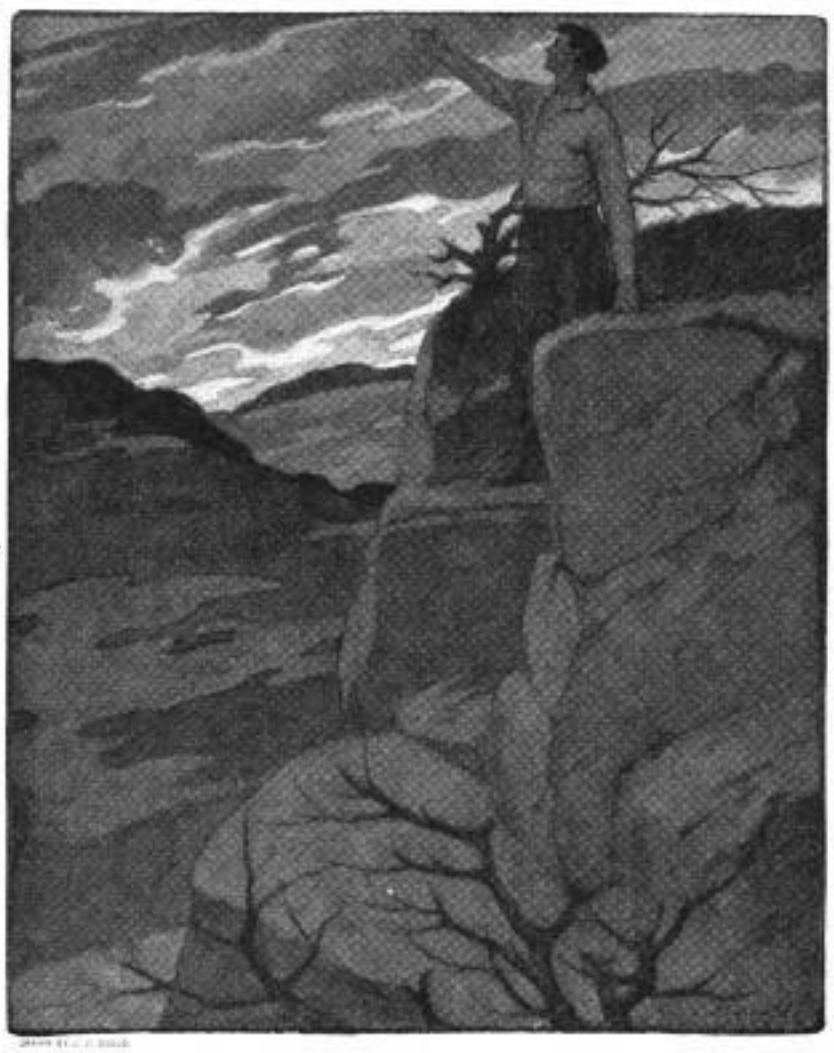
Another famous Jew who made millions in railway construction was M. Jean Bloch, the eminent Warsaw banker and political economist. M. Bloch, although influential as a money king, was much better known by his writings, and especially by his prophetic encyclopædic work on the Future of War. M. Bloch was a statesman and a seer as well as a great railway builder and financier. He spent his money lavishly in the promotion of his ideas, and on his death he left large sums to be devoted to public charities and to the education of girls.

In Scandinavia the manufacture of dynamite gave Alfred Nobel an almost regal position. The dynamite king abstained during his life from taking any part in public affairs, but on his death he left a fortune of $10,000,000 to found prizes to be distributed annually in lump sums of about $40,000 each to the five persons who have rendered best service to their fellow-men. The Nobel prizes are awarded annually, first, to the man who has made the most important discovery in the domain of physical science; secondly, to the man who has made the most important discovery or introduced the greatest improvement in chemistry; thirdly, to the author of the most important discovery in the domain of physiology or medicine; fourthly, to the man who has produced the most remarkable literary work of an idealistic nature; and fifthly, to the man who has done the most and the best work for the fraternity of the nations, the suppression or reduction of standing armies, and the formation and propagation of peace congresses.

It is worth while to record the testimony of this master of many millions as to the evil of inherited wealth. Speaking shortly before his death he said: "I am a thorough Social Democrat, but with moderation. Experience has taught me that great fortunes acquired by inheritance never bring happiness; they only dull the faculties. Any man possessing a large fortune ought not to leave more than a small part of it to his heirs, not even to his direct heirs—just enough to make their way in the world."

In Denmark the only money king is Jacobsen, the brewer. Jacobsen I presented to the State or spent in scientific or philanthropic purposes about five million dollars. The Carlsberg fund which he founded celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in 1901, when his son, Jacobsen II, handed over the famous brewery, the source of all their wealth, to the fund, only reserving for himself and his family one-third of the income for fifty years. Jacobsen also presented Copenhagen with the largest private collection of sculpture in the world, the estimated value of which was not less than three million dollars.

I shall say nothing about the money kings of France, who, although they are personally of small account, are collectively omnipotent, nor of the wealthiest nobleman in Spain, who is almost the only aristocrat who has displayed great financial and business capacity; nor shall I even dwell on the Pope, whose exchequer is fed by the offerings of the faithful all over the world. I will proceed at once to the German Empire.



Free-Born

By Thornton Sherburne Hardy

Who is hill-born is free-born:
He will never learn
To count his steps by garden lengths,
His prayers by the bell.
He will grow careless of his ease,
Impatient of the fat, forgetful face of Nature
Satisfied,
The smug propriety, the trim content
Of bordered walks and barbered turf;
He will be always casting up the wind,
Faint for the voices of the waters warring,
Eager for the rude Northern airs,
The sheer ascent;
Eager to hear again
His feet go ringing up the stony ways
Of those lean, flinty pastures set against the skies.
Till at the last he must turn back,
Back from the smothered comfort of the garden close,
To the gray, frost-faced fields,
The stunted orchard, the low, ragged wall,
The blue fir standing sentinel,
High on the very verge of the world,
Watching, far north of him,
Pricked out against the polar sky,
Faint, remote illimitably,
Arcturus, coursing his nightly round.

The rapid growth of the money power in modern Germany dates from the Franco-German war. When the victorious legions of the newly-proclaimed German Emperor came home, bringing with them the war indemnity of a thousand million dollars, the whole nation flung itself into industrial pursuits.

The distinctive features of the evolution of German industry are due to the men who led the advance, and most of all to the measures which a paternal government took to purge the economic body of the young Empire of impurities which tended to imperil the reputation of the German nation. The fate of German *banquiers* who ventured to experiment with the stringent company law of their country offers a curious and instructive contrast to that of similar speculators in England and America. And in this contrast lies one of the secrets of the standing which German commercial and financial giants enjoy at the present time among nations. The thoroughness and many-sidedness of German education, the close union between German commerce and science, have done much to enable her to dispute the commercial supremacy of Great Britain.

After the Franco-German war the establishment of a central banking institution for the whole country removed many barriers to free commercial relations. The Imperial Bank of Germany (Deutsche Reichsbank) is, strictly speaking, only a local institution, which, like the Bank of England, Banque de France and nearly all other national banks of issue, is unable to establish branches outside its immediate sphere of activity. As Prussia was the predominant partner in the young Empire, it was only natural that the leading banking institution of the closer confederation of the various states should spring from the State Bank of Prussia, or as it was called, the Royal Prussian Haupt-bank. The directorate of this old-established company was partly nominated by the Government, which a few months before the outbreak of the Franco-German war promoted to that body a young lawyer named Richard Koch, who was born at Kattbus in Brandenburg thirty-six years previously. He had at that time a distinguished record behind him, having been appointed an assistant judge before he was thirty-two, and acting as secretary to a Royal commission which deliberated on the Prussian Civil Code from 1868 to 1870. The eventful years following the establishment of a united Empire led to far-reaching changes in every sphere of public life, and when the new Reichsbank had overcome the initial difficulties of the gold standard it soon directed its attention to the growing needs of the commercial community, which by means of the new currency had attained a much more important position in the world's trade. The introduction of a modern banking and credit system was one of the earliest requirements, and when the directorate in 1876 decided upon the adoption of the English method of checks and "clearing" Director Koch was invited to assist in the carrying out of the reform. It may be mentioned here that his plan of checks taking to a very large extent the place of banknotes, and thereby acting in relief of the issuing bank, has never yet been fully realized. The German trade, both large and small, prefers ready money in the shape of cash or notes to the check, which, with its greater security in transmission, only ranks as money after it has passed through the "clearing-house." Herr Koch became vice-president of the Reichsbank eleven years after he had joined its board, and at the death of its first president, Herr von Dechend, he assumed the direction of the institution.

If the Reichsbank played an important part in the growth and development of the national credit of Germany, the financial foundations of the Empire were certainly laid by the banking firm of S. Bleichroder, which dates back to the early days of the nineteenth century, but which became important only when it was connected with the Rothschilds, whom it has represented in the capital of Prussia since the twenties. Gerson Bleichroder, the son of the founder of the firm, whom he succeeded in 1855 at the age of thirty-three, soon gained the friendship of Prince Bismarck and assisted the Government in several important financial operations which preceded the wars of 1864 and 1866 against Denmark and Austria. The success of the Prussian State Railways is largely due to the skill by which the acquisition and the building of new lines were carried out.

(*Continued on Page 22*)

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GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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XVII—Continued

FROTHINGHAM'S "representative" was Lawrence, attorney to the British Consulate at Chicago, a brother of Gerald Boughton's mother. He had come to America thirty years before because he could make a living there and could not make a living at home. He had renounced allegiance to the British throne because by doing so his income was doubled. But at heart he regarded himself as a British subject and, while he pretended to be an American, was so savagely critical of things American that every one disliked him. He wore the long, slim side whiskers which were the fashion when he left home; he talked with the lisp then affected as the "hall-mark" of a gentleman. He disliked Americans; he despised Anglo-Americans of the Hooper type; Hooper himself he loathed as an intolerable upstart, successful where he, of the "upper class," was barely able to keep chin above water.

When he came into Hooper's study at the hour fixed by Frothingham he was an accurate representation of the supercilious, frozen-faced "swell" of the Piccadilly district a quarter of a century before. Hooper knew that he was of the "upper class," but had not the faintest deference for him. Hooper had been Americanized to the extent of caring nothing for mere family. It took a title to stir his dormant instincts of servility; the untitled Lawrence was a man to be judged by American standards, as he understood them. Lawrence was not a millionaire and not on the way toward that goal of every rational ambition; Hooper, therefore, had no more respect for him than he had for any other "failure."

"You've come to explain about the Earl of Frothingham," began Hooper in the arrogant voice he used at business. "But it's not necessary. I'm well informed as to Lord Frothingham's family and am satisfied he's what he represents himself to be."

Lawrence combed his long, lean "Dundrearys" with his slim white fingers. The joy of battle gleamed in his eyes. "I can't imagine," he replied—he had a broad accent and drawl, said "cawn't" and "fawncy"—"why you should fancy I came here to insult Lord Frothingham, whose representative I have the honor to be."

"Insult? What do you mean, Mr. Lawrence?" demanded Hooper, his voice courageous, but not his eyes.

Lawrence felt he had been right in thinking that no American would negotiate for the purchase of a title unless he were at bottom a "groveling snob." "There could not be a question of Lord Frothingham's character," he said. "And as for his family, there's none more illustrious in England."

"Certainly, certainly. I've admitted all that. I assumed that Lord Frothingham was sending you through over-anxiety—not unnatural when he's so far from home."

"My business with you, Mr. Hooper," continued Lawrence, "relates to settlements." Hooper's pretense—"the shallow device of a bargain-hunter"—disgusted him.

Hooper waved his hand—a broad, thick, stumpy-fingered hand. "Oh, I've no doubt Lord Frothingham will do the right thing by my daughter. And besides, I intend to do something for her—no one ever accused Amzi Hooper of stinginess."

"That is gratifying," said Lawrence. "We shall no doubt have not the slightest difficulty in reaching an understanding. What, may I ask, is the—aw—extent of the settlement you purpose to make—upon your daughter and—and Lord Frothingham."

Hooper's face grew red. "You may *ask*, sir, but I'll not answer. I'm not in the habit of discussing my private affairs with *any*body."

Lawrence was angry also—"the fellow's taking me for a fool," he thought. But he knew he must control himself; so he answered smoothly: "This is extraordinary—most extraordinary, Mr. Hooper. You've had some experience—aw—in foreign marriages——"

Hooper dropped sullenly before this poisoned shaft.

"And," continued Lawrence, "you must know that settlements are the matter of course."

"No, sir!" exclaimed Hooper, pounding the desk. "I know nothing of the sort. When my oldest daughter married they talked to me about settlements, but I refused to have anything to do with it."

Lawrence, in fact all Chicago, knew that Hooper, who was not nearly so rich then, had settled a quarter of a million upon the Papal nobleman and half a million on his daughter, and had engaged to settle a quarter of a million more upon the first male child of the marriage. "We should, of course, not be satisfied with the settlements you made upon the Duke of Valdunomia," said he, ignoring Hooper's falsehood.

Hooper winced, looked bluster, thought better of it, said quietly: "You've been misinformed, Mr. Lawrence. I made no settlements. But I gave the young people enough to set them up comfortably."

"Lord Frothingham's position forbids him to consider any such arrangement as that, Mr. Hooper. You know how it is with the great families. They have station, rank, tradition to maintain. They——"

"I won't bribe any man to marry my daughter. That ain't the American way." This was said, not fiercely, but, on the contrary, in a conciliatory tone and manner.

"IT'S UN-AMERICAN, SIR, TO MAKE ANY SETTLEMENT AT ALL"

Lawrence sneered—inwardly—at this "cheap clap-trap," and said: "That's sound—and eminently creditable to you, sir. But you will bear in mind that Lord Frothingham is an English nobleman, the head of a distinguished family, and that your daughter is about to become his Countess, an Englishwoman, the mother of a line of English noblemen. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly. Perfectly. And I've not the least objection to doing what's right. I want to make it clear that I'm giving only out of generosity and affection, and a desire to see my girl properly established."

"No one who knows you will doubt that," said Lawrence so blandly that Hooper could find no fault, could not understand why he was irritated. "And now that we're on common ground I hope you'll give me some—aw—data—so that I may draw up the necessary papers."

"Has Frothingham any debts?" asked Hooper abruptly, after a thoughtful pause.

"There are about fifteen thousand pounds of personal obligations," replied Lawrence carelessly, "and a matter of perhaps a hundred thousand pounds as a charge on the entailed estate. I understand the entailed part is all that's left; but the estates can be, should be, restored to what they were until a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago."

"Um!" muttered Hooper.

"The debt represents, I believe," continued Lawrence, "the wild oats and careless management of previous generations. The present Earl has been—remarkably steady, they tell me, considering his station and opportunities and the example of his father and grandfather."

Hooper had read with an attention that made his memory leechlike every word of every sketch of Frothingham and the Gordon-Beauvais family in the Chicago papers. Lawrence's aristocratic allusions were, therefore, full of suggestion and moved him profoundly. "Well," said he, "I should say, in round numbers, that a million would straighten the young man out and set them housekeeping in good style."

There was a queer gleam in Lawrence's eyes as he replied: "Very handsome, Mr. Hooper. Most satisfactory. Your daughter can take the position in England to which the Earl's rank entitles her." He looked as if he were reflecting; then, as if thinking aloud: "Let me see—a million pounds—five million——"

Hooper sprang to his feet. "You misunderstood me, Mr. Lawrence," he protested angrily, but nervously. "My daughter will have that—perhaps more than that—ultimately. But I meant dollars, not pounds."

Lawrence put on an expression of amazement. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Hooper, but really—*really*—you can't mean that. Two hundred thousand pounds would barely fetch them even. They'd have nothing to live on."

"Oh, of course I don't mean that I'd not give 'em anything in addition. We were talking only of settlements."

"Certainly. And you must see, Mr. Hooper, that it would be impossible for us to accept any settlement so inadequate. Some misfortune might overtake you and—you would be unable to carry out your present generous intentions."

"A million dollars is a big sum of money. It looks even bigger in England than here."

"But you are making a great alliance. A million dollars is a small sum in the circumstances—I mean, in view of the necessity of enabling your daughter to take all that her position as Countess of Frothingham entitles her to."

"Permit me to ask," said Hooper with some sarcasm, but not enough to conceal his anxiety, "what did Lord Frothingham expect in the way of settlement?" The multimillionaire had developed two powerful passions with age—avarice and social ambition. These were now rending each the other, and both were rending him.

"Lord Frothingham, of course, did not discuss the matter with me—a gentleman is, naturally, delicate in matters of money. He simply stated the posture of his affairs and left me in full charge. When I suggested to him that eight hundred thousand—*pounds*—would be adequate, he protested that that was too much. 'I wish Mr. Hooper to appreciate that it is his daughter I want,' said he. 'Make the least possible conditions. I'd be glad to marry her without a penny if my position permitted. It's hard to have to consider such things at this time,' he said. 'I'm sure we can pull through with seven hundred thousand.' I did not and do not agree with him, but I assented because I knew that you would liberally supplement the settlements."

Every sentence in that speech exasperated Mr. Hooper—perhaps Lawrence's persistence in expressing himself in pounds instead of in dollars most of all. Pounds made the huge sum demanded seem small, made his resistance seem mean and vulgar. He reflected for several minutes. "I won't do it," he said in a sudden gust of temper. "Half that is my final figure. I'll settle the obligations—the five hundred and seventy thousand dollars—and I'll entail five hundred thousand and give Jenny five hundred thousand for her lifetime, it to go afterward to the younger children."

Lawrence combed his whiskers with his fine fingers, shaking his head slowly as he did so. "But, Mr. Hooper——"

"That's final," interrupted Hooper. "It's bad enough—it's shameful—it's un-American, sir, to make any settlement at all."

At "un-American," Lawrence took advantage of the fact that Hooper was not looking at him to indulge in a glance of contemptuous amusement. "Nobody but an American," he said to himself, "could have dragged 'un-American' into such a discussion as this. The cad is dickering over his daughter like an old-clothes dealer over a bag of rags."

Hooper was talking again—talking loudly: "Not a cent more! Not a blamed cent more! If they need more after they're married, let 'em come to me for it. They'll get it. But I ain't fool enough to make 'em independent of me. I ain't going to give 'em a chance to forget the hand that feeds 'em. No, sir; I want my daughter to continue to love me and think of me."

There was no affectation in Lawrence's astonishment at this view of affection and the way to keep it. "Poor devil," he said to himself pityingly, "he's been so perverted by his wealth that he actually doesn't see he's taking the very course that'll make his children hate him." But he ventured only, "I'm certain, sir, from what I know of your daughter and Lord Frothingham that money could have no influence with them one way or the other."

Hooper smiled cynically. "It's human nature," he said. "The hand that feeds is the hand that's licked. I'll give

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'em all they need whenever they need it. Do you suppose I've no pride in my daughter, in seeing that she makes a good appearance over there? But a million and a half is my outside figure for settlements."

"Practically less than a hundred thousand over and above the debts," replied Lawrence, irritatingly reverting to pounds. "That is, about four thousand a year for them to live on."

"Forty to fifty thousand a year, including Jenny's income," corrected Hooper, standing up for dollars. "And while I don't promise, still, if they behave, they can count on as much more from me."

"Nine thousand a year," said Lawrence, translating into pounds, "would hardly keep up Beauvais Hall in a pinched fashion. It would leave nothing for restoring the property; the Hall, for example, needs fifty thousand pounds at once to restore it."

The reasonableness, the unanswerableness of this presentation of the case exasperated Hooper. "They'll have to look to me afterward for that," he said angrily. "I've said my last word."

But Lawrence didn't believe him. He saw that, though avarice was uppermost for the moment, the "cad's craving" was a close second—then there was the daughter's aid. She would have something to say to her father when she knew of the hitch in the negotiations. He rose. "There's nothing further at present, Mr. Hooper. I shall be compelled strongly to advise Lord Frothingham against going on and engaging himself. I cannot do otherwise consistently, with my duty as the, as it were, guardian for the moment of his dignity and the dignity of his house. It may be that he will disregard my advice. But I don't see how he can, careless in sordid things and impetuous though he is. The prospect for an unhappy marriage would be too clear. Good-morning, sir."

Hooper shook hands with him lingeringly. Avarice forbade him to speak. "The Earl will come to your terms," it and shrewdness assured him. "If he don't the deal is still open, anyhow." His parting words were, "Give my regards to the young man. Tell him we hope to see him as usual, no matter how this affair comes out."

"The coarse brute," muttered Lawrence, as he stood without the doors of the granite palace. "The soul of a ham-seller, of a pig-sticker." And he took out his handkerchief and affectedly wiped the hand which Hooper had shaken. "Always a nasty business, this, of American upstarts buying into our nobility. It they weren't a lot of callous traders and money-grabbers they couldn't do it. And they usually negotiate at first hand, so that they can drive a closer bargain. And their best society, too! Beastly country—no wonder the women want to be traded out of it into civilization."

XVIII

THERE was a family council at the Hoopers' after luncheon that day—Mr. Hooper, his wife and Jeanne. The two women followed Hooper from the dining-room into his study, where he was pulling sullenly at his cigar and awaiting the attack. It was his wife who began: "Do you know why Lord Frothingham sent word he couldn't come to lunch, Pa? Jenny here is worried about it."

Mr. Hooper grunted. Finally he said: "I'm willing to do anything in reason to please Jenny. I don't approve of this title business. It ain't American. But as long as the young fellow has turned her head I was not disposed to stand in the way." He frowned fiercely. "But I tell you dat I won't be held up! And that fellow he sent here this morning was a plain highwaysman."

Mrs. Hooper and Jeanne looked significantly each at the other—they had had many talks about his growing stinginess, and they suspected him at once.. "What did he want?" inquired Mrs. Hooper.

"I don't propose to talk this thing over before Jenny. It's disgraceful that she should have gone into such a business. It ain't right that she should know about such things."

Jeanne's eyes filled with tears. "And I've told all the girls!" she exclaimed. "Everybody knows it. I can't back out now. The whole town'd be laughing at us. I'd be ashamed ever to show my face in the street again. You don't want to break my heart, do you, Pa?"

"You've made a sweet mess of it!" snarled her father. "You ought to have had better sense than to have told anybody till the business side of it was settled. I warned your Ma about that—I knew what was coming. Now, here you two've gone and given him the whip hand!"

"She got at the telephone before she told me," said Mrs. Hooper.

Neither she nor her husband suspected that Jeanne had thought of just this emergency of a wrangle over settlements and had decided that the best way to overcome her father's avarice was to put him in a position from which he could not recede. If Frothingham had not insisted on liberal settlements she would have prompted him to it. She was no more eager than was he to embark with small supplies in the hold when it was possible to lay in supplies a-plenty. And as her father had acted all her life upon his principle of paternal affection—"The hand that feeds is the hand that's licked"—she saw no harm in guiding her conduct toward him by another principle from the practical code. As she was about to engage in business, wasn't it common-sense to get as large a capital as she could? "We can't back out now," she repeated tearfully, watching him shrewdly through her tears.

"A pretty mess!" growled her father. But he was not really offended, partly because he was fond of his daughter and would have forgiven her almost anything, partly because he understood and sympathized with her eagerness to proclaim her triumph, chiefly because, now that he had thought it over, he was ready to accept Frothingham's terms. "The hope of getting more and the need of it will keep 'em tame," he reasoned. And he said, addressing the two women: "When that Lawrence fellow comes again to-morrow, as I'm dead sure he will, I'll close the matter. But you two keep your hands off!"

"SAY THAT MISS HOOPER'S AT THE TELEPHONE"

As soon as her father and mother were out of the way she went into the library and called up the Barneys. "Is Lord Frothingham there?" she asked.

"I'll put you on the switch to his room," was the reply. And presently a voice she recognized as Hutt's said: "Who wishes to speak to 'Is Lordship?"

"Say that Miss Hooper's at the telephone."

There was a pause, a murmur of voices—she was sure one of them was Frothingham's. Then Hutt answered: "'Is Lordship hain't 'ere just now, ma'am. Hany message, ma'am?"

She was trembling with alarm. "Just tell him that I called up, and that I'd like to speak to him when he comes in"—this in a rather shaky voice, for a great fear was gathering in around her, a fear that he had become offended at her father's stinginess and bartering and bargaining, and had decided to withdraw.

She wandered uneasily from room to room. She sat at the telephone several times—once she had the receiver off the book before she changed her mind about trying to reach him. She ordered her victoria and got ready for the street, to drive about in the hope of accidentally meeting him. At the door she changed her mind again. As she was turning back a boy came by, shouting an extra—"All about the Earl of Frothingham! Big sensation!" She saw that the boy knew who she was, knew that she was supposed to be engaged to Frothingham, was clamoring in that neighborhood because he thought sales would be briskest there. She fled into the house—but sent a servant out by the basement way to buy the paper.

The headlines were large and black. Frothingham, the story ran, had got into debt in England so deeply that his creditors found he could not pay more than a few pence in the pound; they had consulted as to ways and means of recovering, had organized themselves into a syndicate, had put up five thousand pounds to "finance" him for a hunt for a rich wife in America. "And," concluded the account, "this exposure comes barely in time to block his attempt to marry the beautiful daughter of one of the richest meat packers in Chicago, moving in our smartest smart set."

She did not know that this tale was a deliberately false diversion of the facts about a syndicated German prince who had visited Chicago several years before and had almost married there. The truth as to his enterprise had just come out on the other side through the collapse of the Rontivogli syndicate, and the newspaper, relying for immunity on Frothingham's aloneness and on his well-understood mercenary designs, had substituted his name for the German's. She read and believed. She had known from the outset that his main motive was money. But she had succeeded in disguising this unsightly truth in the same flowers of her crudely romantic imagination in which she disguised the truth as to her craving for a coronet. Now it was as if the flowers had been torn away to the last concealing petal and had left exposed things more hideous than she thought were there.

She hid her face and cried a little—"I despise him. Besides, if I went on and married him, what would people say?"

It would have taken finer scales than those available for weighing human motives to decide which of the two reasons embodied in those two sentences was the heavier. She dried her eyes and sat with her elbow on the table and her chin in her hand.

"That's the best thing to do, every way I look at it," she said aloud slowly at the end of half an hour's thought.

She went to the telephone, called up the offices of the Great Western and Southern Railway, asked and got the General Manager. "Is that you, Mr. Burster? Is that you, Tom? Meet me in the parlors of the Auditorium right away." And she rang off and telephoned to the stable for her victoria.

Ten minutes later she was driving down the avenue in her largest, most beplumed black hat and a pale blue carriage-coat that produced the wonted effect of her public appearances—Burster once said to her: "Jeanne, you're the only thing on earth that can stop traffic in the streets of Chicago. You can do in two seconds more than a blizzard could do in a week."

She returned at half-past five. Her father and mother were in the front sitting-room upstairs, gloomy as the lake in the dusk of a cloudy day. She entered, whistling and tilting her big hat first over her right eye, then over her left. "Don't look so cheerful," she said, patting her mother on the cheek and pulling her father's beard.

He tried to scowl, but it was a failure; and his voice was not in the least formidable as he said: "A pretty mess you got yourself into, miss, with your telephoning."

"What telephoning?" she asked with a start.

"Tattling your engagement."

"Oh!" She threw herself into a chair and laughed.

"Your father telephoned to Mr. Lawrence after he left us——" began her mother.

"What did you do that for, Pa?" she interrupted. "He'll think we haven't any pride."

"You ungrateful, thoughtless child! I did it for you."

"What did Mr. Lawrence say?"

Her father hesitated and his face showed how he hated to inflict upon his daughter the pain he thought his words would cause. "He said it was useless to continue our discussion, as Lord Frothingham had definitely and finally decided not to renew his proposal." The old man's voice almost broke as he went on: "Jenny, here's a note that came a few minutes ago—I think the address is in Frothingham's handwriting."

Neither he nor her mother dared to look at her as she was hearing these awful disclosures of the downfall of her hopes and the impending brutalities to her pride and vanity. She picked up the note, opened it slowly, read it—a few polite formal sentences, setting forth that he was "yielding to the insuperable obstacles interposed by your father."

She dropped the sheet and pirouetted round the room, in and out between the chairs occupied by her frightened parents—they thought her suddenly gone mad from the shock. "Who says I ain't the luckiest girl on earth?" she exclaimed.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ To-morrow is all-fools' day.

¶ Time, tide and trolleys wait for no man.

¶ Impertinence is interesting until it grows up.

¶ Hope springs eternal in the bald-headed man.

¶ A good job soon gets a divorce from a bad man.

¶ You can raise a fine crop of trouble from the seeds of discontent.

¶ Allee samee Addicks has forced in the thin edge of his wedge.

¶ Handsome is as handsome does; but it saves a lot of trouble to be born good-looking.

¶ When the promoters of a racing syndicate "cut a watermelon" the members get the seeds.

¶ It's because riches have wings that so many young men who inherit fortunes become high-flyers.

¶ When a man loves a girl he can't be nice to any one else: when a girl loves a man she's nice to every one else.

¶ It's a pretty stiff gas bill that Delaware has had to pay, and the same active old meter is still at work down in the cellar.

¶ The joke of a person without a sense of humor is like the playful kick of a Missouri mule—well meant, but disconcerting.

Soldier or Camp-Follower?

IN a Middle-Western State there are two towns of about twelve thousand inhabitants a few score miles apart. They have the same climate, the same natural and railway advantages, the same kind of surrounding country, practically the same kind of population. Yet one town is like a city, the other like a village.

The city-town is well paved and well lighted. The houses are comfortable and attractive, the shops are good, and in the streets are well-dressed, energetic, cheerful people. The village-town is slovenly in air and in gait. The citizens lounge along the streets. There are many drygoods cases and barrels at the edges of the sidewalks and each has its group of drear-eyed whittlers.

There is a cause for everything; there is a cause for the difference in these two towns. That cause is—one man.

He lives in the city-town. He is not its richest, not its most conspicuous citizen. But he has two great talents—the talent for keeping himself up to the mark, the talent for making others feel that they must follow his example. He has neither preached nor posed. He found his town like its neighbor, facing the cemetery and creeping toward it. He faced himself the other way, was presently joined by half a dozen others, by a score, by a hundred, by a thousand—and the battle was won.

Some one said the other day that of the eighty million people in this country less than a quarter of a million made it progress—that is, if a certain quarter of a million or less were to be wiped out suddenly at the same time the country would begin a retrograde movement from which it could not recover for years, if ever. Whether this estimate of the number of Americans who actually constitute the public opinion that is intelligently and energetically for enlightened progress be too small or too large, the point of the observation is unimpaired. We know that the number of really efficient and valuable persons is small in comparison with the total number, that the great mass of human beings is inert, is wholly dependent upon leadership. But we know also that, thanks to free institutions, the number of these force-units and force-centres is greater in America than in any other country present or past.

Look at any community, at any group of human beings gathered together for whatever purpose, and you will soon see how few of its members are in the least positive, how many are negative, are either inert or are docile instruments of the force that happens to come their way. And then you understand why evil, though weak in comparison with the forces of good, is yet so potent in human affairs. Evil is never positive; it is always negative. To-day's bad is yesterday's good; to-day's good is to-morrow's bad. Our worst criminal is simply an untimely exhibition of the highest morality of some period in the barbaric past. The best soldier that Agamemnon led to Troy would be shot as an unspeakable wretch in any army of civilization to-day. To become evil is merely to stand still.

Every rightly applied energy is striving for the increase in the number of those who do not rest, who are not negative, but are positive units, giving out force as well as receiving it, or at least capable of receiving force. And because you dress in the same manner as your positive neighbor instead of wearing the skin of a wild beast, because you take in the same papers and magazines, vote the same ticket and use the same language, don't be satisfied that you are really an independent marcher in the army of progress. You may be there because the pressure of those on all sides is too great to permit you to escape. Or you may be sitting by the wayside, part of the army only in the sense that you are clad in its uniform—which was furnished by some one else.

The Bat Mightier Than the Sword

SOME of us have felt a little doubt on the question how far "benevolent assimilation" in the Philippines assimilates, but the latest news from the islands ought to reassure us. The work of education begun by the American school-teacher is being completed by the American game of baseball. A six-club league has been organized at Manila, representing different branches of the public service, and the whole population turns out at the semi-weekly games. Baseball is as wild a fad in Manila now as Ibsen in Boston or the cake-walk in Paris. Even the English have been captured by it, which seems to show that as a colonizing people our branch of the race is even stronger than the other. You can usually trace the limits of English colonization by the cricket-fields, and hereafter you will be able to bound greater America by its baseball grounds.

In Manila the Filipinos have taken to the game so enthusiastically that they have organized clubs of their own, which play on the league grounds before and after the regular matches. The crowds on the bleachers have acquired all the baseball technicalities and do their "rooting" in English.

Think of the power of that lever for the Americanization of the islands! We might perhaps remain unmoved by shouts of "*Desliza! Kelly, desliza!*" or "*Mated el arbitrador!*" but how can we fail to feel at home when we hear the same sentiments expressed in the familiar words, hallowed by sweet associations, "Slide! Kelly, Slide!" and "Kill the umpire!"?

Mr. Chamberlain has been inviting Boers and Britons to shake hands over the bloody chasm in South Africa, and has not apparently met with the most flattering success. A good deal of blood has flowed in the Philippines, but baseball may prove a better peacemaker than Mr. Chamberlain. Certainly a Filipino who can deliver a good drop curve is not a member of an inferior race, but a man to be respected by his conquerors, and the conqueror who can bat a home run with two out and three men on bases is not a loathsome oppressor but a being to be loved by any Tagal patriot who has money up on his team.

When the Filipinos were devoted to cock-fighting, and General Otis was trying to suppress that sport on the ground that it was inconsistent with the moral standards of Brookline, Massachusetts, the situation was dangerous. If the brown men had stuck to cock-fighting and the white men to poker there would have remained a gap between the races that all the diplomacy of Governor Taft might not have been able to bridge. But baseball may make diplomacy unnecessary. It is gratifying to have the Filipinos taught to sing The Star-Spangled Banner in school, but when of their own accord they pick up Casey at the Bat in English they may be considered thoroughly assimilated.

Your Brother the Murderer

AN EMINENT American physician, whose practice is chiefly among women and children, said lately:

"A doctor is often in receipt of queer letters, but the strangest which come to me are the frequent applications from good, pious women living on farms and country villages for places in wealthy city families, where they can rear and train the poor neglected children of fashionable mothers. There seems to be a deep-seated conviction among these good folk that every rich, fashionable woman is a devotee to dancing, gambling, champagne, cigarettes and worse vices. To rescue and train her children, they argue, would be missionary work—and profitable.

"I might tell them truly," added the doctor, "that I have practiced among that class of women for thirty years, and in that time never have known but one who did not love and give her best effort to her children. But they would not believe me!"

Of course they would not. We all divide our fellow-creatures into classes, each with its sharp attributes, and love and hate them comfortably. Nothing is more disquieting or annoying than to have these attributes mixed up. Yet nothing is more certain to happen.

The one thing we may be sure of every day is that not a man whom we shall meet in it will belong to his type. The purse-proud plutocrat turns out to be a humble-minded young fellow anxiously envious of our knowledge of golf; the comic actor in private life is dull and shy, and reddens to the tips of his ears whenever he speaks: the murderer, taken out of the dock in a quiet hob and nob, proves to be a likable young chap who reminds you of your cousin Bob. He has precisely the same feeling for his Jenny and her boy at home that you have for your Mary and the kid. He is worrying about the price of potatoes just as you are worrying about coal.

You are confused, annoyed. It would be so much easier to deal with the man, knife in hand, killing and needing to be killed, than with this anxious buyer of potatoes for Jenny and her baby.

After all, are not our mistakes in dealing with other people—at home, on the street, in church or the shop—due to our obstinacy in meeting them as members of classes instead of men and women like ourselves? Public opinion dubs this party fanatics; that, rogues; this race, traitors; this fashionable woman, vicious; that churchgoing woman, a saint.

But you will save time and many bitter mistakes if you will take each by the hand and judge for yourself.

The nature of the meanest man or woman is not like a manufactured music box, set to grind out forever the same tune—the Dead March or a jig—at the turning of a screw.

It is a live thing. And there is in it some wild harmony, provided you know how to find it.

An All-American Route to the East

THE proposition of Mr. John W. Mackay and his associates to build a cable all the way across the Pacific, and to ask nothing of any Government except landing privileges, was something so new and so good that it seemed almost impossible. And now here it is. For years Congress and the Departments have been talking of a cable line; newspapers have given thousands of columns of their space to the discussions; all recognized the need—but nothing was done. Nothing until one company stepped in, ran out the wire, and soon we may know Honolulu's latest news as it happens, and in a few more months get Aguinaldo's lecture terms over an all-American route. No subsidies in this great work, mind you—no log-rolling in or out of Congress—no frittering away of energies and dollars in the purchase of rights, but a straight, swift bit of American energy doing a great big thing so quickly that it almost takes one's breath away.

During the past century the Government lost hundreds of millions of dollars helping to build railroads—and most of it was stolen in one way or another. States went to the limit of their credit in building canals and aiding railway enterprises—and almost every cent was lost. Cities built transportation lines to bring trade to their marts—and the results are still seen in their debt statements. All this is changed. All are agreed that there is a wholesome dread of too much power or too much capital in the hands of any one man or any set of men, but the worst form of trustphobia cannot blind us to the truth that great capital is able to do great things without asking Congress for appropriations or swindling the people as did DeLesseps in France, or the early promoters of the Pacific roads in the United States.

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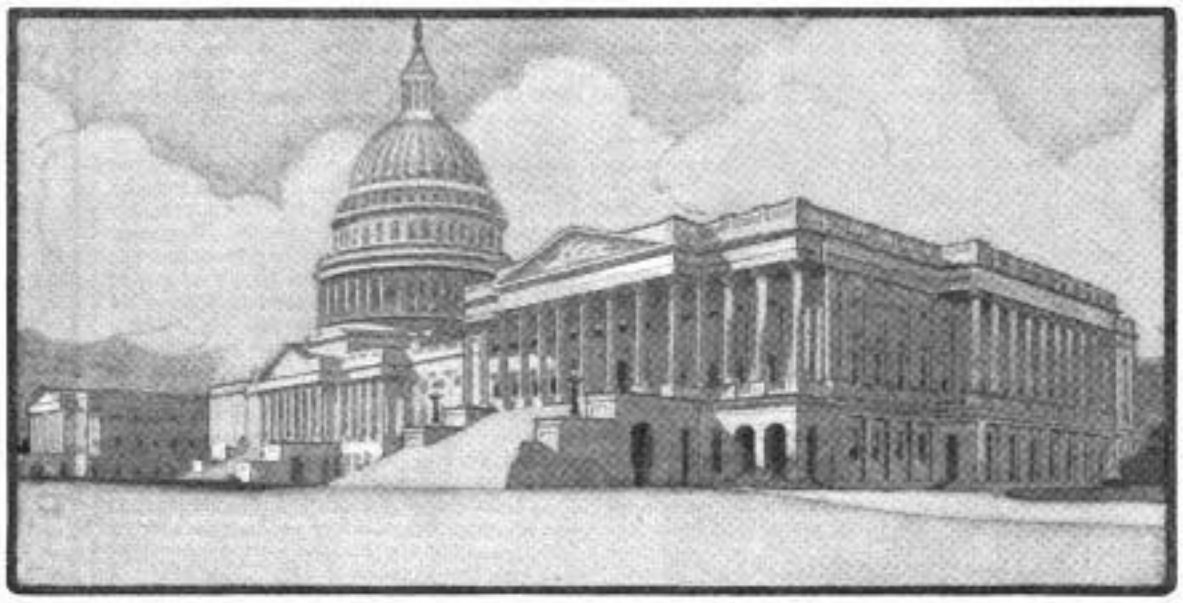
MEN AND MEASURES



By Charles Emory Smith

TWO FORECASTS OF THE POLITICAL FUTURE. HOW THE PRESIDENT HAS DISARMED HIS OPPONENTS. DEMOCRATIC POSSIBILITIES FOR 1904

WHAT is the general political situation and outlook as it is left at the close of Congress? What has been the effect of the winter's operations? What are the personal bearings of the developments of the past three months?

These questions are inevitably raised by any attentive observation at Washington as the session of Congress comes to its culmination. Such work as the important action of these winter months, with all the forces that entered into it, could not fail to leave an impress on the trend of public movements. No observer can be blind to a consciousness on the part of all participants that the legislation of the session and the influences surrounding it are producing a distinct and palpable effect on the course of public opinion. Just what this effect is may be a matter of difference, but all feel that changes of some sort are being wrought out. There are certain facts which lie on the surface. The campaign of the President for the accomplishment of anti-trust legislation was successful. Whether it was all that was originally contemplated, it was all that was desired in the end; it was consistent and homogeneous; it made a good beginning; it authorized inquiry and publicity without intruding into general business or forcing useless exposure. Many of the large corporations yielded to it if they did not cheerfully accept it. But the chief trust magnates, while acquiescing rather than run the risk of something more drastic, were at the same time resentful. Meanwhile, the Democrats took heart from the narrow margin in the New York election of last November. They felt that it made the Empire State fairly debatable, and that with a conservative and unobjectionable candidate they might hopefully enter on the next Presidential contest. Would the Republicans gain or lose from these events? Would the Democrats be able to profit from the turn?

If these articles have any merit and value it is because they aim to be candid, dispassionate and judicial in the treatment of men, measures and movements. There are at Washington two distinct views of the situation, and a frank statement of these diverse views will indicate the conflicting currents of opinion.

The Clouded and Uncertain View

THE first view, which is that of doubt and uncertainty, is that the course of events has clouded the political prospect and rendered it obscure. According to this outlook the elements which are interested in the industrial combinations have been estranged by the anti-trust campaign and legislation, and have become lukewarm if not openly hostile. Not only have those directly concerned in the trusts been alienated, but broader business interests are said to have been disaffected by the fear that a movement against the industrial organizations will operate injuriously in the general business field. This view finds that distrust is not confined to Wall Street, but reaches out into mercantile and manufacturing circles, and rests upon the idea that the basis of stability and confidence has been impaired. It thinks that the enthusiasm and ardor of a few months ago have suffered some abatement. It reasons that the Republican party has made its great and successful fights only when the business interests were united and earnestly aroused on its side, and that indifference or lethargy on their part would be disastrous.

This view sees ground for disturbed feeling in the even balance of New York and in the apparent disposition of the Democrats to drop the mistakes of the past and unite upon an available candidate. Governor Odell was elected by less than 10,000 majority last November. This is a meagre margin in a total vote of nearly 1,400,000. A change of one vote in every 280 would have reversed the result. About 70,000 Republicans remained away from the polls in Greater New York through discontent. With the chances so closely balanced the appearance of a candidate like Chief Justice Parker might, according to this view, tip the scales in favor of the Democrats. Though the loss of New York would not necessarily be fatal, yet the same influences which cost her vote would be likely to carry other States, and it would be dangerous to enter on the contest with a general feeling that New York was prone to the other side.

It cannot be said that those who are troubled with these apprehensions have any different policy from the great body of Republicans who do not share their fears. They do not say that any other course should have been followed. They do not contend that there should have been no anti-trust legislation. They do not maintain that this legislation is too severe or excessive. Some of them think that it is a double-ender and involves risks both ways—from those who wanted nothing done and those who wanted more done. When their feeling is closely analyzed it seems to rest on the idea that there has been some reaction from the strong current of last year, some rising sentiment that the future has elements of uncertainty, but there is no proposal of any departure from the line on which the party is moving.

The Hopeful and Cheerful View

THE other view which prevails at Washington is much more hopeful and cheerful. It is not blind to the tendencies which threaten danger, but it sees countervailing forces which, according to its light, more than offset them. It believes that in his anti-trust campaign the President has represented a great popular sentiment and has spiked the only available weapons his political adversaries had for the coming battle. Those who hold this view recognize that in the legislation he has accomplished he has embittered some powerful elements whose support hitherto has been valuable; but they think he has won a popular favor which more than counterbalances this temporary loss, and they further question whether the very elements that are now resentful will not in the end see their interest in yielding opposition and going along. They believe that, instead of exciting business distrust and awakening a feeling of uncertainty, the handling of this subject will allay apprehension by showing that a difficult question and a popular demand can be met without departing from conservative lines.

According to this view the anti-trust legislation will gain in esteem as time and experience test it. At the outset it may exasperate those who wanted nothing and disappoint those who wanted more. But in its practical operation it will prove less intrusive and disturbing in the conduct of general business affairs than has been feared by conservative elements, and more effective where there is real need of restraint than has been imagined by radical critics. Its key is in the provision for investigation and publicity. This lies in the hands of the Bureau of Corporations and is thus under the eye of the President. He can decide what doors it shall unlock. To the great mass of business concerns it will not be applied. They will go on as freely as now. The number of trusts whose policy is believed to be in restraint of trade or in suppression of competition is very limited. In such cases the power of examination will uncover the facts and open the way to the remedy.

The efficacy of the law and its application thus depend on the President who administers it. Under the view now being sketched even the trusts which dislike the law will prefer that its execution shall be in the hands of those who framed it rather than in more uncertain and perhaps more violent hands. There will be a choice of executive power. Its spirit is not always a matter of individual temperament or character. It is subject to the general influences and trend of the forces behind it. A Republican President represents one set of tendencies, and a Democratic President would represent another. The view now presented is that when it is no longer a question of passing or defeating anti-trust legislation, but simply a question in whose hands it shall rest, the very elements that are dissatisfied would be unwilling to leave it to the uncertainties of a radical change.

In this view there is another aspect of the matter which cannot be overlooked. It is agreed that Judge Parker is more discussed now than any other man as an eligible candidate of the opposition. Those who object to the restraining and regulating legislation are said to regard him with favor. But according to this view, may it not be a question whether it will be to his advantage to be known at this early day as a favorite of the trusts? Will it not repel more support than it will gain? Can the antagonistic elements of the opposition be united with such influences? Can there be an alliance of the socialistic tendencies which have had such development during the last year with the corporate forces which have so great a stake in the contest? If the lines are to be broken on the one side will they not be broken on the other, and will not the popular elements more than overmatch any special classes?

A Democratic Analysis of the Situation

THESE are the two views which any accurate record of the drift at Washington must recognize. They are portrayed as a reflex of the talk which divides political circles. They do not necessarily point to opposing and conflicting conclusions, but to varying shades of conviction. One view is more critical, dubious and hesitant than the other. The first sees difficulties, doubts and uncertainties; the second sees more promise and assurance in the outlook. The first finds an ebb of the tide, a little reaction, a measure of unrest, a race issue, a critical spirit, a feeling that it is impossible to tell just what to count on; the second finds that these are superficial and evanescent manifestations which are completely overridden by the irresistible sweep of the general current. Both are held with equal sincerity, and in their comparison they raise questions which command a deeper interest, even in the surging hours of a closing session, than the questions which are matters of action at the moment.

The real judgment of a sagacious Democratic politician, one of the most conspicuous chiefs of his party, was privately expressed the other day. He said in substance: "See what the President has done. Congress met for the short session with the universal belief that nothing would be accomplished. Yet the President has carried through both Houses just the legislation that he wanted—legislation that gives him power without being revolutionary or destructive. The Republican leaders didn't want it, but he has managed them all. He has taken the best weapons of the next fight away from his opponents, and he has kept control of the trusts because he has kept the discretion in his own hands. He has shown that as a politician he was not born yesterday." Yet the Democratic leader who spoke thus in the freedom of confidential talk will do his best, not without some hope, for Democratic success.

Some Presidential Possibilities

THAT hope centres in New York and in its relations to the contest. In view of its closeness at the last election and of the discontent which is so largely concentrated there, it must be regarded as a doubtful State. The political battlefield has shifted since the last two Presidential campaigns. Then New York and the States about it were sure, and the West was debatable. Now the entire West is apparently solid and New York hangs in the balance. The recognition of this equivocal position of New York leads to the dominant Democratic thought of finding within its borders a candidate for whom nobody has a knife up the sleeve. There is no doubt that for this reason Judge Parker is more in the mind of his party at the present time than any other man. His personality is impressive, and his position on the bench, withdrawn from the arena of contention, leaves him without points of attack.

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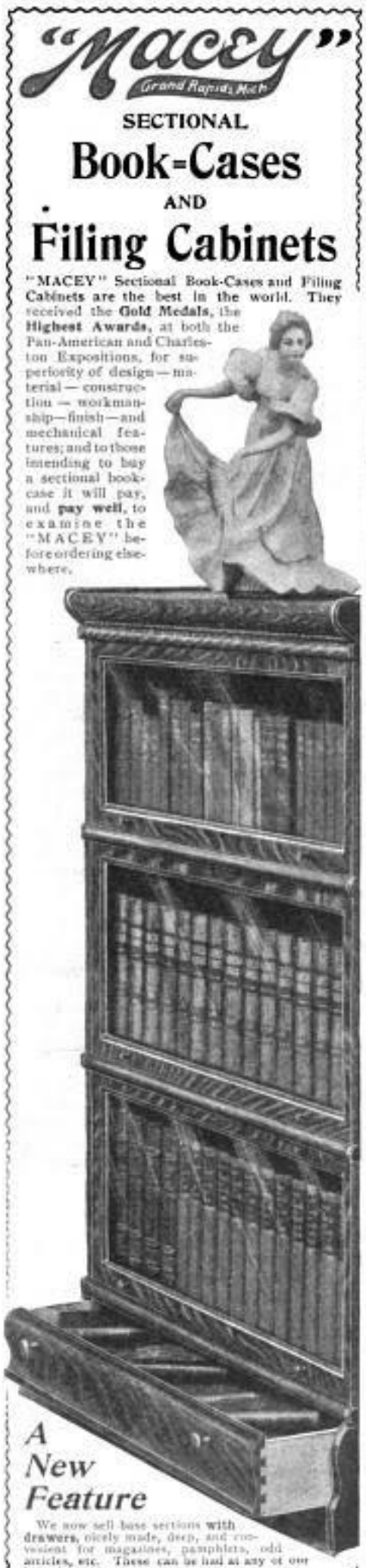

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In the field of speculation at Washington he is preëminent on the Democratic side, but not alone. The financial interests which shy at President Roosevelt's bold methods would be well pleased with Mr. Cleveland. It is true he startled them with his aggressive and defiant tone on the Venezuelan boundary, but they had confidence in his fiscal policies and associations. His name is not canvassed, and there is no expectation that he will be in the running, but his shadow sometimes falls across the course, with a query as to whether any strange turn might happen. Mr. Olney is more distinctly on the bulletin of announcements. He would be a vigorous leader of iron and blood. But the question instantly comes, Why should the Democracy go to Massachusetts, which cannot be made doubtful, and leave New York, which is surely to be a great battle-ground?

David Hill Must be Watched

There is a factor which cannot be ignored. In any consideration of what New York may offer David B. Hill cannot be left out of the reckoning. Will he be a candidate himself? Will he be friendly to Judge Parker? Nobody knows—literally nobody, so far as can be ascertained. He could not wield the sceptre without vehement opposition, and yet who could hold it without his favor? He is ambitious, but he is wary. Does he realize his weakness as well as his strength? Does he understand that he cannot be King, but that he may be a Warwick? No voice comes from him or from any authorized friend, either publicly or privately, and while the oracle is silent the course is not clear. His power over the organization of his State is recognized, but the fear that he will sway it for himself shadows the pathway, for it is clear that the best hope of his party lies along new lines.

There is another factor that may or may not play some part in the nomination, and that is Mr. Bryan. His day is over as a candidate. The settlement of his issues and the reversion of his special territory of the West to its earlier affiliations have left him high and dry on the shore as the current has swept by; but if he is dead as an influence in determining the choice of his party he doesn't know it. He is vociferous in imposing his conditions and limitations. But in the canvass of Washington he hardly receives the cold respect of a passing word. His recent visit was funereal. He doubtless has some following, but with the collapse of every theory and prediction it is scattered and broken, and the party wants to leave the past behind.

Probably if it exercised its real preference, without regard to locality or availability, it would take Mr. Gorman. That astute politician has perennial favor. The loss of his seat in the Senate did not obscure his light, and now he comes to the front again with renewed influence and strengthened position. His party has missed his adroit leadership in the Senate, and his resumption of the reins will be a distinct gain to it. He would be a candidate after its own heart, and, if he could be elected, a President altogether to its liking. It would not feel that Mr. Olney or Mr. Cleveland would be a strong or strict party man. It would count on more of the tie that binds in Judge Parker. But, above all, Mr. Gorman would be its ideal, and if it were not for the vital relation of New York to the contest he would doubtless be first in its thought.

For the Democratic hope of an encouraging fight turns on New York, though it is far from certain that the election itself will turn on that State. Since 1900 the conditions have so changed that New York has less of a pivotal position than then. Even then the transfer of the Empire State to the other column would not have altered the result. President McKinley had 292 electoral votes against 155 for Mr. Bryan. The loss of New York would still have left him a majority of 65. He might also have lost New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware, California and Utah and yet have been elected. The reapportionment and the solidification of the Mountain States are changes of condition more favorable to the dominant party, while the recognized reaction in New York is a change less favorable.

The total electoral vote is now increased to 476, making 239 necessary to a choice. If the vote were to be divided as the States voted last November the Republicans would have 318 and the Democrats 158. This leaves a broad margin. If New York were counted on the other side the Republicans would still marshal 279, or 40 more than enough to elect. It is said that the same influences which would throw New York to the opposition would carry New Jersey and Connecticut the same way. The question was put to Senator Platt, of Connecticut, a man of great experience, poise and wisdom. "The business elements of Connecticut," he answered, "do not sympathize with the interests in New York that are disaffected. They stand just where they have stood."

We Shall Soon Know

Nothing, therefore, is settled. The whole question is open and undetermined. If it be said that there are signs of reaction, it may be answered that it will require a large and widespread reaction to portend a radical change. Washington is in an inquiring frame of mind. It is often sensitive to small influences whose ripples scarcely reach beyond the capital, and sometimes dull to large currents which are affecting the public mind throughout the country. It is sometimes the best place to judge, and sometimes the worst. The short session of Congress, with its important legislation and its various developments in different directions, has not left the situation just as it was at the beginning. People are conscious of a little different atmosphere, even if they cannot define it. Whether it is of any deep significance depends on developments yet to be made. The two views which have been outlined give present impressions. If they are a little nebulous it is because just now the air is a little thick. In three months it may all clear up.

Barnum as a Practical Joker

AT A MEETING of Universalist clergymen, to which denomination Barnum belonged, he was called upon for a few remarks. He was always ready, and at the conclusion he stated with all seriousness that he had just received reliable information that at the United States Mint in Philadelphia brand-new quarter-dollars could be bought for a short time at twelve and thirteen cents apiece. He saw that his statement had caused a sensation, and at the close of the meeting a reverend old gentleman called him aside and said:

"Mr. Barnum, I am opposed to all forms of speculation, but I have been thinking that if I can purchase those quarter-dollars for the price you name I might make an honest penny. Do you see anything wrong in it?"

"Nothing at all; but tell me how you expect to make a profit?"

"If the quarters cost me only twelve and thirteen cents, why, I can readily sell them again at par, can I not?"

"Certainly," replied Barnum without a change of countenance, "but if you pay twelve and thirteen cents—that is twelve plus thirteen, wherein lies the profit?"

On another occasion Barnum notified the dealer from whom he bought a large amount of supplies that half the pepper he sent him was peas. The dealer indignantly denied the charge, and quite a warm correspondence followed, it being finally ended by Barnum, who inquired whether half the letters in the word "pepper" were not p's.

In his fine mansion at Bridgeport was a beautifully furnished apartment which was called the "Carey Room," it being set apart for the sweet poetesses, Alice and Phœbe Carey whenever they visited Bridgeport. Barnum and his family were very fond of those gifted writers, as were all who knew them.

"Alice was the more thoughtful," said he, "while Phœbe was always bubbling over with good spirits and wit. I never knew a brighter woman. One day I was taking her and some friends through my museum. At the head of the stairs was the cage containing 'The Happy Family,' which included owls, cats, mice, serpents, and other creatures generally mortal enemies, but all living in perfect harmony, mainly because we kept them so stuffed with food that they had no temptation to prey upon one another. The cage stood directly at the head of the stairs, and just as we reached the top a big serpent stretched its head toward Phœbe. Forgetting the glass thickness that separated them, she was so startled that she uttered a scream, and would have fallen backward down the steps had I not caught her. Looking up to me she said, 'Thank you, Mr. Barnum; but remember that I am not the first woman that the serpent has caused to fall.'"

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HANS' HENS

A Monologue

By Charles Battell Loomis

DID I tole you aboud my jungest son, yes? He is an imertader. De udder day my oldes' boy who is goin' to be a Padarefski vas knockin' der scales off der biano, an' der secon' son who had been fishin' was knockin' der scales off a fish, an' so liddle Karl he runs him into der grocery store unt knocks der scales off der counter.

Ain' dot silly? I shoost made der feerst two boys do dot scales bizziness so dot I could make up dot vun aboud Karl. Und a funny t'ing aboud id iss dot I haven't two udder boys at all. Only shoost Karl, unt he iss my nephew.

My mudder-in law she is my aunt. She vas my aunt ven I vas born but she didn't get to be my mudder-in-law until I married Katrina. Katrina iss her daughder unt my vife. I vish dot Katrina's mudder vas only my aunt yet—ain'd id? Dere is someding about a mudder-in-law dat ubseds peeble. Shoost to look at Katrina's mudder you vould t'ink she vas no vairse dan an aunt, but dat iss pecause she neffer vould haf come to liff mit you. Eef I am cross mit Katrina my mudder-in-law alvays takes Katrina's sides unt makes me sorry she vas not my aunt only, alretty yet. She says dot she objectut to cousins becomin' vifes, unt I say dot I objec' to aunts becomin' mudder-in-laws, unt so it goes from vairse to bad until I vish dot Katrina had married out of der family.

De udder day I took my vife unt her mudder to zee Kellar, unt he dit zome vondairful tricks, unt at lezt he made der vanishing lady trick. After der show vas over I vent to see Kellar unt asked him if he vould take some money avay from me to make my mudder-in-law vanish, unt vot do you suppose he said? Dot he couldn't do id pecause she vasn't a lady.

Of course, I see der choke pecause I haff lived in deez condry t'irty year unt I know my mudder-in-law, but ven I vent home unt tole Kellar's funny choke to her she does not at all der point zee. She is so mat unt uses such langwitches dot I tole her dot if she didn'd look out she vould spoil der pleasure of her visit mit me, unt dot make her so mat dot she say she vill not stay to be insultit, unt she vent home. So I write to Kellar how much I owed him, pecause eefen if my mudder-in-law vas not a lady she had vanished.

I vant to ask you for der remetty for my schickens layin' so funny. I haf a dozen of schickens, unt a neighbor tells me dot if I don'd vant dem to be stoled I make dem roost high. Unt I ask him how I shall teach dem to roost at all, unt he say, "Get a rooster, unt ven dey see him roost dey vill become roosters, too." But I guess dot iss hiss choke.

But I make der perches ten feet high unt dot iss all righd; der hens go up dair unt sit down, but in der morning dey are so high dey are afrait to come down unt so dey lay deir eggs up dere. Dey are splendut schickens unt lay big eggs, better as der groceryman has, but de eggs fall so far dot de yolk run out of der shell der minid dey hit der grount. Now I don'd know vot to do. Eighd, nine, ten eggs a day iss laid, but dey is all broken ven dey hid der grount. Of course, uff dere vas no grount dey vouldn'd get breaked, unt dot giff me an idea. I dell Katrina dot der grount iss too hard unt I ought to get swan's down, unt she say better I get der schickens's down.

But ven nearly sixty eggs iss all smashet on der floor of der hen-house I make up a plan dot is all righd. I buy me tvelff boys' caps for fifty cents abiece unt I fastens dem on tvelff poles so dot dey come under der hens, unt ven I go oud again dere iss an egg in each cap. Vot iss der use mit prains unless a man uses dem. De reason zome peebles don'd have success mit hens is pecause dey don'd use chudgment.

But experience has school poys. De nex' time I buy me some secon'-han' caps, pecause ven I pay me six dollars out for caps to get tvelff eggs it is too much. Unt anyvay der hens don'd lay any more pecause dey are sick from livin' on a perch all der vile. I, too, vould get sick from livin' on a perch pecause I hate fish. . . .

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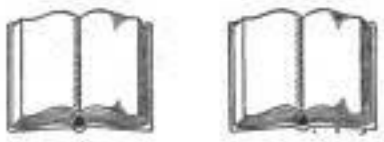

Their Ways and Their Work

THE MODERN HISTORICAL NOVEL—Why Americans have made such a botch of it—Its discouragements to writer and reader.

¶ The writer of an historical novel has a very serious array of difficulties to face. To begin with, he enters the lists against a company of tried favorites, among whom he must count such names as Scott, Dumas, Cooper, Thackeray, Kingsley, Blackmore and Stevenson. In the second place he must encounter a strong prejudice on the part of publisher, reviewer and reader alike. That such a prejudice exists is no fault of the historical novel, but rather of the easy temptations which lie in wait between the writer and his ambition, temptations which latterly have too often compassed his downfall. He will presumably be guided, by his reading and his natural inclination, to imitating—in no offensive sense—the work of some one of the masters. He will strive for the rapid action and brilliant *entourage* of Dumas; he will plunge into local color as did Flaubert in Salammbô, or he will pause to reconstruct, to body forth anew, some vital force of the century as did Scott with Louis XI in Quentin Durward; the unlucky James, last of the Stuarts, in the Fortunes of Nigel, or Cromwell in Woodstock. It is nothing against the worth of his enterprise, but it is very much against the likelihood of his success that he should be an American of the present generation, approaching a past with which he is less and less in sympathy—whatever he may believe—from a distance which widens not with the years alone. The reason we have never found the "American Novel," in the sense in which we long since found the English novel, in, say, Fielding's Tom Jones, is that the artist who should consciously set about the creation of such a novel, a novel representative of the country at large, would be at a loss where to begin. We had the civilization of the Puritans; and Hawthorne, born of Puritan ancestry, and steeped in the Puritan past which still shadowed New England of his time, gave us The Scarlet Letter, in which the dour Puritan melancholy glooms over every page. We had a brief return to a primeval civilization in California of '49, and it gave us Bret Harte. We had the patriarchal civilization of the plantations—and, well, no one has given us that. Those civilizations are now dry dust, blown to the winds; there is no immediate likelihood of another Scarlet Letter or another Luck of Roaring Camp. And what do we get in their place? Why, we get Miss Mary Wilkins' stories of New England, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's or Mr. Joel Chandler Harris' stories of Southern reconstruction, a story of New York, Chicago, Boston or San Francisco society or slums, a story of New Mexico, "the country God forgot," a story of the Tennessee mountaineers, the Alaska miners—everything, anything, much of it praiseworthy from every standpoint, all of it interesting from some standpoint, but none of it National, none of it American in the broadest sense.

The writer of the historical novel is bound by the same limitations. He cannot trace back his past, step by step of a familiar path. He cannot, as Scott did, change the dress of his peasant or his gentleman, and draw him from the life for the same character in another century. A New England farmer of to-day, tired, discouraged, impoverished by the competition of the West, could never masquerade as a Pilgrim father; he would be ludicrous, inadequate.

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¶ Recently we have had the historical novel in a new guise. Mr. Wister in the preface of The Virginian—as excellent a piece of writing, by the way, as is to be found in that excellent book—maintains that in the true sense his work is deeply historical, that his pages are the record of a society swept clean from the face of the country never to return. True, undoubtedly; but one may answer that in another sense such a record is historical only in the sense that the work of the poet at sixty lamenting his lost youth

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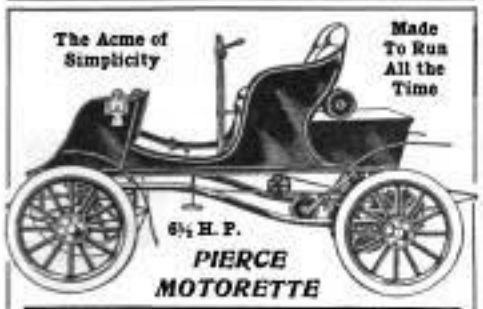

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is historical. Not to quibble on the word, it seems doubtful if the writer of fiction embodying his own experience can rightly name his method historical, though admittedly the result may become historic and material for the student of history. With another generation age will lend it a finer flavor of antiquity and a truer charm of romance than ever the author could evoke from a book-learned past.

Just this line of distinction, with just the severances we might expect, divides Mr. Churchill Williams' Captain from Mr. George Cary Eggleston's Master of Warlock. Both are stories of the Civil War with certain points of resemblance and certain similar devices of plot, but widely divergent aims and methods. In both stories the action revolves largely around two young men, fast friends, of different temperament, one a dreamer and student, one the doer. In both stories there are fascinating young women who dare much for the cause: Mr. Eggleston's Agatha and Mr. Williams' Beatrix both become nurses in the Southern hospitals; and both young ladies finally clear away the misunderstandings which separate them from their lovers.

So much of resemblance is perhaps natural. On the other hand, the Captain is the story of Grant's days at Gravois and his Mississippi campaign. It is intended that Grant, who was known at Gravois in the interval of his retirement from the army as "the Captain," should be the central figure of the action which goes on about him but which he touches at the edges only; his name is given to the book, it is his portrait which is to be painted. Such an effort is a difficult, a thankless, almost an impossible task. When Dumas dealt with Richelieu and Louis he dealt with names and traditions. He had a certain tone to preserve, but he was at liberty to put any words in his characters' mouths, to attribute to them any motives, to impute to them any acts which went along with the unfolding of his narrative. And as a writer of narrative par excellence—or as Stevenson called himself, an Epick Writer—he was too good a craftsman to mistake his opportunities. There were no painfully culled anecdotes of the great Cardinal, no shrinking from a free use of plastic license; Richelieu or Mazarin, Louis or Anne of Austria, Henry or Chicot, they entered into the story, they went to the building of the piece. Mr. Williams cannot so handle Grant. Public opinion would not let him—there is too great a mass of circumstantiated anecdote, there are too many men alive who remember Grant in the flesh, for any but the highest genius and courage to make the attempt. And it would be even then an attempt of doubtful outcome. The result for Mr. Williams is a tight, traditional drawing of Grant, and a sparing introduction of his presence, except under the safest circumstances, in the narrative. The reader is in the dilemma of neglecting Grant for the story or neglecting the story for Grant.

Mr. Eggleston, who was educated at Richmond College and served in the Confederate Army, writes out of his own experience as did Mr. Wister, and by avoiding the temptation to introduce Lee, Jefferson, Lincoln or the larger personalities which dominated the times, escapes these dangers and difficulties. Stuart, the cavalry raider, a brilliant and dashing figure, but of no national reputation in the sense that Lee or Grant have reputation, he uses freely and tactfully with no jar on accepted prejudices. Stuart is a figure of interest and attraction in his pages, but one who appears never for his own sake and only as the narrative demands. He is a serviceable working character in the mechanism of the plot. Mr. Eggleston, too, has the advantage of Mr. Williams in his more fluent and precise style—a style which has no sudden drops, which is always adequate to the conduct of a swift and complicated narrative. A failing which may be forgiven a veteran is a disposition to philosophize on the chances of war. However, these digressions are few and brief, and, taken in the mass, they undoubtedly aid in the admirable effect attained of a complete and united society animated and moved by common ideals under a common understanding, in which the characters move of their own volition, indeed, but under the compulsion of something stronger than any individual initiative. Mr. Eggleston was aided in this work, as we have pointed out, by his personal knowledge of actual conditions, by his sympathy with a high-spirited, if now overruled, idealism, and by the existence of the material at hand, which every artist who wishes to work for more than passing local results must have: a firmly founded and widely understood set of beliefs, prejudices and desires, an organized and completed society.

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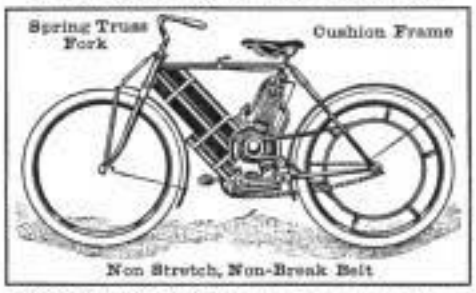

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"I consulted several good doctors and was invariably asked by them 'Do you drink ardent spirits? use tobacco? or drink coffee?' To the first I answered 'Very little,' to the second 'No,' to the last 'Yes,' and they would all say 'Quit coffee.'

"I determined to do this. I had read about Postum Cereal Coffee and bought and used it, and I liked it as well as the best of real coffee, and as a result of its use in place of coffee I find myself without a skip in my heart action, and I can get insurance on my life cheaper by 25 per cent. (notwithstanding the advance in age) than I could when I first commenced using Postum." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

DURING the last fifty years the production of vegetable food in this country has grown faster than the population, whereas the available supply of animal food to-day is considerably less per capita than it was in 1850. Such, at all events, are the conclusions drawn by experts of the Department of Agriculture, who have figured out some interesting facts in this line.

With the exception of chickens, there are to-day fewer domestic animals of every food-producing kind in the United States than there were half a century ago. On the other hand, while the population during that period has increased three and a quarter times, the production of barley has been multiplied by 24, of wheat by 7.5, of oats by 8.5, of Indian corn by 5.5, and of potatoes by 5. But the output of rye, buckwheat, peas and beans, sweet potatoes, and sugar has considerably diminished per capita since 1850.

The enormous increase in the production of barley seems odd, in view of the fact that this cereal, formerly so important as human food, has been almost entirely driven out of such use by potatoes. But, of course, the phenomenon is explained by the fact that nearly all of the barley now raised is being converted into brewers' malt. California is the greatest producer of barley in this country, Minnesota second, and Wisconsin third.

In earlier days nearly all the people in the United States were food-producers; almost every family had its own garden patch, at least; but, with the increasing density of population, the older States have acquired a growing proportion of non-producers of food, who must be fed by the food-producers. Relatively, the consumers of food have increased faster than the producers of food.

It is a curious fact that the District of Columbia raises more sweet potatoes than any State of the Union, though its area is only sixty square miles. The greatest corn-producing State is Illinois, which also bears off the palm for oats. Of other cereals, most wheat is raised in Minnesota, most rye in Wisconsin, most buckwheat in Pennsylvania, and most rice in Louisiana. Michigan stands first in beans and peas, and New York in potatoes and onions.

New York is first in apples, Pennsylvania in cherries, and Maryland in strawberries. California is far in the lead in pears, besides producing nearly all of the apricots and more plums than all the other States put together. New York is first in raspberries and currants, and is second only to California in grapes. Nearly all the almonds come from California; all the home-grown cocoanuts are raised in three counties of Florida; domestic English walnuts are almost exclusively from the Golden State, and more than half of the pecan nuts come from Texas.

PALM BEACH AT HOME—How human ingenuity has improved upon Nature with a perpetuated natural palm leaf.

HUMAN ingenuity has improved upon Nature in the production of palms, and the so-called "perpetuated natural palm leaves" have supplanted the natural growth in many restaurants and other places of popular resort. But it was reserved for a recent inventor to devise a method, which he has patented, of constructing artificial palms in sections. These may be placed one upon another in such a way as to make a tree of any desired height, and holes are provided in which green sticks (representing the leaf-stems) are inserted, a real palm leaf being attached to the end of each stick. The sections of trunk are wrapped with cocoanut fibre, so that the effect shall be wholly realistic.

Sectional palms of this kind are used extensively at the present time for the decoration of churches at weddings, being set up in the chancel as a background for flowering plants and cut flowers. It is not practicable, ordinarily, to convey into the church real palms of sufficient height for the purpose, and the counterfeit ones produce the same effect.

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As a further measure of convenience and economy at church weddings, paper flowers are used nowadays in place of real ones for decorating the upper parts of floral arches. Nobody can possibly tell the difference; there is a saving of many costly roses or orchids; and, what is most important, much of the work can be done in advance, leaving only the filling out of the design with real blossoms for the morning before the ceremony. Of course, the real flowers are employed for the lower portions of the arches, and wherever else they are likely to be examined.

The rose trees commonly used, and with such beautiful effect, at church weddings and in ballrooms are usually artificial, in part, at least. Set in pots, they have all the appearance of the natural article, the trunks being real enough; but the foliage and flowers, though not themselves an imitation, are merely fastened to the trunks by thrusting the branches and stems through loops of wire.

AN INSECT AUGER—A cricket with an arsenal that would fit out a small boy's pocket-knife.

AMONG the species of animals and insects brought to light by scientific exploration of the island possessions of the United States none perhaps is more remarkable than the changa, or mole cricket *(scapteriscus didactylus)*, of Porto Rico.

This fierce and mysterious insect, which in Porto Rico destroys more than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of growing crops annually, and which thus far has defied attempts at its extermination, has four jaws, each provided with six strong teeth and a blade. It has also four eyes. In excavating, the changa rotates its big head like an auger, thus smoothing the walls of the passageway.

The joints and tips of its legs are provided with spadelike teeth. Its ears—at least its auditory organs—are at its elbows, protected by a raised fold. Hair on its body protects it from moist earth. Between this hair and the body air-tight compartments prevent the changa from drowning when freshets descend upon its habitat. It is most at home when under the surface of the earth. It can fly, however, but does not venture out save on the darkest nights.

In attacking cane or tobacco plants it first severs the roots with its powerful mandibles and then pulls the plants part way into its corridors. The result is that a sugar cane or tobacco field with plants six inches above the ground one day will, on the next day after the changa has attacked it, show perhaps but two inches above the surface. After the changa has satisfied its hunger it has a mania for destroying every growing thing within reach. A colony of these underground pests will in a night destroy an entire crop of cane, tobacco, rice, cabbage, tomatoes or turnips. Having accomplished their work of devastation, they will emerge and start on an overland trip to the next farm.

HASH À LA FILIPINO—The new ration which the Government is furnishing soldiers in the Philippines.

THE War Department has just sent to the Philippines, as an experiment, 10,000 cans of a new kind of army ration. It is called "roast beef hash," and is confidently expected to solve the long-puzzling problem of furnishing to our soldiers in the field a perfectly healthful and appetizing article of meat diet.

Soldiers must have meat, and during a campaign many difficulties are in the way of furnishing it. Cured meat will not do; it must be fresh. To drive cattle in sufficient numbers along with an army is not ordinarily practicable. In the Philippines frozen beef from Australia is made to serve to some extent, where troops are not far from the seaports, and it remains in good condition for about twenty days. But in active service in the field canned meat is the only thing that fills the requirements.

Tinned meats for military purposes obtained a rather bad reputation during the last war with Spain, but since then the Commissary Bureau of the War Department has been experimenting with a view to the production of something more satisfactory, and the "roast beef hash" referred to represents the final and successful result. It is quite as good and appetizing as any dish of hash served on the tables of well-to-do people, and it contains a considerable proportion of potatoes and onions—ingredients which are of important value because of their healthfulness. Provided with a few cans of this hash the soldier can get along very comfortably for a good many days, so far as food is concerned, though cut off from supply trains.

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GETTING ON

Life Rules of Leaders

By Arthur Twining Hadley

President of Yale University

TELL nothing but the truth to any one. If a case arises where it is hard to be both truthful and courteous, put all the thought you can spare upon solving the problem.

Tell the whole truth to yourself. If you have made a mistake, face the facts squarely. Do not worry about it, for a mistake is seldom fatal unless it has been repeated. But do not excuse it, for this means that you surely will repeat it until it becomes fatal.

Do not think about one piece of business when you ought to be thinking about another; and above all things, do not think about any business when you ought to be sleeping.

Believe in people's good intentions, even when you cannot approve their actions or concur in their judgment; but beware of concurring in their judgment or approving their actions merely because you believe in their good intentions.

Believe in your friends, in your associates, in your work. Believe in God just as fully as your intellectual constitution will allow—not necessarily as the subject of a creed, but as an unseen ruler of the universe, who is somehow going to bring things out more squarely than our limited vision can comprehend.

By General W. A. Bancroft

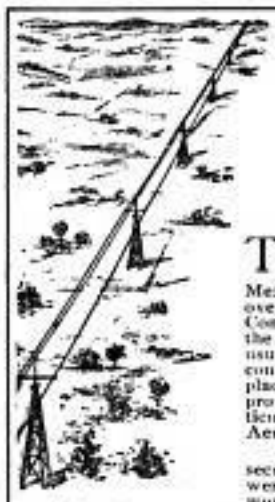
President of the Boston Elevated Railway

BE INDUSTRIOUS. To do this keep in good health. Get adequate sleep; get adequate exercise in the fresh air; be moderate in eating and drinking. Better totally abstain from the use of alcoholic drinks, and even from tea and coffee. There are times when a busy man must work hard for a long period and become thereby exhausted. When this is necessary, plan to recuperate, and recuperate. For a busy man so to care for his health means many sacrifices. For example: One may have to give up an attractive evening's entertainment for the sake of making up one's sleep; one may have to forego the pleasure of meeting agreeable acquaintances for the sake of taking suitable exercise in the open air. But in order to be for the greatest portion of the time in the best condition to do hard work it is essential to preserve one's health. It is not, therefore, enough to resolve to be industrious. A man who disregards the rules of health may do half again as much work as another man of the same capacity who regards these rules—but the first will not last.

Try to deal fairly with every one, and try, if possible, to satisfy every one that it is your intention to deal fairly with him. Sometimes it is not in a person's power to do what he knows is just, and yet it may be his intention to be just.

Be attentive to small things—that is, never neglect to do anything because it seems trifling or unimportant, if it can be done as well as not.

Do perfunctory things as soon as they can be done, but be thoughtful—that is, do not do a thing simply because it can be done to-day. It may appear to-morrow that it ought not to have been done to-day. Reflection may show conclusively that this is so. One ought to have a reason for doing whatever one does.



110 Miles of Steel Towers

THE largest order ever placed for steel towers has just been executed by the Aermotor Company, Chicago. The order was for 1200 steel towers to support large electric cables. These towers are to be erected in the interior of Mexico, to carry electricity from an immense water power plant up to the mines, over 100 miles distant. The order for these towers came to the Aermotor Company unsolicited. The reputation of the Aermotor Company for building the best steel towers, for windmill and other purposes, brought them this unusual order. When the engineering and mining experts, who were placing the contract, were making up their specifications for these towers, they found no place in the construction of the Aermotor tower where they could suggest improvement. The sizes of some of the parts were changed to meet their particular needs, but the design of the towers remained precisely the same as the Aermotor Company perfected it years ago.

It was of very great importance to the company buying these towers to secure the greatest possible strength with the least material. These towers were to be placed about 500 feet apart. The weight of the long span of cables would be a very heavy load, to say nothing of the enormous side strain which might come upon the towers. Then, too, the contingency of one or more of the cables breaking, and throwing unequal strain upon different parts of the towers, had to be considered. The Aermotor Company guaranteed these towers to stand until the 3-inch, extra strong wrought iron pipe in the top should bend over. They stood this very severe test without the least indication of buckling in any part of the tower.

The item of freight was another important consideration. These towers, as built by the Aermotor Company, made over 75 carloads. No other concern could have furnished towers of anything like the same strength with less than 100 cars of material.

Testing the Towers.

The Aermotor Company has a very great advantage over all others in the manufacture of steel towers. It was the first in the field, and had all the most vital features fully covered by patents before competitors were through laughing at the idea of a steel tower. The Aermotor tower was designed by mechanical experts who knew what points were essential to secure the greatest strength with the least material.

The tops of the corner posts of the Aermotor towers are dovetailed into each other and securely clamped together. This makes them as solid as though they were welded into a single piece. This patented device in the Aermotor tower brings all of the strain directly upon the corner posts where it belongs. The braces and girts have nothing to do but hold the corners in line. Because other makers are not able to adopt this feature, they are compelled to use a large amount of extra material in their towers, and even then their towers are not so strong. Weight often indicates weakness rather than strength. All the weight not needed serves only to bring additional strain upon the parts which must bear it.

The best steel tower, like the best bicycle, is the one which secures the greatest strength with the least possible material. The Aermotor tower is strong, safe and durable. Every pound of steel which is put into it is used to the best advantage. A tower twice as heavy, but poorly constructed, would be weaker.

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Trims, files, shapes and cleans, and keeps the nails in perfect condition. A complete manicure for man, woman or child. Silver steel, nickel plated. Sent postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer hasn't it. **25c**

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Squabs are ready to eat one month, bring *big prices*. Eager market. Astonishing profits. Easy for women and invalids. Use your spare time profitably. Small space and capital. Here is *something worth looking into*. Facts given in our **FREE BOOK**, "How to Make Money With Squabs."

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HOW SHALL A YOUNG MAN SUCCEED?

The most helpful thing is a good working knowledge of the great science and art of advertising. It will make him keener, brighter—more efficient all the rest of his life. He can turn his knowledge into money. Many "ad-writers" earn $20 to $100 a week, and more. And few employees have so good a chance for advancement. The position is pleasant, lucrative and dignified. My method of instruction is so simple and complete, that any man, or woman, with a good command of the English language can, in three months, acquire sufficient knowledge to begin to earn money, though I keep in touch with my students, and help them, and advise them for a whole year. To those who are interested enough to forward 6 cents to cover mailing, I will send, free, booklets and other matter, including, among other things, "How Shall a Young Man Succeed?" "The Ill-Fortune of Brother Bill," "Other People's Brains," "Who Should Study Advertising," "Why Advertising Should be Studied," "Why and How Advertising can be Taught."

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES **129 Nassau Street, New York**

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Correct
Spring Suits
Made to your Measure
Quality and Fit Guaranteed $18

We cut and finish our garments in our own shops. Before you order your Spring suit send for our Spring Catalogue VH of Made-to-Order Clothing. It contains a full line of desirable and latest style fabrics for suits at from $10.50 to $25. We guarantee to please you at a saving of one-third or more over ordinary tailors' prices, and for very little more than dealers ask for ready-made garments. A trial is all we ask—your money back if you are not satisfied. Thirty-one years' reputation for honest values and fair dealing back of our guarantee.

V 10747, the suit we offer for $18, is made of fine quality, all wool cassimere. Pattern is a neat gray, broken check, with a faint overplaid of green and blue threads, nicely blending. Distinctly new, out of the ordinary and stylish. Sample is shown in Catalogue VH. Made in any style, sack or cutaway frock.

Send TO-DAY for Catalogue VH

(No charge.) One penny for a postal card request can't be spent to better advantage.

Montgomery Ward & Co.
Michigan Ave. and Madison St., Chicago.
Established 1872.

Hoffman Motor Car
$800 - $950

Equal to any $2,500 automobile made, 6 horse power gasoline engine, clash gear, the simplest, most easily controlled and most reliable machine on the market. A combination single seat or double seat for two or four persons.

Can be changed in 15 seconds.

"IT NEVER BALKS"

but is thoroughly practical and fills all requirements. *Send for Catalogue.*

The Hoffman Automobile & Mfg. Co.
1516 Lake St., Cleveland, Ohio

Dearborn Junior

$12.00

Solid Golden Oak, 42 inches long, 24 inches deep. Guaranteed to be most complete Typewriter Table Cabinet ever sold at price. Attachment for holding notebook unique, effective and invaluable. Shipped to responsible parties on approval, freight prepaid east of the Rocky Mountains.

What more can we offer? Write for catalogue of Dearborn Typewriter Cabinets.

DEARBORN DESK CO., Birmingham, Ala.

100 VISITING CARDS Post paid 35c

Latest and correct styles and sizes. Order filled day received. Satisfaction guaranteed. Not obtainable elsewhere at twice the price. Booklet "CARD STYLE" FREE!

S. J. SCHUSTER PTG. AND ENG. CO., Dept. 203, St. Louis, Mo.

Be methodical—that is, have a method for doing things that have to be done repeatedly, and have that method the best one that you can devise, or that can be devised for you, with the resources under your control.

Study the conditions with which you have to deal. If you are an employee, do your utmost to carry out the plans of your employers. Study their habits of mind, so far as you can do so intelligently. Endeavor to make suggestions. In other words, endeavor to think for them. If they do not adopt all your suggestions it may be that some ought not to be adopted. It may be, of course, that you have not the information upon which to think. It may be that you have not made your suggestions clear. It may be that your employer has not had sufficient time to consider them. It may be that he knows of some reason, unknown to you, why your suggestions should not be adopted. But it is for your interest to keep on thinking and suggesting. If you are in an independent business, or have to deal with a community yourself, study the community—its institutions, its political, commercial, social conditions; compare it with other communities of a corresponding character and then make use of the information so obtained.

Do not leave duties to others which you ought yourself to perform. What can be delegated ought to be delegated only to competent and faithful persons, and so far as is in your power select no others; but do not fail to make use of a competent and faithful person simply because you have not selected him.

Be sure of the character and capacity of your advisers. Get the best advice from the best men whom you can reach.

Be civil to every one and keep control of yourself.

Avoid giving offense. Sometimes to do one's duty it is necessary to give offense, but do not give it needlessly.

By John H. Converse
Of the Baldwin Locomotive Works

BE THOROUGH; play the game for all it is worth.

Be useful; do everything that needs to be done as there is opportunity, whether in your particular department or not.

Be prompt and regular at business.

Be cheerful and interested in your work.

Be strictly temperate.

And, supplementing all, be honest and a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

More Work for Inventors

By Nixon Waterman

WITH witeless telegraphy to stimulate the mind
We ought to set to work at once, nor rest until we find
A lot of undiscovered things to amplify our joy
And do away with many cares that bother and annoy.

A trackless railway route would save a mountain of expense,
A boatless line of steamships, too, would surely prove immense;
And let some mind evolve for us a go-less kind of go
So we can travel 'round the world yet stay at home, you know.

And since it costs so much to live we scarce can save a cent,
A foodless dinner is the thing some genius should invent;
And, after that, if we would have existence truly cheap,
Some grand philanthropist should make a bedless kind of sleep.

To-day the trouble is that things are as they have to be,
Whereas we'd rather have them as we'd rather have them; see?
(These verses seem so tangled that the author here explains
It's all because they're fashioned from a brainless kind of brains.)

Can You Write Good English?

If so, the advertising field wants you and

Wants You Now

The volume of advertising is increasing more rapidly than the number of advertising writers and in this fact lies your opportunity.

A three months' course of instruction in this school will equip you to enter the field, hold a good paying position or operate as an independent specialist.

We are indorsed by the sound financial, business and professional men of America, who accept our recommendation of a graduate without question.

Our Students Hold Their Positions

because they are properly instructed by capable men whose influence is exerted in their behalf.

We Teach
- PRACTICAL ADVERTISING
- ADVERTISING MANAGEMENT
- CREATION OF BUSINESS
- PSYCHOLOGICAL AND THEORETICAL ADVERTISING
- HOW TO WRITE MODERN ENGLISH
- ADVANCED NEWSPAPER REPORTING
- MODERN SALESMANSHIP

Remember this college is composed of ten men of the keenest advertising knowledge and highest professional standing.

Write for FREE Prospectus, also Test Blank

which will aid us in reaching an estimate of your capabilities.

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
WITT K. COLBRANE, President.
124 Williams Building Chicago, Illinois

SAVINGS SECURITY

MARSHALL'S "SAVINGS BANK" IDEA

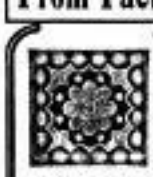
Makes saving easy and attractive. It gives you possession of collateral for in excess of your savings. Your bank can't "bust." Can you save $42.00 this year? We will send you either of these GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS, Guaranteed perfect in color and cut and free from all imperfections. If they are the best value you can get anywhere you deposit $10.00 and take possession. After that make a monthly deposit of $4.00. We allow 4 per cent. on all deposits. When deposits and interest equal $42.00 the ring becomes yours and you have acquired the "saving" habit. We have diamonds at all prices. Oldest and largest diamond house in the business.

Send to-day for free booklets on "How" and "Save"

GEO. E. MARSHALL
101 STATE ST. CHICAGO

Reference, First National Bank, Chicago.

From Factory to Floor for $2.50



We will send you an Art Square large enough to cover a fair sized room for two dollars and fifty cents. The newest, cheapest, handsomest and most serviceable floor covering manufactured. Send for our free catalogue, showing the goods in actual colors, with full description. Expressage paid.

Sanitary Mfg. Co. (Inc.) Dept. 34, 233 So. 5th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

For Breakfast
WHEATLET
"All the Wheat that's fit to eat"

WEDDING INVITATIONS and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-Date Styles. Finest work and material. 100 Stylish Visiting Cards, 75 cents. Samples and Valuable Booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," Free.
J. W. COCKRUM, 937 MAIN STREET, OAKLAND CITY, IND.

A Book about Colorado

Burlington Route

A country anywhere from 6000 to 15,000 feet above sea level, where the air is light and dry and easy to breathe. That is why so many persons in poor health go there. A country with grand mountain scenery, golf courses, and fine trout fishing, with really good hotels, boarding houses and ranches where you can live well for little money. The ideal place to rest. That is what Colorado is. Our book tells all about it. Full of maps and illustrations. Price 6c. in postage. Send for a copy *today*.

Plan to go to Colorado next summer.

Address P. S. EUSTIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Ry. Co., 209 Adams Street, Chicago.

32

Journalism: Story-Writing

taught by mail. MSS. sold on commission; criticised, revised and prepared for publication. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit"; tells how to succeed as a writer. Thornton West, Editor-in-Chief; founded 1895.

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
The Baldwin, No. 61, Indianapolis, Ind.

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Taught by Correspondence. Instruction in Commercial Drawing, Illustrative Drawing, Lettering and Design, General Drawing, Architectural and Mechanical Perspective, Newspaper Drawing, etc. Instruction endorsed by leading authorities. Successful students. PRACTICAL Drawing taught by PRACTICAL methods. Write for further information. School of Applied Art, Box 2839, Battle Creek, Mich.

Springtime in California

Three tours under Pennsylvania Railroad auspices at greatly reduced rates leave New York and Philadelphia May 12 and 13. Attractive itineraries, including Colorado and California resorts, the Yellowstone Park and Grand Canyon of Arizona, will be sent on application to GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

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STOP the LEAK with SYSTEM

There are tremendous leaks in modern business—leaks in the office, in the factory, in the store. System alone can stop them.

In many business houses the methods of our grandfathers are still continued. Expenses are out of all proportion to the amount of business transacted. System alone can set things right.

There are weak spots in the best equipped concerns. System will remedy the evil.

It will increase the earning capacity one hundred per cent. It will decrease expense. It will improve efficiency.

System is the watchword of modern commercial success. The great exponent of this modern idea is

SYSTEM

a 96-page monthly, so brimful of ideas and clever systems that any business or professional man can get many dollars' worth of assistance, no matter what his business, from every number.

The United States Fidelity & Guarantee Company say:

"Since the first of the year, when we subscribed to your magazine, we have completely changed our methods of bookkeeping, and have been guided solely by the suggestions contained in SYSTEM. We find the work is more simple, and, better still, there is less chance of error."

The general articles will help any man—business or professional. The special articles for one's own work no man can afford to miss.

Systems actually used in large successful factories, offices, stores, banks, publications, professions, are described in detail. And experts show how these same systems can be adapted to your business or profession—no matter what it is—how large or how small.

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System in Correspondence.
Short Cuts.
Answered by Experts.
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Business Statistics.
System in Advertising.
The Laws of Business.
System in Retailing.
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Schemes that Save.
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Each of these departments—edited by an expert—appears monthly.

To any yearly subscriber the advice by mail of any or all of SYSTEM'S experts or their assistants is FREE.

Send for the portrait booklet, telling of each man and his specialty.

Special Offer to Post Readers

FOR ONLY $1.00 We will enter your name for a full year's subscription and send you at once AS A PREMIUM four interesting back issues for immediate reading—sixteen numbers for a dollar. Send today. Everything to gain—nothing to lose. Note by the coupon that we take all the risk. Trial subscription of three months for 25 cents.

Cut this out and send it with a dollar bill to-day

Inclosed find..... Send SYSTEM for..... months on approval. If I am not satisfied when the subscription ends you agree to return my remittance.

NAME.....

STREET.....

TOWN AND STATE.....

THE SHAW-WALKER CO., Muskegon, Michigan
Branch, Marquette Building, Chicago.

Money Kings of the World

(Continued from Page 9)

The rapid mobilization and concentration of the German armies on the frontier, after war had been declared against France in 1870, were entirely due to the smoothness with which the railway system was worked. Not many months elapsed before the position of Bleichroder as the chief financial adviser of the Government was still more signally recognized. Before the conclusion of peace, and whilst the headquarters of the German army were still at Versailles, Mr. Gerson Bleichroder was summoned to that place to give his opinion as to the amount of the indemnity to be demanded from France and as to its utilization. No equally huge financial transaction was ever carried through with greater facility. It fully bore out the prediction of the Berlin banker on whom, in return for his manifold services, a patent of nobility was conferred. Herr von Bleichroder remained at the head of his firm, which he had raised to its present position of importance, until his death in 1893, when the management of the business devolved first upon his cousin, Privy Councilor Schwabach, who died about five years ago, and then upon his two sons, Hans von Bleichroder and Dr. Georg von Bleichroder. The former was killed not many months ago in a motor-car accident, and Dr. Georg von Bleichroder is now the chief partner. The standing of the firm at the present time is maintained through its participation in the deals of the "Rothschild group" and through judicious abstention from the craze of financing industrial undertakings which has reduced many prominent German banks to the level of mere promoting concerns.

One of the best known of German financiers is the son of the founder and present head of the Direction der Disconto Gesellschaft, Privy Councilor Adolf von Hansemann. This bank also owes no inconsiderable part of its importance to its connection with the Prussian Government, in which the founder of the company, David Hansemann, held the post of Minister of Finance until his death in 1864. His son Adolf joined the board in 1857 and represented the family interests during the years of office of his father. The financial operations following the conclusion of peace in 1871, and even more so the growth of German foreign trade, helped to raise the Disconto Gesellschaft (as it is usually called) to the leading position it now holds. It introduced German capital into Italy, Chili, Brazil, and latterly also in China, where its affiliated banks act as important aids to German commerce.

A German banker whose name was well known and respected all over the civilized world, Johann Georg von Sienens, one of the founders of the largest German banking institution, the Deutsche Bank, died early in 1902. His career, since he joined the directorate of the new company in 1870 at the age of thirty-one, shows, perhaps more clearly than that of any other German financier, a truly wonderful change which the consolidation of the Empire effected in the commercial position of the company. It was the aim of his life, and therefore became the main purpose of the Deutsche Bank, to cultivate and extend the trade with oversea relations among whom many Germans had already found new homes, but had in the process lost sight almost completely of the growth of the commerce of their native country. The new bank became not only a pioneer of German industries, but also an important factor in the foreign relations of the Empire, which it helped by the introduction of German capital into Turkey in Asia Minor, thereby securing the German Government a much more influential position with the Porte than it ever held before. The Anatolian Railway and the Bagdad Railway, when finished, will be monuments to Herr von Sienens' activity, a fact which was appreciated by the Emperor when he raised the financier to the Prussian nobility two years before his death.

The Deutsche Bank has had a strong footing in British South Africa ever since the goldfields were discovered at Witwatersrand. The late Mr. Adolf Goerz, who founded the famous firm which bears his name as a limited liability company, was practically the pioneer of the vast interests now controlled by the mother institution in the Transvaal and in German Southwest Africa. The Dresdener Bank, another powerful group of Teutonic capitalists, is represented in equally extensive mining and industrial investments in

Majestic

PLENTY OF HOT WATER

This style of **MAJESTIC** solves the hot water problem where a city water supply is not available. The reservoir shown on the left is entirely of copper, tinned inside and nickel plated on the outside. It holds 17 gallons and has no faucets to leak. Its great superiority lies in the fact that while cooking an ordinary breakfast the water will come to a boil, and when it boils a child can move the reservoir away from the range—into the position indicated by dotted lines—by turning the crank toward the range (see arrow in illustration). Properly used this reservoir is good for 25 years without a leak.

Every need suited. The above is only one of many styles of **Majestic Ranges.** Others meet different conditions—all embody right principles of construction and are sold by first-class dealers generally.

If you do not find a Majestic dealer in your immediate vicinity, write us. We will give you the name of the nearest one and send you our BOOKLET showing many different styles, with valuable information about cooking, ranges and proper arrangement of the kitchen. Also 100 recipes by famous cooks.

MAJESTIC MFG. CO. **2025 Morgan St., St. Louis**

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(1) When you enroll with the Page-Davis Co. you are not experimenting, or being experimented upon.

(2) Business men want Page-Davis graduates because the principles of the institution appeal to people with a proper mental foundation upon which to build a successful business career.

(3) The Page-Davis students must be a credit to the Page-Davis Co. Their individual success is worth more to the Page-Davis Co. than their individual tuition.

(4) The Page-Davis Co. have created every precedent and set every standard of advertising instruction.

Do you realize the full significance of these facts to you?
We will be glad to have you ask us, what has the Page-Davis Co. done, what our students are doing, and what we can do for you. We will answer promptly and completely, if you write to us for our large prospectus, mailed free.

PAGE-DAVIS CO., Suite 18, 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

PAGE-DAVIS CO.

An Education Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for work done in leisure hours. You select the school—we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

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Send Only 25c

Fine Tucked All Silk Chiffon $4.00 Pattern Hat

$1.95

Send 25c and we will ship to your nearest express office, express paid, this beautiful hand made **tucked all silk Chiffon Pattern Hat** just like the above cut. The crown is artistically made of a plateau of all silk chiffon laid on in artistic folds, the under and outer rims are covered with **imported** straw cloth. The side trimming consists of an **imported** spray of **Pure Silk** and **Velvet** roses with natural foliage. The front is ornamented with an **imported cut** steel or jet buckle. A drape of **pure silk** taffeta on the bandeau and a knot of the same material at the back gives the finishing touch to this truly artistic creation.

You can order it in Black, White, Gray, Navy Blue, Brown, Tan, Red or Straw color. In ordering write for **Pattern Hat No. 3.** State Black, White or color you desire. Send at once and hat will be delivered by return express.

If you find the hat better and more stylish than you can buy of your home milliner, pay the express agent **$1.95** and have the satisfaction of wearing a hat copied after one of the newest imported pattern hats shown this season.

Send 5c in stamps for the Finest Illustrated Millinery Art Catalogue ever issued. It tells how you can buy and wear the very newest Paris styles for much less than you would ordinarily pay.

Trimmed hats from **$9** cents to $15.00 each.

TODD, SMITH & CO.
19-21 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

CALIFORNIA

The Overland Limited

THE MOST LUXURIOUS TRAIN IN THE WORLD

Electric-lighted daily train. Less than three days Chicago to San Francisco. Magnificent equipment.

The Best of Everything.

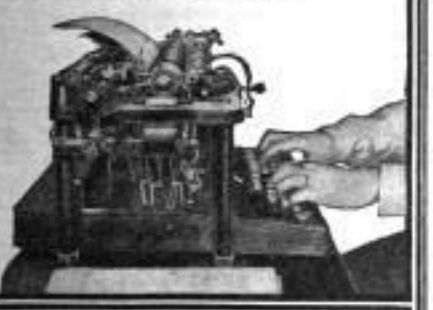
Two other fast trains Chicago to the Coast without change daily.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN, UNION PACIFIC and SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

Tickets on sale via this line by all Ticket Agents.

3 TRAINS DAILY

The Test



of Service

always proves the absolute supremacy of the

Remington Typewriter

Remington Typewriter Company
327 Broadway, New York

PATENTS No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for *Inventor's Guide*.
FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C.

the Transvaal gold-fields by the Brothers Albu. The British ruefully admit that the gold-mining industry of South Africa—Anglo-African as it is often called—is more German than British.

No sketch of the money kings of the modern world would be complete without an account of the greatest of all the industrials of the Old World. Krupp, of Essen, has long been a household word throughout the world. The cannon king, whose batteries did almost as much as the breechloading needle-gun to found the German Empire, was much more than a gun-maker. Only thirty per cent. of the output at Essen was dedicated to the service of the God of War. But as *inter arma silent leges* so the roar of the Krupp cannon has drowned the praises which would otherwise have paid tribute to this veritable Vulcan of the industrial world.

The story of the creation of the Krupp dynasty is one of the heroic romances of the nineteenth century. It is a story of indomitable perseverance, of farsighted patriotism, triumphing after interminable delays over almost inconceivable difficulties. When Krupp the Third died last November the newspapers of the world were filled with glowing accounts of the magnificence of the estate—richer and more important than many a kingdom—which he left to his heirs.

Krupp's works at Essen had practically converted a village of 10,000 inhabitants into a Birmingham or Pittsburg with a population of from 100,000 to 150,000. The number of workmen on the pay-roll of the firm numbered 46,000. Nearly 40,000 cannon cast in the Krupp foundries were to be found in the arsenals of every State from China to Peru. Krupp owned great steel works near Magdeburg, an artillery range at Meppen, and the Germania shipyard and dock at Kiel. The firm owned and worked three large coal mines in Germany, and many iron mines in Germany and in Spain. A fleet of steamers owned by Krupp had their headquarters at Rotterdam. His agents traveled more like ambassadors than commercial travelers in every part of the civilized world. To feed the forges of this German Vulcan four tons of coal and coke were consumed every minute of every day in the livelong year. Emperors were eager to do Krupp honor, kings sat at his table. Titles the Krupps disdained; to be plain Herr Krupp was sufficient distinction for any man. Finally it was recorded with awestruck breath that Krupp was the richest man in Germany, paying income taxes these last years on an income of $5,000,000 per annum.

The whole of this gigantic establishment was built up on the foundations laid a hundred years ago by Frederick Krupp—Krupp the First. It is noteworthy that the incentive to begin the manufacture of steel came to the first Krupp in the shape of a desire to rival Sheffield, which then was the leading steel-making centre in the world.

Krupp was born at Essen and there in 1818 he built a small furnace and began the manufacture of steel. In 1822 he found that he had lost a fortune and impaired his health. He then moved with his family into a little one-story cottage which now stands in the centre of the works at Essen. There he lived in sickness and comparative penury for four years, and there he died in 1826, leaving his son Alfred, a lad of fourteen, to carry on the business, to support his mother and the younger children. He had no capital; his only assets were a factory and four workmen.

Years afterward when Krupp was famous throughout the world, Alfred, then Krupp the Second, ordered that the little cottage, where he had spent hundreds of sleepless nights, should be put in exactly the same shape as it was originally. He said, "I desire that it should be kept intact so long as the factory exist in order that my successors, like myself, may look with pleasure upon this memorial, this origin, of the great works."

Alfred Krupp the Second was fortunate in having a noble mother. It is noteworthy that the success of the Rothschilds and of the Krupps alike may be traced back to the character and capacity of a woman. Mrs. Krupp was her son's best friend and business adviser. Like Mr. Carnegie he did not marry till his mother died. Mother and son for twenty-six years labored hand in hand to build up from such small beginnings the greatest iron and steel works in the world.

It is a curious coincidence that as it was a desire to rival English steel makers which spurred Krupp the First to begin steel making, it was the lucky sale of a patent for making silver-plated spoons to an English firm which gave Krupp the Second the capital with which to realize his father's ambition. He set to work to manufacture the best steel

Follow the Keystone

When you buy a watch, first select the works and then tell the jeweler you want a Jas. Boss Stiffened Gold Case. To protect yourself from deception be guided by the Keystone trade-mark which you will find in every

JAS. BOSS
Stiffened GOLD Watch Case

Better than an all-gold case because stronger; cheaper because no gold is wasted. The Jas. Boss Case is guaranteed for 25 years. Won't wear thin. Send for book.

The Keystone Watch Case Company, Philadelphia

Trustworthy men and women find PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT

Selling Aluminum Cooking Utensils, 100 different styles. Highest grade made. Cannot rust, crack or scale. Handsome as silver and 4 times lighter. Last a lifetime.

Our new method makes work easy, pleasant and profitable. Best offer you ever had. Write to-day.

Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
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Pears'

Few people know the comfort and beauty of perfect natural skin.

Have you used Pears' soap?

Sold all over the world.

The Improved Method of
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Filling cracks with Grippin's Filler and Patent Applier.

old or new, for rugs or otherwise, with GRIPPIN'S WOOD CRACK and CREVICE FILLER and FINISHING SPECIALTIES, is very simple and economical, not requiring skilled labor though the highest degree of perfection is attained. We give full instructions for treating all surfaces. Write to-day for our descriptive matter to

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Dept. 4, Newark, New York

ONLY 10c POST-PAID

WURLITZER'S
U. S. Lettered Fingerboard

For Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo or Violin

You can learn without a teacher. Saves you $50 in music lessons. Attachable to any instrument. Any of our Catalogues FREE. Old Violins, No. 46; Guitars, Mandolins, etc., No. 43; Band Instruments, No. 51; Talking Machines, No. A.

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172 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

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We teach railroading with Telegraphy and Stenography and place young men on sure road to success. You pay us one dollar a week during instruction, balance in weekly instalments after we get you a position. We refer to hundreds of graduates now in responsible positions in Railroad Service. *Free Prospectus.*

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FOUNTAIN MARKING BRUSHES

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AGENTS WANTED

Handy; always ready. Write for SPECIAL OFFER.

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ALABASTINE

We want to tell you of the durable and sanitary wall coating and tender the FREE services of our artists in helping you work out complete color plans; no glue kalsomine or poisonous wall paper. Address

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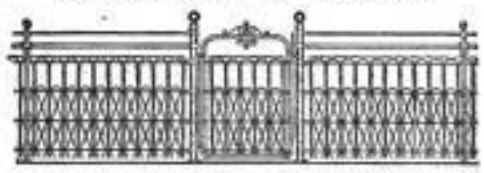

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in the world. No good steel could be made, he said, excepting from good iron, and from the first he aimed at making his works self-supporting. It was not till twenty-one years after his father's death that he began making guns from cast steel. He made his fortune in making railway plant; his weldless steel for car-wheels alone made him a fortune. What he made in manufacturing articles of peace he spent in making weapons of war. So far from being encouraged, the Prussian War Office did all it could to damp his ardor. Twelve years passed before, in 1859, he received an order to supply Prussia with 300 cannon. In 1866 his guns aided in the defeat of Austria, and in 1870 they consummated the overthrow of the French Empire.

From that year all was plain sailing. But the obstacles over which he had to triumph before he reached that point were almost inconceivable. It was very surprising that officialdom, especially Prussian officialdom, which is nothing if not paternal, looked askance at the proposal that the batteries of the King should be armed by a private manufacturer. Most Governments make their own cannon, but Germany, which owns its own railways, and is so jealous of private enterprises as not to allow a man to hire his own cart to carry his neighbor's goods, depends for its artillery upon a private firm, which supplies at the same time all the armies of all its rivals.

Krupp the Second reigned till 1887. When he died he handed over the works which he had inherited from his father sixty-one years before to his son Frederick, who died last November. He began with four workmen; when he left the works to his successor there were more than twenty thousand men on the pay-roll. He reigned over his men very much as a Prussian king reigns over Prussia. He was benevolent and intelligent, but he was an autocrat. The management of the business he deputed to a cabinet of fourteen heads of departments presided over by a chairman whom he named. But the works were his works—no one ever was permitted to forget that; the name of the man on horseback was Alfred Krupp. He looked after his men in his benevolent, paternal fashion; the works at Essen became the model industrial establishment in Germany. It was a kind of German Pullman. The sick fund, the pension fund, and the insurance fund which he founded, the first two in the fifties, the last in 1877, became the model of the Imperial social reforms of the close of the century. He built model workmen's houses, started a coöperative society, and supplied his men with all the appurtenances of civilization in the shape of hospitals, baths, schools and libraries. The contribution of the firm to these various funds, savings banks and so forth is said to amount to $1,000,000 per annum.

When Krupp the Second died and Krupp the Third came to the throne a change came o'er the spirit of the dream. Frederick Krupp was an able man with artistic tendencies. But he had not the energy of his father. He died last November and the Kaiser did public honor to his memory. Never before had a Money King been laid to rest with an Emperor as chief mourner.

Golden Fleece

(Continued from Page 11)

"What are you talking about, Jenny?" demanded her mother sharply.

"Why, I married Tom Burster half an hour ago. He's putting the notices in all the papers for to-morrow morning. Everybody'll think I changed my mind and shook Frothingham. And I did, too!"

"Jenny!" exclaimed her father. "Tom Burster!"

"And he's coming here to dinner, if you don't object," she continued. "If you do, why I'll join him and we'll go away and give you a chance to cool off." She caught her father by the beard. "What do you say, Daddy? Say yes, or I'll pull."

"Yes," replied her father with a huge sigh of relief—his daughter was contented; her and their vanity would be spared; Tom Burster would not demand or want a dower; he was not only independent, but also one of the most forward young "self-made" rich men in Chicago. "You've got more sense than all the rest of the family put together," he exclaimed proudly, patting her on the head.

And in an absent, reflective tone she said: "I always felt I'd have some use for Tom sooner or later."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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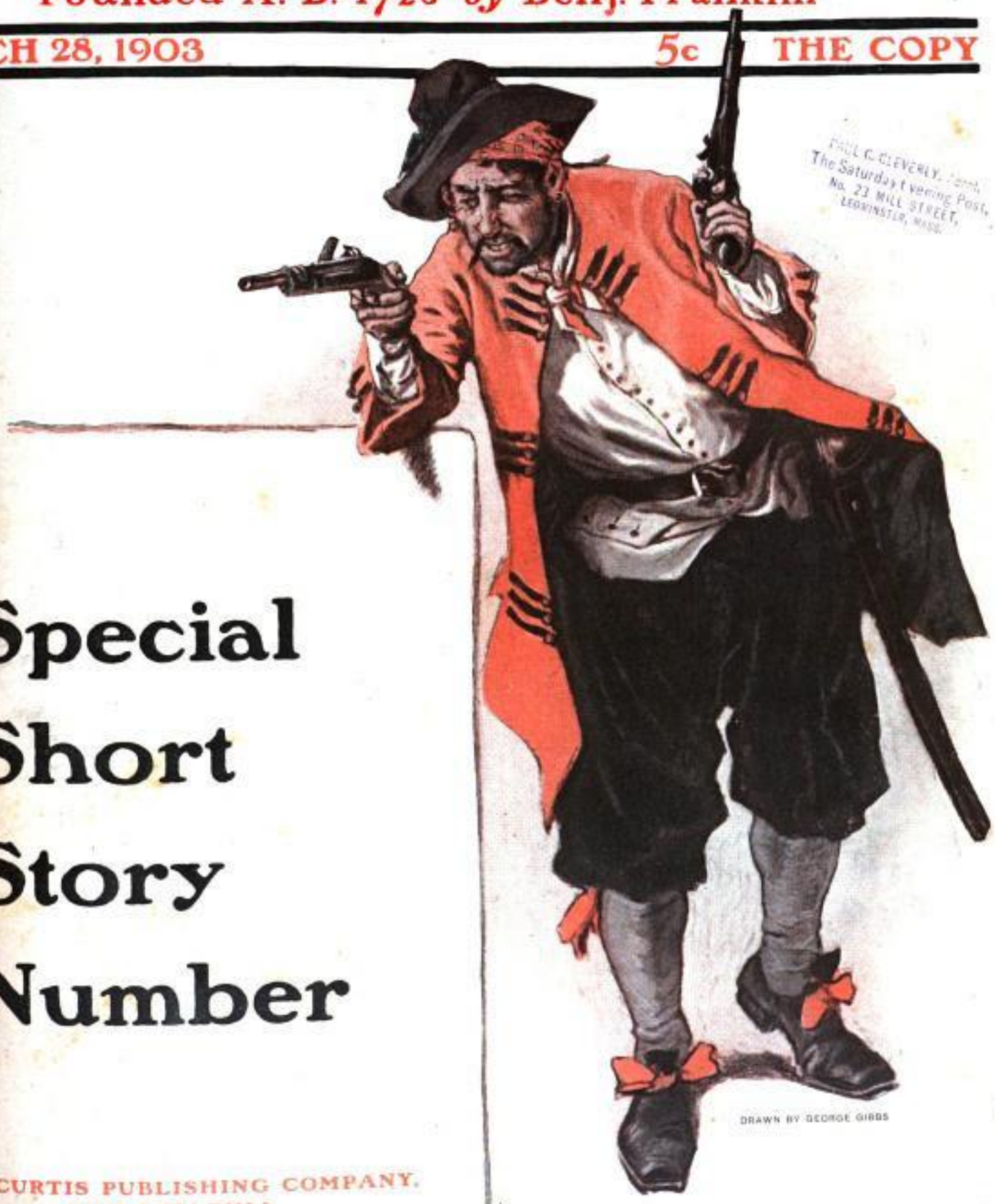

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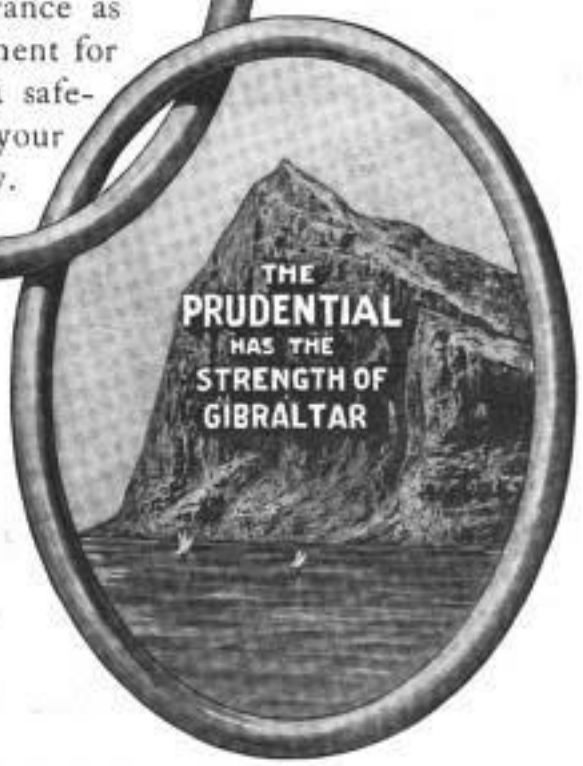

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PLAIN FIN—Paper-Hanger

A Tale of a Man, a Punt and an Inn

By F. Hopkinson Smith

THE man was a little sawed-off, red-headed Irishman with twinkling, gimlet eyes, two up-curved lips always in a broad smile, and a pair of thin, caliper-shaped legs.

His name was as brief as his stature.

"Fin, your honor, by the grace of God. F-i-n, Fin. There was a 'Mac' in front of it once, and an 'n' to the tail of it in the old times, so me mother says, but some of me ancisters—bad cess to 'em!—wiped 'em out. Plain Fin, if you plase, sur."

The punt was the ordinary Thames boat: a long, narrow, flat-bottomed, shallow craft with tapering ends decked over to serve as seats, the whole propelled by a pole the size of a tight-rope dancer's and about as difficult to handle.

Chartering the punt had been easy. All I had had to do was to stroll down the path bordering the river, run my eye over a group of boats lying side by side like a school of trout with their noses up-stream, pick out the widest, flattest and least upsettable craft in the fleet, decorate it with a pair of Turkey-red cushions from a pile in the boathouse, and a short mattress, also Turkey-red—a good thing at luncheon hour for a tired back is a mattress—slip the key of the padlock of the mooring chain in my pocket and stroll back again.

The hiring of the man was more difficult, well-nigh impossible, for days after my arrival at Sonning-on-Thames, except at a price per diem which no staid old painter—they are all an impecunious lot—could afford. There were boys, of course, for the asking; sunburnt, freckle-faced, tousle-headed, barefooted little devils who, when my back was turned, would do handsprings over my cushions, landing on the mattress, or break the pole the first day out, leaving me high and dry on some island out of calling distance; but full-grown, sober-minded, steady men, who could pole all day or sit beside me patiently while I worked, hand me the right brush, or tube of color, or palette, or open a bottle of soda without spilling half of it—that kind of man was scarce.

Landlord Hull, of the White Hart Inn—what an ideal Boniface is this same Hull, and what an ideal inn—promised

THE WHITE HART

a boatman to pole the punt and look after my traps when the Henley regatta was over; and the owner of my own craft, and of fifty other punts besides, went so far as to say that he expected a man as soon as Lord Somebody-or-Other left for the Continent, when His Lordship's waterman would be free, adding meaningly:

"Just at present, zur, when we do be 'avin' such a mob lot from Lunnon, 'specially at week's-end, zur—we ain't got men enough to do our own polin'. It's the war, zur, as has took 'em off. Maybe for a few day, zur, ye might take a 'and yerself if ye didn't mind."

I waved the hand referred to—the forefinger part of it—in a deprecating manner. I couldn't pole the lightest and most tractable punt ten yards in a straight line to save my own or anybody else's life. Then again, if I should impair the precision of my five fingers by any such violent exercise my brush would wabble as nervously over my canvas as a recording needle across a steam gauge. Poling a rudderless, keelless skiff up a crooked stream by means of a fifteen-foot balancing pole is an art only to be classed with that of rowing a gondola. Gondoliers and punters, like poets, are born, not made. My own Luigi comes of a race of gondoliers dating back two hundred years, and punters must spring from just such ancestors. No, if I had to do the poling myself I should rather get out and walk.

Fin solved the problem—not from any special training (rowing in regattas and the like), but rather from that universal adaptability of the Irishman which fits him for filling any situation in life, from a seat on a dirt cart to a chair in an aldermanic chamber.

"I am a paper-hanger by trade, sor," he began, "but I was brought up on the river and can put a punt wid de best. Try me, sor, at four bob a day; I'm out of a job."

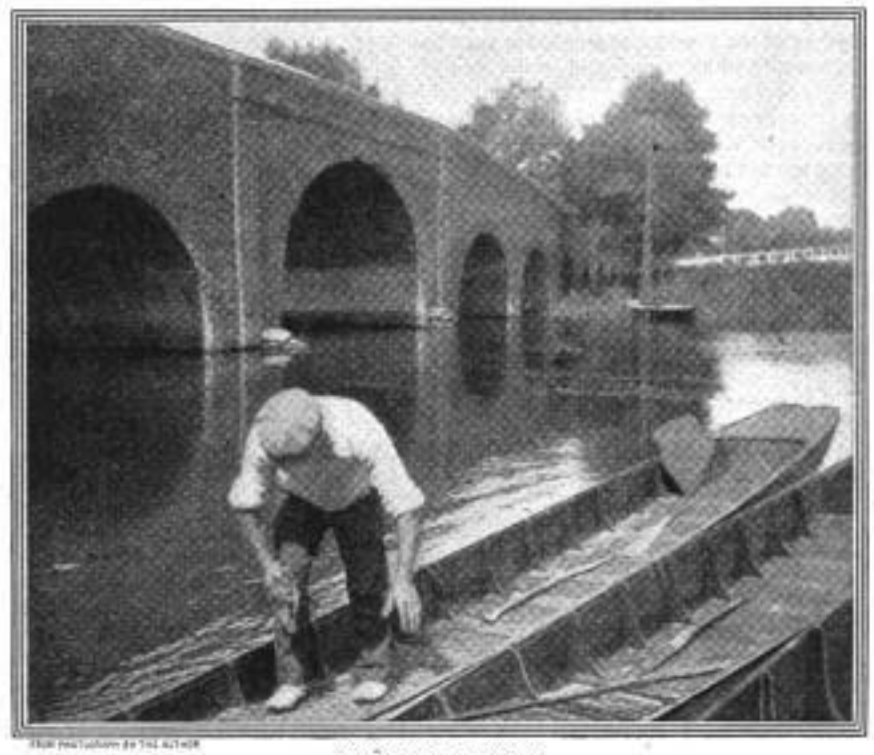
I looked him over from his illuminated head down to his parenthetical legs, caught the merry twinkle in his eyes, and a sigh of relief escaped me. Here was not only a seafaring man, accustomed to battling with the elements, skilled in the handling of poles, and acquainted with swift and ofttimes dangerous currents, but a brother brush, a man conversant with design and pigments; an artist, keenly sensitive to straight lines, harmony of tints and delicate manipulation of surfaces.

I handed him the key at once. Thenceforward I was simply a passenger depending on his strong right arm for guidance, and at luncheon hour upon his alert and nimble, though incurved, legs for sustenance, the inn being often a mile away from my subject.

And the inns!—or rather my own particular inn—the White Hart at Sonning.

There are others, of course—the Red Lion at Henley; the old Warboys hostelry at Cookham; the Angler at Marlowe; the French Horn across the black water and within rifle-shot of the White Hart—a most pretentious place, designed for millionaires and spendthrifts, where even chops and tomato sauce, English pickles, chowchow and the like, ales in the wood and other like commodities and comforts, are dispensed at prices that compel all impecunious, staid painters like myself to content themselves with a sandwich and a pint of bitter—and a hundred other inns along the river, good, bad and indifferent. But yet with all their charms I am still loyal to my own White Hart.

Mine is an inn that sets back from the river with a rose garden in front the like of which you never saw nor smelt of: millions of roses in a never-ending bloom. An inn with low ceilings, a cubby-hole of a bar next the side entrance on the village street; two barmaids—three on holidays; old furniture; a big fireplace in the hall; red-shaded lamps at night; plenty of easy chairs and cushions. An inn all dimity and cretonne and brass bedsteads upstairs and unlimited tubs—one fastened to the wall painted white, and about eight feet long, to fit the largest pattern of Englishman. Out under the portico facing the rose garden and the river stand tables for two or four, with snow-white cloths made gay with field flowers, and the whole shaded by big movable Japanese umbrellas, regular circus-tent umbrellas, their staffs stuck in the ground wherever they are needed. Along the sides of this garden on the gravel walk loll go-to-sleep straw chairs, with little wicker tables within reach of your hand for B. & S., or tea and toast, or a pint in a mug, and down at the water's edge seafaring men like Fin and me find a boathouse with half a score of punts, skiffs and rowboats, together with a steam launch with fires banked ready for instant service.



CAUGHT UNAWARES

And the people in and of this White Hart Inn!

There are a bride and groom, of course. No well-regulated Thames inn can exist a week without a bride and groom. He is a handsome, well-knit, brown-skinned young fellow, who wears white flannel trousers, chalked shoes, a shrimp-colored flannel jacket and a shrimp-colored cap (Leander's colors) during the day and a faultlessly cut dress suit at night.

She has a collection of hats, some as big as small tea-tables; fluffy gowns for mornings; short frocks for boating; and a gold belt, two shoulder straps and a bunch of roses for dinner. They have three dogs between them—one four inches long—well, perhaps six, to be exact—another a bull terrier, and a third a St. Bernard as big as a Spanish burro. They have also a maid, a valet and a dog-cart, besides no end of blankets, whips, rugs, canes, umbrellas, golf sticks and tennis bats. They have stolen up here, no doubt, to get away from their friends, and they are having the happiest hours of their lives.

"Them two, sor," volunteers Fin as we pass them lying under the willows near my morning subject, "is as chuck-full of happiness as a hive's full of bees. They was out in their boat yisterday, sor, in all that pour, and it rolled off 'em same as a duck sheds water, and they laughin' so ye'd think they'd split. What's dresses to them, sor, and her father? Why, sor, he could buy and sell half Sonnin'. He's jist home from Africa—or he was, the week he was married—wid more lead inside him than would sink a corpse. You kin see for yerself that he's made for fightin'. Look at the eye on him!"

Then there is the solitary Englishman, who breakfasts by himself, and has the morning paper laid beside his plate the

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moment the post-cart arrives. Fin and I find him half the time on a bench in a cool place on the path to the Lock, his nose in his book, his tightly furled umbrella by his side. No dogs nor punts nor spins up the river for him. He is taking his holiday and doesn't want to be meddled with or spoken to.

There are, too, the customary maiden sisters—the unattended and forlorn—up for a week; and the young fellow down from London, all flannels and fishing-rods—three or four of them in fact, who sit round in front of the little sliding wicket facing the row of bottles and pump handles—divining rods for the beer below, these pump handles—chaffing the barmaids and getting as good as they send. And always, at night, one or more of the country gentry in for their papers, and who can be found in the cozy hall discussing the crops, the coming regatta, the chance of Leander's winning the race, or the latest reports of yesterday's cricket match.

Now and then the village doctor or miller—quite an important man is the miller—you would think so if you could see the mill—drops in, draws up a chair and ventures an opinion on the price of wheat in the States or the coal strike or some kindred topic; the coming country fair, or perhaps the sermon of the previous Sunday.

"I hope you 'eard our Vicar, sir—No? Sorry you didn't, sir. I tell yer 'e's a nailer."

And so much for the company at the White Hart Inn.

II

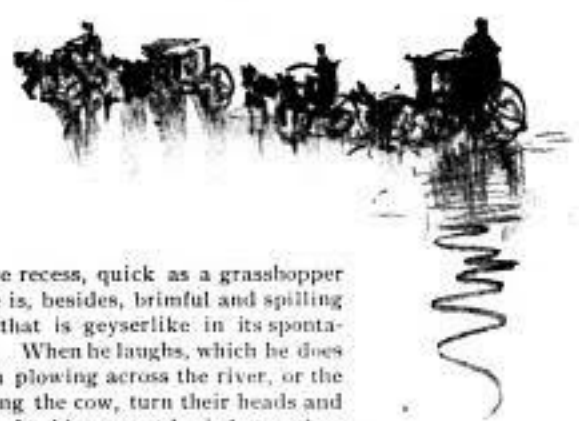
YOU perhaps think that you know the Thames. You have been at Henley, no doubt, during regatta week, when both banks were flower-beds of blossoming parasols and full-blown picture hats, the river a stretch of silver, crowded with boats, their occupants cheering like mad. Or you know Marlowe with its wide stream bordered with stately trees and statelier mansions, and Oxford with its grim buildings, and Windsor dominated by its huge pile of stone, the flag of the Empires floating from its top; and Maidenhead with its boats and launches, and lovely Cookham with its back water and quaint mill and quainter lock. You have rowed down beside them all in a shell, or have had glimpses of them from the train, or sat under the awnings of the launch or regular packet and watched the procession go by. All very charming and interesting, and, if you had but forty-eight hours in which to see all England, a profitable way of spending eight of them. And yet you have only skimmed the beautiful river's surface as a swallow skims a lake.

Try a punt once.

Pole in and out of the little back waters, lying away from the river, smothered in trees; float over the shallows dotted with pond lilies; creep under drooping branches swaying with the current; stop at any one of a hundred landings, draw your boat up on the gravel, spring out and plunge into the thickets, flushing the blackbirds from their nests, or unpack your luncheon, spread your mattress and watch the clouds sail over your head. Don't be in a hurry. Keep up this idling day in and day out, up and down, over and across, for a month or more, and you will get some faint idea of how picturesque, how lovely and how restful this rarest of all the sylvan streams of England can be.

RAREST OF ALL THE SYLVAN STREAMS OF ENGLAND

If, like me, you can't pole a punt its length without running into a mud bank or afoul of the bushes, then send for Fin. If he isn't at Sonning you will hear of him at Cookham or Marlowe or London—but find him wherever he is. He will prolong your life and loosen every button on your waistcoat. Fin is the unexpected, the ever-bubbling and the ever-joyous: restless as a schoolboy ten minutes before recess, quick as a grasshopper and lively as a cricket. He is, besides, brimful and spilling over with a quality of fun that is geyserlike in its spontaneity and intermittent flow. When he laughs, which he does every other minute, the man plowing across the river, or the boy fishing, or the girl driving the cow, turn their heads and smile. They can't help it. In this respect he is better than a dozen farmers each with his two blades of grass. Fin plants a whole acre of laughs at once.



On one of my joyous days—they were all joyous days, this one most of all—I was up the back water, the "Mud Lark" (Fin's name for the punt) anchored in her element by two poles, one at each end, to keep her steady, when Fin broke through a new aperture and became reminiscent.

I had dotted in the outlines of the old footpath with the meadows beyond, the cotton-wool clouds sailing overhead—only in England do I find these clouds—and was calling to the restless Irishman to sit still or I would send him ashore . . . wet, when he answered with one of his bubbling outbreaks:

"I don't wonder yer hot, sor, but I git that fidgety. I been so long doin' nothin'; two months now, sor, since I been on a box."

I worked on for a minute without answering. Hanging wall-paper by standing on a box was probably the way they did it in the country, the ceilings being low.

"No work?" I said aimlessly. As long as he kept still I didn't care what he talked or laughed about.

"Plinty, sor—an' summer's the time to do it. So many strangers comin' an' goin', but they won't let me at it. I'm laid off for a month yet; that's why your job come in handy, sor."

"Row with your Union?" I remarked listlessly, my mind still intent on watching a sky tint above the foreground trees.

"No—wid the perlice. A little bit of a scrimmage wan night in Trafalgar Square. It was me own fault, sor, for I oughter a-knowed better. It was about three o'clock in the mornin', sor, and I was outside one o' them clubs just below Piccadilly, when one o' them young chaps come out wid three or four others, all b'ilin' drunk—one was Lord Bentig—jumps into a four-wheeler standin' by the steps an' hollers out to the rest of us: 'A guinea to the man that gits to Trafalgar Square fust: three minutes' start,' and off he wint and we after him, leavin' wan of the others behind wid his watch in his hand."

I laid down my palette and looked up. Paper-hanging evidently had its lively side.

"Afoot?"

"All four of 'em, sor—lickety-split and hell's loose. I come near runnin' over a bobbie as I turned into Pall Mall, but I dodged him and kep' on and landed second with the mare doubled up in a heap and the rig a-top of her and one shaft broke. Lord Bentig and the other chaps that was wid him was standin' waitin' and when we all fell in a heap he nigh bu'st himself a-laughin'. He went bail for us, of course, and give the three of us ten bob apiece, but I got laid off for three months and come up here where me old mother lives and I kin pick up a job."

"Hanging paper?" I suggested with a smile.

"Yes, or anything else. Ye see, sor, I'm handy carpenterin', or puttin' on locks, or the likes o' that, or paintin' or paper-hangin' or mendin' stoves or tinware. So when they told me a painter-chap wanted me, I looked over me perfessions and picked out the wan I tho't would suit him best. But it's drivin' a cab I'm good at; been on the box fourteen year come'next Christmas. Ye don't mind, do ye, sor, my not telling ye before? Lord Bentig'll tell ye all about me next time ye see him in Lunnon." This touch was truly Finian.

"He's cousin, ye know, sor, to this young chap what's here at the inn wid his bride. They wouldn't know me, sor, nor don't, but I've driv her father many a time. My rank used to be near his house on Bolton Terrace. I had a thing happen there one night that—more water? Yes, sor—and the other brush—the big one? Yes, sor—thank ye, sor. I don't shake, do I, sor?"

"No, Fin; go on."

"Well, I was tellin' ye about the night Sir Henry's man—that's the lady's father, sor—come to the rank where I sat on me box. It was about ten o'clock—rainin' hard and bad goin', it was that slippery.

"'His Lordship wants ye in a hurry, Fin,' and he jumped inside.

"When I got there I see something was goin' on—a party or something—the lights was lit clear up to the roof.

"'His Lordship's waitin' in the hall for ye,' said his man, and I jumped off me box and wint inside.

"'Fin,' said His Lordship, speakin' low, 'there's a lady dinin' wid me and the wine's gone to her head, and she's that full that if she waits until her own carriage comes for her she won't git home at all! Go back and get on yer cab wid yer fingers to yer hat and I'll bring her out and put her in meself. It's dark and she won't know the difference. Take her down to Cadogan Square—I don't know the number, but ye can't miss it, for it's the fust white house with geraniums in the winders. When ye git there ye're to git down, help her up the steps, keepin' yer mouth shut, unlock the door and set her down on the sofa. You'll find the sofa in the parlor on the right, and can't miss it. Then lay the key on the mantel—here it is. After she's down step out softly, close the door behind ye, ring the bell and some of her servants will come and put her to bed. She's often took that way and they know what to do.' Then he says, lookin' at me straight, 'I sent for you, Fin, for I know I kin trust ye. Come here to-morrow and let me know how she got through and I'll give ye five bob.'

"Well, sor, in a few minutes out she come, leanin' on His Lordship's arm, steppin' loike she had spring-halt and takin' half the sidewalk to turn in.

"'Good-night, Your Ladyship,' says His Lordship.

"'Good-night, Sir Henry,' she called back, her head out of the winder, and off I driv.

"I turned into the Square, found the white house wid the geraniums, helps her out of me cab and steadied her up the steps, pulled the key out, and was just goin' to put it in the lock when she fell up agin the door and open it went. The gas was turned low in the hall, so that she wouldn't know me if she looked at me.

"I found the parlor, but the lights were out; so widout lookin' for the sofa—I was afraid somebody'd come and catch me—I slid her into a rockin'-chair, laid the key on the hall table, shut the door softlike, rang the bell as if there was a fire next door, jumped on me box and driv off.

"The next mornin' I went to see His Lordship.

"'Did ye land her all right, Fin?'

"'I did, sor,' I says.

"'Had ye any trouble wid the key?'

"'No, sor,' I says; 'the door was open.'

"'That's queer,' he says; 'maybe her husband came in earlier and forgot to shut it. And ye put her on the sofa——'

"'No, sor, in a big chair.'

"'In the parlor on the right?'

"'No, sor, in a little room on the left—down one step——'

"He stopped and looked at me.

"'Ye're sure ye put her in the fust white house?'

"'I am, sor.'

"'Wid geraniums in the winder?'

"'Yes, sor.'

"'Red?' he says.

"'No, white,' I says.

"'On the north side of the Square?'

"'No,' I says, 'on the south.'

"'Fin,' he says, 'ye left her in the wrong house!'"

It was I who shook the boat this time.

"Oh, ye needn't laugh, sor; it was no laughin' matter. I got me five bob, but I lost His Lordship's custom, and I didn't dare go near Cadogan Square for a month."

These disclosures opened up a new and wider horizon. Heretofore I had associated Fin with simple country life—as a cheery craftsman—a Jack-of-all-trades: one day attired in overalls, with paste-pot, shears and ladder, brightening the walls of the humble cottagers, and the next in polo cap and ragged white sweater, the gift of some summer visitor (his invariable costume with me), adapting himself to the peaceful needs of the river. Here, on the contrary and to my great surprise, was a cosmopolitan; a man versed in the dark and devious ways of a great city; familiar with life in its widest sense; one who had touched on many sides and who knew the cafés, the rear entrances to the theatres and the short cut to St. John's Wood with the best and worst of them. These discoveries came with a certain shock, but they did not impair my interest in my companion. They really endeared him to me all the more.

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After this I was no longer content with listening to his rambling dissertations on whatever happened to rise in his memory and throat. I began to direct the output. It was not a difficult task; any incident or object, however small, served my purpose.

The four-inch dog acted as valve this morning.

Somebody had trod on His Dogship; some unfortunate biped born to ill luck. In and about Sonning to tread on a dog or to cause any animal pain is looked upon as an unforgivable crime. Dogs are made to be hugged and coddled and given the best cushion in the boat. "A man, a girl and a dog" is as common as "a man, a punt and an inn."

Instantly the four-inch morsel—four inches, now that I think of it, is about right; six inches is too long—this morsel, I say, let out a yell as shrill as a launch whistle and as fetching as a baby's cry. Instantly three chambermaids, two barmaids, the two maiden sisters who were breakfasting on the shady side of the inn gable, and the dog's owner, who, in a ravishing gown, was taking her coffee under one of the Japanese umbrellas, came rushing out of their respective hiding-places, impelled by an energy and accompanied by an impetuousness rarely seen except perhaps in some heroic attempt to save a drowning child sinking for the last time.

"The darlin'"—this from Katy the barmaid, who got to him first—"who's stomped on him?"

"How outrageous to be so cruel!"—this from the two maiden sisters.

"Give him to me, Katy—oh, the brute of a man!"—this from the fair owner.

The solitary Englishman with his book and his furled umbrella, who in his absorption had committed the crime, strode on without even raising his hat in apology.

"D——d little beast!" I heard him mutter as he neared the boathouse where Fin and I were stowing cargo. "Ought to be worn on a watch-chain or in her buttonhole."

Fin had his hand on his lips keeping his laughing apparatus in order until the solitary disappeared down the path to the trees, then he leaned my way.

"I know him, sor," he whispered. "He's a barrister down in Temple Bar. He don't remember me, sor, but I know him. He's always treadin' on something—something alive—always, sor, and wid both feet! He trod on me once. I thought it was him when I see him fust—but I wasn't sure till I asked Landlord Hull about him."

"How came you to know him?"

"Well, sor, he had an old lady on his list two years ago that was always disputin' distances and goin' to law about her cab fares. I picked her up one day in St. James Street and druv her to Kensington Gardens and charged her the rates, and she kicked and had me up before the magistrate, and this old ink-bottle appeared for her. She's rich and always in hot water. Well, we had it measured and I was right, and it cost her me fare and fifteen bob besides. When it was figured up she owed me sixpence more measurement I hadn't charged her for the first time, and I summoned her and made her pay it and twelve bob more to teach her manners. What pay he got I don't know, but I got me sixpence. He was born back here about a mile—that's why he comes here for his holiday."

Fin stopped stowing cargo—two bottles of soda, a piece of ice in a bucket, two canvases, my big easel and a lunch basket—and moving his cap back from his freckled forehead said with as much gravity as he could maintain:

"I ought to have been a barrister, sor; I started as one."

The statement did not surprise me. Had he added that he had coached the winning crew of the regatta the year before, laid the marquetry floors of Cliveden (not far away), or led the band at the late Lord Mayor's show, I should have received his statements with equal equanimity. So I simply remarked, "When was that, Fin?" quite as I should had I been gathering details for his biography—my only anxiety being to get the facts chronologically correct.

"When I was a gossoon of twenty, sor—maybe eighteen—I'm fifty now, so it's far back enough, God knows. And it all happened, too, not far from that old ink-bottle's place in Temple Bar. I was lookin' at it wan day last winter when I had a fare down there that I took up in old Bond Street. I did the sweepin' out and startin' fires. Wan day wan of the clerks got fired because he couldn't serve a writ on another barrister chap who owed a bill that me boss was tryin' to collect. Nobody could git into his rooms, try every way they could. He had nigh broke the head o' wan o' the young fellers in the office who tried it the day before. He niver come out, but had his grub sent him. This had been goin' on for a month. All kinds o' games had been put up on him and he beat 'em all.

"'I'll do it,' I says, 'in a week's time or less.' The manager was goin' through the office and heard the laugh they give me. 'What's this?' he says, cross-like. 'Fin says he kin serve the writ,' the clerk says. 'I kin,' I says, startin' up, 'or I'll throw up me job.'

"'Give him the writ,' he says, 'and give him two days off. It kin do no harm for him to try.'

"Well, I found the street and went up the stairs and read the name on the door and heard somebody walkin' around, and knew he was in. Then I lay around on the other side o' the street to see what I could pick up in the way o' the habits o' the rat. I knew he couldn't starve for a week at a time, and that something must be goin' in, and maybe I could follow up and git me foot in the door before he could close it, but I soon found that wouldn't work. Pretty soon milk come and went up in a basket that he let down from his winder. As he leaned out I saw his head, and it was a worse carrot then me own. Then along come a man with a bag o' coal on his back and a bit o' card in his hand with the coal yard on it and the rat's name underneath, a-lookin' up at the house and scratchin' his head as to where he was goin'.

"I crossed over and says, 'Who are ye lookin' for?' And he hands me the card. 'I'm his man,' I says, 'and I been waitin' for ye—me master's sick and don't want no noise. I'll carry the bag up and dump it and bring ye the bag back and a shillin' for yer trouble. Wait here. Hold on,' I says; 'take me hat and let me have yours, for I don't git a good hat every day, and the bag's that dirty it'll spile it.'

"'Go on,' he says; 'I've carried it all the way from the yard and me back's broke.' Well, I pulled his hat over me eyes and started up the stairs wid the bag on me shoulder. When I got to the fust landin' I run me hands over the bag, gittin' 'em good and black, then I smeared me face, and up I went another flight.

"'Who's there?' he says when I knocked.

"'Coals,' I says.

"'Where from?' he says.

"I told him the name on the card. He opened the door an inch and I could see a chain between the crack.

"'Let me see yer face,' he says. I twisted it out from under the edge of the bag. 'All right,' he says, and he slipped back the chain and in I went, stoopin' down as if it weighed a ton.

"'Where'll I put it?' I says.

"'In the box,' he says, walkin' toward the grate. 'Have ye brought the bill?'

"'I have,' I says, still keepin' me head down. 'It's in me side pocket. Pull it out, please, me hand's that dirty'—and out come the writ!

"Ye ought to have seen his face when he read it. He made a jump for the door, but I got there fust and downstairs in a tumble, and fell in a heap at the foot with everything he could lay his hands on comin' after me—tongs, shovel and poker.

"I got a raise of five bob when I went back and ten bob besides from the boss.

"I ought to have stayed at the law, sor; I'd be a magistrate by now a-sittin' on a sheepskin instead of——

"Where'll I put this big canvas, sor—up agin the bow or laid flat? The last coat ain't dry yet," he muttered to himself, touching my picture with his finger in true paper-hanger style. "Oh, yes, I see—all ready, sor, ye kin step in. Same place we painted yesterday, sor?—up near the mill? All right, sor." And we pushed out into the stream.

These talks with Fin are like telephone messages from the great city hardly an hour away. They always take place in the open, while I am floating among pond lilies or drifting under widespreading trees, their drooping leaves dabbling in the silent current like children's fingers, or while I am sitting under skies as blue as any that bend above my beloved city by the sea. Often, too, when the delicious silence about me is broken only by the lapping of the water around my punt, the sharpening of a bit of charcoal or the splash of a fish. That his stories are out of key with my surroundings, often reminding me of things I have come miles over the sea to forget, does not rob them of their interest. Somehow it seems to heighten it.

There is no warning given. Suddenly, and apparently without anything that leads up to the subject in mind, this irrepressible Irishman breaks out, and before I am aware of the change, the glory of the morning and all that it holds for me of beauty fades out of the slide of my mental camera and another takes its place. Again I am following Fin's cab through the mazes of smoky, seething London, now waiting outside a concert-hall for some young blood, or shopping along Regent Street, or at full tilt to catch a Channel train at Charing Cross—each picture enriched by a running account of personal adventure that makes them doubly interesting.

"You wouldn't mind, sor," he begins, "if I tell ye of a party of three I took home from a grand ball—one of the toppy balls of the winter, in one o' them big halls on the Strand? Two o' them was dressed like the Royal family in satins that stuck out like a haystack and covered with diamonds that would hurt yer eyes to look at 'em——" And then in his inimitable dialect—impossible to reproduce by any combination of vowels at my command, and punctured every few minutes by ringing laughs that can be heard half a mile away—follows a description of how one of his fares, Ikey by name, the son of the stoutest of the women, by a sudden lurch of his cab—Ikey rode outside—while rounding into a side street, was landed in the mud.

"Oh, that was a great night, sor," he rattles on. "Ye ought to 'a' seen him when I picked him up. He looked as if they'd been a-swobbin' the cobbles wid him. 'Oh, me son! me son! it's kilt ye are!' she hollered out, clawin' him wid both hands, and up they hauled him all over them satin dresses! And where do ye think I took 'em, sor? To Hanover Square, or out by St. James Park? No, sor, not a bit of it! Down in an alley in Whitechapel, sor, that ye'd be afraid to walk through after sundown, and into a shop wid three balls over it. What do ye think o' that, sor?"

Or he launches forth into an account of how he helped to rescue a woman's child from the clutches of her brutal husband; and of the race out King's Road followed by the husband in a hansom, and of the watchful bobbie who, to relieve a threatened block in the street, held up the pursuing hansom at the critical moment, thus saving the escaping child, half-smothered in a blanket, tight locked in its mother's arms, and earning for Fin the biggest fare he ever got in his life.

"Think of it, sor! Fifteen bob for goin' a mile, she a-hollerin' all the time that she'd double the fare if I kep' ahead. But, Lord love ye, sor, she needn't 'a' worried; me old plug had run in the Derby wance, and for a short spurt like that she was game back to the stump of her tail."

. . . . . .

When the last morning of his enforced exile arrived and Fin, before I was half dressed, presented himself outside my bedroom door, an open letter in his hand, not a trace of the punt-poling Irishman was visible in his make-up!

He wore a glazed white tile, a yellow-brown coat with three capes, cut pen-wiper fashion, and a pair of corduroy trousers whose fullness concealed in part the ellipsis of his legs.

"Here's a letter from me boss, sor," he blurted out, holding it toward me. "He says I kin go to work in the mornin'. Ye don't mind, do ye, sor?"

"Of course I mind, Fin; I'll have trouble to fill your place. Are you sorry to leave?"

"Am I sorry, sor? No!—savin' yer presence, I'm glad. What's the good of the country, anyhow, sor, except to make picters in? Of course it's different wid you, sor, not knowin' the city, but for me—why, God rest yer soul, sor, I wouldn't give one cobble of the Strand no bigger'n me fist for the best farm in Surrey.

"Call me, sor, next time ye're passin' my rank—any time after twelve at night, and I'll show ye fun enough to last ye yer life."

Something dropped out of the landscape that day: something of its brilliancy, color and charm. The water seemed sluggish, the sky tones dull, the meadows flat and commonplace.

It must have been Fin's laugh!

THE RESULT OF A MORNING'S WORK WITH FIN

A QUIET BACKWATER

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Little Stories of the Stage

By Charles Bloomingdale, Jr.

THE average newspaper man gets a bit of every sort and phase of life in a year's work. From a hanging to a wedding is the mere taking of a car from the prison to the church. A big case in court, a fire, a politician's views, a found-drowned case, a scene of the streets—it's all the same to the newspaper man. And sometimes he's sent out to get "interviews."

MR. HACKETT IN THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

The men and women of the stage furnish the best "talk" for a newspaper. They may be this, that, or the other thing, but they're never dull. There's a relationship between them and the newspaper man, for one touch of Bohemia makes the two kin.

So much for preamble. Here is a little series of anecdotes and reminiscences jotted down offhand. They stretch back through half a dozen years of newspaper life—"interview assignments" crowded in between hangings, weddings, fires, and the thousand little jottings known as "news."

Mansfield and the Blue Pencil

THE two hardest stage folk to get interviews from are Sarah Bernhardt and Richard Mansfield. Bernhardt received nineteen of my visiting-cards before I gained an audience; and Mansfield played me a subtle trick.

We'll tell the last first. Mansfield, bar none, is the least understood of our actors. All sorts of tales with Mansfield in the rôle of unenviable hero find their way into the public prints. As a matter of fact, not one in fifty of these tales is true. But the result of these misrepresentations has been that Mansfield refuses to see interviewers. Yet there's a way to accomplish most things, and Mansfield consented to a chat of three very delightful hours—from midnight to three in the morning. And when, at last, I picked up my hat, I said to him, in the goodness of my heart: "So that there may be no danger of my misquoting you in any particular I'm going to write out this interview in the morning and send it up to you with a blue pencil. What you don't like, use the prerogative of editing."

The next day a column and a half of interview went up to Richard Mansfield in a bulky envelope. There was also inclosed a new blue pencil. I told the boy to wait a half-hour, and in my note I asked that Mr. Mansfield return the interview at his earliest opportunity, as I meant to use it in the paper the next day. Back came the boy in three-quarters of an hour. He said there was no answer.

I waited for two hours, then sent the boy back with another note to Mansfield, asking for the return of the manuscript. The boy returned minus the manuscript. He had a note in his hand—the same one I had sent the actor. At the bottom of it Mansfield had scribbled:

Dear Old Man:
Used up the blue pencil. Please send another.
RICHARD MANSFIELD.

I never saw the manuscript again.

Sarah Bernhardt's Surrender

AFTER eighteen visiting-cards had been sent up to Bernhardt's room within eight days, I scribbled on the nineteenth: "Please see me this time—or send back by bearer the eighteen visiting-cards that have preceded this one."

Then I was ushered into Bernhardt's room.

She was playing with a rose during the ten minutes' talk, and appeared to be half bored and half amused. She lay back in a big armchair and never changed her position once. For a woman supposed to be all nerves she was all repose. We talked in hybrid—here and there a French word grafted on to English—or vice versa. The room was in semi-darkness.

The particular thing she said that impressed me most was when she was asked which, in her estimation, was the greater, tragedy or comedy. "Tragedy," came the answer in a flash. "A clown can make the rustic laugh, but it needs intellectual strength and heart knowledge to make him cry."

Francis Wilson Plays Chess Between the Acts

FRANCIS WILSON combated this assertion one evening when we were chatting in his dressing-room. Wilson prefers to see his newspaper friends behind the scenes. He's usually playing chess with a member of his company. During the time he is dressing or changing costume or waiting he has his mind on that chess-board. Sometimes it takes four or five evenings of snatch moments to complete a game—sometimes a game is over in an evening. Sometimes one player is in the room studying the board—sometimes both. I recollect that one night when Wilson was playing in The Toreador as I stood in the wings I heard him say on the stage to one of the characters: "I moved a pawn—it's your move when you get off." In that way the chess game was hurried to a conclusion; and when one of the contestants was on the stage and the other in the dressing-room, the man in front of the chess-board could be thinking out his play.

But to Wilson's answer to Bernhardt. "She's all wrong," he said, "for tragedy isn't greater than comedy. The every-day life of the average man is tragic, isn't it? Isn't it a grim, unrelenting tragedy this going through life? Then I hold that the fellow who plays comedy gets outside of himself to do it—he 'puts an antic disposition on'—and he must 'act' to do it. Playing tragedy is merely being one's self—and isn't acting. Tell that to Bernhardt next time you see her, with my compliments."

MRS. CARTER IS ANOTHER OF THE ALL-NERVE SCHOOL

William Crane's pet hobby is pinochle between scenes. He's a good talker in his dressing-room, and he can keep his mind on the interview and hold his cards at the same time. He's not a brilliant talker by any means, and impresses one more as a solid and successful business man than as an actor.

Anna Held, whether in her private parlor in the hotel or in her room behind the scenes, wants to talk dress to you from the second you come in until you leave. She is *bon camarade* at once, has no affectations, and treats you as one of the family. Before you get fairly seated she's rummaging around in closets to show you some new frocks she bought in Paris, and when you say "Very pretty" she mimics you with fine scorn and says: "'Very pretty—very pretty.' There doesn't live a man who could say anything else when he sees a handsome gown. A woman could talk for half an hour on this one ruffle. All you can say is 'Very pretty!'"

Then she bursts into laughter—and shows you another gown!

Faversham's Scheme to Get Rich

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM is merely a big, broad-shouldered, fine-looking Englishman, with a good wholesome laugh, and what may best be described as a "chummy" spirit. He is one of the matinée heroes, who, like Hackett, has no time nor inclination for the feminine worshipers at his shrine. Good sense seems to be his leading characteristic, and even though he has been made the hero of many a newspaper story and some silly girl the heroine, Faversham told me one day that he had the making of a fortune locked in one of his trunks. "What do you think it is?" he said. "Merely a big collection of newspaper clippings in which I figure as the most beautiful ass that ever was born. I have done this, that and the other thing according to these newspaper reports, and were I to sue for libel in any particular instance I could get tremendous damages. Why, my boy, I could give up acting to-day, devote all my time to sitting in court while my lawyers pleaded their cases for suits against the newspapers, and I should find it the most profitable employment that a man could take. I know I should be half a million dollars richer if I ever attempted the libel-suit game—for I'd win every suit."

May Irwin's Hobby is Baseball

MAY IRWIN off the stage and May Irwin on the stage are one and the same person—jolly as she can be, and anything that happens to be on the tip of her tongue is bound to come out. Baseball is her hobby, and she can give you the names, positions and batting order of any team in either League. She never misses a game of ball if she can help it, and always roots for the home team no matter in what city she happens to be. She's a kodak fiend, and on the occasion of her last visit to Philadelphia she showed me a collection of pictures she had taken the previous summer. Many of them were "wading pictures," as she termed them—and there was one lone feminine in each of the series. "Can you recognize the lady?" she asked, after eight or ten pictures had been passed over for inspection. And then off she went into peal after peal of laughter.

"Well, those terribly thin legs belong to Cissie—I mean Cecilia Loftus—Sir Henry Irving's leading woman."

I suggested to her that she allow me to enlarge the pictures so she could use them as three-sheet posters in England. "Wouldn't they make a hit, though? Fancy all England staring!" She paused for a second, and then said solemnly: "There's a world of difference between Cissie and me when we go in wading together."

Mrs. Kendal's Passion for Knitting

MRS. KENDAL has always prided herself on her domestic traits. She always has wanted the dear American public to know her as a model of motherly and wifely devotion.

Mrs. Kendal sent down word when my card went upstairs that she'd see me in five minutes, so I was prepared for a pose of some sort. One always is when one goes interviewing.

There sat the good lady in her room—knitting. She showed me to a chair. "You don't mind my doing this, do you?" she said apologetically. "You see, I knit all my husband's socks—he seems to like mine best, you know—and then, too, I love to do it. If more women of the stage would only look after their husbands' comfort——"

She was still knitting the socks when I said good-by!

Sir Henry Irving likes to interview you while you're interviewing him. He is simplicity itself in dress, speech and bearing.

The last time we met was in a railroad train on the way to Princeton, whither the distinguished actor was bound to deliver his lecture on Bacon.

"What's going to be the future of your country?" he asked. "Twenty years ago I went along what is now the River Drive in New York. I saw nothing but shanties and goats, and clothes hanging out to dry. Now I see magnificent palaces. It's like a page from the Arabian Nights, is this wonderful country."

You ask him a question and he'll ponder over it before answering. Then out pops a question, or a series of them to you:

"How old is Pierpont Morgan? I hear that most of your laboring men own their own homes. Is that true? What is the wage of the average newspaper man? How many years do you think will elapse before America absorbs England?"

He impresses you as a man who never would talk for talk's sake—one who never poses—one to whom life is a serious problem.

Yet there's a twinkle in his restless eyes, and a smile perpetually hovers around his serious mouth.

Reginald de Koven Can't Sit Still

REGINALD DE KOVEN couldn't sit still for two minutes if his life depended on it—that is, when he's being interviewed. Up and down the room he walks, lighting cigarettes and throwing them away.

"YOU DON'T MIND MY DOING THIS, DO YOU?"

"TELL THAT TO BERNHARDT, WITH MY COMPLIMENTS"

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NETHERSOLE SEEMS TO EXUDE LANGUOR

He wants everything he says put down in long hand and read to him as he goes along in his talk. Then, too, he has a queer trick of saying: "Now suppose you ask me thus and so, and I will answer so and so."

He continually suggests to you the questions he wishes you to put to him, and continues to walk up and down the room and consume great quantities of cigarettes.

E. S. Willard likes to talk of his work. He, like Sothern, is very earnest, but much more aggressive. His face is that of the student and thinker. I asked him once which of his rôles he best liked. He laughed: "Ask a mother which of her children is her favorite. Her answer invariably will be, 'The last.' So with the actor. His characters are his brain children, and his favorite is the one that has been last born to him. He likes all of his rôles, but he loves the last. It is the Joseph of his brain."

Lillian Russell Can't Take a Joke

LILLIAN RUSSELL in a black silk gown in her room at the hotel was much more beautiful than Lillian Russell bepainted and bepowdered on the stage.

In the course of the chat I asked: "What would you rather be if you were not what you are?" She thought for half a minute: "I think I'd like to be a Dutch wife, knitting coarse socks and surrounded by about fifteen of my youngsters."

The printed interview appeared next day, and the newspaper artist drew the radiant Lillian in a Dutch gown, complacently rocking in a chair, her chubby hands busy with her knitting, and about a hundred Dutch youngsters sprawling on the floor around her.

That day I met Miss Russell on the street. She cut me dead and has never spoken to me since.

John Hare is very quiet and diffident in his dressing-room — modest, unassuming and very careful in his choice of words. He does not, as do the majority of foreigners, say pleasant things of America merely because he thinks pretty phrases will strike pleasingly on our ears. He is bluntly honest, as witness his interviews on American stars.

"You have too many stars in America," he said. "In the two or three years that elapsed between my visits a full score of male stars sprang into the theatric firmament. They do not — with very rare exceptions — display star ability. On our side of the water they would be leading men — some of them merely fair at that. Over here one of your young men plays for three or four seasons and is then made a leading man. Two years of leading — and lo, the following season he's a star! Certainly I can believe that America is a very rapid country." There is a fine touch of irony in his voice, and he taps his long, slender fingers together as he leans back in his chair.

"Your women? A hundred per cent. cleverer players than your men. They have the temperament for actresses, have the American women — and acting comes easy to them."

Mr. Hawtrey's Sameness

A CERTAIN player told me one day that Charles K. Hawtrey was no actor. "Did you ever meet him off the stage?" he asked me. "Yes? And did you ever see him acting? Yes? Well, isn't he the same chap off the stage as he is on — courteous, polished, educated, with manners above reproach, with a voice superbly modulated? In other words, a gentleman to his finger-tips? Well, that's exactly how he is on the stage. He doesn't change a particle. He merely goes before the footlights — possibly changes his clothes, but is Charles K. Hawtrey first, last and all the time."

Though disagreeing thoroughly with my friend the actor as regards Mr. Hawtrey's art, Mr. Hawtrey the actor is much the same man as Mr. Hawtrey in his room. All the good which my friend said of Hawtrey is true. He is the polished gentleman at every turn, but he is also a very clever fellow.

"A CLOWN CAN MAKE THE RUSTIC LAUGH"

"GIVE UP ACTING?"

While taking his art seriously, Mr. Hawtrey doesn't think very highly of it. "I think that acting," he said, "is least among the arts, because it can never stand alone. Painting, literature, music — all those need creative faculties, but the actor can give you — well, here's the way I figure it: the actor appears in a play. Now, any credit that he may get, at least half of it, is due the playwright, for the playwright creates the character. Therefore the actor gets half, but he cannot get all that half unless he should play the whole play by himself — characters, scenery and everything. But there are ten or twelve characters, we'll say, and each of these feeds and rounds out his interpretation. Therefore when it is all said and done the actor doesn't even get half. The painter leaves his canvass to posterity, the musician his opera, the sculptor his statue; the actor leaves but a memory and nothing else."

When Jefferson Will Make His Farewell

JOE JEFFERSON is a quizzical, kindly old gentleman off the stage, and, like Mansfield, doesn't wish to be misquoted. You must promise to bring the written interview to him. Then you read it to him twice. The first time he listens. The second time he suggests. I remember on one occasion spending fifteen minutes with him on one sentence, because it wasn't "symmetrical." "It doesn't hit the ear right," he explained. "There isn't music in it — and every sentence should have a certain note and a certain cadence."

I asked him when he would give up acting. "When they carry me out feet first," he answered. "I can't give it up. I make my seasons short nowadays — play only about ten weeks — two and one-half months. I do that merely to keep on the stage. A good part of the winter I stay in Florida and fish. That's my work. Acting is my recreation — and I must have a little of it every year, just as a fellow has his vacation. Once in a while I paint, too. But all fishing and painting and no acting would make me a very dull old boy indeed. So back I rush to the stage, and find more fun in it than my audiences do."

E. H. Sothern seldom smiles when you're chatting with him. He takes life seriously, takes his profession seriously. He is cultured, courteous, repressed, talks in a low tone, and impresses one as a man of quiet reserve who is generally master of the situation. "All striving," he said one evening — "that is, all honest striving — tends but one way — forward. The actor's calling is much the same as any other calling that has intellectual effort as its fundamental — you must learn more and do more each successive year or you are not worthy of your craft."

Olga Nethersole seems to exude languor — as if she hadn't quite finished her sleep, or else was lacking in physical strength. Her face is pale and listless. "What little strength I have," she said with a smile one evening after the performance, "is a nervous strength. This week I shall have played seven different rôles, and I prefer that to a whole week devoted to one character only. That tires me more than anything else — it's seven times more wearing on me than playing seven different rôles."

Melba Never Puts on Grand Opera Airs

MELBA never puts on grand opera airs, although she sings them. The day I saw her at her hotel she wore a dowdy brown gown, wore no ornament of any kind, and looked poor and ill-taken-care-of. Far from attempting to pose she seemed to be going to the other extreme, and to be thoroughly indifferent to the "power of the press."

"You can stay only five minutes," she said. "I never see any one on the day I'm to sing, and I've made to-day an exception. I have my maid lock the door, and I either go to bed or lie on the couch. Then I make signs to her — don't use my voice a particle if I can help it — give it a complete and absolute rest. So you ask the questions, and I'll merely say 'Yes' or 'No' to them."

Her method is somewhat like Nat Goodwin's. Goodwin nearly always has a headache — or says he has, which is much the same thing.

You catch him in his dressing-room and he shakes hands and motions you to sit on his trunk. Then his unvarying method is: "I've a beast of a headache, old man. You shove anything at all into print that won't hurt me, and I'll subscribe to it. You make up any old interview that you want — only for Heaven's sake don't ask me questions. I couldn't think to-night if my precious neck hung in the balance. Whatever you say is all right, and we'll let it go at that. Don't go — just sit a while and tell me the news. I'm in a listening mood to-night."

James Hackett on the Matinée Girl

THE average matinée hero is usually a namby-pamby sort of an individual. But not so James K. Hackett. He impresses you as a strong, sturdy chap, chock-full of good sense, and the last man in the world to pay heed to a romantic letter from a matinée girl. He has aggressiveness and individuality to a marked degree, and his self-reliance has found an outlet in the past two years in the taking upon himself the managing of his own enterprises. Hackett is now known as an actor-manager, and his dual duties keep him busy.

He said this one evening of the matinée girl: "She's a sweet, irresponsible thing with book knowledge and no world experience. She's in the chrysalis state — and through it we all go, men and women alike. It lasts such a little while, like all the sweet things of life, and when it's gone there's nothing to fill its place. The matinée girl and the fellow of twenty-one alike have the world at their feet."

SIR HENRY IRVING LIKES TO INTERVIEW YOU

Harry Kellar, the magician, is a bundle of nerves — not only when being interviewed, but at all times. Quick, wiry, strong as a bull, and so mentally constituted that he reads everything and at all times. His hobby is palmistry — and he'd rather talk that than magic.

"Never saw such a timid hand in my life as Mansfield's," he said last September. "I can easily believe what he told me: that he gets stage fright every night of his life. But Bernhardt — I don't believe there's a more self-reliant hand in the world than hers. When I read her hand and told her of her self-reliance she laughed and said: 'This is the age of the self-reliant women. Our grandmothers were grandmothers before their time because they sat meekly down and allowed themselves to grow old.'"

Mrs. Carter is another of the all-nerve school. She can't sit still when being interviewed. She thinks quickly and speaks quickly, and has rather positive notions on the problem plays. "The theatre," she said, "is not meant for children, neither is the problem play. For children, the nursery; for grown folks, the theatre. And the play that teaches that the wages of sin is death can never be pretty in the unfolding of plot — but it is positive, unyielding, and terror-striking in its ending and its moral. And that's the educational force of the drama."

Josef Hoffman Starves at Dinner

JOSEF HOFFMAN, the pianist, is the most democratic chap in the public eye. He carries a dollar watch with a cracked crystal and hates course dinners.

One evening about half-past five he sat and chatted in the corridor of the hotel. He had a dinner engagement and he did not relish the prospect.

"I hate course dinners," he said. "Down you sit in front of the oysters, toy with one, get it on your fork, eat it. Then the woman to your right asks your views of Italian music. You start in to chat, and before you know it some waiter has whisked your oysters away, and put a plate of soup in front of you. One mouthful of that, and the lady to your left speaks of the time she was in Berlin two years ago. Has there been much change in the city in two years? You're interested, and begin to talk Berlin to her. Just as you're growing enthusiastic along comes the waiter, takes your soup and deposits the fish. At the same time your vis-à-vis queries to you concerning Strauss — what is Strauss' standing in Vienna? You try to tell her — the conversation veers to waltz music against march music — and Sousa crops into the talk — and away goes your fish untasted.

JULIA MARLOWE'S WONDERFUL SMILE

"And so it goes through the entire dinner — and I never get a thing to eat. Give me a little German restaurant, a good fat steak and half an hour; then I'll come away feeling that the course dinner is a delusion and a snare, made for

(Concluded on Page 23)

SOTHERN TAKES HIS PROFESSION SERIOUSLY

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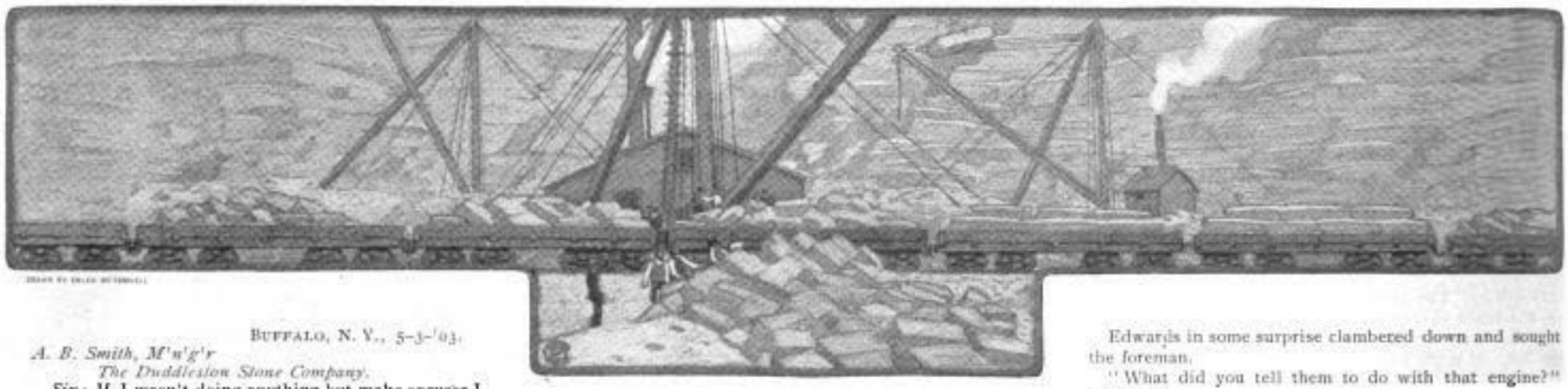
THE SHOW-DOWN



By Henry K. Webster

IN WHICH THE DUDDLESTON STONE COMPANY SHOWS THE X. Y. Z. SOME NEW TRICKS IN ROUGH-AND-READY RAILROADING

BUFFALO, N. Y., 5-3-'03.

A. B. Smith, M'n'g'r
The Duddleston Stone Company.

Sir: If I wasn't doing anything but make excuses I would take the trouble to make better ones than the one you've been giving me for a month. At least, I would get up a new one once in a while. Yesterday I wired the General Manager of the X. Y. Z. to know why he did not furnish you with cars to carry my stone. I inclose copy of his reply. Now that I have got you pinned, please understand that unless you get the stone here p. d. q. the contract is canceled, and I'll have damages out of you besides.

Enc. Yours, etc., T. T. COLLIER.

The enclosure follows.

TELEGRAM.

T. T. Collier, Buffalo: Duddleston has had all cars he can use for last month. Reported five times for delaying cars sent to him. What he needs is the stone.

VAN HORN.

It was easy to see from that letter that Collier was mad, and with reason. A man who, while he has been doing his best, has had to stand the kind of abuse they heap upon a dilatory contractor for a public building, a patient man whose patience has been taxed to the breaking point, may be expected to be indignant when he hears that those who have his success in their hands have been sitting back and lying to him. But if you could have looked from the letter on Smith's desk to the expression on Smith's face you would have seen that, if possible, Smith was madder than Collier. For it was not Smith but Van Horn who had lied and he had done it with a coolness, an attention to detail—"Reported five times," etc.—that made Smith feel as though he must do something or burst. What he did was what he had done before in such circumstances: he telephoned out to the quarries for Edwards, the superintendent.

When Edwards came in, half an hour later that morning, he took the situation more coolly. "It's like Van Horn to make a slick and clean job of it like that," he said. Then he lighted his pipe and sat down to think it over.

"They've found out," said Smith, "the X. Y. Z. people, I mean, that we're going to build that belt line and get out from under their thumb. I knew they'd try one of two things when they found out. They might begin to be decent to us and try to square themselves, or they might sail in to do us all the damage they could and perhaps bust us up before we could get our belt line running. Well, it's plain enough now what they mean to do. They've made a good start. It won't break us to be queered with Collier, but it'll hurt. We'll have to stand this thing for six months, anyway."

"Hadn't we better have a show-down?" Edwards asked. "We've been telling Collier the truth, or mighty near to it. They haven't given us more than five cars on any day for a month now, and sometimes only two. When we need fifteen, two don't count for much. Let's get him to come out and look the place over. He can see for himself that we've got the stone, and we can prove we haven't had any cars to speak of by the carbons of our daily car orders. He can see the thing for a month back."

Smith picked up a telegraph blank and wrote: "*Van Horn lied to you. Come and see for yourself.*" "That ought to do," he said, handing it to Edwards.

Collier read that telegram when it came with something like satisfaction. He was going to find out now where the trouble lay; he was going to prove that somebody was an unequivocal liar, and that, to a man in his state of mind, was a pleasant prospect. To tie the knot perfectly tight, however, to put the issue utterly beyond evasion, he telegraphed to Van Horn, word for word, this message just in from Smith, and in the middle of the afternoon he got his reply: "*That's all I want. Go and see for yourself.*" When that message came in Mr. Collier reserved a berth on the night train and wired Smith that he would be out at the quarry next morning.

When Smith got that he telephoned it to Edwards at the quarry and both of them settled down after the day's excitement with a good deal of satisfaction at the outcome. There was really a good deal more than Collier's contract at stake. He was only one of many contractors all about the country who had been hungry and clamorous for stone since the X. Y. Z. had begun denying the company cars, and both the manager and the superintendent had the feeling that this Collier matter was a test case. And now that he was coming in person they were sure that they could convince him that they were not at fault.

They would have been a little less sure about it if they had known of the telegram he had sent to Van Horn that afternoon, and could have read the manager's reply: "That's all I want. Go and see for yourself." They knew Van Horn pretty well, and liked him, too, for even when he played them a low trick he did it in an impersonal way which disarmed resentment. But they knew he was "out for results" and that the means he took to get them were often devious, and they knew that however he might bluff upon occasions, he was too good a player to do so in a situation like this when his hand was sure to be called.

A little before quitting-time that afternoon Edwards, who had been going hither and thither among the men with a terse order here, a suggestion there, occasionally lending his own great muscles to a heavy bit of lifting, climbed to the top of a great mass of rocks and looked over the scene. A seafaring man might have seen in the mighty masts and booms of the score of derricks, and the tangle of guys and ropes, a suggestion of ships lying in a busy harbor; a lad fresh from his books might have fancied that those huge blocks of gray stone, irregularly piled, as they lay in the fading light, were some Cyclopean ruin; but to Edwards it looked like nothing but a quarry.

He nodded his head once or twice in satisfaction. When Collier should stand here to-morrow morning and see what he saw—the newly cut faces in the sides of the quarry, the great piles of stone ready and waiting, the long ranks of men lifting and dropping their heavy iron bars in unbroken rhythm—well, if Collier's eyes were open he would know whose fault it was that he didn't get the stone. But presently he frowned and struck his hands together impatiently. That might do very well as an object-lesson for Collier, but from their own point of view it wasn't so satisfactory. How long was the X. Y. Z. going to keep this up, anyway? If they didn't get cars pretty soon, who would care whose fault it was?

The Duddleston Stone Company owned, had owned, rather, a little switching locomotive which pushed the empties on the single track alongside the biggest derrick which stood in the middle of the quarry, and hauled them out again when they were loaded, but a week before its air-brakes had failed to work at an inopportune moment, and it had run off the stub end of a track, fallen about three feet, and converted itself in less than a second from an inferior little switching locomotive into a cloud of steam and a heap of scrap. The two men had jumped in time to save themselves, and as the engine was near the end of its career, anyway, its loss was not greatly mourned. So long as Edwards did not get more than five cars a day he did not need an engine, for the boom of his big derrick was long enough to load that many without moving them. But in the hope of getting more cars than that, until the new engine they had ordered should arrive, Smith chartered one by the day from the X. Y. Z.

While Edwards stood on his pinnacle looking at the scene below him he saw this little engine hunt the two cars the X. Y. Z. had sent them that day up the track to the place where they were to be loaded. Then he saw an under foreman say something to the engineer, whereupon the engine with a long-drawn screech clattered off over the switches and on to the main track, where it presently disappeared.

Edwards in some surprise clambered down and sought the foreman.

"What did you tell them to do with that engine?" he asked.

"The superintendent telephoned out to them to go out to Sandhurst. There's some trouble on the road out there. It's quitting-time and we don't need an engine for those two measly flats, so I told them to go ahead."

Edwards nodded. It was quite true that they had no further use for a locomotive that day, but for all that he stood for a minute looking uneasily down the track.

"There wasn't anything you wanted them for this evening, was there?" asked the foreman. The big siren whistle on the power-house just then began the song which meant supper and a good night's sleep to the four hundred and more workers in the quarry, and both men waited for the blast to die away.

"No," said Edwards. "No, I guess not."

He went to the office and changed his coat, and then started off for his home near by, but he came back in a minute or two and hunted up the night watchman. "If anything out of the ordinary happens to-night come over and rout me out," he said to him.

He was really puzzled to find an explanation for his apprehensiveness. He could think of no conceivable use to which he could put that engine between now and morning, and they would probably send it back by then. He told his wife about it after supper, and between them they could see nothing to worry about. "I suppose," he said at last, "that I'm sort of skittish because Collier's going to be here in the morning. But Collier isn't coming from Buffalo to see any little one-horse X. Y. Z. locomotive."

He always went to bed early and at eleven o'clock his wife had difficulty in getting him wide enough awake to understand that somebody was ringing the doorbell. He shuffled sleepily downstairs and opened the door, but he got himself together with a jerk when he recognized the night watchman.

"What's wrong?" he asked sharply.

"Nothing's wrong," said the man slowly. "I don't know as I ought to have waked you up. I wouldn't have done it if you hadn't told me——"

"Well! Well!" demanded Edwards. "Let's have it. Is the mill afire?"

"No, nothing's wrong, I tell you," stammered the watchman. "Only they're shoving a whole train of cars up the stub-end track beside the main derrick."

"How many?"

"I didn't wait to count 'em," the man expostulated. "I should say about a quarter of a mile of 'em."

Edwards said he would be at the quarry in a few minutes himself, shut the door after the watchman, and then stood there in the drafty hall thinking the situation out, until his wife called to him. He answered, as his visitor had, that nothing was wrong; then he went back to his bedroom and slowly began putting on his clothes, replying to his wife's questions, when he replied at all, so absently that she soon gave up trying to get anything out of him.

But by the time he got to the quarry he had decided what he must do next, though he was still a long way from the final solution of the problem. "Come in here," he called to the watchman as he unlocked the power-house door, "come in and help me get up steam." That was the first thing to do and they did it as expeditiously as possible, though when the watchman asked him what he meant to do with it he said he didn't know.

He left the watchman to stoke the fires and went into his office, where he sat down to think out the next step. He was a man of no very quick perceptions, and a little meditation was always necessary to him after any new matter had been brought to his attention. It was this fact which led Van Horn to underestimate him. When the watchman first told him they had shunted a long string of empties up the quarry track it struck him merely as a rather grim bit of luck that all those cars should be lying empty on the track when Collier came "to see for himself" in the morning. He was half dressed before he recalled the loss of his locomotive, and he had nearly reached the quarry when it came over him that

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there was no luck about it, but, instead, some of Van Horn's very good management. Van Horn must know, then, that Collier was coming.

Well, it was easy to make sure of that, Edwards thought, and now in his office he went to the telephone and called up the X. Y. Z. yardmaster.

"You people took away my locomotive this afternoon," he said, "and to-night you've sent me a string of thirty-three cars to load. I can load but five cars from the derrick without an engine, and I'll have to ask you to send me one."

"I'm sorry I can't do it, Mr. Edwards," said the yardmaster with unwonted politeness. "I can possibly spare an engine to-night. And I don't believe we can give you one to-morrow, either, but we will, if possible."

They weren't afraid to show-down all their cards, anyway. Edwards turned back to the 'phone after a minute and called up Smith. Edwards felt competent to run the quarry without asking help from anybody, but when it came to playing a game like this with Van Horn he wanted Smith at his elbow. So when the exchange said that double twenty-two wouldn't answer, he said, "Ring till you get 'em. It's a life and death matter." And at last he got Smith, half-asleep at first, but soon wide-awake enough for anybody. "Come right out to the quarry," he said. "No, nothing's afire, but the X. Y. Z. have got us by the short hairs, I guess, in this Collier deal. They've just given us thirty-three cars and no locomotive."

"All right," said Smith, "I'll come." And Edwards sat down to do some more thinking.

It was an axiom with him that at this quarry you could load only five cars without the help of a switch engine. He had tried all he knew to get an engine and was at the end of his rope. Perhaps Smith could get one. If he couldn't he would have to arrange this case with the view to presenting it to Collier as favorably as possible.

But now as Edwards sat there it occurred to him to doubt his axiom. Was it possible, by any ingenious piece of juggling, with no engine at all, with only the power his big loading derrick could supply, to load that string of thirty-three cars. The problem was like that on the puzzle page of a Sunday newspaper.

He rested his elbows on his desk and ran his hands through his thick hair. But there seemed to be no chance for any juggling; the conditions were too simple. There was half a mile of curving single track between his derrick and the nearest switch, down grade all the way except for a small level stretch about the derrick. Twenty-five yards beyond the derrick the track ended, and just beyond lay a monument of scrap-iron, the earthly remains of his old engine. He could load the first five cars under the derrick, let off the brakes and the whole train would roll down the grade, the five loaded cars pushing the twenty-eight empties merrily along in front of them. But by the time they all got down to the switch those twenty-eight empties would be as far beyond his reach, without an engine to haul them back, as though they were in Chicago. He had a car-puller attached to his derrick, it was true, but he had no half-mile of cable, and even if he could have pieced such a thing together, the curve, amounting to nearly ninety degrees, would make it useless.

No, that wouldn't work. If only his track extended three hundred yards farther up the quarry! Then he could work the train up past the derrick, load the last cars first, and let them slip down the grade as they were loaded to make way under the derrick for the succeeding empties. But the track didn't extend three hundred yards farther and there was no use—— And then Edwards banged his hands down on the desk, sprang up and flung open the door.

The watchman was on the way over to speak to him and he sung out as he saw him open the door: "There's steam enough, I guess, Mr. Edwards."

"Good," said Edwards. "Go back and blow the old siren. Blow her three or four times to beat the band."

The siren sounded horribly loud as she shrieked out in that quiet night, and before the third blast and its attendant echoes from the faces of the hills had died away the workmen who lived nearest by were stumbling half-dressed out of their little houses and making for the quarry on the run. They were disposed to growl a little at being routed out of bed in the middle of the night for anything less momentous than a fire, but Edwards collected the first two dozen arrivals about the main derrick and made them a little speech.

"Now, in the first place," he said, "this is a case of double pay, and, in the next place, if we get this job done on time we'll knock off at noon Saturday for the day. Is Sykes here? All right, Sykes, get a couple of men to stoke for you and start the engine. You've got steam enough."

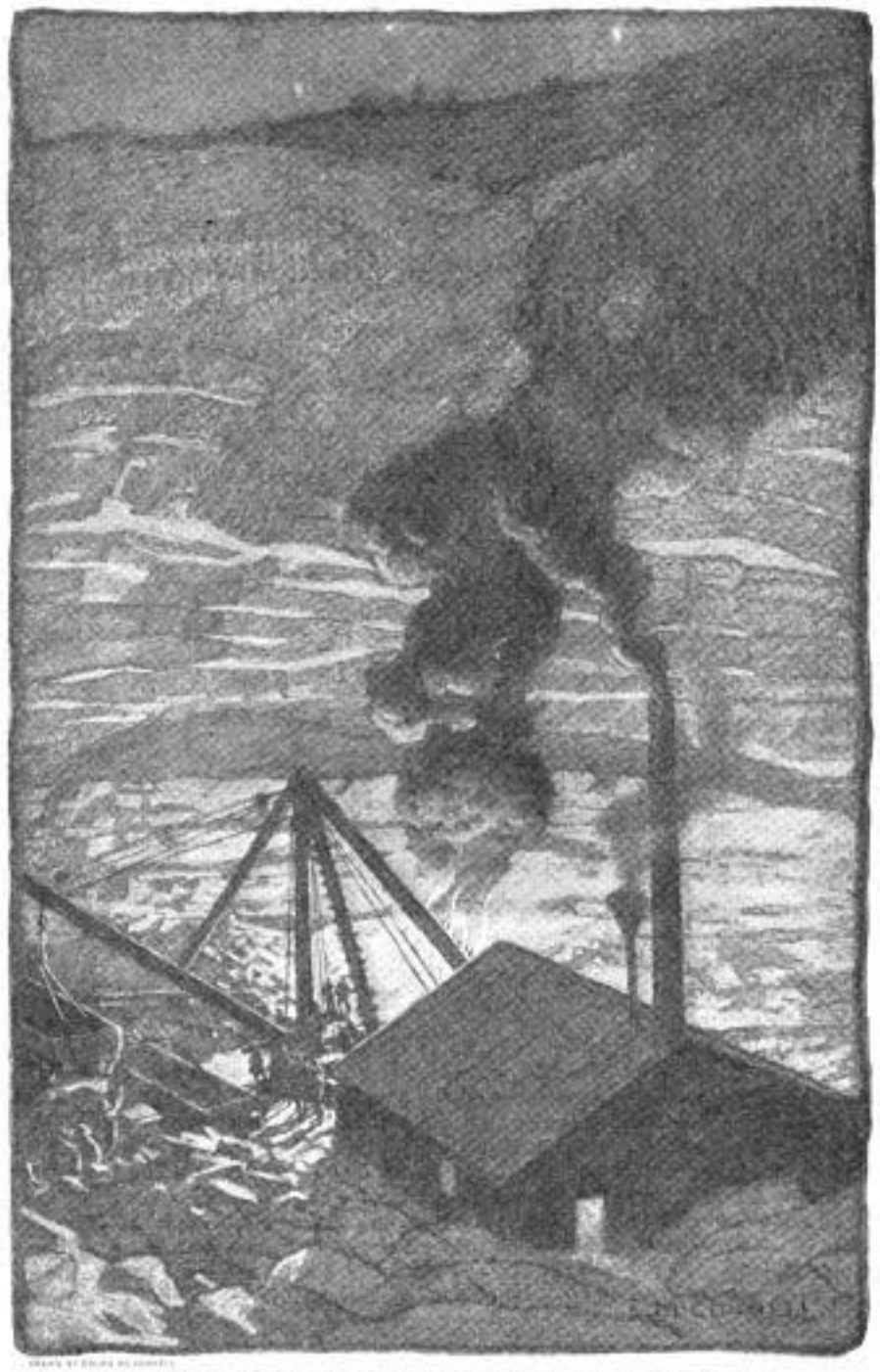
During Smith's long, cold ride on the last trolley car to the quarry he went through a variety of moods and came to a variety of contradictory conclusions. That was like him. He was quick; he could reach six conclusions while Edwards was pegging along toward one, and if he had some one with him to point out the right one he did very well, indeed, but he needed the ballast his subordinate supplied him with—and he knew it.

He had seen through the trick instantly, and his first feeling was of quiet contempt for such child's play. It would be easy enough to prove to Collier when those cars had come in. But as he thought further the case didn't seem so easy. Collier was disposed to take it for granted that they had lied and Van Horn had told the truth, and the proofs, which were in the hands of the railroad people, might be hard to get. And then the first thing he would see would be that string of empty cars. The prospect wasn't a pleasant one. Smith could just see the incredulous smile on Collier's face, a smile which his most elaborate explanations would fail to get behind.

And then there were a lot more besides Collier. Suppose the X. Y. Z. shouldn't give them that locomotive for two or three days! Those cars would lie there delayed on their private track, and that sort of thing was a matter of record. When Hibbard began to kick, as he would in a week or two, there would be nothing they could tell him.

Well, there was nothing they could do about it. Smith didn't see what was the use in his coming out here to the quarry in the middle of the night, anyway.

That was his mood as he climbed off the car, walked across the deserted stretch over to the quarry, and began stumbling along the rough path to the office. If Edwards hadn't told him that nothing was afire he would have run, for the sky was lighted up with a great blaze in the quarry, and the shouts of many men, among them Edwards', told him that something unusual was going on.



—STARED IN CLEAR WONDER AT THE SCENE BELOW HIM

Once at the crest of the hill he stopped short and stared in clear wonder at the scene below him. Beyond the big derrick a great heap of blazing pine slabs filled the wide stone pit with light, except where the derricks, the piles of stone and the moving figures of the men cast a tangle of waving shadows. But Smith wasn't looking at the lights or the shadows. The men were working like beavers in the firelight, the big derrick was squealing under a heavy load which rode slowly into the air and hung there bodily between Smith's eyes and the bonfire, rocking a little from side to side like a ship riding at anchor in an easy swell. It was on that load that Smith's incredulous gaze was riveted. It looked for all the world like a freight car, and now as the derrick mast turned in its socket and the thing moved out of its own shadow, there was no doubt about it. It was a freight car, a big gondola! As they lowered it to the ground more or less gently, Smith counted three more like it standing in ridiculously irregular positions about the quarry.

They were lifting those cars off the track and stacking them in heaps about the yard as if they had been so many hen-coops. Even while Smith stood looking they picked up another one. Two men would crawl under a car lengthwise, each dragging a cable. Then they would make fast the four ends to the big hook hanging at the end of the boom, and then—"Up with her, boys!" in hardly more time than I am taking to tell about it. When they had taken all the derrick could reach they hooked the car-puller cable to the nearest car of the string and hauled up five more.

At last Smith clambered down and found Edwards. "What the devil are you trying to do?" he demanded. "Getting up an imitation of a head-on collision?"

"It does look a little like that," said Edwards. "They have to stand around just as they happen to light. No, I'm just getting them out of the way so I can load the last five first. Then I'll put these back and load them as they come."

Smith's amazement wore off slowly, but at last he began to laugh.

"What's it about?" Edwards asked.

"I'd give fifty dollars to have Van Horn see this," said the manager.

"If he was here," said Edwards more slowly, "I'd give him a ride in one of his own cars like nothing he's ever had before."

They had used up all the space around the main derrick by now, so they passed them along from one to another back into the quarry, and it took a little longer. But at last Edwards, after a glance at the string up the track shouted, "Hold on! Here's the last five. Load 'em up."

They loaded them accordingly, and then another five which they put back on the rails for the purpose.

"Well," said Edwards at last, "Van Horn only had a four flush, after all."

Smith nodded appreciatively. "I guess this cinches Mr. Collier," he said.

Giant Transplanting

UNTIL recently the man who laid out parks about a new house planted for posterity. Now a New York man has developed an apparatus by which a giant tree that has been growing one or two hundred years may be deftly extracted, carried to the desired point and replanted without subjecting it to the slightest injury.

A great trucklike contrivance is hauled to the tree, the roots of which have been partly laid bare by digging. The rear wheels and reach of the vehicle are detached and the long tongue is raised upright. A saddle which fits over huge wheels is forced against the lower part of the tree, and the pole of the truck is then fastened securely to the trunk of the tree. Chains are then so attached to the roots that the lowering of the tongue by means of a windlass or other power provides a giant lever and fulcrum, and the tree is gradually pried out of the ground.

When it reaches a horizontal position the rear wheels of the big contrivance are brought into place, and without further manipulation the tree is ready for transportation.

At the place of replanting it is readily raised upright by simple operations of the same device, and deposited in the new soil. The apparatus is on such a huge scale that the transplanting of the biggest trees growing on the Atlantic Coast may be effected without the necessity of cutting or breaking a limb.

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The Balance-Sheet of the Session

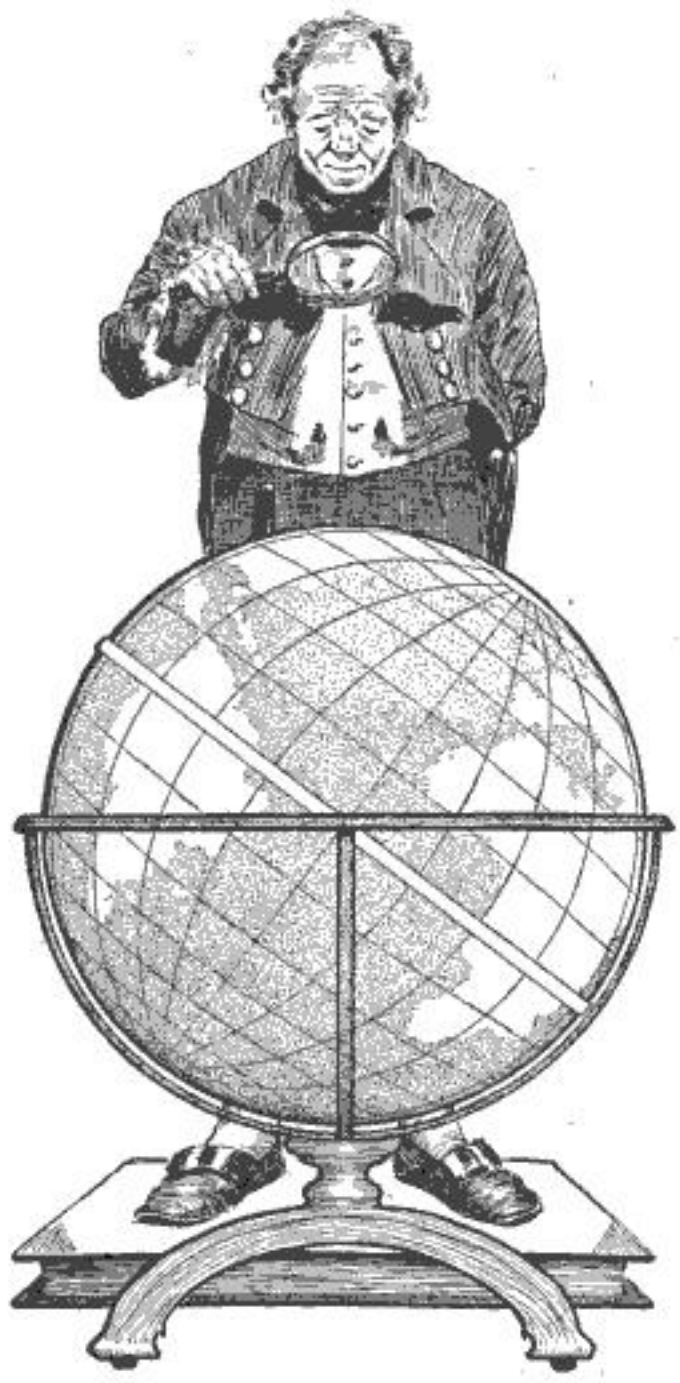
By William Allen White

A SURVEY OF THINGS DONE AND LEFT UNDONE BY THE MOST IMPORTANT PEACE CONGRESS THE COUNTRY HAS YET KNOWN

AMERICANS are little given to parades. Clanking swords and rooster feathers have no place in American life. We hate kings, not because they are kings and have power, but because kings are shams, and we hate shams and make-believe. The power of the Government — particularly of the National Government — is not epitomized nor staged for the simple-minded. There is only one regular annual parade, and that occurs at the close of each session of Congress. A few hours before Congress is scheduled to adjourn the President and his Cabinet leave the White House in carriages for the Capitol. They arrive at the north wing of the building, and scoot through the narrow basement doors, and then a black-garbed, set-faced, high-hatted, frock-coated group, arranged hit-or-miss, with the President in front, and perhaps a Secretary, perhaps a Cabinet member, perhaps a supernumerary, beside him, hurries down the caverns of the basement to the elevator that lifts one nearest to the President's room back of the Senate Chamber. The spectacle is a dignified compromise between a ferryboat rush and the arrival of a number of belated pall-bearers. Yet this simple show is the only Government fête that must be celebrated every year. And this occasion, when the President sits in his room near the Senate, ready to sign such bills as may be passed at the last moment, is virtually the only time in the year when the President appears in public solely and entirely as a President; as the head official, and not in some sense the political, social or personal representative of a great people. On the fourth of March this year President Roosevelt, who has a passably good poker face for public ceremonies, could not entirely conceal his satisfaction at the culmination of things in the Congress.

For though much was left undone which should have been done, and that is unfortunate, nothing was done which should not have been done, and that is the surest test of a good Congress or a bad one. And for the President there was this personal satisfaction: it was his Congress. Though it refused to do three important things which he asked it to do, and which he hoped it would do: ratify the Canal and Cuban treaties and enact the Philippine tariff law, it did nothing which was known of men as offensive or even antagonistic to the President. There was no important veto during the whole life of the Fifty-seventh Congress. And this was not because Roosevelt yielded any vital point to Congress, but because on many important matters Congress yielded to the President. The tactlessness of Roosevelt — a diplomatic term for his absolute truthfulness — which has been supposed to offend statesmen during his Presidential incumbency, has been more apparent than real. For no other President of the United States, not even McKinley with all his adroitness, has got more from Congress of what it was at first determined not to give than has President Roosevelt. He may have a breeziness that contrasts with the hushed, formal-garden air of conventional leadership, but so long as the buzz-saw is going it makes little difference whether the sawdust lies in a conical pile or fills the adjacent atmosphere. Roosevelt, while he is sawing wood, likes to keep his sawdust in the air. It is merely a matter of taste. His wood-pile is as large as any one's, and that is the real thing.

Congress this year ended in a double-headed deadlock in the Senate and an angry flash of vicious filibustering, complicated with hissing for the Speaker, in the House. It was all unpleasant. And because the final impression one gets of Congress this year is a sense of bickering and spite work, the taxpayers who foot the bills may be prone to think that the whole short session of Congress has been frittered away in child's play. The truth is that the short session of Congress, from the first of December to the fourth of March, has been one of the busiest and most efficient sessions of Congress ever held. Over a thousand private bills have been passed — mostly private pension bills — and about one hundred and fifteen general acts have become laws. Of course, most of these general acts have been appropriation bills of one sort and another. But some big things have been done. It is possible that no other single session of Congress, and certainly no short session, has made so many laws that may change the current and tendency of American affairs as the short session of the Congress last past. If the session had closed with the enactment of nothing more important than the bill creating the Department of Commerce it would have done a big work. That act and the department which it created are too important to be covered incidentally to another subject, and must be treated separately, but it must be said in passing that no single legislative act since the Missouri Compromise will affect American business, and hence American life, as this act must affect them, as it grows and becomes a part of this Government. Thousands of interests that have known no



Federal regulation and control will be welded to the Government hereafter, and can only grow and develop under the hands of Congress and the President. By the creation of this Department of Commerce literally all the vast field of business will come gradually, during the next twenty years and thereafter, as closely under the supervision and inspection of the Federal Government as the common carriers and foreign commerce and foreign affairs and relations have come during the nineteenth century. For this is a rapidly moving age and a tendency to-day is a marked course to-morrow, and Congress once having taken hold of commerce will not let go.

A Step Toward Socialism

IT MAY be a step toward socialism; if so, well and good: the step will not be retraced. And in the other acts of the Congress just adjourned there are equally distinct indications that the American people have in a measure abandoned the *laissez-faire* theory of Federal relations with the branch of life we call business. The subconscious moral sense of the people has come to a distinct realization of the fact that crimes are as possible in what we call high finance as they are in lower quarters. Time was when success in business was sacred. The millionaire was by his very millions a curiosity and a subject of awe, and hence of respect. But the millionaire has become so common that reverence for him is gone, and there is a distinct feeling among all classes of American citizens that common honesty must be included in success or the success is spurious. There is a feeling that new crimes deserve new laws. The anti-trust laws, passed by the session of Congress last past, are tendrils of American feeling reaching out for a brace and a protection against the hitherto unbranded and shameless villainy of those who make what is respected as brain-work a cloak for plotting to plunder the people. The law which gives precedence on the dockets of the courts to prosecutions under the anti-trust laws is a bald national confession that the suspected violator of honesty in high places is not worthy of the same consideration in the courts that the law gives to a pickpocket. The law preventing rebate-giving by railroads is not a strong law by itself. The maximum fine possible for conviction for violating the law is ridiculously small. But the amount of the fine is not important. The fact that another law gives the President a right to proclaim the rebates which a railroad is giving to its customers carries much weight. For the moment the amount of rebates each customer of a railroad is getting becomes generally known, those concerns receiving small rebates, or no rebates, will insist on the maximum rebate, and this will mean one of two things: that the railroad will have to favor all its customers with the maximum rebate, at the risk of losing business, or quit giving rebates at all and treat all alike. The natural law of the business world, when it operates freely under the light of publicity, will provide a heavier penalty for the violation of the legal enactment than any Legislature or Congress could impose. Of course, this Congressional enactment against the rebate system gives great power to the Federal Government in making prices. It is a step toward what we have been taught to fear as socialism, or a strongly centralized Government; for not the King of England nor the Emperor of Germany has such power as the Congress just adjourned has put into the President's hands. But the step is taken; the people demanded it. And there is nothing to do but to hope for the best, and to be sure that the public sense of the American people is strong and sane. The demand for these anti-trust laws has been formulating ten years. The clamor and the wrath that accompanied the first appeals to Congress have died away. The Congress that passed these recent laws was a conservative Congress. The leaders in the House and in the Senate are not new leaders, fresh from a crazy populace; the step toward socialism was taken as deliberately and as cautiously as any other progressive movement made by the Republic in all its history. And though this apparently radical step was taken not only by the conservative party in the American Government, but by the conservative wing of the conservative party, after a victory so sweeping that there seemed no danger of the country returning to radicalism; yet, to make sure that there could be no mistaking the real earnestness of the motive behind the action of Congress, the same element of the same party put half a million dollars into the hands of Philander C. Knox, one of the bravest, ablest Attorneys-General that the United States ever had, with instructions to spend it in prosecuting violations of these laws against encroaching corporations. It was the largest appropriation ever made in time of peace by this Government for merely ethical ends. And what is more important, this appropriation of half a million dollars into Attorney-General Knox's hands was one of the few times when an American Congress has recognized one of the vital weaknesses of this governmental machine. That weakness is this: low salaries. It will be worth while to digress a moment and consider this weakness.

The county prosecutor of the average community, on whom nine-tenths of the prosecutions of the county fall, gets somewhere between $1200 and $3000 a year. Going up in the scale, one finds that the Federal District-Attorney gets $4500, and that the Attorneys-General of the several States have salaries ranging from $2500 to $5000. The Attorneys-General of the various departments and bureaus at Washington receive from $2000 to $5000, and at the top of the pyramid stands the Attorney-General of the United States, who gets but $8000, and has to maintain a place in the Cabinet upon that small salary. The average salary of the average public attorney who has charge of the enforcement of laws in this country is probably something under $2500 a year. In three cases out of five which the public prosecutor tries in court he opposes attorneys for the defense who are making annually twice as much money as he is, and are therefore probably twice as good lawyers. Corporations take the best attorneys away from the commonwealth's service. In nearly every town of over 10,000 people every railroad-crossing pays some attorney more than the city or county prosecutor gets. In every State capital every railroad maintains an attorney whose salary is three or four times as great as that of the Attorney-General of the States. And every great railroad has at the head of its legal department men who receive from two to ten time

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as much money as the Attorney-General of the United States receives. Law is made finally by the courts in this country, and courts are influenced by attorneys. Is it any wonder that the people complain bitterly against the courts, and claim that the corporations get all the favors. What else can the people expect? Court decisions are like everything else in this world: the product of environment and the natural law. Cheap men give the public poor service. Now, all this seems digression from the topic, but this one thought should be set down here for public consideration: With all the salaries that a Cresus could pay, the people might get cheap men, and probably would get them—for those traits which make men popular with the masses, which carry primaries and conventions and elections, are exactly the traits that do not win important lawsuits. So long as the power to select public attorneys remains twenty-two calibre, the hole in the fortress of corporate strength will remain twenty-two calibre, no matter how much noise is behind the explosion. The question which Congress tried to solve last winter stripped naked is this: our government, or democracy, or the people, or majority rule, or whatever it happens to be called, is based on the wisdom of the prevailing will of the mass; that wisdom does not rise to the height of the intelligence of the few in choosing men for technical work. Corporations are governed by their keenest minds. The struggle is between keen minds and third-rate minds, and the balance is the crass power of brute strength, that must always be reckoned with behind the cruder minds. It is dramatically significant, if not prophetic, that the Congress which devoted so much time to laws grappling with corporations, turned casually to the reorganization of the army. The two most important bills enacted into laws, outside the laws governing corporations, were those which strengthened the national militia and put the regular army on a firmer basis as a national fighting machine. If this is treason, "high finance" will have to make the most of it. It is a coincidence in legislation that is at least worthy of meditation and prayer!

To say that the day of judgment is coming, to get one's teeth chattering with fear of the revolution, and to put on one's galoshes to keep out impending floods of gore, is, of course, absurd. For Americans are not revolutionists. But, on the other hand, it is perfectly sane to give fair warning to the men who think that the impudence of stock manipulators is the best expression of American patriotism. For such as these there may be a great rubbing of eyes some day. It certainly will not be a bloody day: for red is not Columbia's color. But it is not the crackle of rifles that hurts, but the ripping ridicule of the men behind the guns. There is little danger of the laws concerning the militia and the army, passed by the recent Congress, bringing about war or even rumors of war. But it is more than likely that, if that portion of corporate wealth that is greedy and insolent keeps on bullying courts and snapping its fingers at law, the bayonets of the American citizen soldiery may be inserted in the posterior draperies of the financial gourmands, while they are being gently but firmly toted back to the dead line of decency amid the ribald applause of the multitude. The incident will hardly shake the foundations of the Republic. But it will give the Yankee a chance to laugh. And in moments of national anger, a laugh in the sleeve beats a noose in the brush!

The Things that were Left Undone

A CONGRESS is like a man in this: that the things he fails to do are as good an index to his character as his deeds. The recently adjourned Congress failed to do two important things: to make a new Philippine tariff law and to enact the Statehood bill. The fight for the Statehood bill was one of the most important struggles that has occurred in Congress for a generation. It was not important in and of itself; but it involved many important things. On the surface, the fight seemed to be merely the endeavor of the East to keep out four Western States, and it appeared that Senator Quay, who was powerful in the National Republican Convention that promised Statehood to the Territories, was merely keeping his word. The facts are that Senator Quay, who is always loyal to his business friends, was trying to help some of them in a business way. A number of gentlemen formerly of Pennsylvania have some railroad propositions in the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona. The propositions look good on paper; but Territories can't vote bonds, and the people who desire to vote the bonds and establish the railroads are hindered by the arbitrary rules of the Constitution. But these things were all under the surface. They did not come out in the debates. Quay's bill provided for the admission of four States: Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. Probably these States would send eight Democratic Senators to Washington. That lined up the Democrats solidly for the bill. That also was beneath the surface. Again, there is a queer lust for power in the Senate among the mountain States, States like Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Nevada and the like, States with but one or two Representatives in the House, that vote down Massachusetts, or Ohio, or Michigan in the Senate. These States supported the Quay bill, and their reasons were not apparent. But their zeal for it furnished the strongest opposition to the bill from a source that controls the Senate. The very fact that under the Quay bill Arizona, for instance, with a smaller literate American population than a good average county in the East, might balance a State with ten million people, was so clearly unjust that the New England Senators, who manage to get the Puritan conscience into their votes, fought the measure most heartily. And they had the bulk of the American people with them. That half a million people should have eight Senators is unjust. And eventually the American people, seeing in the organization of their Congress such palpable unfairness, would lose respect for its edicts. And there is no truer precept in politics than that any legislature that does not derive its power from the principles of just representation is a menace to the perpetuity of the Government. It was the sense of this precept, working in the public conscience and through it to the Senators, that killed the Statehood bill. This also was not always upon the surface.

Nor was the strength of the forces for the Quay bill always apparent. For one of the strongest sources of strength the bill had in the Senate was the feeling of rebellion that many of the Senators from the Middle and Far West felt against the New England leadership of the Senate. It was that rebellious spirit that inspired Quay. Quay, like Platt of New York, is not of the inner circle. The two are not reckoned among that small coterie of gentlemen who rule the Senate. It used to be called the "best thought of the Senate." But that was laughed out of vogue, and the leadership exists now without a *nom de plume*.

Theoretically, Quay should have won his Statehood fight. He was a trained fighter. He knew the game from start to finish. He commanded a clear majority. He had the immense advantage of a champion who had never been whipped. The righteous minority was afraid of him. No well-known leader cared to risk his reputation by fighting Quay. Beveridge led the fight; he was a David to Quay's Goliath; Quay despised his youthful adversary, and began to preen himself on his victory and spread his plumage. Whereupon he fell into pits. He made strategical blunder after blunder; he seemed fated to do the wrong thing. The thing we call Fate is blind, perhaps, but she has her instincts, and things always go right in the long run. In Quay's fight for Statehood, with all his power, and with all his experience in the use of power, and with all his prestige, he failed through his own blunders. Sheer decency won, and Beveridge—the youngest Senator—who went into a losing fight and managed it with skill far beyond that which his previous experience had developed and his reputation had credited him with, came out a real leader of the Senate—not in the very first class, but at the head of the second class, with a show for promotion. Fate, or the gods, or the spirit of the scheme of things is always good to the man who not merely dares, but who dares to do right. Fate is more than queer; she is canny.

The only other important thing which Congress failed to do—excepting to ratify the treaties, which was Senatorial work and should not be charged to Congress—was to pass

(Continued on Page 22)

GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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XIX

FROTHINGHAM'S abrupt change of tactics had been caused by a cablegram from Evelyn which reached him at the Barneys even as his diplomatic agent was in the heat and toil of the negotiation with Amzi Hooper. It read:

> Break off everything and return. Have written you New York. Best possible news. Gwen sends love.

"Why didn't she say what it was?" he wondered. And he decided that it must be news of too private a nature to be trusted to the telegraph station at Beauvais. Why had she written if he was to go at once? "I suppose," he concluded, "she was afraid I mightn't obey orders. 'Gwen sends love'—that must mean that the news is about me and Gwen."

But he had no uplifting of spirits—instead, he felt a sense of impending misfortune. He called up Lawrence's office and told one of the clerks that he wished Lawrence to call him as soon as he came in. In a few minutes Lawrence was relating over the wire the favorable progress of the negotiation.

"It's off," said Frothingham. "I want nothing more to do with it. I'm glad it's in good form for the break. I can drop it decently."

This so delighted Lawrence that he laughed aloud. "Hooper's certain to send for me," he said. "I'll give him the shock of his life."

Frothingham cautioned him against any transgression of the most courteous politeness, then went down to luncheon—with Nelly, alone. While she was talking and he looking, all in a flash he understood why the "best possible news" from home depressed him, why "Gwen sends love" did not elate him. He asked Nelly to take him to her school.

"Oh, you wouldn't be interested," she said.

But he insisted, and they set out immediately after luncheon. As they went—in a street car—she explained her work:

When her mother lay dying she said to the man beside whom she had worked for thirty-six years, mostly cloud and rain: "Henry, I don't want a big, showy monument over me. If you should do something for me, build a school of some kind, a school where girls can be taught how to be useful wives and mothers, instead of spending their whole lives at learning." And Nelly's father had put by money, a large sum each year, until his daughter's education was finished. Then he had said to her, "I want you to help me carry out your ma's memorial." And he turned over to her a mass of plans and hints and schemes which he had been accumulating for seven years. "Get up a plan," he had said, "on the lines your ma would have liked. It's a woman's work—it's your natural work. I'll supply the money." And after two years' labor, one year of it abroad, she had perfected a scheme for a great school where several hundred girls could be instructed in all that a woman as a woman should know—housework, sewing, cooking, shopping, marketing, the elements of business and of art, the care of babies, the training and education of children. And she had so planned it that the girls could and should support themselves while they were learning.

Frothingham did not take his eyes from her face as she talked. She seemed to him the most wonderful, the noblest

"THAT'S ANCIENT HISTORY. I AIN'T BEEN CALLED THAT FOR AGES AND AGES"

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human being in the world. "A fine, a beautiful idea," he said. "But aren't you afraid of spoiling those girls for workingmen's wives? You're educating entirely too much in this country, I should say, as it is. You're making the lower classes restless and discontented. They'll pull everything down about your ears the first thing you know."

Nelly smiled—he saw that she was not seeing him at all, was looking far, far past him. "I'm not worrying about the consequences," she said. "If we did that we should never move. You must remember that we haven't any classes here, but are all of one class—we differ in degree, but not in kind. One can't look into the future. I only know it was intended for the light to shine on the whole human race and that it's our duty to help all we can. And knowledge is light, and ignorance is darkness, isn't it? I'm not afraid of light, anywhere. Whether it's little or much, it's better than darkness."

He looked at her strangely. "I had never thought of that," he said in a low voice. Then, after a moment: "How good you are! I didn't know there was anybody in the world like you. How generous of you to give your life to these people!"

"No—no!" she protested.

HE LIFTED HIS HAT AND BOWED

They were walking now through a maze of homely streets, lined with flat-houses large and small, and odorous of strong-smelling cookery, of decaying food, of stale whisky and beer—a typical tenement district. "When I first began on this scheme," she went on, "I thought as you do. But I soon saw how false, how foolishly false, that was. And if I had continued to think as at first, if I had gone into the work to patronize and to feed my vanity, I should have injured myself and all whom I wished to help. I should have made a snob of myself and parasites of them."

She paused and into her eyes came a look which he thought "glorious." She went on: "But, fortunately, I got the right sort of guidance from the very start. And I discovered that I had more to learn than these people. I was actually more ignorant than they." She turned her face toward him. "Did you ever think," she asked, "what would become of you if you had all the props taken from under you, and were cast upon the world and were forced to make the fight alone—without a penny or a friend or a relative or any outside help of any kind?"

"Thought of it? Well, rather!" he exclaimed. "And I know what would happen to me—jolly quick!"

"That was my first discovery—about myself. I found that I was in the world without any fit equipment to live. I found that if the props were taken from under me I'd be no match for the working-people, that I'd perish or else have to live on the charity of rich people by doing the sort of puttering work they give the poor of their own class. And I said to myself: 'You are a fine human being, aren't you—to pose as the superior of those who are independent and self-respecting? You call them ignorant, yet they are conforming to Nature's laws and to the conditions of life infinitely better than you, with your boasted intelligence and your fancied refinement.' I saw that I was not a real woman, as my mother had been, but was only a parasite on the labor and the intelligence of others."

"And what did you do?"

"I went to school with my girls. And——" Her face lighted up with enthusiasm—"Oh, you don't know what a—a magnificent—sensation it is to be conscious that one can swim alone on the sea of life without fear of drowning or of having to call for help. You spoke as if I were giving these people something. Why, I owe everything to them! It is they that gave and are giving. And I am and always shall be in their debt."

He tried to think of some satirical phrase with which to lessen the impression what she had said was making upon him. But he could only blink into the flooding light which seemed to him to surround her and to blaze upon his pettiness and worthlessness and the tawdriness of all upon which his life had been based. In his own country, in his surroundings of alternating dullness and dissipation, his naturally good mind had become a drowsy marsh with pale lights gleaming in it occasionally here and there. Unconsciously, he had been slowly rousing ever since he landed in New York. The people he had met were like enough to those he had met at home, and also like enough to the people of the real America from which they were offshoots, to form for him a mental bridge on which he could pass from his England of narrow and bigoted caste to Nelly's America of alert and intelligent and self-respecting, level-eyed humanity. And he was now feeling in this restless Chicago the fierce impact of energies and aspirations of which he had had no conception, of which he could never have a clear conception. Through the eyes of this earnest, unaffected girl, with her lived ideal of self-forgetfulness, he had been getting confused, dazzling glimpses of a new world.

But he did clearly see and feel that he loved her. And she now saw in his curiously changed face what was in his mind. She looked away instantly—her expression was uneasy, almost frightened. "Here we are—at the school," she said nervously as they turned a corner and came in sight of three great buildings—plain yet attractive—which faced three sides of a broad lawn, in the centre of which a large and most artistic fountain was playing.

He never could give a clear account of that school. He remembered the manager—a Mr. Worthington, with a strong and serious, yet anything but solemn face, with rather homely features except a pair of extraordinary eyes. He remembered many classrooms where all sorts of feminine enterprises were going forward with energetic informality. He remembered many girls—uncommonly clean, bright, well-dressed girls with agreeable voices and manners. He remembered many smiles and other evidences of health and spirits. He remembered many babies—all in one big, sunny room, chirping and crowing and gurgling, balancing on uncertain little lumps of feet or crawling toilsomely. "Practice babies," Nelly called them, and he thought, "If this is the way her girls succeed with mere 'practice babies,' what won't they make of their own?" Finally, he remembered—Nelly. All his other memories were a hazy background for her tall, graceful figure and wonderful, luminous face. Her he never forgot in the smallest detail of look or gesture.

When they were once more in the street, walking toward the car, he began abruptly: "I came over here—to America—because I was ruined—because we were going to be sold up and chucked out in the autumn. I came—I'm ashamed to put it into words—I'd rather you'd imagine—you can, easy enough. It's often done and nothing's thought of it—at least, on our side of the water. This morning—in fact, just before luncheon—I got a cable from my sister. Our luck has turned, and——"

"I'm very glad," she murmured as he paused.

"I don't wish to go back," he went on impetuously, his drawl gone. "I wish—it's you I want. And I ask you to give me a chance. I don't think I'm such a frightfully bad sort, as men go. And while I ain't fit for you to walk on, where's the man that is? And perhaps if I were less fit I couldn't care for you—all the height from down where I am to up where you are."

The storm which had burst from deep down within him, deeper far than he thought his nature extended, was so sweeping and whirling him that he could not see her.

When she spoke it was in a voice that took away hope, but gently soothing the wound it made. "I'm sorry," she said, "and yet I'm—not. No woman could help being pleased to hear what you've said to me, and hear it from such a man as you are. Oh, yes"—this in answer to his expression—"for I've found out what sort of man lives behind your look of irony and indifference. A so much better man than he lets himself know—or show. And I understand how differently you've been brought up, how different your system is from ours. But——"

She hesitated and somehow he felt that he must give her sympathy instead of asking it.

"You remember, I told you that when I began with the school I had the right sort of help?"

He looked away from her and it was black before him for an instant. "That fairish chap with the eyes—Mr. Worthington?" he asked, cutting his words off sharp.

She nodded, her cheeks bright. "I simply couldn't help it," she said. "He *was* what I longed to be. And he didn't preach the things I believed in—he just lived them."

They were silent for a few minutes, then she went on: "I don't want you to misunderstand. He has never even looked—what I'd like him to—to look and say. I don't know whether he cares or not—perhaps not. Sometimes I think he cares only for the work, and——"

"He does care—I saw it," interrupted Frothingham, and then he was astonished at himself for being so "ridiculously decent."

"I don't know," she said doubtfully. "Thank you for saying so." She looked at him shyly. "You'll think me queer for telling you about it when he has said nothing to me."

"I understand why you tell me," Frothingham answered. "It was—like you." He smiled faintly, his frequent, self-satirizing smile. "Don't mind me. I'm used to bad luck. I take to it like a duck to water."

Nelly's instinct told her that she had said enough, and they walked in silence. When she spoke again it was of the dance to which they were going that night. An hour and a half later as they were separating for dinner he said earnestly: "Thank you for what you said. And thank you—even more—for what you didn't say."

XV

ON THE way to Mrs. Grafton's ball that night he sent Evelyn a cablegram, asking her to cable him a hundred and fifty pounds he needed to enable him to pay Wallingford and fixing the next day week for his sailing. He might have sailed three days earlier, but he wished to get her letter and so not carry an unsatisfied curiosity on a six days' voyage.

At the ball every one was talking of the Frothingham "exposure" and of Jenny Hooper's marriage. The "exposure" had appeared in but two editions of the "yellow" that invented it. "Wick" Barney had seen it and had lost not a moment in forcing its suppression and a denial, and in warning the other papers. He said nothing to Frothingham, and Frothingham did not know of it then, or indeed until several years had passed. But even if it had not been suppressed and had been everywhere believed, Frothingham's social position would not have suffered. His title was genuine and his family and his position at home were of the best—more. American fashionable society never asks about upper-class foreigners who come to it for no apparent, or rather avowed, purpose. It expects them to be somewhat "queer" in other respects. It assumes that they will be "queer" in money matters—and it has reason for the assumption.

Frothingham did, however, hear of Jenny's marriage—heard of it from Jenny herself. At the Graftons' the dressing-rooms are at opposite ends of the hall from which the grand stairway ascends to the drawing-room and the ballroom. It chanced that Jenny and Frothingham came along this hall from the dressing-rooms at the same time and, to the delight of the few guests and the many servants who witnessed, met at the foot of the stairway. As Frothingham's face habitually expressed nothing beyond a suggestion that he had nothing to express, he and his eyeglass withstood the shock admirably. Jenny had intended to "cut him dead" the next time she saw him. But as she tottered suddenly into his presence on her monstrous tall heels she was not prepared for a course so foreign to her nature as the cut direct. Before she knew what she was doing or saying she had smiled and nodded. She instantly shifted to a frown; but it was too late—Frothingham had spoken, had subdued her with that "perfectly splendid, so aristocratic" monocle of his. "What's the use of throwing a fit over a thing that's past and done?" she reflected. "He's all right in his way. And won't it give Tom and everybody a jolt if we enter the ballroom together?"

Frothingham had called her "Miss Hooper." This gave her the opening. "Miss Hooper!" she said with her jauntiest air. "That's ancient history. I ain't been called that for ages and ages. Why, I'm an old married woman—for Chicago."

"Really," said he, thinking it "some stupid, silly sell or other." He was hardly listening. He was more interested in the rope of pearls and diamonds that swung from her neck to far below her waist. The pearls were large and were once perfect; but each pearl had been mutilated by having a diamond set in it—a very nightmare of sacrifice of beauty and taste in an effort to make more expensive the most expensive.

"Yes, indeed—truly. I'm Mrs——" She stopped short and gave him a look of horror.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Frothingham with satiric sympathy. "Have you forgotten his name, or did you forget to ask it?"

"No—but I never *thought* of it before—thought how it sounds. My, but it's awful! I'd never in the world have married him if I'd have pronounced it beforehand. Mrs. Burster! Ain't that horrible?" Frothingham had lifted "ain't" from the slough of doubtful grammar to the pinnacle of fashion in fashionable Chicago.

"Oh, I don't know," he drawled, still imagining she was jesting. "It might be worse, mightn't it, now?"

Her eyes flashed at this seeming impertinence. "Yes—it might. It might be Bursted—or 'Busted'—mightn't it?" Then, seeing that her "shot" at his financial condition as described in the newspaper she had read and believed apparently did not touch him, she relented and was in a good humor again. "I've been engaged to Tom for a year or so, on and

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off," she went on. "When I woke up this morning it came into my head to marry him. And I did it while your lawyer and papa were squabbling." She said this so convincingly that she herself began to feel that it was "as good as true."

The news that she and Frothingham were advancing together preceded them to the ballroom, but had not spread far enough from its doors to impair the sensation made by their entrance with every appearance of friendliness. And the much discussed mystery of that day's doings is here solved for the first time.

The next afternoon Frothingham and Wickham drove up to Barney's door as Nelly and Worthington were arriving on foot. One glance at their faces and he knew that they understood each the other now. "All I accomplished," he said to himself mournfully, "was to force the fellow to play his hand. What ripping luck I do bring—other people!" He paused only long enough to make his passing on seem natural. Presently she followed him to the library where he was standing on the rug before the closed fireplace with a cigarette drooping dejectedly from the corner of his mouth. She moved restlessly about the room, evidently seeking a way to begin telling him something.

"I saw it in your face—at the door," he said, in answer to an appealing glance from her.

She put her hand on his arm and her eyes were wistful. "I know you did, and I hoped—I thought—I saw in your face that you were generous enough to be glad I'm happy."

"No, I can't say that you did. The most I can do is to bear it—without the grin." He seated himself on the edge of the big table and looked at her reflectively. "I say," he began at last, "do you see how it's possible to be in love with two at the same time?"

She nodded, smiling a little. "Yes—I—I think—if I hadn't met some one first—I should have been in love with—some one else."

"That's something," he said in his satirical drawl. But he kept his eyes down and his eyelids were trembling. "Do you know," he went on after a pause full of cigarette smoke, "I've been thinking about—caring for two people and that sort of thing? I don't mind saying to you—you'll understand, I'm sure—there's a girl over on the other side——"

"I'm *so* glad!" she exclaimed—and then she wasn't.

"I care for her—in a different way, but it's quite a real way. And when I go back home, it may be—you know what I wish to say. I'm telling you because I don't wish you to think I'm disloyal to you"—his expression was half-satirical, half-mournful—"or to her either."

"I appreciate your telling me," she said. "But I'd have understood if you hadn't. I believe I recognize a manly man when I see him, and—you know that's what I think you."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I dare say I'm much like other people. I show every one the side that matches the side they show me."

After a moment he went to her and lifted her hand and kissed it. She stood and turned her face, sweet and friendly, up to him. "I'd rather you'd kiss *me*," she said.

He winced and paled, and let go her hand. "No, thanks," he replied. "If you don't mind, I'd rather not."

With this Mr. Barney bustled into the room—no one had ever seen him make a slow movement of any kind. At sight of them standing thus suspiciously, he halted and, as they flushed and moved apart, he laughed in such a way that Nelly felt impelled to explain:

"I was talking to Lord Frothingham of my engagement, and he was congratulating me."

"*Bless* my soul!" ejaculated Barney. "This *is* news!"

"I haven't had a chance to tell you, father. It's Mr. Worthington."

Barney seemed depressed. "Well—I guess he's all right," he said slowly. "I've got nothing against him. But——" "And," interrupted Nelly, afraid of her father's frankness, "he was telling me of his engagement."

Barney looked at Frothingham sharply. "American?" he asked, showing that he wouldn't like it if he got an affirmative answer.

"No—a neighbor of ours in England," replied Frothingham.

"Delighted to hear it. You ought to have been married and settled long ago. I still think you'd have done better to sell your farm over there and settle down here in Chicago." Barney would have scorned to apply such words as estate and plantation to a farm—though he did call his shop an "Emporium."

Wickham went to New York with Frothingham the next day but one; and on the day after they arrived they had Honoria, chaperoned by Mrs. Galloway, at dinner and at the theatre, and, because Wickham insisted, at supper. It was almost two o'clock when they put the two women into their carriage at the Waldorf and went to bed—Frothingham refused to sit up listening to Wickham on Honoria. He was surprised that Wickham had invited her for luncheon the next, or, rather, the same day—was astonished when he found that she had accepted. His last three days in America were spent in studying—and encouraging—an infatuation.

The morning of his departure came, and the steamer which he assumed must be bringing Evelyn's letter, since it had not arrived on Friday, was just getting in. He decided that he would not put off his sailing to get the letter—"Why wait merely to satisfy my curiosity? Evelyn sent me over here. She knows what she's about in recalling me." He left Hutt to stay until the last moment on the chance of the mail arriving; he and Wickham went down to the pier—Mrs. Galloway and Honoria and Joe Wallingford and his wife were already there. He had a few sentences aside with Honoria.

"I'm so glad you introduced Mr. Barney to me," she said.

He trained his eyeglass upon her mockingly. "Really! How extraordinary!' Precisely what *he* said on Wednesday."

"Don't be a silly ass," protested Honoria in an unconvincing voice. "He's only a big, nice boy. I'm four years older than he. Or, rather, he's four years younger than I—I don't fancy the word old."

"That's as it should be. If a young chap *will* marry, he should be several years the younger. She'll keep him straight and bring him up properly. She'll be patient with his ignorance and know how to handle the reins when he frets or frisks. Good business this, you're planning, Honoria."

"Do you think he likes me?"

"*Likes?* He's positively driveling. Look at 'im!"

AS THEY WENT—IN A STREET CAR—SHE EXPLAINED HER WORK

Honoria's glance met Wickham's—he was at the rail, pretending to listen to Catherine. His "driveling" expression as he came at the call in her eyes seemed to please Honoria mightily. With the last going-ashore gong Hutt came, bringing Evelyn's letter. Frothingham at once read enough of it to interpret her cablegram:

> As you doubtless know, Georgie's father-in-law died in New York a few weeks ago. He left them I don't know how much—something huge. And George is giving Gwen a dot of three hundred thousand. She was just here with the news—she came to me the instant she heard it. As she was leaving she said, "Won't you give Arthur my love when you write?" It's the first time she's spoken of you to me since you left. And when I said, "I'll *cable* it to him," she blushed—you should have seen her, Arthur—and heard her say, "Oh, *thank* you, dear!"

"Good chap, George," murmured Frothingham. "The right sort clean through. He wouldn't let Gwen and me be cheated as he and Evelyn were. . . . Poor Evelyn! . . . Gwen and me!" He began a sigh that changed into his faint smile of self-mockery. "Just my beastly, rotten luck—not to be sure it's good luck when it finally does come."

He went to the rail and his glance sought out and rested upon the little group of his friends on the crowded pier across the widening gap between Nelly's land and him. Wickham took Honoria's blue chiffon parasol and waved it; Catherine fluttered her handkerchief. He lifted his hat and bowed. Long after they were lost to him in the merge of the crowd they could make out his loud light tweeds and scarlet bow, and once they caught the flash of a ray of sunlight on his eyeglass—like a characteristic farewell look.

It was five o'clock in a late September afternoon. As usual, on the low table on the porch viewing the Italian garden at Beauvais Hall was the big tea-tray with its array of antique silver and old porcelain, the cake and the toast and the slices of bread and butter. Round it were Evelyn and Gwen and Frothingham—Gwen in a shirtwaist and riding skirt, Frothingham in the slovenly, baggy flannels of an English gentleman in the seclusion of his country-seat. No one was speaking and the quiet was profound. Presently Evelyn rose and went through the open French window into the drawing-room. Gwen was watching Frothingham; he was watching the peacocks as they strutted with tails spread in splendor.

"I'm always wondering that one of those clever, handsome American women didn't steal your heart—if you've got one," said Gwen.

He slowly withdrew his gaze from the peacocks and fixed it upon her with his monocled expression that might mean everything or nothing. She chose to read everything into it and flushed with pleasure. And her left hand, moving nervously among the silver and porcelain, revealed on its third finger a narrow gold band.

He drew a long, slow breath of lazy content and drawled:

"You're so *damn* comfortable, Gwen!"

(THE END)

Submarine Farms

OVER half a million dollars' worth of sponges is now the value of the annual harvest of that protozoa from the Gulf side of the Florida coast.

This extensive sponge cutting is so decreasing the supply, especially of what is known as the sheepswool variety, that the Government is conducting experiments in planting sponges.

The natural sponge ground extends from St. Marks to Tampa Bay, one hundred and fifty miles, and from fifteen to twenty miles from the shore. By means of powerful water glasses the operators survey the sponge-fields and with sharp grappling forks cut and draw up the sponges. They can by this method harvest sponges growing at a depth of sixty feet.

The threatened exhaustion of the Florida coast sponge-fields, therefore, has awakened the United States Government to the desirability of renewing them; and now thousands of sponge cuttings are being planted, some at Sugar Loaf Key, east of Key West, and others at various places in Biscayne Bay.

In planting sponges the cuttings are secured to a support sufficiently durable to withstand salt-water corrosion and devastation wrought by the teredo and other aggressive mollusks.

While experiments in growing sponges have been made previously in other countries, Dr. H. F. Moore, who has charge of the Florida work, says that the experiments undertaken by the United States have demonstrated for the first time the practical utility of the project they forecast.

Ninety-five per cent. of the cuttings planted along the Florida coast have healed and are thriving sturdily.

The cuttings that perished were mostly from yellow sponges. The sheepswool variety, which has a higher commercial value than the yellow kind, seems also to be the hardier.

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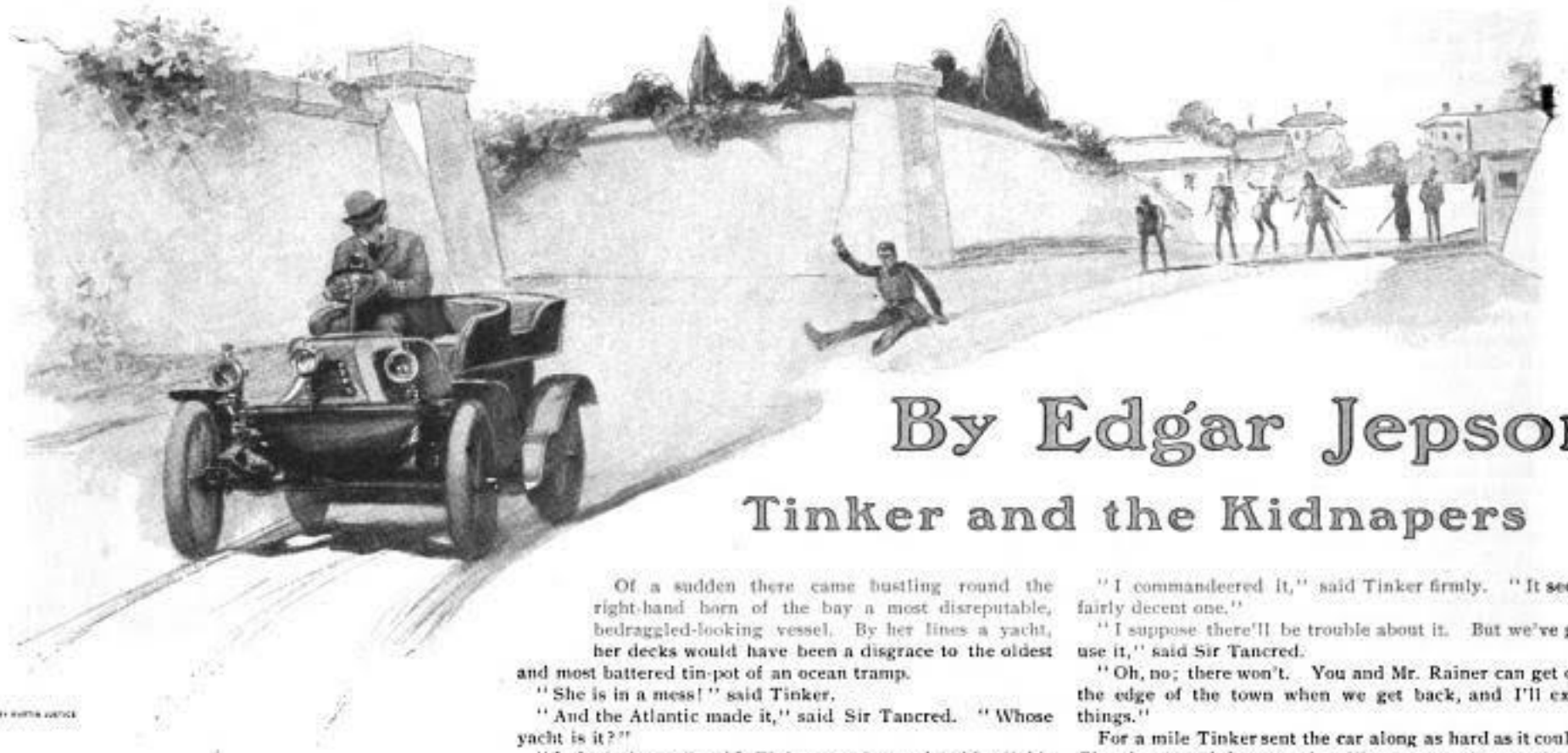
The Admirable Tinker



By Edgar Jepson

Tinker and the Kidnapers

WHAT did you say you paid your governess?" said Sir Tancred Beauleigh.

"Thirty pounds a year," said Hildebrand Anne.

"She dresses well," said Sir Tancred.

Hildebrand Anne, who was observing the Mediterranean from the wall which runs along the sea front of the gardens of the Temple of Fortune at Monte Carlo, turned his head and eyed his father with a trifle of distrust: "She does dress well," he said thoughtfully. "Sometimes I think that her people must have lost their money, and she bought her gowns when they were rich. Sometimes I think she's only being a governess for fun."

"For fun?" said Sir Tancred. "But I thought her references were all right. Yes; you told me that she carried them about with her."

"Well, she has the nicest kind of face," said Tinker; and his own face was out of the common guileless.

"So her face was her reference, was it?" said Sir Tancred.

"You can forge references, but you can't forge a face," said Hildebrand Anne with the air of a philosopher.

Sir Tancred laughed gently. "My good Tinker," he said, "I look forward to the time when you enter the diplomatic service. The diplomacy of your country will be newer than ever. But don't be too sure that a woman can't forge her face."

"What a lot of forgery there would be if women could forge faces like Dorothy's," said Tinker gravely.

"You seem a perfect well of truth to-day," said Sir Tancred.

They were silent a while, gazing idly over the sea; then Tinker said, "Dorothy is rather a mystery, you know. She never gets letters, only telegrams. She has lots of money, too, and she spends it. I often have to talk to her seriously about her extravagance."

"You do? What does she say?"

"Oh, she laughs. That's what makes me think that she's only a governess for fun. I never knew a girl so ready to laugh. Why, I've only known her to cry once."

"When was that?" said Sir Tancred quickly.

"A few days ago," said Tinker; and he added hastily, "I think I'll go after her and Elsie; they've gone down the Corniche to Mentone."

"Was it the day I had an affair with Le Comte De Puy-de-Dôme?"

"Ye-e-s," said Tinker with some reluctance, and he prepared for trouble. Hitherto his father had said nothing of that timely but eldritch yell. But Sir Tancred was silent.

Presently Tinker said: "She would make you a nice little wife, sir."

Sir Tancred started. "There are times," he said, "when you would take my breath away if I hadn't good lungs."

"I thought that was what you were thinking about," said the ingenuous Tinker.

"If you add thought-reading to your other accomplishments it will be too much," said Sir Tancred with conviction.

Editor's Note—The last of these tales of The Admirable Tinker will appear in an early number. Each is complete in itself.

Of a sudden there came bustling round the right-hand horn of the bay a most disreputable, bedraggled-looking vessel. By her lines a yacht, her decks would have been a disgrace to the oldest and most battered tin-pot of an ocean tramp.

"She is in a mess!" said Tinker.

"And the Atlantic made it," said Sir Tancred. "Whose yacht is it?"

"I don't know," said Tinker, staring at it with all his eyes.

"You ought to," said Sir Tancred with some severity; "you've been on it. It's Meyer's."

Tinker wriggled.

A hundred yards from the jetty the yacht's engines were reversed, and the way was scarcely off her when her only remaining boat fell smartly on the water, and was rowed quickly to the steps. A quarter of an hour later a little group hurried into the gardens—the manager of the Hotel des Princes, a tall, bearded, grimy man, and a short, clean-shaven, grimy man. They came straight to Sir Tancred and Tinker, and the bearded man said quickly: "My name is Rainer, Septimus Rainer. I've just learnt that my daughter Dorothy is your little girl's governess. Where is she?"

Sir Tancred bowed and said languidly, "Miss Rainer is the governess of my son's adopted sister. He made the arrangement and is the responsible person. Here he is."

Septimus Rainer looked at Tinker with some surprise and said feverishly, "Where is she? Where's Dorothy?"

"She went with Elsie along the Corniche toward Mentone after *déjeuner*," said Tinker.

"Take me to her at once, will you?" said Rainer quickly. "She's not safe!"

"Not safe! Come along!" said Sir Tancred. And his languor fell from him like a mask.

As they hurried through the gardens Rainer said: "It's like this: a week ago I got a cable saying that kidnapers were after Dorothy. I wired to McNiel, my Paris agent, to come straight here with half a dozen of the best detectives, scooped up Mr. Buist, of the New York police"—he nodded toward the clean-shaven, grimy man—"borrowed a yacht, and came myself. We had trouble with the Atlantic, of course, as we were in a hurry; but I've done it seven hours quicker than steamer and train. Has McNiel been here with the detectives?"

"No; he hasn't," said Tinker.

"Sure?" said Rainer.

"Certain," said Tinker.

"Perhaps McNiel did not tell her, not wishing to frighten her, and watched over her from a distance without making his presence known," said Rainer.

"Perhaps McNiel is in it," said Sir Tancred dryly.

"I'm glad I came straight here," said Rainer.

As they passed the Hotel des Princes Tinker said, "I'll catch you up," and bolted into it. He ran upstairs into his father's room and took from a drawer the pocketbook which held their passports, ran into his own room and thrust into his pockets some five hundred francs in notes and gold. Then, sure that he was ready for the worse event, ran smiling down the stairs.

As he came out of the front door his eye fell on a lonely, deserted motor-car. In a breath he had pitied its loneliness, seen its use, and jumped into it. He set it going, and in three minutes had caught up his father and Rainer. Sir Tancred jumped into the seat beside him, and Rainer and the detective into the back seat.

"Whose car is this? How did you get it?" said Sir Tancred.

"I commandeered it," said Tinker firmly. "It seems a fairly decent one."

"I suppose there'll be trouble about it. But we've got to use it," said Sir Tancred.

"Oh, no; there won't. You and Mr. Rainer can get out at the edge of the town when we get back, and I'll explain things."

For a mile Tinker sent the car along as hard as it could go. Then he slowed down, and pulling up at every opening into the hills or down to the shore sent a long coo-ee ringing down it. No answer came back. At the end of two miles his face was growing graver and graver; and at the end of two miles and a half he stopped and said, "They can't have gone farther than this."

The three men looked at one another with serious faces.

"Just too late," said Septimus Rainer.

"Mr. Buist had better hurry back to Monte Carlo, the Hotel des Princes, in case we've missed them. We will go on hard, and he can wire to us at Mentone, Ventimiglia and Genoa," said Sir Tancred.

"That's all very well," said the detective stubbornly. "But I don't like the looks of things. Miss Rainer is governess in your family, sir, a curious thing for the daughter of a millionaire to be. There is a chance, and I'm bound to consider it, of your being mixed up in the kidnaping. What's to prevent you kidnaping Mr. Rainer? I mean no offense, sir, but I'm bound to look at it all ways."

Sir Tancred's eyes flashed, and for a moment he looked as if he could not believe his ears, but he said quietly, "Just as you like. Let Mr. Rainer go back, or both of you go back. Only be quick!"

"Off you go, Buist!" said the millionaire. "I know where I am! Go, man, go!"

The detective got down reluctantly; Sir Tancred said, "Go to M. Lautrec at the Police Bureau, Monte Carlo! He's the best man to set things going!" And Tinker started the car.

Two miles farther on they came upon a peasant woman tramping slowly along with a heavy basket. Tinker stopped the car, and Sir Tancred asked her if she had seen a young lady and a little girl walking along the Corniche between here and Monte Carlo. She said she had seen a young lady and a little girl in a carriage with two gentlemen, and the horses were galloping; oh, but they did gallop; they had nearly run her down. The young lady had cried out as they passed, but she had not heard what she said. It was a long while ago; more than an hour; near Monte Carlo.

"We must follow this carriage! It looks like them! Drive on, Tinker!" said Sir Tancred.

The car rushed along, and Sir Tancred told the millionaire what the woman had said.

"The rogues are hardly up to date to use a carriage instead of a motor-car," said the millionaire.

"What I don't see is how they are going to get them across the frontier. It looks—it looks as if the Italian police were in it," said Sir Tancred, frowning.

"Do you mean to tell me that the Italian police would connive at kidnaping?" said the millionaire.

"No; but some rascal of a detective who could pull a good many strings might be in it. At any rate, if they get them across the frontier, undrugged, the authorities are squared or humbugged. And if they get them to that rabbit-warren Genoa we may be a fortnight finding them."

They were soon in Mentone, and learned from a gendarme that an hour before a carriage had driven fast through the town. It held fever patients for the hospital at Genoa, he said, ill of the bubonic plague: the police and the custom-house at Ventimiglia had been warned by wire from Monte

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Carlo and Genoa not to delay it or go near it. It had passed just an hour.

"If they're bound for Genoa we can catch them, bar accidents. And Lautrec will have wired there. The rascals have worked out a good scheme; but your coming has spoiled it, Mr. Rainer. Send her along, Tinker!" said Sir Tancred.

The car hummed along, but as it drew near the custom-house at Ventimiglia Sir Tancred said, "By Jove, we're going to be delayed! The guard's turned out!" And sure enough, a dozen Italian soldiers barred the road.

Tinker stopped the car, and a sergeant ordered Sir Tancred and the millionaire to come with him to the officer in charge. Tinker gave Sir Tancred the pocketbook which held their passports; they got out of the car and followed the sergeant into the custom-house.

Presently Tinker heard them talking, heard the conversation grow loud and excited, and caught disjointed scraps of it. Of a sudden his father cried loudly in Italian, "Spies! we're nothing of the kind!" And then in English, "Bolt!"

In a breath the car was moving and half a dozen soldiers sprang forward, crying, "Stop! Stop!"

"It's running away!" screamed Tinker in Italian, and switched it on to full speed.

It jerked forward; and the soldiers ran heavily after it.

"Hold it back! Hold it back!" screamed Tinker; and a simple young soldier caught hold of it behind, and threw all his heart and strength into that effort, only to find himself running fast. At sixty yards he was running faster and shouting loudly. At eighty yards he stopped shouting, let go and fell down. Tinker looked back and saw him sitting up in the dust and shaking his fist, while far behind him his fellow-soldiers danced, gesticulating in the middle of the road.

Tinker let the car rip on, slowing down at each branch road for a quick search for traces of the flying carriage. He was excited, determined, but hardly happy. He saw no hope of rescuing Dorothy and Elsie by himself even if he caught the carriage; and since he reckoned that it would take his father and the millionaire two hours at the least to escape from the trap which had been so neatly set for them, they might not rejoin him till far into the night. He kept his eyes about him, and as he was passing a great gap in the hills he saw something fluttering in the road before him, and coming nearer saw that it was a hat.

He stopped the car, sprang down and picked it up. It was Elsie's hat, and he began to wonder how it came there. If she had thrown it out of the carriage the kidnapers would have stopped and picked it up. Besides, the elastic was broken, and she was very unlikely to have broken the elastic in taking it off. He looked up and down the road, and saw fifty yards behind him a road branching off into the gap in the hills. A slow, seraphic smile lighted up his angel face, he stepped into the car, turned it round, and went back to the branch road. At the corner he found a little girl watching a few lean sheep. She had come, she said, but a short while ago, and had seen no carriage; the branch road led to Camporossa. Tinker sent the car slowly down it. For seventy yards the roadway was hard or stony; then came a patch of dust, smooth and unmarked by a wheel-track. Any vehicle going along the road must have passed over it, and a wave of disappointment submerged Tinker's spirit. He stopped the car and stared blankly at the patch; then his eye caught a curious marking on its surface. He jumped down and bent over it; sure enough, the patch had been brushed and smoothed with a bough.

He hurried the car back to the corner, and by entreaties, persuasion, cajoling, a five-franc piece, and even—great concession!—a kiss, he wrung from the little girl a promise that she would wait till dark, if need were, stop every carriage or motor-car that came past, and say, "The kidnapers have gone up this road."

Then, assured that the hat, set to mislead, had put him on the right track, he turned the car for Camporossa. To his surprise and satisfaction he found this road smooth, and sent the car along at full speed. A mile from Camporossa he saw a cloud of dust ahead of him, and knew that he had the kidnapers in sight. He slowed down, for he did not wish to be seen by them. Then when the dust cloud vanished into the straggling town he hurried on again, for the sun was even now setting, and if they pushed on through the darkness he would have to follow by the sound of their wheels.

He came through the town at a moderate speed. Then, a mile beyond it, as he came to the top of a little hill, he saw the carriage moving slowly down an avenue to a house on the left some hundred yards from the road. He stopped the car with a jerk, backed it a little way down the hill, and from the brow watched the carriage drive up to the house. Then the sun set and the swift twilight fell.

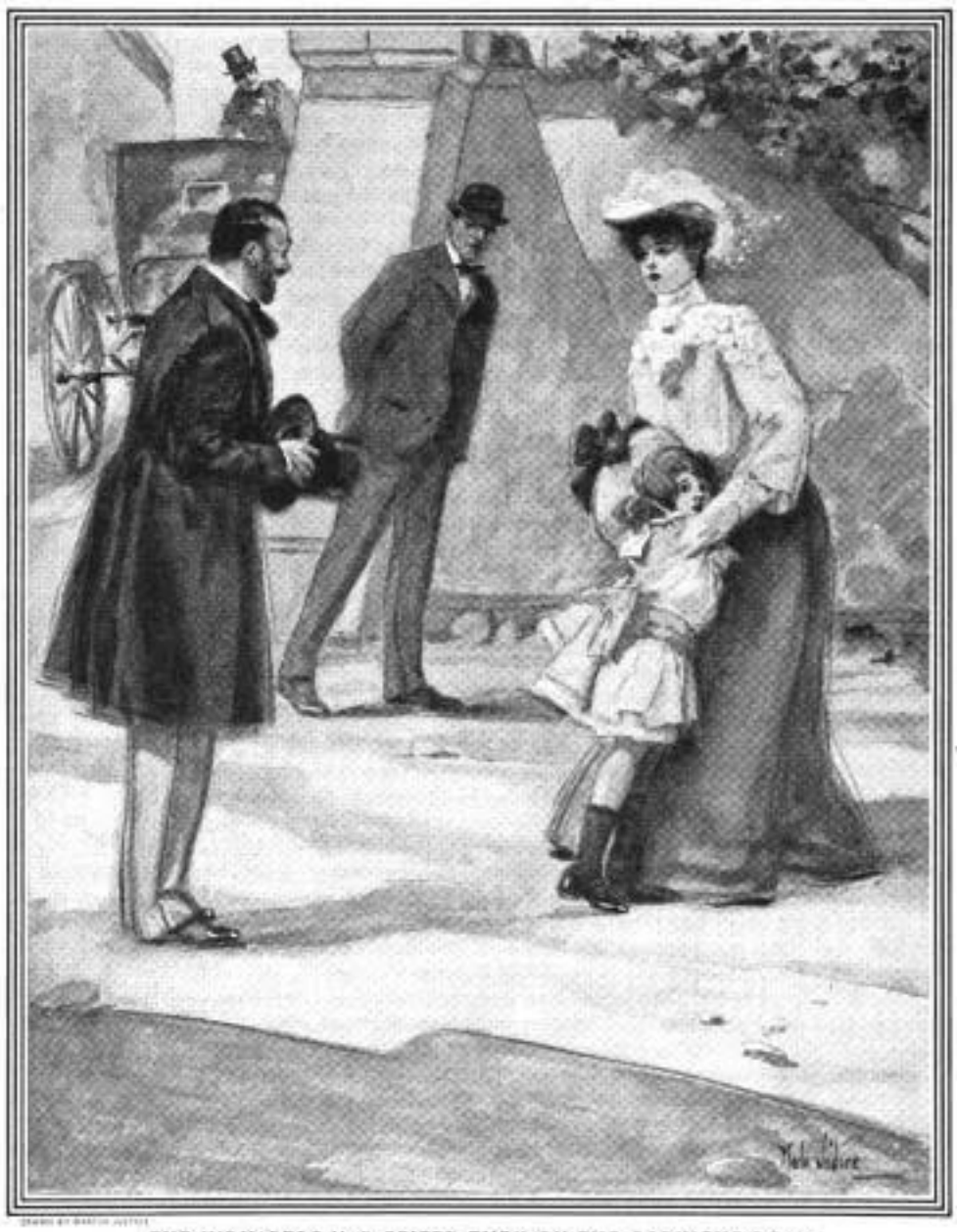
He backed the car into a clump of trees and set out across the fields for the house. Presently he came into a deserted garden, overgrown with rank weeds and unclipped shrubs. He hoped devoutly that the scorpions and tarantulas would await the passing of the sunset chill in their lairs. He pushed through the garden without mishap, and came to the house, a four-square, two-storied building, covered with a mat of creepers, some old-time gentleman's country seat. The near side was dark; from the back he could hear the voices of three stablemen. The front, too, was dark; but on the farther side two rooms were lighted, one on the ground floor, one above.

A clatter of excited voices came from the lower window; he stole to within ten yards of it and looked in. Three men were dining at the table: a fair, red-headed man with the high cheekbones of the Scot, a dissipated young Italian, and a small, round, vivacious man who looked French.

"I'm going to marry the girl, say what you will!" the Italian was crying. "Where would your scheme have been without my aid?"

"Pardon, my dear Monteleone, I am going to marry the girl. There would have been no scheme to help if I had not made it," said the little Frenchman. "I rank first—I ——"

A movement overhead drew Tinker's attention; he looked up and saw Dorothy leaning out of the upper window. He uttered the short click which served them as a signal when they played conspirators or Red Indians. She looked straight down at him, but did not start or answer, and he knew that there was some one in the room with her. The kidnapers still disputed vehemently; and he stole up to the wall and began to climb the vine which covered the side of the house. He disturbed a number of roosting small birds; but Dorothy's suitors were putting forward their pretensions to her hand with a clamor which drowned the flutter of wings. He climbed up and up, and Dorothy never stirred; and at last he looked under her arm into the room. Elsie sat at the table staring miserably at the grim face of an elderly woman who sat on a chair backed up against the door.



THE KIDNAPERS HAD SEIZED THEM ON THE CORNICHE ROAD

Tinker looked at the woman and could scarcely believe his eyes; then he laughed gently, slipped over the window-sill, and said cheerfully, "Hullo, Selina, how are you?"

The grim woman started up with a little cry, stared at him, ran across the room, and began to hug him furiously, crying, "Lor', Master Tinker! What a turn you did give me!"

"Drop it, Selina! Drop it!" said Tinker, struggling out of her embrace. "You know how I hate being slobbered over!"

Then he dodged Dorothy and Elsie, saying, "This is no time for foolery!"

"But I don't understand," said Dorothy.

"Oh, Selina's my old nurse. What are you doing here, Selina? I never expected you to turn kidnaper at your age."

"Nothing of the kind, Master Tinker! I'm paid to help save these poor lambs from them Jesuits."

"You've been humbugged, then. You've helped to kidnap my adopted sister and Miss Rainer, the daughter of an American millionaire."

Selina's face underwent a slow but alarming change. "So Mr. McNiel's humbugged me, has he? He's brought me all the way from Paris by a lie about Jesuits having stolen his young lady, to do his dirty, kidnaping work, has he? I'll kidnap him!" she said thickly, and made a step toward the door.

"Do!" said Tinker with warm approval. "You let him have it! Think you're pitching into me like you used to!"

Selina opened the door and went down the stairs with the outraged majesty of a Boadicea, and they followed her. Tinker bade Dorothy and Elsie unbar the front door, and kept himself close behind Selina. She opened the door; the sustained shriek in which the Frenchman and Italian were conversing died suddenly down; and the three kidnapers stared at her.

"You low, nasty scoundrels!" said Selina fiercely.

"Eh? What? The woman's daft! What's the matter?" said McNiel.

"Don't you woman me, you low Scotchman! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, mixing yourself up with these foreign rascals! You that's had a Christian upbringing!"

"You do what you're paid to do!" roared McNiel.

"*Il faut agir!*" said the Frenchman; and he bounced in a lithe, overconfident way at Selina.

In a flash she had her left hand well gripped in his abundant hair and was clawing his face with her right. He screamed and writhed; and the struggle gave Tinker his chance. He slipped the key out of the inside of the door, thrust it into the outside; as the Frenchman tore himself away yelling he cried, "Outside, Selina!" strengthened the command by a strong drag on her arm; got her outside; slammed the door to, and locked it almost before the kidnapers had realized that he was there. He wrenched the key out of the lock; Dorothy had just got the front door open; he caught Elsie's hand, and crying, "Come along! Come along!" ran down the avenue, followed by Dorothy and Selina as hard as they could pelt.

Three minutes brought them to the car; he bundled them into it, drove it out of the trees, and set it going hard down the road while Dorothy explained how the kidnapers had seized them on the Corniche Road. They came safely to Camporossa, and suddenly they saw ahead of them the flaring light of a motor-car.

"Here's my father, or the police," said Tinker with a sigh of relief; and sure enough in ten minutes Sir Tancred was shaking hands with Tinker and Dorothy was kissing her father.

It had taken them three hours to get free of the Italian authorities, and they had practically turned the Riviera upside down to do that.

It was past midnight when they reached the hotel. As they were going upstairs to bed Tinker succeeded in keeping Dorothy back. "It's all very well you being the daughter of a millionaire," he said with some severity, "but an employer has his rights. I can't lose a governess who suits Elsie so well, straight off, and I shall expect a month's notice."

"But I've no intention of resigning that excellent post," said Dorothy, smiling.

Tinker thought a moment and then said gloomily, "Your father will never let you be a governess. I suppose you expect me to back you up against him."

"That's just what I do mean," said Dorothy.

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Happiness must be given before it can be received.

¶ There are more failures in Delaware than the peach crop.

¶ A man may be provident and yet not have laid in his coffin.

¶ The medical man is the modern oracle: we swallow all he tells us.

¶ The hard part is not to work for success but to wait for it to ripen.

¶ A smart man is never quite smart enough to get the right opinion of himself.

¶ Some people can think only in bed, but we constantly meet with them in society.

¶ The man who says nothing may not win much but he generally has a popular funeral.

¶ Standing behind a counter is all right, but staying there a lifetime is another matter.

¶ Take care of the pennies and the safe deposit companies will take care of everything else.

¶ Among the diseases caused by the mosquito, insomnia and that tired feeling should not be omitted.

¶ That which people sow they shall also reap does not always apply to the pictures on the seed packages.

The Sheep and the Shearers

THE Chief of Detectives of New York City says that within the past two years its "get-rich-quick" concerns have, to use their own phrase, "trimmed suckers" of no less than forty millions of dollars. He is speaking only of the concerns that are hampered by the fact that their business is unlawful. They operate by "confidential" circulars.

In these confiding appeals they use flatteries, arguments and inducements that, so one would think, would excite only amusement in any reader having a spark of intelligence. How can the dullest fail to see that the possessor of stock or grain or race-track secrets easily transformable into millions would not invite remote strangers to share with him? How can the blindest fail to see the tongue thrust into the cheek, the contemptuous grin openly leering from the eyes?

Yet there are those who marvel at the unequal distribution of property. Yet there are those who charge that inequality wholly upon our social system.

"Get-rich-quick" concerns, and that whole family of which they are the least "reputable" members, raise many interesting moral and mental problems—some of them amusing, some serious, none so serious perhaps as alarmists try to make them. But deeper than any of these problems lies the question, really and honestly, how many people even of the most intelligent classes are capable of managing and safeguarding their own interests?

About ninety-five per cent. of the men who engage in business on their own account fail—and this was true before the combinations arose. On the average the man who works for some large organizer of industrial energy is vastly better off financially than he who has his own independent business. As for the masses of the gainfully employed, what would become of their savings were it not for the insurance companies, benefit orders, savings banks, building associations—all of them organizations expressly made to relieve individuals of the care of their own affairs?

The capacity to work is infinite and splendid. But obviously the capacity to spend wisely and to take care of a surplus is deplorably defective. The wonder is not that property is unequally distributed; the wonder is that the carelessness, the credulity, the rashness of the overwhelming majority of us does not produce even greater inequalities. Indeed, is not here the clue to conditions usually ascribed to the greed of the few and the inadequacy of the laws?

There are, beyond question, some sinister causes for the rapid growth of large combinations. But is not one cause, and that important, the fact that most men work harder, more steadily, more wisely, more profitably for another than for themselves? They will play at ducks and drakes with their own affairs; they will be careful when their sense of responsibility and their sense of the danger of losing the job are roused.

By all means let us have laws against "get-rich-quick" enterprises and "sucker-trimmers" of every kind, including those in politics, finance and commerce. But—how will that solve the real problem?

A social system can punish the robber—ours does so fairly well once it clearly recognizes him. But how can it restrain the man who voluntarily hands over to the robber his pocketbook or his political rights or whatever he has that he doesn't know how to keep? History is not the story of how robbers have ravaged mankind; it is the story of how robbers have taught mankind, an unwilling pupil, to consent to keep that which it could never have lost except by voluntary surrender.

The time spent in hating and dreading oppressors might be not unprofitably used—in part, at least—in educating one's self to make oppressors impossible. And after one has finished calculating how much the trusts have cost him, he might go on to calculate how much his own folly has cost him in the same period.

When General Hancock said that the tariff was a "local question," every one laughed and his supporters blushed. But we all know now—twenty-two years later—that he was right. Some day some one will make a similar discovery about the social question—that it is not a world problem, but an individual problem.

Only a Few Wars Left

IT IS just a quarter of a century since Beaconsfield at Berlin gave the Turk a new lease of life in Europe, and every winter since that time the political almanacs have predicted an uprising in the spring to complete the work then unfortunately interrupted. The "war-cloud" in the Balkans is a little blacker now than usual, and perhaps it may break at last.

Whatever may happen just now, the country of Alexander the Great is a region of unfailing interest because it is one of the few spots on the globe—perhaps the only one—over which a great war is still a logical probability. Notwithstanding the tremendous competition in armaments it is a fact that war on a great scale is becoming obsolete. Business and humanity combined are growing too powerful to permit the peace of the world to be seriously endangered except for very grave cause. It may be said with confidence that if four unsettled questions were out of the way the idea of a great war anywhere in the world could be permanently dismissed.

The first and most serious of these is the Turkish question. That is almost certain to bring on a collision sooner or later: because Russia considers Constantinople and its surroundings worth a war, because the Turks would certainly fight rather than be driven out of Europe, and the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte is a cause of war always available whenever Russia thinks the time opportune for making use of it. A war involving Russia, Turkey and the Balkan peoples would be a great one, even if it went no further, and it would be hard for some, at least, of the other Powers to keep out of it.

The second danger point is the far East, where there is a prospect that Japan may sooner or later come into collision with Russia, with possible consequences of which the Anglo-Japanese Alliance gives a hint. The third, where the chance of averting the trouble is much better, is Morocco, and the fourth is Austria, where Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism are arousing passions that may overcome the tendency of business and civilization toward peace.

These are the only points at which issues are at stake which the great Powers would consider worth fighting about. Some people might add a fifth possibility—the chance of war in America over the Monroe Doctrine. But if we are well prepared, that is a contingency that need not cause any serious uneasiness. There will be no more great wars except when substantial existing interests clash. All the Powers of Europe have too many troubles of their own on hand to go out of their way to hunt new ones over here.

Hard Times for the Old Man

WHAT is to become of the old man?

During the last year or two the question has been brought before the public by the action of several great business corporations that have retired from work such of their employees as have reached the age of seventy. When their service to the company has been long they have been pensioned.

No pension, however, sweetens the bitterness with which a man with his work in full grip sees it taken from him and put into younger and less experienced hands.

"What can these boys know?" he cries. "These are *my* methods: *I* invented that system. What do they know about it?"

But out he goes.

Men of sixty—clerks, superintendents, commercial men, teachers—filled the papers a month or two ago with a chorus of complaints that work was denied them, no matter what their physical or mental condition, simply on account of their age. It is a well-known fact that many congregations refuse to call a pastor who is over fifty. The gray old saint must keep his flock; if he lose it no other will come to him before he dies upon the lonely pastures.

It is a singular fact, however, that such of these old men as have ability of brain or body are always put to some use in their later years. You find few idle old men in this country. And fewer idle old women.

"My grandmother," said one vivacious dame of seventy lately, "at my age had long been relegated to the armchair in the warmest corner. Her one employment was to knit stockings. The family tenderly watched and waited on her. She was sound in health but invalided by the fact of her age. Nobody looks after *me*. I am always frightfully busy. This morning I must make up the accounts of a charitable club of which I am treasurer; this afternoon I am going to tell my Current Events class of my trip down the Volga last year and what I know of the Russian Jews. To-morrow I run down to Washington to talk X. into giving Jem's boy a Consulship. X. and I had a flirtation fifty years ago."

Now the same cause accounts for the cruel shunting aside of the seventy-year-old officials, for the employing of them in odd jobs, and for the merciless picking of every live grain out of all worn-out old brains.

It is the Dominion of the Whole over the Unit: the crushing out of the individual by the Juggernaut Community. The country is advancing on its triumphal way to prosperity. But are we trampling down nothing which is nobler and of more value than prosperity?

Can we afford to lose out of life the calm, the significance of leisurely old age? Are no sounds silenced by the thunder of marching feet, sounds which the world can ill afford to lose?

The Cost of Fuss and Feathers

A RICH man, who has made his money by the handling of other men and who enjoys a large reputation for getting results from his employees, was asked the other day what he considered the most costly waste in business life. "Fuss and feathers," he said.

Brown has big ideas. There is no reason in the world why he should not make good—none except fuss and feathers. By the time he gets through talking about his plans and advertising his details somebody has done the work and got the profit.

Lamont, the humble reporter, did good service quietly. He asked few questions, said little, went ahead. Cortelyou, the unknown stenographer, grasped his duties, performed them and won a Cabinet portfolio. The men of fuss and feathers wondered why they did not do as well.

Modern business is swift. Its orders do not admit of debate or explanations. A word may mean a full day's toil. The president or manager talks in snappy sentences—each means a task. The employee who understands and does the work without questions gets the next promotion.

To a real man of business nothing is more annoying than "How shall I do this?" or "Do you think it ought to be done this way or would you prefer it some other way?" or "I beg your pardon, but I want to be very sure that I caught your exact meaning."

Fuss-and-feathers men think they score by impressing their own importance. They don't. Modern business is argus-eyed. It watches its men keenly, weighs their usefulness, judges by results. Time taken in talk is time taken from work. Modern business uses a stop-watch in the close race for success.

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UNSOLVED—By Ian Maclaren

GHOSTLY COUNSEL

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WHEN it came to Parker's turn to tell his experience he showed some desire to escape his obligation, which was most unbecoming conduct in our only man of business.

"You see," he explained, "I am not a soldier who has had adventures, or a writing man who has got imagination; till five years ago I was a corn merchant in Liverpool and spent my time in the rather exciting but also very prosaic occupation of buying wheat if I thought it was going to rise and selling it if I thought it was going to fall. My capital was not large and the market was apt to play the fool with the wisest — my wisdom was not monumental — so that from time to time I had bad luck, and once at least I was in a tight place. If it came to adventures on the market, and the romance of success and failure in speculation, I could tell some rather interesting yarns, but the corn exchange does not suggest the unseen universe. I think our only point of contact with the supernatural is our futures, which are sometimes shadowy enough and occasionally haunt a man with far more terror than any ghost."

"Quite so, Parker," said our host, "but you left corn and you have been living in that country house of yours which looked like a hotel for ghosts with its secret staircases in the wall, its hidden door in the panels, those lonely rooms in the tower, and that vault beneath the dining-room. Come now, own up. Has not some Laird of the past dropped in when things were quiet to see what kind of man had succeeded him? Has nothing happened at Glasclune?"

"Nothing," said Parker; "I give you my word, and I confess that I am rather disappointed, for I thought that some antique of the past with a troubled conscience would have turned up to confess his sin and add a fancy value to the property. The place is absolutely unromantic in spite of its holes and corners, and my life, after the excitement of the corn market, has sunk into dead commonplace. Golf in the daytime, and a little shooting in season, and in the evening I potter among my books and engravings, which were always my by-occupation. Very uneventful, really: I think you had better call on the Doctor."

"Well," said the Barrister, "if you have nothing to tell it's not your blame, and we don't want barefaced inventions, but country houses have not got a monopoly of ghosts. Some curious things have happened in London chambers, or else two or three of my friends have been uncommon liars; and I have often wondered if nothing strange occurred in those gloomy piles of mercantile offices. I remember, when I was on circuit at Liverpool, going down late one night to have a blow on the landing-stage after getting up a very heavy brief, and I was struck as I came back through your corn streets with their solitude and weirdness. There did not seem to be a soul living in the whole quarter, and I could see passages opening into courts behind, and black entries where there might have been all kinds of shadowy figures. I went down one passage and found myself in a well with offices rising up high on every side, a few hours ago full of life and now silent as the grave. Then suddenly a light was turned on in a room on the third floor, and the eeriness of the situation was complete. Was it a burglar who was trying the safe and felt secure in that lonely place at that early hour of the morning? Or was it a merchant who had grown uneasy about his accounts, and had come down to see whether he was solvent or bankrupt? Or was it some cashier who was manipulating the books and carrying on a cunning fraud? Or was it a merchant who had died years ago and was drawn back to the scene of his former business? Do you know I've never forgotten the impression as I stood in that court with its dim light — for the moon which had been faintly shining on the river had gone under a heavy cloud — and looked up to that room with its mysterious occupant? But I beg your pardon; this is not 'my funeral,' as the Americans say. I've told my story already. Seriously, though, does nothing ever happen in those offices except contracts, and does nothing come in except sample bags?"

Barristers have certainly got a way of extracting the truth, and that turned out to be a very successful cross-examination, in a quite informal fashion, for, whatever might be the reason, Parker was distinctly caught by the graphic night scene and surrendered suddenly at discretion.

"No wonder," said Parker, looking at the Barrister resentfully, "that witnesses break down when you take them in hand; your way of touching on other people's secrets comes near to witchcraft. Well, it was not churlishness that kept me silent, or any suspicion that you would give me away, but simply that the story I must now tell is quite incredible, and you will be entitled to conclude either that my brain was heated through the anxiety of a business crisis or that I had been asleep and dreamt what I supposed happened. The only evidence beyond my own testimony that I can bring forward is Glasclune and my retirement from business, for I had never blossomed from a struggling corn merchant into a modest Scots Laird had it not been for a midnight experience in that very quarter the Barrister so graphically described.

"Personal biography is of no use for our purpose, but if it won't bore you I had better tell you my history, and explain the state of my affairs when the incident happened. My father and mother died in my childhood and I was brought up by a guardian, with whom I lived through my boyhood, but who left Liverpool and ceased to have any responsibility for me when I came of age. As I did not know what I wanted to be, and only found out when it was too late that the one thing I cared for was the army, my guardian, in the plenitude of his wisdom, apprenticed me to a firm of corn merchants, because, as he said with considerable common-sense, people will always want bread, and there must be corn merchants to import the material. Five years I served my time, and I came to know every turn in the rabbit warrens of offices and something about most of the firms. When my time was up the firm, which managed to do a large business on the economical working staff of a cashier, a bookkeeper, an office boy, and seven apprentices, gave me to understand that in allowing me the run of their office and securing from me at least three years' good clerk work, they had done all which an enterprising firm of corn merchants could be expected to do for an apprentice, and that I must secure a situation for myself. As no situation turned up after six months' waiting, and I was now in possession of my very moderate inheritance, my guardian suggested that I should start in business for myself, and secure a senior partner who had large experience and no capital. For three years we worked together, and at the close it had come to pass that I had a very considerable amount of experience and he had all the capital. Our partnership was then dissolved, and he took what business there was into another firm, where he flourished still more abundantly and I was left to look after myself.

"I could not start business on my own account without capital and no one seemed particularly anxious to have me as a servant — at least, there was no frantic enthusiasm in that direction — and had it not been for a certain strange character in the corn market I should have emigrated, or if I had not been too old should have enlisted in a cavalry regiment. But one day, as I was hanging about the street feeling very much down on my luck, some one gripped my arm and I found myself in the clutches of Mr. James Peebles, only partner in the firm of Peebles & Co., who described themselves as corn brokers, and had been about forty years on the market. Mr. Peebles, or 'Jimmy,' as he was known by everybody, and called by most people to his face, was a Scotsman of extraordinary keenness and equal penuriousness. Unmarried, he lodged somewhere in two rooms, dined on a shilling a day, and had amassed a large fortune, which it was understood would be carefully and justly divided, with remarkable provisions against squandering, among a clan of relatives in the hard-headed county of Fife. He was dressed as usual in the shabby gray suit of antique cut which it is certain he had worn for ten years and without which he could hardly have been recognized in the city, and had the familiar stick in his left hand — for he was slightly lame — with which he tapped himself up and down stairs, in and out of offices, and through the Corn Exchange, ever been forgotten or lost no one would have believed in his identity. The sound of the stick was the signal that 'Jimmy' was coming, and the stick itself he used to emphasize his points as he laid down the law on 'futures.' For 'Jimmy' was not really a broker going between merchants, nor was he a merchant himself, but he was a pure, unadulterated speculator, naked and not ashamed. He had one factotum in his office — another Scot almost as curious as himself, who kept the office open and managed such books as 'Jimmy' required. 'Jimmy' never wanted to see any corn and never really possessed any except on paper. He bought for the rise and he sold for the fall; he made his money between the turn of markets, and his foresight was almost superhuman. It did not matter what operations they were carrying on in America, or what surprises they might spring, how disordered the market at home might be, or how sluggish, 'Jimmy' had a scent for what was going to happen, and gathered gain in all kinds of weather. Many a firm in past days had tried to secure his services, and had offered him the most tempting terms, but 'Jimmy' preferred his snug little office of two rooms on the ground floor, at the back of Simpson's buildings, and his independence of speech and action.

"'Weel,' said 'Jimmy,' 'it's just about the time when I take my midday bite, and if ye have no operation in hand, and don't object to share a brandered steak with an old man, we'll step round the corner to the White Horse,' at which ancient eating-house 'Jimmy' had filled a corner at 12:30 for more than a generation.

"'Ye've had hard times, Parker,' said 'Jimmy' when we had broken on the steak, 'and I've been sorry for ye. I've been watchin' ye — there's not much I don't know. There was no man to guide you, and your partner was a verra clever man; maybe too clever as he'll find some day. Your money's gone, I'm judgin', and you've nothing to start with, just so! Weel, I like your appearance, and I count that ye've more brains than they think on the street, though maybe not so much as your late partner, who has one of the biggest low-class, second-rate brains I've ever lighted on; in short, I want to make a proposeetion to you,' and 'Jimmy' was so expansive that he broke his usual rule of never drinking anything, intoxicating

Editor's Note — This is the fourth of a series of five stories by Doctor Watson, centring on the theme of unexplained experiences. The next will appear in an early number.

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or non-intoxicating, except water, and ordered some beer. 'Naebody knows what I'm going to tell you, and ye will be pleased to keep it quiet, but I've resolved to give up business and go back to Fife, for the doctor tells me my course is run. Morrison retires at the same time and he's settling down at Auchtermauchty, where he'll give them trouble in the kirk, if I'm no mistaken, for the rest of his natural life; and, as ye know, there's no business to dispose of. Na, na! The business of James Peebles & Co. begins and ends with me and Morrison, and the office is no what ye call palatial, but it was enough for me and I've a lease o' it for five year. I've never believed in charity, for it just helps wastrels, and if ye want a kirk ye must go to Scotland, but I've taken a notion of doing one good deed before I retire, both ways, you know; it will be my last "future."'

"By this time I was listening with amazement to 'Jimmy's' announcement and imagining the excitement on the market when 'Jimmy' should close his last account.

"'What I have to propose is this: that ye take over the office at the present rent, which is moderate, and that ye do what business ye can, buyin' or sellin' as ye judge the wind to be blowin', for broking is only scrapin', and a merchant, it's no use without a big capital; and Parker, my man, ye'll say nothing aboot it to any livin' soul, for every hospital in Liverpool 'll be after me afore I get out of the city, but I'll start you with a thousand pounds.'

"Within three months I was established in 'Jimmy's' office with a young lad as my solitary staff, and was trying my hand with 'futures.' Unfortunately, it was one thing to succeed to 'Jimmy's' room and another thing to be heir to his acuteness; and before the year was over I had lost most of my little capital and began to be in deep water. The market was in that state that if a man really could discover, which he must do by instinct, which way the tide was going to run he could make a fortune. It seemed to me as if I was more likely to lose the few hundreds that were still left. One day I took my courage in both hands and bought heavily, so that I stood either to win several thousand pounds or to be hopelessly bankrupt. As I sat alone in my rooms that evening I fell into a panic, and indeed I may frankly tell you men, I've never had either the nerve or the brain for the corn business, and you will understand to-night how I've come out so well. As I knew that I could not sleep, and as I had in my office a mass of papers containing reports of the American harvest and statistics of the corn held in store there, and prophecies of the demands and supplies throughout the world and suchlike material on which speculators work, I determined about eleven o'clock to go down to the office and thresh out as best I could the question of policy. The corn quarter was certainly a lonely place when I arrived about twenty minutes to twelve, and I almost hesitated to go into the office, but I laughed at myself as I unlocked the door, for there is not a safer place or a quieter than an office at midnight where there is no jewelry to rob, no securities worth having. I sat down at my table and now I shall describe the place as far as is necessary.

"It consisted of two rooms, both looking upon the court behind. One room opened into a passage leading to the street, and was the office; my room opened out of that, and it had a door into another passage, but this I never used, and it was permanently locked. From where I sat I could see the court in daylight and the footsteps of any one crossing were quite clear, and indeed resonant. For a little I felt ill at ease, for no other reason than simply the remembrance that there was not a human being in all the buildings around, but after I had settled down to my work and had finished a comparison between the visible stock of corn in February of that year and the amount in February of the year before, and had fairly plunged into the ratio between the stock of corn and the price of corn in the different years at the same date, I was quite indifferent whether the offices round me were full or empty. I had just laid down my pencil in order to digest the figures when . . . there was a crash in the outer office, the door of which was open and into which from where I sat I could not look. What could have happened in a room which was certainly empty, and a moment before was as still as death? I crossed the floor, scratching a match as I did so, for I could not afford to have electric light, which was then being introduced. Certainly there was no one in the room. When I lit the gas the explanation of the noise was evident: a large book in which my lad had been pasting extracts from trade journals, and which he had left on a standing desk, had taken into its head to move, and after, I suppose, some futile attempts during the evening had succeeded with the effect of a demonstration at half-past twelve. Why a book which has lain quiet for several hours will at last make for the floor, and why books do not stay still but are perpetually in motion is a problem I have never solved. My experience of books is that unless you have them securely fastened they can't be kept quiet. I locked that book up in a cupboard and went back to my figures, but the interruption had shaken my nerves; and I was conscious of listening, and as soon as you begin to listen at half-past twelve in an empty building you are bound to hear something. One minute it was the gurgling of a water-pipe which seemed to be chortling over my anxiety, another it was the scurrying of some mice which had got in from a neighboring sample room, the third it was the moaning of the wind through a ventilator, which was, of course, bewailing my approaching downfall, and the fourth was the closing of a door which had been left open in some cellar, and whose clang echoed up from below.

"Better to go back to work and finish my calculations, then a walk home through the keen winter air to brace me up. Really, I said to myself, I am getting childish, for now I started at the sound of a step in the passage into which the outer office opened and jumped out of the chair, when there came a loud and imperious knock on the outer office door. Who could be in Simpson's buildings at this preposterous hour, and what did he want with me? When the knock came again I went through the office, and standing carefully within the locked door demanded 'Who is there?' 'Open the door' was the answer with 'the police,' and in an instant I was face to face with a constable, lamp in hand, who had seen the light at that unusual hour and wished to be sure that no mischief was being done. When I had satisfied him with thanks for his vigilance and a trifle for his trouble, and his steps had died away across the court down an opposite passage, I felt more nervous than ever and lonelier. Hurriedly finishing my review, and leaving it for the open air to decide upon my course next day, I had risen to put on my coat when I heard coming, as far as I could judge through the passage by which the constable had left, and entering upon the court, a step I knew well, which indeed was different from any other man's. It was not only the sound of a foot, but the tap of a stick. Was my mind failing, or had sitting in 'Jimmy's' office filled me with imaginations, for I could have sworn by the sound that 'Jimmy' was again among his old haunts. Under an irresistible impulse I turned out the gas and went over to the window. Some one, and that was all I could see, was certainly crossing the court in the direction of our office, and the tapping grew every moment more distinct.

"Why, of course it would be 'Jimmy.' Three days before I had written to him and asked him his opinion of the market, for although he communicated with no person and did no business, but was understood to be working a small farm, I knew he received every paper and report in the department of corn, and that the old warrior would always keep his eye on the battlefield. I was careful not to tell him that I was anxious, lest he should think that I was simply begging, but simply gave him news and invited any suggestion he might make. He had not replied and I was beginning to conclude that he did not wish to take any responsibility. I was not astonished, for 'Jimmy' was not likely to involve himself in a hazardous campaign with which he has nothing to do, but I did feel that after his kindness he might have given me a word of advice. I had done the old man an injustice, for now it was plain that instead of writing he had come up in person to Liverpool, and no doubt, in keeping with his policy of secrecy, had arrived by the last train about twelve o'clock. Then, having learned at my rooms where I had gone, for I had told my landlady lest she should be alarmed, he had been nothing loath to follow me down to the old place. He was just the man to enjoy a visit incognito, and I felt grateful for his trouble.

All this flashed through my mind as the dim figure crossed the court, and before the tapping had actually come to our side I had reached the office door to bid 'Jimmy' welcome, but when I opened it there was no one in the passage. I looked up and down: no 'Jimmy.' I went out to the court, no sound there, and so far as I could see no person. Then I went back to the office and when I entered my room the first sight I saw was 'Jimmy' sitting in his own chair at the table. Of course, I had forgotten the door from the other passage into the private room, and I remembered now that 'Jimmy' used to reach his room that way when he did not wish to show himself on the market lest he should be questioned, and in order that Morrison, who tasted freely but told no lies, might be able to say that he was not in. He was dressed in the old suit and looked haggard, as if fatigued by his long journey, and did not encourage any salutations but plunged at once into business.

"'Your letter came when I was . . . engaged and I did not get free till to-day, and now I've come to tell you to sell to-morrow and go on selling till ye hear that Jeffrey of Chicago has begun to buy. Close your accounts then, laddie, and ye'll be a rich man. Bring me your books.'

"When I returned into the office with the ledger 'Jimmy' was gone, having left by the private door of which he had evidently kept a key and which he had locked after him. When I hurried round by the other passage I could not find him in the court, and when I went through to the street he was not there. There were many ways by which he could elude me, and when next morning he did not appear at my lodgings I was not greatly surprised, for it would only be like 'Jimmy' to come and go in mystery. I followed his advice during the day, and in the evening stood to win a considerable sum, for the market still was falling. Before I went to bed I wrote him a grateful letter, thanking him for his infallible advice, but scolding him for not letting me thank him, and the morning following I received a letter from Morrison which I can give verbatim.

My Dear Sir:

Your letter came four days ago and was read by Mr. Peebles. He intended to answer it at once, but had a stroke two hours afterward, and never said anything again which we could understand. We thought that he was troubled about the letter, but he could give no directions. He died last night without pain at a quarter to one, and I thought it right to inform you, as he always used to speak in kindly terms about you.

"How it came to pass I do not know, but what came to pass, so far as I saw, I have told you, and I had so little doubt that somehow 'Jimmy' had been anxious to help me that I continued selling even when others were afraid to do anything, till one day news came from Chicago that Jeffrey was again a bull. From that hour I never bought or sold a single bushel, but wound up my business and invested the proceeds in Glasclune and some railway stock, and am fairly comfortable with the proceeds.

"Before 'Jimmy' left Liverpool we spent an evening together and he declared his intense satisfaction with his business life.

"'I'll no deny,' he summed up, 'but that corn is a grand business if ye're sure how the market's going. I doubt that Pittenweem'll be wearisome, and I'm feared at times that I'll not be at home in the next world itself unless I'm allowed to try just one operation.' And 'Jimmy' accomplished one on the largest scale."

MOONRISE

By Herman A. Webster

There was a wild bird singing soft and sweet
From tangled thicket dim. All else was still.
Across the valley where the Whippoorwill
At dusk with silver'd note was wont to greet
The sable night, the day with laggard feet
Had crept to rest behind the purple hill,
And with long arms outstretched the lonely mill
Hung like a huge gray shadow o'er the wheat.

Hushed was the cricket's voice — the beetle's droon —
Even the night-wind as it whispered by
Was stilled; yet from a thicket, shade-enfurled,
There was a wild bird singing to the moon
Low on the east horizon, where the sky
Wrapped in its jeweled depths the listening world.

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Soul Sonnets of A Stenographer

BY S. E. KISER

I

I wonder if 'twould be a sin if I
  Should think sometimes how pleasant it would be
  If what another has should come to me?
I've never really hoped that she would die,
But if she has to go I wonder why
  I might not take her place? They say that she
  Has such an awful temper and that he
Can't even smoke except upon the sly.

He's worth at least a million—what a pile!
  I'm sick of writing "Gentlemen" and "Sir"—
  I wonder what he ever saw in her?
She's plain and hasn't got a bit of style;
  She has to hide her neck with lace or fur,
And, oh, her voice! It rasps just like a file.

II

I don't wish harm to come to any one,
  But for a week past she's been very ill,
  And if they took her out there on the hill
To lie at rest, and he should, when he's done
The proper thing in mourning, cease to shun
  The pleasant paths and wanted me to fill
  The vacancy she left, I'd gladly will
Away this old machine I have to run.

He must be fifty, may be fifty-five,
  His forehead, like the crab, is going back;
  The skin around his chin hangs rather slack;
But fifty-five is nothing. Sakes alive!
  At that age men are in their prime, they say,
  Or very little past it, anyway.

III

Ah me! how sick I am of all these hooks
  And foolish curlycues I have to write.
  They come to wriggle through my dreams at night,
I'm haunted by the ghosts of copy books:
Life's nothing but a lot of curves and crooks—
  And yet it could be, oh, so sweet and bright
  If things would only happen as they might,
With Fate's approval, ere I lose my looks.

The days might all be sunny days and glad,
  The troubles that I have might disappear,
I might forget the sorrows I have had
  And give up making hieroglyphics here—
I'd stroke his dear, bald head when he was sad
  And gladly cheer him when he needed cheer.

IV

I wonder if I really am fair,
  Or if my fancy only tells me so?
  There are no wrinkles on my brow, I know,
And there's a silky gloss upon my hair:
My arms are plump and white, and I can wear
  A waist without a collar and cut low;
  Upon my cheeks there's just the faintest glow
Except when blushes come to gambol there.

The shoe clerks wonder at my little feet;
  My nose, save when it's cold, is never red;
I'm certain that my figure's trim and neat,
  And those to whom I've been engaged have said
My mouth was very beautiful and sweet—
  But what's the use, alas! She isn't dead.

V

There's Roberts making eyes at me again;
  I wish that he was rich or stood in line
  To get a fortune. Wouldn't it be fine
To just give up and learn to love him then?
I can't help feeling sorry for him when
  His sad eyes turn so longingly to mine;
  By giving just one gentle little sign
I might make him the happiest of men.

He's handsome and he's polished, but, oh dear!
  He has his widowed mother on his hands
    And men need something more than polish, too.
He'll never win importance working here,
  For those who win must boldly make demands
    To be rewarded for the things they do.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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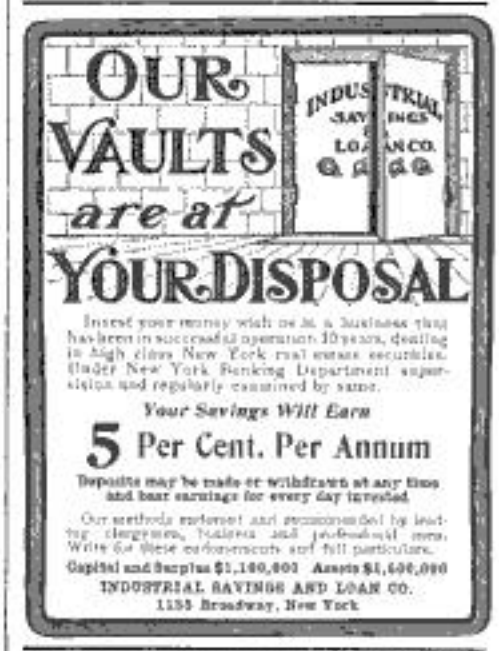

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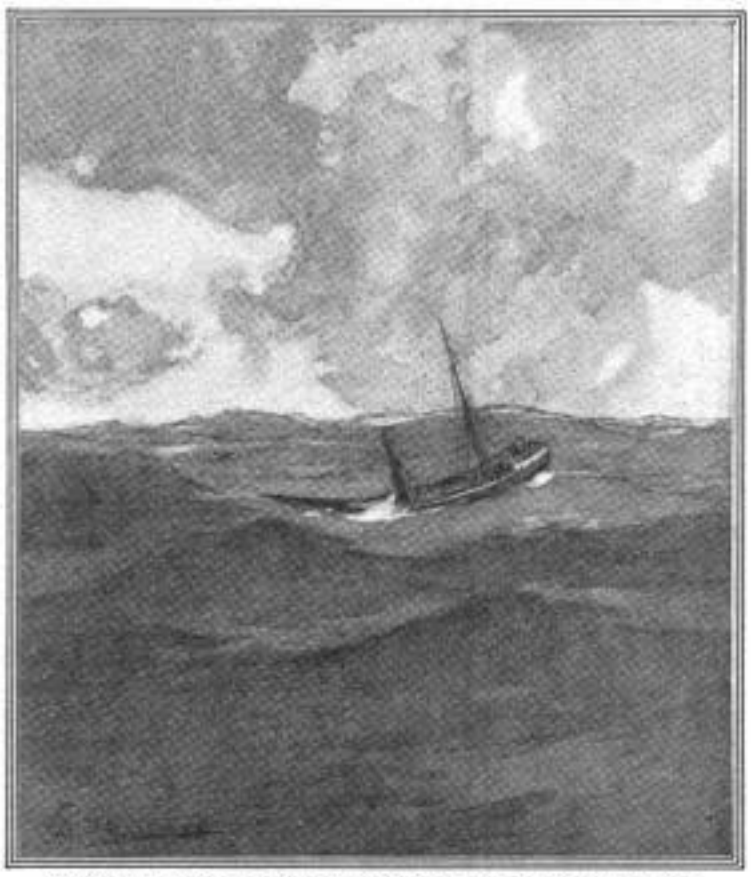
The Heroism of Surrender Peaslove—By Joe Lincoln



"DOWN WENT THE SUSIE B. LIKE THE R'YAL GEORGE IN THE READIN' BOOK, 'WITH ALL HER CREW COMPLETE'"

HOW HE SAVED THE CREW, AND THE CAPTAIN, TOO, TO P'IZEN SHARKS WITH THE COOK

"WAIT a minute, Lem," said I. "Fair play, you know. I didn't hear the beginning of the yarn; you'll have to go back and start over again."

The assembled company in the fish-house grinned, and Lem Mullett swung his big red boots off the mackerel keg and turned to me.

"Oh! how air yer?" he said, holding out a sunburned paw and smiling expansively. "Tain't nawthin' much. I was tellin' the boys 'bout old Cap'n Beriah Sanders and the Susie B."

"Yes," said I, "that's what *I'm* waiting to hear about."

Lem smiled again, bashfully, and looked at the oilskins hanging on the wall, as if for inspiration.

"Wall," he began, "Cap'n Beriah, he used ter live in that big red house down yonder on the lower road. He was a great pompous kind of chap and had been on salt water ever sence he was twelve year old. He'd served in the merchant service and in the navy, and on land, fer a spell, in the Mex'can War. The Mex'can War was his pet. Git the old man started on that and he'd talk the feathers off a chicken. 'Cordin' ter his tell there never was another war like that one, ner any soldiers so brave as them that fit in it. Somebody's hist'ry of that war and the Old Farmers' Almanac was the only books he ever read, and he carried 'em with him wherever he went.

"There was one soldier in partic'lar whose praise he was ferever singin', and that was Philander Newcomb—Winfield Newcomb's dad. Beriah used ter swear that he see Philander, at the battle er Bueny Visty, pick up a Mex'can bombshell that had jest dropped in the ranks, and light his pipe at the fuse. That was the end er the yarn when he fust used ter tell it, but he kept addin' trimmin's till it finished by Philander's heavin' the shell back at the Mex'cans and killin' forty of 'em when it busted.

"Philander died years ago, and, after a spell, Beriah done what he called 'retirin' from the sea.' That is ter say, havin' consider'ble money, he quit goin' long v'yages. But as fer his leavin' salt water fer good, yer might 's well expect a duck ter quit swimmin'. He bought a leetle schooner, the Susie B., and used ter go short fishin' trips along the Cape Cod coast here. It never made much odds ter him whether he caught anything er not; 'twas the idee of havin' men under him and bossin' a vessel's deck that he was after. He had a daughter Elviry and she's reelly the beginnin' er this yarn.

"Elviry was a purty gal with a good deal of her dad's temper and a will of her own. Most of the young fellers 'round here was after her, but she never cared two shakes of a lamb's tail fer any of 'em but Surrender Peaslove.

"Hey? Yus; Surrender Peaslove. Sweet name, ain't it? He was the son of 'Bijah Peaslove. He was born the day that Lee gave up ter Gin'ral Grant, and the old man called him Surrender in honor of the affair. Takin' a mean advantage of the poor defenseless young one, I call it.

"Wall, sir, Cap'n Beriah Sanders was the maddest man on the Cape when he found out that Elviry cared fer Surrender. He fairly jumped and bellered.

"'Peaslove!' he says, '*Peaslove!* Ain't that a name ter swap Sanders fer! And if Peaslove alone ain't bad enough, jest tack Surrender on ter the front end of it. I tell you what, Elviry, if that swab with a Feejee name hangs around here any longer I'll—I'll keelhaul him. I will, by Zachary Taylor!' When the old man was specially wrought up he'd allers swear by somethin' er somebody connected with the Mex'can War.

"Wall, he made a mistake when he took that tone with Elviry. She said she liked Surrender and she'd marry Surrender, and if his name was Soup-kittle 'twould be jest the same. The old man tried a new tack.

"'Now, Elviry,' he says, 'don't bring yer father's gray hairs in sorrer ter the grave by marryin' a coward. Yus, he is a coward, too! Where was he when the burglars broke inter his father's house? Up ter Boston, by Santy Anna! and left his pore old father 'n' mother ter be scared purty nigh ter death! Here's Winfield Scott Newcomb beggin' of yer—jest pleadin' of yer, as yer might say—ter marry him. Think of it! The son of a man that lit his pipe at a bombshell and then killed a hundred Greasers with it. And you're tryin' ter throw yerself away on a cowardly puncheon with a name that would scare a puffin' pig.'

"But 'twan't no use. Elviry said Win Newcomb was a big blow-hard, and she was sick er hearin' 'bout Philander and the bombshell. Said she wished he'd blowed himself up instead er the Mex'cans. That was next door ter sacrilege with Beriah, so he vowed he'd lock her up in her room until he got back from his next fishin' voyage. The Cap'n was pretty cute fer an old codger. He thought a week in her room would, mebbe, change her mind, but ter make things sure he decided ter take Peaslove along with him.

"Yer see, Surrender—though he'd fished some—was a builder by trade, but there didn't happen ter be any buildin' goin' on jest then, and the Cap'n knew it. So he see him down ter the post-office, told him he needed an extry hand on the Susie B., an' Surrender said he'd go. Beriah, er course, never told him nawthin' 'bout the row or her bein' locked up.

"So next mornin' Surrender come down ter the wharf. Cap'n Beriah was allers preachin' dis*ci*pline, and he run the Susie B. in reg'lar clipper-ship style. There wan't only six men, all told, on board, but four of 'em was off'cers. Beriah was cap'n, er course, Win Newcomb was fust mate, Sol Burgess was second mate and cook, I was bos'n, and old Jabez Crow and Surrender was fo'mast hands. Newcomb was fust mate 'cause he was Philander's son and Beriah's favorite. He was a great overgrown ca'f, allers braggin', and everybody but the old man despised him.

"We hadn't got out more'n ten mile when who should walk up from the cabin but Elviry. Bein', as I said, nobody's fool, she'd opened her winder an' climbed out. She'd heard her dad tellin' the housekeeper 'bout his cuteness in takin' Surrender along so she'd got down ter the schooner ahead of us and hid in the cabin.

"Beriah raved and jawed, but it wan't no use, for he dasn't take her back home 'cause he knew Surrender 'd leave when she did. Seems as if every blessed thing went wrong that trip. Fust off, one er the dories bust her towline goin' around Race P'int and was all smashed in the breakers. Then we lost our anchor and had ter put in ter Boston fer a new one, an' Sol Burgess didn't show up when we was ready ter sail again.

"Elviry, she offered ter do the cookin', but the old man wouldn't hear of it. By Monterey, he wan't goin' ter have no woman cookin' aboard *his* ship! So off he goes on a cook hunt and comes back with a darky waiter that he'd come across.

"Wall, we had a fair wind out and when we was 'bout off Plymouth Beriah called the doctor—that's the cook—and says he: 'I'm sick er this mis'rable restaurant shore grub. You make some scouse and doughboys fer supper and have some duff ter top off with.'

"'Yes sah; some what, sah?' says the doctor, lookin' kind er puzzled.

"'Scouse, doughboys and duff,' roars Beriah. 'What ails yer? Have yer ever cooked on a vessel afore?'

"'Well, sah, I—I was cook on a canal boat once, sah.'

"'Jumpin' Zachary Tay—a canal boat! Gimme a handspike, somebody! Gimme a handspike!'

"The old man went fer the doctor and the doctor went for'ard as if he'd fergotten somethin', scared purty nigh white. The skipper chased him round and round the fo'mast, till at last the cook jumped down the companionway and hid behind the locker where the dishes was. Beriah stuck his head down the hatch and bellered: 'You have a big dish er scouse and doughboys ready by supper-time, er I'll p'izen sharks with yer! D'yer hear?'

"There was more trouble that same afternoon. Win Newcomb, he see Elviry and Surrender havin' a confidential chat, and he went and told the old man. There was a big fuss fer a while and then Beriah sent Elviry down inter the cabin ter stay, and set Surrender ter be lookout up for'ard. He didn't do much lookin' out, I guess, 'cause I see him there, later, readin' the jokes in the skipper's Old Farmers' Almanac that he'd found in the cabin and put in his pocket. Beriah was so upset by the whole business that, by and by, when he had the wheel, he run the Susie B. inter a sandbar with a bump that purty nigh took the sticks out of her. Take it all tergether, he was in a reg'lar fume of a temper when he come down ter git his supper that evenin'. And then there was another rumpus.

"It seems that the cook had been sneakin' round all the afternoon tryin' ter git somebody ter tell him how ter make scouse. Fin'lly, Jabez Crow, he said he'd tell him. Jabez never let a chance fer a joke go by, so he told the doctor how ter make it all right, except that he said yer had ter put a ha'f cup er pepper in it.

"Beriah was mighty hungry and he jest sot down and ladled a spoonful er that peppered scouse right inter his mouth. Hot!

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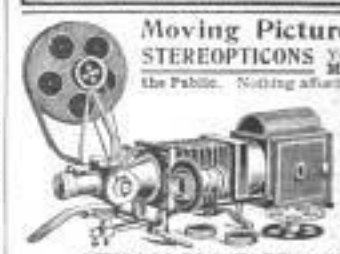

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Don't say a word! I'd as soon et a mouthful of coals off'n the fire. Talk about times! Fust thing the old man done was fire the dish at the cook, and it took him right back er the head and busted all ter smash. The darky, all streamin' with scouse, put fer the deck and up the shrouds. He never stopped till he reached the crosstrees. Beriah didn't chase him. He was busy drinkin' a quart er two er water, tryin' ter drown out the pepper. We tried ter git the cook ter come down, but he said he was goin' ter stay up there all night.

"We was 'bout at the inner end er Cape Cod Bay then. The skipper had cal'lated ter put inter Provincetown that night, but all ter once the wind died out flat and a fog come up. We drifted round fer a spell and at last the old man lost patience and yelled: 'Anchor her right here. We can't fetch port and we can't cruise.'

"We'd curtained off ha'f the cabin fer Elviry, so me and Jabez and Surrender agreed ter sleep on deck. Me and Jabez took fust watch, and then we give up ter Win Newcomb and the darky, who, 'fore he'd come down from aloft, made us promise not ter let the old man kill him. I turned in but was woke up by the sound er oars in rollocks.

"I went aft and fust thing I see was Win Newcomb curled up in the lee er the house, sound asleep and snorin' like a grampus. That was how he stood *his* watch. I guessed what was up and went ter the stern ter look fer the dory. She was gone, and I didn't have no shade er doubt the cook was gone with her. I heard him rowin' off in the thick som'ers, and hollered fer him ter come back, but he didn't answer.

"My yellin' woke up Newcomb, and he come pokin' along and says, sleepy and muddle-headed, 'Who yer hollerin' to?' I didn't tell him, 'cause jest then I noticed somethin' cur'os. The Susie B. had left Boston with purty nigh an empty hold—nawthin' in her but a leetle ice and salt—and she'd been ridin' high and light 's a feather. Now she was settled way, way down in the water. I thought er the bump she'd got on the bar that afternoon and knew this couldn't mean but one thing.

"'Help me off with this hatch,' I says ter Newcomb. We got the hatch off and I swung a lantern down and looked inter the hold. There was a reg'lar Noah's ark flood er water in her, jest as I expected. She'd started a plank when she struck in the afternoon, and rollin' in the swell had opened the leak more, and now she was fillin' like a washtub with a hole in the bottom.

"'Wha-wha-what does it mean?' stammers Newcomb.

"'Means that in a mighty short time the fish 'll have a chance ter square up an old grudge,' says I. I called up everybody and told 'em 'bout the leak.

"'All hands ter the pumps,' roars Beriah, like he was commandin' a man er war.

"'Yer can't pump up the whole er Cape Cod Bay with that thing,' I says.

"'Ter the boats, then!' bellers the old man. 'Women and children fust!'

"'Children are scurser 'n snakes' toenails aboard here,' whispers Crow ter me; 'cal'late he must mean Newcomb.'

"Win sartinly did look purty babyfied. His big fat cheeks was hangin' white and flabby, there was tears in his eyes and, take him all tergether, he was a sick-lookin' critter. I told Beriah 'bout the cook's stealin' the dory, and that made him wild.

"'Who let him git away?' he yells. 'Wan't there nobody on watch? Where was the wooden-headed lubber on watch?'

"'Yer needn't look at me, Cap'n Sanders,' I says; 'yer'll have ter ask Newcomb.' Wall, Win, he stuttered and stammered, but fin'lly got it out that he guessed he must er dozed off a leetle.

"Would yer b'lieve it, the old man never said 'Boo.' If it had been anybody else they'd have got partic'lar fits, but 'twas Philander's son, so nawthin' was said. But I could see that it had lowered Win a turrible sight in the skipper's estimation. Fust off he was fer h'istin' sail and tryin' ter git ter land, but there wan't a capful er wind, and we'd have only drifted a leetle and then gone down jest the same. There wan't nawthin' ter build a raft of, and no time ter build one if there had been.

"'I shouldn't care so much,' says the Cap'n, 'if we could only save Elviry. By Santy Anna!' he whoops, slappin' his leg, 'I fergot 'bout you bein' sech a swimmer, Winfield. 'Member how yer told me 'bout your swimmin' the hull length er Long Pond and back? Wall, if yer can swim fur 's that alone, yer ought ter be able ter swim one mile and carry Elviry.'

"'I'm 'fraid Elviry won't be saved if it depends on Newcomb's swimmin', Cap'n,' I says. 'I've known him ever sence he was so high, and he's allers been scared ter go inter water much over his knees. *I* don't think he can swim at all.'

"The old man looked at Win, waitin' fer him ter conterdict me, I s'pose, but all he done was hang down his head and look foolish. The skipper see how 'twas and yer could tell that his idol was smashed. 'Wall, then,' he says, discouraged like, 'all we can do is drown.' And at that, would yer b'lieve it, Newcomb bust right out cryin'; yus, sir, blubb'rin' jest like a baby! Say, wan't Beriah disgusted!

"'What are yer bellerin' fer?' he roars; 'where's yer blood? Where's yer Bueny Visty sperrit?'

"Jest then I see Surrender comin' from up for'ard, though what he'd been doin' up there I couldn't imagine. He beckoned ter Elviry, and them two whispered tergether, mighty eager. Beriah walked ter the rail and looked at the water.

"'Seems sort er like a fun'ral, don't it?' he says. 'Seems as if we ought ter sing a hymn, er somethin'. I dunno what's customary fer a feller ter do when he's dyin'. I ain't never had no experience, somehow.'

"'Means he never died afore,' whispers Jabez Crow ter me. It took more'n the prospect er drownin' ter keep Jabez from seein' the ridic'lous side er things.

"'I b'lieve folks usually fergives them that's wronged 'em,' Beriah went on; 'wall, I fergive everybody. No, I don't, though!' he roars all of a sudden; 'I don't fergive that cook. Don't anybody ask me ter fergive *him*. By Monterey! I'll——' He sputtered on 'bout the cook fer a while, and then he went on a new tack. 'We must die like men,' he says. 'That's it! Elviry, you and yer old father 'll die like men.'

"I didn't pay much attention ter his talk fer I was expectin' the schooner ter sink any minute. I know now how a feller feels when he's waitin' ter be hung. Just then Surrender Peaslove come for'ard.

"'Cap'n Sanders,' says he, lookin' mighty grand and noble. '*I*'ll save yer daughter.'

"'What?' roars Beriah.

"'*I*'ll save Elviry or die a-tryin'.'

"The old man stared at him a minute ter see if he meant it, but anybody could see he did. Heroism was stickin' out all over him, as yer might say. Then Beriah grabbed his hand.

"'Surrender Peaslove,' he says, 'I've been mistook in you. You've got the most outlandish name on the Cape, but you ain't no coward. No, sir, you're as brave as any man that fit in the Mex'can War—'cept one, and'—lookin at Newcomb—'*he* had a mis'rable, cowardly Greaser fer a son. You're a hero; that's what yer be! And if yer save Elviry I'll let yer marry her, by Santy Anna!'

"It never seemed ter occur ter the Cap'n that, long 's he was goin' ter be drownded in five minutes he couldn't stop 'em marryin' if he wanted ter. But Surrender didn't seem ter think er that either.

"'How air ye goin' to save her?' said the Cap'n.

"'Why, that's easy, father-'n-law!' he yells; 'all we've got ter do is——'

"But he wan't quick enough. There was a lurch, a frightful bowl from Newcomb, and down went the Susie B. like the R'yal George in the readin' book, 'with all her crew complete.'

"But she didn't go fur. Not more'n a couple er feet. Then she stopped and sort er rolled over ter one side.

"'Jest as I was goin' ter observe,' says Surrender, ca'm as could be. 'Cap'n Sanders, if you'd read yer Old Farmers' Almanac as faithful as I done yesterday afternoon, yer'd know that it will be low tide at 'bout ha'f-past two this mornin'. Likewise, if the rest er you fellers had happened ter remember, like me, that the tide in this part er the bay goes out a mile and a quarter, and if yer'd taken soundin's with a fishline same as I done a short spell ago, yer'd know the way ter save Elviry, and also the rest of us. All we've got ter do is ter step overboard and walk ashore.'

"Wall, there wan't nawthin' ter be said. I know one feller that felt like a fool, and I guess there was others. The old man didn't speak a word till we'd waded ha'f-way ter the mainland. Then he says:

"'Surrender, I reckon you and Elviry's sort er beat me, but p'raps it's all fer the best. Anyhow'—with a sott er contented sigh—'I'll live ter p'izen sharks with that cook yit.'"

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The Busy Beaver Brotherhood

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By Hayden Carruth

OLD PERFESSOR BUNKER

THE fortunes of the Busy Beaver Co-operative Brotherhood afforded Mr. Milo Bush a good opportunity for the exercise of his narrative powers. The student of social problems might have wished for more particulars concerning the actual working plans of the organization and less about the ingenious Bunker and the ingenuous Ganderfoot; but Mr. Bush was always averse to supplying information on points in which he took no personal interest, so I can only give the account in his own words as follows:

You see, it was old Perfessor Bunker who interduced the igee into the town and started the thing. A great reader the Perfessor was. A stoodent of history, and a hefty thinker. Used to come into Shanks' and set himself down in a cheer and haul out a book and read for two hours, sliding his finger along under each line and sort o' prying up on the hard words, and never peep for the whole time. Then he'd shut up his book and close his mouth very tight and think—a-digesting what he'd read, he used to say. Then after some time he'd sort o' come to and look around, take a long, sliding pull on his whiskers and say: "My friends, the kentry is going to the dorgs," and get up and walk out. And prob'bly outside he'd meet one of Al Doty's dorgs, and take a kick at it, free and furious, him being dead sot agin dorgs, and generally his boot would fly off, on account of him wearing 'em uncommon roomy for corns, and the dorg would grab the boot and streak it for home, Al being a jovial critter and having 'em trained for this purpose. Which, of course, wouldn't improve the Perfessor's temper, and he would go home pretty mad, taking one long step with his stocking foot and two short ones with his boot foot, the same being cowhide, extra heavy. After which Al would take him the other boot in a wheel-barrer, pretending he could hardly push it, and stopping to rest frequent, and with a small part of his dorgs, say about a hundred and fifty, follering behind. A very fine neighbor, Al was, and if there could 'a' been a tax collected on his dorgs it would 'a' paid the national debt.

Well, the old man said so mighty little and looked so mighty solemn that we made up our minds he must be 'bout the smartest man in the place, and when he *did* say anything we just listened and took it to heart. One day he shut up his book as yoosial, tested his whiskers and found 'em still fast, and says he: "Friends, the kentry is going to the dorgs." "If that's the case," says Abner Blackmark, "I move that one million dollars be, and hereby is, apporperated to wedge on the kentry's boots." The Perfessor looked around with his mouth shut like a time-lock, and then says he: "Young man, if this is a season for yoomer then I am mistaken. The kentry is going to the dorgs. Something oughter be done." "What's your plan, Perfessor?" says Mark Wallis. "I have give the matter *some* thought," returns the Perfessor, "and think I have *some* igees on the subject. It is the dooty of every man, I conceive, to put his hand to the plough." "Correct," says Mark. "The rich," continners the Perfessor, "are growing richer, and the poor poorer. Our Republic is being turned into an oilagarshy. Our legislative halls are the haunt of corruption. Men are bought and sold like cattle. Justice has fled shrieking from our courts, and our jedges, gentlemen, barter their decisions for pelf. Our Constitution, gentlemen, that proudest politercal dockerment framed by the hand of man since the people of England wrung the Maggy

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In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal-order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. We are hat manufacturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for catalogue.*

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is entitled to fair treatment, and if so treated will make a satisfactory return to its owner in long and faithful service. Two brushes should never be forced together so as to break down the bristle knots.

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Carter from the nobles, is being dragged in the mire and made a door-mat of." He shut his mouth with a snap and looked around. We sot in silence, scarcely breathing. The only sound to be heard was Al Doty's dorgs outside, pounding the sidewalk with their tails in unison, waiting for him to come out.

Well, he talked some more, getting us more and more worked up, and then we asked him what was the remedy. "I conceive it lays in one word," says he; "coöperation. The system of competition has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. Through coöperation and all working for the common good we may struggle back to peace and happiness. Let us start the movement here. Let us form a coöperative brotherhood and work for the common weal." Well, he talked for some time, and the end of it was that we organized the Busy Beaver Coöperative Brotherhood. Everybody went in, and we had one store where we could get things in exchange for orders worth one dollar apiece, one being issued to every man for each day's work, no matter what he worked at, so all would be on a level and there wouldn't be no hard feelings and no danger of an oilagarshy. Winter was just coming on, and there not then being a railroad within a hundred miles, we was shut off from the rest of the corrupt kentry and left alone, a band of brothers.

Well, there ain't much more to tell. All would of gone well, and we would have set an example to the world, if it hadn't been for Ganderfoot. Ganderfoot just come along. We didn't know from where, but I reckon it must 'a' been from the corruptest part of the kentry. He was the biggest man you ever seen, over six feet high, and wide. Had a knobby face and considerable lower jaw. Asked about the Brotherhood, and the Perfessor explained it all. Said it was right in his line. Agreed with everything the Perfessor said. Come in with us, and begun to draw his dollar in scrip every day like the rest of us. The Perfessor was tickled. "He is our fust recroot from the capital-ridden kentry," says he. "Others will foller. We are lighting a torch which will yet inflame the world." Ganderfoot drawed his dollar order every day, and at night he played poker. We seen, alars, when it was too late, how wicked it is to gamble. Ganderfoot always won. He finally got several hundred dollars' worth of the scrip. Then one day, just before a big blizzard, he come into the store and with his dollar orders bought all the flour, and bacon, and beans, and sugar, and pertaters and such things that there was, and took them over to his house, leaving nothing but baking-powder, and saleratus, and kyenne pepper, and lemon extract, and yeast cakes, and breakfast food and such stuff. We looked serious, but the Perfessor said it was all right. "He cannot refuse to sell back such as he does not want at the established rate," says he; "I conceive we are brothers." But the next day when we went to him to get something he cocked up his eye at the ceiling and says he: "Gents, owing to the war cloud in Europe the prices of all foodstuffs have advanced one hundred per cent.," at the same time carelessly leaning on a barrel of flour and making a big gun in his belt obnoxiously conspickerous. We withdrew to the front of the room for a conference. "It is all right," says the Perfessor in a whisper; "it is all right. I expected it. As a practical reformer I have a plan to circumvent the grasping scoundrel. We will issue more scrip unbeknown to him. You go ahead and invest what you've got and I'll go and start up the printing-press." So we went back and Abner says to him: "Of course as business men we understand how these here war clouds play hob with the markets. I'll take a sack of flour at the war price." And he produced a handful of scrip. "Owing to the uncertainty in furten affairs and the stringency in the home markets," says Ganderfoot, again cocking up his eye, "only United States legal tenders is now received." Our jaws dropped, and we filed out and sought the Perfessor and related the circumstances. The old man listened with stern lips; then he sot down and the tears bust from his eyes. "Of course you have a remedy for this also?" says we. "There is no remedy in the world for a man who demands cash money," says he. "I conceive we are done up. The oilagarshy has us by the throat."

Then he bowed his head and motioned for the boy to stop the press.

Three weeks later the corrupt and soulless Ganderfoot left town, taking with him the last cent in the community.

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Mr. Knopf's course in Advertising is by far the most practical and far reaching education that any one could expect. I was under Mr. Knopf's personal direction in the advertising business for a number of years, and I don't believe there is a man connected with the advertising business who is more thoroughly conversant with its details in all its branches. A course in Advertising under his direction is bound to prove beneficial.

Yours very truly, JOSEPH S. GETTLER.

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Home Office: Illinois National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

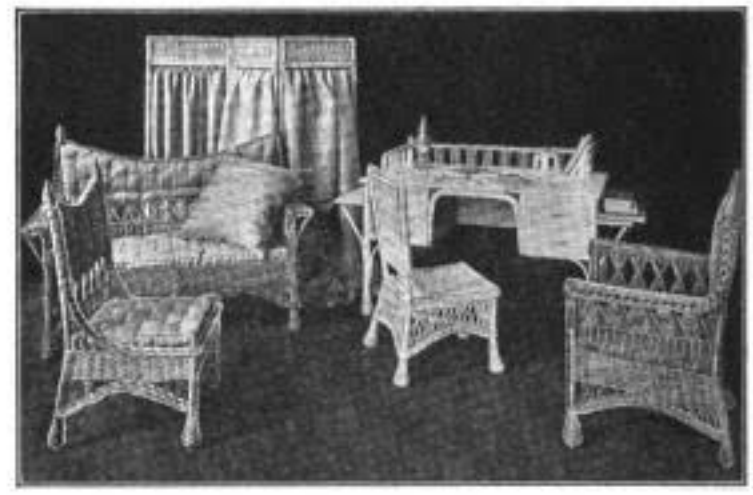
The Balance-Sheet of the Session

(Continued from Page 9)

the Philippine tariff law. The reports of famine in the islands have been officially verified. There is no doubt that Congress believed that famine exists. The fact that Congress appropriated three million dollars—a mere drop in the bucket, by the way—proves that Congress accepted the facts of the famine. In all the debate on the subject no question was raised on the facts. Industry in the Philippine Islands is paralyzed. Agriculture is almost at a standstill. Practically the only sources of revenue for the natives are the salaries of officers of the Government and the money spent by traders. The price of living has risen. A carriage costs as much in Manila to-day as it does on Lower Broadway in New York. And the standard of living has risen since the American occupation. The simple life of six years ago has vanished. The natives have become ambitious with no industry and no agriculture to thrive on. A plague has destroyed their cattle and a pest has destroyed their crops. All the justice in the world can't prevent famine, and with famine the fairest government on earth or in heaven would have to face rebellion. It is the stomach, and not the heart and head, that has changed the map of the world. Injustice, tyranny and misgovernment are but polite names for hunger. The Congress knew these things. It knew also that those who should be able to give exact information said that the tariff bill proposed by the Republicans would give much relief. If instead of ten million people in the Philippines five thousand were starving in, say, some American State, in, say, Michigan, and a reduction of the tariff would save them, that reduction would come in three days. Public sentiment would crucify the Congressman who voted against it, or who came home with an excuse instead of a result for his constituents. But half a dozen men in the Senate literally talked this measure to death in the interest of a local industry, and no one cares particularly. There is no outburst of popular indignation, and when the Congressmen explain that their industries will be crippled by removing the duties on sugar and tobacco, the mere fact that millions of human beings are threatened with suffering and many with actual death by starvation, while American soldiers will be killed in the political disturbances that must follow, these trivial considerations do not convince the people that the Congressmen have acted unwisely. The nation has not come to the stage of civilization where suffering behind the scene becomes part of the dramatic action. Public sentiment in America is perfectly willing to let men suffer most wretchedly if only they will go out of sight to die. Misery of an alien, and to all of us a stranger people, many thousand miles away, has merely a casual interest, even if that people does happen to be under our immediate custodianship. It will take many wars and much more bloodshed than American soldiers have spilled to bring these people as close to us as the African slaves were to the Yankees, and as the natives of India are to England. Imperial power is a natural human desire; but imperial duty must be a matter of slow growth and moral education. It does not spring full-panoplied in any people.

There is, however, every reason for Americans to felicitate themselves on their growth in the proper altruistic imperial spirit. The failure of one bill, however vital, does not indicate that the nation is altogether selfish and entirely incapable of the task of governing dependencies. For the one bill that has failed half a dozen excellent laws have been enacted. At the first session of the Congress that just adjourned enough good legislation was accomplished to balance the failure of the tariff bill, serious as that failure is. The passage of the Philippine currency bill at this last short session proved the Congress wise and just. Indeed, there is no doubt but that since the Spanish war the tendency of Congress has been to rise above petty factional and sectional, and even party, jealousies, and to become a National Legislature instead of a meeting-place of selfish delegates from contending States. Since we have acquired the Philippines as a nation we have taken a somewhat larger view of the world, and consequently our own importance in it has rather diminished. Ten years ago it was the American boast that we could get along without

W. & J. Sloane



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have, in many cases, made their fortunes in New York real estate. Shrewd business men are embracing the same opportunity to-day of securing a share in the tremendous increase of values of desirable property being opened up in the suburbs of Greater New York.

Our property,

GRANTWOOD-ON-HUDSON,

on the Palisades, opposite Grant's Tomb, has already become a beautiful suburb; has macadam streets, flag walks, curb, gas, water, unexcelled sewerage system, schools, churches, etc. Sixty new homes built in two years; more going up now. **Only thirty-five minutes to down-town commercial districts.**

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where we have made the same improvements as at Grantwood. Large number of new houses, likewise new $7,000. R. R. Station, and beautiful Park, now in process of completion.

Lots at MORSEMERE, $350. to $700. At GRANTWOOD, $700. to $2,000.; as desirable for residential purposes as those sold for same price in Harlem or Bronx (in the upper part of New York City) ten years ago, which now bring from $4,000. to $20,000. each.

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If interested, come to New York and visit these properties. We will pay your railroad fare. But don't delay. Take advantage of this opportunity at once. We strongly advise your reserving lots at once, and thereby secure them at present prices.

Write to-day for full particulars. Testimonials from buyers who have already sold at a profit, photographic views, etc.

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the rest of the world. Now we are proud to be a world-power, and though, as in the case of the Philippine tariff bill, we may fall back to the provincial selfishness of a minor power, jealous of the encroachments of our own wards in our own commerce, yet in the main the legislative acts of the American Congress in treating the new dependencies has been manly and wise. If the upward tendency is to continue the character of the men who go to Congress, and particularly to the Senate, must and will improve. Just now there is no place for a sound political economist or a sociologist in Congress. He would have to be a politician first in order to hold his job; and even if he came from a State that cared for a scholar in politics the scholar would have to be a politician in order to get far in Congress. For Congress is a great log-rolling contest. Sheer brain force counts for little. The man with the best ideas in the world would be insignificant in Congress unless he could help men with power to do unimportant things, and get their help to help him with his ideas.

But if the ideals of the people are about to change for the better in reference to their Congress, their ideals of Congressmen will change, and the whole nation will receive a new birth in the spirit. In so much as politics is dirty, and it is not really very dirty, the dirt comes from the people and their low moral standards in other things than politics—in business, for instance. If a national unselfishness in matters political is developed, it will make the nation squarer in everything and life will be better and cleaner than it is now. This may or may not help the Filipinos. But that is not the real concern. The historian who told of the good Samaritan's deeds never did say whether the man who fell among thieves got well from his wounds. He is of no importance; it is America, not the Philippines, that will be the chief beneficiary or the great loser in this little journey on the international Jericho road!

Little Stories of the Stage

(Concluded from Page 5)

birds to peck at and not for healthy mortals to enjoy.

"Well, I must go upstairs, put on my dress suit—and look forward to a hungry evening."

Calvé's maid came down into the hotel parlor.

"Madame cannot see you," she said, "but says for you to talk to me—I am the same as madame, you know. I have been with her for years and know her thoughts and her feelings. Whatever I say is as madame would say it—so she begs you to interview me and put her name to it in the paper. I am ready, monsieur, whenever you are." But I begged to be excused.

All things must have an ending. One might chatter on of Modjeska and her husband, the Count Bozenta, and of the lively interest they take in American elections; of Marcella Sembrich and her husband, and how she practices four hours a day, the while he plays the piano for her; of Julia Marlowe's wonderful smile when being interviewed; of De Wolf Hopper's jokes and quips and easy way of taking life and passing time when talking for publication; of Helen Marvin's robust laugh, which she cultivated for a character and which stuck to her ever after; of Robert Edeson's dislike of hauling the American flag in a play—"get the spirit of Americanism in the drama," says he, "but don't haul the poor old flag in"; of John Drew's quilted pajamas, and his saying that if he wasn't an actor he'd as lief be a bricklayer as anything else he could think of, and—well, all things must have an ending.

But the men and women of the stage are precisely like the men and women of the same intelligence anywhere else under the sun. They have their little hobbies, their little tricks of voice, their little eccentricities, just the same as other folks have.

They only differ in one little detail from the rest of the world—and that is, that they're more entertaining. They usually have something to say, know how to say it, and are good fellows through and through—the women as well as the men.

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The "Emerson" is original in design, and as comfortable as a slipper. No other shoe is so widely known, nor so much praised.

Well dressed men prefer the "Emerson" because it has a style all its own, and combines comfort with the longest possible service.

Emerson shoes are made in two grades, $3.50 and $5.00, and both are unequalled in their class.

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Write to-day for our illustrated catalogue (free) which describes our goods truthfully, explains our method and our guarantee and makes it safe, simple and easy for you to get carriages, harness and horse accessories direct from our factory at wholesale prices.

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Factory and General Office, Columbus, O. Western Office and Distributing House, St. Louis, Mo.
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The Only Perfect Bath

To prove that you cannot know real comfort and enjoyment in bathing if you bathe the old way, we will send our

PERFECTION VAPOR SHOWER BATH FREE

for fifteen days' trial, all charges prepaid: if you are then willing to be without it, send it back at our expense.

It is the only perfect shower bath made that can be used wherever there is running water, even *without a bath tub*, and can be put up anywhere by any one in a few minutes (*no plumber needed*). It is as handsome and serviceable as a plumbed-in shower, yet costs but a fraction of its price. It is a shower and vapor bath in one, and the only invention that will enable you to take a *complete Turkish bath at home*. The shower invigorates the system, soothes the nerves, braces up the whole body and prevents colds. The vapor brings great relief in many common ailments—full particulars in our book. The Perfection Vapor Shower Bath will improve anybody's health. It saves time, hot water, water bills and waiting for the tub to fill, is self-cleansing, and is fitted with a douche.

To persuade you to try it at once we will send you, charges prepaid, without a penny of advance payment, the complete attachment, ready to put up. If, at the end of 15 days, you do not think it is worth fully the price we ask for it, return it at our expense. The risk is all ours; none of it is yours. Write for our new book, "The Story of a Perfect Bath," beautifully illustrated from life, sent free on request.

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

THE UNLADYLIKE LADYBIRD — It appears she has a prodigious appetite for very coarse food.

THAT the San Jose scale, which is one of the most destructive of orchard pests, can be successfully combated by importing and propagating the Asiatic ladybird to devour it, is the discovery made by Government entomologists through careful scientific experiments. This is a matter of great significance to the orchardists of America. These specialists at Washington are now raising this alien species of ladybird *(chilocorus similis)* for general distribution, during the coming spring and summer, throughout the United States.

It has been discovered by actual count that one of these Asiatic insects will devour over 7000 San Jose scale larvæ in a day. When it is realized that the offspring from a single pair of these beetles number about 1000, and that even a larval *chilocorus* has a daily capacity and appetite for 1500 scale larvæ, the enormous economic value of the Asiatic ladybird in destroying the San Jose scale becomes apparent. In fact, 1000 adult beetles raised by a single pair would devour in one day 7,000,000 scale larvæ, while the daily repast of the matured brood of 1000 pairs of ladybirds would be 7,000,000,000 scale larvæ. Scientifically propagated, the broods number five annually.

Hitherto attempts have been made to induce native American ladybirds to feed on the San Jose scale, but without success. In leading up to the present discovery eminent entomologists from the United States traveled extensively searching for the original habitat of the San Jose scale. This has been found to be in the northern and northwestern frontier of China. There it was discovered also that its natural enemy is the *chilocorus similis*, and so when imported this Asiatic ladybird instinctively attacks the San Jose scale.

It is suggested by the scientists who are directing these investigations that the San Jose scale hereafter be called the Chinese scale. It is believed that it was brought to California on Chinese peach trees imported by the late James Lick.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN HEATER—A pocket plant that will protect a man against any extreme of climate.

A STEAM-HEATING plant has been devised so ingeniously compact that it may be attached without inconvenience to a man's body, and yet so effective in its distribution of heat that it will, it is asserted, protect the wearer against the most Arctic-like weather.

This portable steam-heating contrivance is designed not only for persons of frail physique but for all classes. It may become of especial value to those exposed for hours at a time to intense cold, and more particularly still to those who thus exposed have no chance to counteract the devitalizing effect of frigid temperatures.

It is believed by the promoters of this new departure in applied science that a man equipped with portable steam heat will be perfectly comfortable riding in the open air against the severest storms.

The radiators of this portable system of heating are formed of pliant, elastic material,

We show you here the trade mark on the sole of our Royal Blue shoe; we call it "The Sole of Honor," a term which not only describes the shoe, but defines our intention regarding it.

That mark is the sign of a good shoe; as good as a third of a century of good-shoe making has taught us how to produce: the best of materials, the sturdiest of oak leather soles, the most skillful workmanship.

What it means to us it ought to mean to you: good fit, good service, good style: a promise of all these and an assurance that you are to get them, or your money back.

Thousands of good shoe men all over the country sell Selz Shoes. If there is no such dealer where you are, let us know; it will pay you to let us know. You'll find Royal Blue Rubbers on the market next fall; better rubbers than you're used to.

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ROY DUDLEY is the "*Promoter*" of a "*Trust*"

Composed of school boys in a Virginia city. In organizing his "combine" he displayed the energy and ingenuity of a Morgan. His dividends amounted to $38.20 the first month.

A few months ago young Dudley started to sell **The Saturday Evening Post.** He got permission to call upon the employees of two department stores and from 45 of them secured orders to deliver the magazine. The next day he secured 30 more orders from business men. His chum, "Taffy" Wood, became a little envious and wanted to do the same thing, but young Dudley convinced him that to do so would mean "ruinous competition." Instead, he offered to re-sell copies to "Taffy" and to turn over to him a part of the customers already secured, with the understanding that he would get a certain number of *new* customers. Then he made the same sort of a bargain with Taffy's younger brother.

Three other boys had started to sell **The Post** before the "combine" was organized. He asked them to join his combination, but they refused his terms and serious trouble was threatened. Next week Master Roy secured 14 new customers in the territory in which his rival was working. Then he offered to "absorb" his competitor by giving him these new customers, provided he would get some more new ones and thereafter buy his copies from the "monopoly." The remaining two boys "compromised" and started work under Roy's direction the following week.

Then Dudley wrote to the publishers explaining what he had done, and offered to place a standing weekly order for three months, provided no new boys were appointed during that time. Within two months he was selling 350 copies a week. One week he sold a thousand copies. This is the record of a boy in knee trousers, ten years old.

Something like 6000 boys are earning money by this plan. Some are making $12 to $15 a week—all are earning money each week. You can do the same. NO MONEY REQUIRED TO START. We will furnish ten copies the first week free of charge, to be sold at five cents a copy. You can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell the next week.

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and may be worn without discomfort either under the hollow of the foot or at the sides of the ankles in the upper part of the shoe or other footwear. The radiators are composed of chambers or tubes through which the heating medium may be circulated by means of pliant tubes. It is designed that these pipes may be carried within the clothing and may be supported at intervals by elastic bands, clasps or attachments to keep them in place. Radiators attached to the hands or at the wrists are supplied with heat by tubes passing up the back and down through the sleeves of the coat. All the tubes ramify from a heater conveniently attached by straps or suspenders, so as to be worn upon the back near the waist-line.

The construction of the heating apparatus is ingenious. From a central chamber containing a non-congealable liquid, such as a strong saline solution, a pipe leads to a heater, consisting of a coil and a novel form of furnacelike lamp, diminutive and light, yet capable of generating much heat. The liquid, after becoming vaporized, is conducted to the distributing system, and by economic appliances does not escape, but in its work of warming the hands, feet or other portions of the body of the wearer keeps up a continuous circulation, passing back to the central heater and again into the distributing system.

By means of a valve the wearer can control the outflow of heat.

PEARLS FROM FISH-SCALES — How the artificial pearls, now so much worn, are made.

PEARLS are more in fashion to-day, and command a higher price, than ever before—a fact which may have something to do with the increased demand for artificial pearls.

For a long time the process of manufacturing artificial pearls was a secret, but recently it has become known. It was well understood that the pearly stuff used for coating the inside of the glass globules employed was obtained from the scales of a little fish called the "bleak," but the rest of the business was a mystery. It is explained that these scales, twenty thousand of which are required to make an ounce of the imitation, are first carefully washed and then ground very fine in a porcelain mortar. The grinding rubs off from the scales their pearly particles, which, when the mass from the mortar is mixed with water and poured on a linen cloth stretched over a tub, pass through the delicate mesh of the fabric, leaving the rest of the material behind.

The liquid is drawn off into glass bottles and left standing until the pearly stuff has settled to the bottom. Then the water is poured off, and there remains only a silver-white substance of high glitter. On drying it shows as a soft silver-gray powder. This, then, is the material that is to be used for converting the globules of glass into pearls.

The workman mixes the pearl powder with a small quantity of colorless liquid gelatine, and introduces it into each glass globule by sucking it up into a glass tube drawn to a point, allowing a drop to fall into the globule, and turning the latter this way and that until its inner surface is quite covered with the solution. Then he allows it to dry; but to prevent the pearly inner coat from becoming detached from the glass, and also to give the artificial pearl greater weight, he fills the globule with melted wax.

Real pearls, unfortunately, are very perishable, and that is one reason why the imitations find such favor.

A HUMAN FLYING FISH — A modern adaptation of Mercury's winged shoes.

UNHEARD-OF feats in swimming may be witnessed during the coming season.

A Massachusetts man has invented an appliance through the use of which it is hoped that one may half-stride, half-swim through water at a speed and with a facility hitherto unapproached.

The mechanism of the device is simple. Wings constructed of light and durable wood are attached at the ankles to aluminum frames fastened by buckles to the feet of the swimmer.

These wings, whose surface is about the area of an ordinary human foot, are hinged. When the swimmer draws his feet forward the resistance of the water pushes the wings rearward, so that only the edge of the wing is opposed to the forward movement of the body. The moment the swimmer kicks out again the wings catch the water and remain at right angles with the ankles.

It is said that these two pairs of swimming wings so supplement the power of propulsion in a swimmer's legs that he can triplicate his speed without any additional exertion.

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This vase cannot be purchased from any dealer for less than $3.00, but to introduce Liberty Cut Glass in the home of every reader of THE POST it will be sent to any address in the U. S. for $1.50. It is

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All suggestions must be in by May 1, 1903.
No person may send in more than one name.

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No one connected with the staff of the paper will be allowed to compete.

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A tailor would charge you about $5.00 more, a dealer $1.00 more for the same quality of goods, but without the snag and fruitless fit obtained by our "Catch-On" device. "Good Luck" trousers fit snug across the hip—can be let out and taken in around the waist in a second—and require neither belt nor braces. Absolutely adjustable. Device invisible. Quick to don and doff. Send $3.50 by draft or money order together with waist measurement and measurement of inside seam and we will send you a pair of faultless-fitting trousers equipped with "Catch-On" device. Express charges prepaid to any part of the U. S. or Colonies. These trousers come in plain blue serge and striped serges. Also in striped outing flannels, in dark, medium and light colors. If you think you cannot order without seeing materials, write for our free "Good Luck" book of samples. Money back should goods not please.

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"A breeze from the atmosphere of a real boy's life."
—Washington Post.

The REAL DIARY of a REAL BOY

THE REAL BOY IN MARCH

Mar. 7. *When my father was a boy he was the best fiter in this town.*

Mar. 8. *Beany is mad if enny of the fellers go with Lizzie Towle. she likes Beany better than she does enny of the fellers and Beany ought to be satisfied, but sometimes he acks mad when i go down there to fite roosters with Ed. i gess he needent worry much, no feller isnt going to leave of fiting roosters to go with no girls.*

Mar. 10. *plesent day. old Si Smiths big white dog and a bull dog had an awful fite today. neether licked and they had to squert water on them to seperate them. they dident make no noise, only jest hung write on to each others gozzles. my aunt Sarah said it was dredful, and she staid to the window to see how dredful it was.*

Mar. 18. *Father wont let me play marbles in ernest. it aint enny fun dreening a feller and then giving them back. i bet father didnt when he was a boy.*

Mar. 25. *almost as warm as summer, went to church and sunday school. Beany has got a job blowing the organ for Kate Wells. he only let the wind go out 2 times today.*

Mar. 29, 186- *The toads has come out. fine warm day. me and Potter Gorham have been ketching toads this afternoon. they sit in the puddles and peep. folks think it is frogs but most of it is toads. Potter got 23 and i got 18.*

"Read it at once—especially if you were ever a boy, or have had boys, or had much to do with boys. You will be repaid and will thank us for the advice."—Dorchester Beacon.

Ask for it at your dealer's. Or send $1 for a copy, sent postpaid by the publishers.

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The Reading Table

Two Children's Essays

With an Introduction By Madaline Snow

I HAVE always been an enthusiastic collector of essays, and the more absurd, ill-spelt and imaginative they are the better I am pleased.

Unusual opportunities were afforded me in the indulgence of this hobby by the unexpected call to take the temporary post of a sick friend who has the sole charge of a small, rural school, situated—but never mind where. I'm sure the public will share my conviction, after perusing the following compositions, that the nursery of such talent as herein evinced is not long destined to go unheard of.

The theme, Birds and Beasts Contrasted, was suggested by myself after a course of reading pertaining to the subject, and was truly a revelation to me of the wonderful amount of knowledge that can be stored away in the cranium of one small boy.

That they are genuine is self-evident from the inequality of style, original spelling and fine disregard of punctuation; and I now present them exactly as they came into my hands, altering or omitting nothing except the names. Indeed, it is unnecessary to invent the schoolboy—he is there!

Birds and Beasts Contrasted

I

Both Birds and Beasts are very useful and very intelligent. They can be trained and in many instances they are trained.

The Horse for instance can be trained to take the bit and to back at the word spoken. Compare this with the Hen, which when its Master says chuck! chuck! chuck! It comes running as fast as it can aided by its wings. Also useful for laying particularly if it is a good regular layer so that its Master can have an egg every morning for breakfast. They also lead blind and when they are with them if anyone touches the blind, they will go for them and teach them not to touch the poor blind man.

Compare this with the dog who has a rough shaggy skin, while the Pigeon on the other hand is like a Woodcock, only different in its colour and egg. Compare this with the Ostrich who is a short neck and a heavy head, so that it often has to rest its head in the sand and then the Hunters cannot see it.

Compare this with the Lion, a sly and courageous beast with a long tail and a tuft of hair at the extreme point. When it cannot find any Giraffes or Kamels or other things to eat it goes to the camp and prowls round round and gives one of its awful roars. When the Inhabitant comes out to see what is the matter with it, the sly treacherous Beast makes a spring and an end of it. It will stand behind a tree till a Giraffe or Kamel comes along and then steps out and fight till one or other makes an end of one or other.

Compare this with the Eagle a sly and treacherous beast, which has a nest stuck up very high on a cliff. It often carries off poor innocent children to its eary. They try to get the poor innocent child by means of men and ladders and ropes and things but in vain always, as the nest proves practically the death-chamber of the poor innocent child. The Mother takes on dredful until she is comforted sometimes by her husband, sometimes by the other men who have helped to rescue the poor innocent child.

HARRY F. (Aged 11.)

II

Birds and Beasts have many differences and are made for the use of man which after all is

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THE NERVES OF YOUR FEET

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sed and done if it was not for the Hunter we would be in a bad way. Beasts are covered with fur and hair and have legs like mortals while Birds have only feathers and wings, though some are web-footed but these cannot fly as high as the others and are called Fouls also sometimes poultry & Game as they are easier cought than those which live in trees. There are also Birds of Prey which are not so much use to man such as the Turkey, Peacock, Ostrich and Eagle which .latter often stands for the United States.

Birds hatch their young in eggs while Animals breed, compare for instance the Cat and the Hen. All Animals that are the most useful to man are called Domestic such as the Horse, Cow, Dog, Hen, Cat, Duck, and Chickens and many others.

Animals are more easy to tame than birds and have more gratful natures, a dog will often save your life and a cat purr when you pet it while a Bird will never come near you unless it is caged. Of these the Lion is King and not so easy to be tamed. Another fearce Animal of which the Hunter stands in dred is the Tiger of which the puma is a specimen but if there were more men in the Country like Our Presdent the Country would soon be rid of these wild and trechorous Creatures.

Of all the Animals the Ape or Monkey as it is also called is the most human and it has now been discovered by a man called Darwin that it at one time descended from man but some people doubt this and it is therefore called the Darwinian Theory.

Doves and Lambs are more alike in temperment both having very gentle natures—it was a Dove what saved the Ark and Our Lord is often seen in Pictures with one of these gentle Creatures in his arms and another on his Head. LEOPOLD W. (Aged 10.)

An American Title

WHILE John Hays Hammond, the eminent mining engineer who has been identified with much of the development of the Transvaal, was addressing the American Society for the Advancement of Science, comment was made on his youthful appearance.

"The fact is," remarked one of his South African colleagues, "that, although Mr. Hammond has long held an enviable place at the head of his profession, he is still in his forties.

"His record is typical of American alertness. His entrance into the busy gold-fields of Johannesburg was marked by a characteristic incident.

"As is well known, the remarkable character and extent of the gold-diggings in the South African Republic attracted thither many men of high standing. On the steamer from Southampton to Cape Town Mr. Hammond's fellow-passengers included many titled Britishers, all bound for the same destination, the Rand.

"Upon arrival there Mr. Hammond found himself waiting his turn in a noble line to sign his plain, democratic name to the hotel register.

"In front of him were a Knight Commander of the Honorable Order of the Bath, a Knight of the Exalted Order of the Star of India, two members of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, two barons and one duke. The letters necessary to distinguish these great personages were imposing, and in one case consumed three lines of the hotel register.

"With much interest Mr. Hammond watched the registration of nobility. He realized that though ability would count in the long run, the possession of a commanding title would give the possessor a considerable start over his untitled rivals.

"When Mr. Hammond's turn came to write his name, he registered:

"'John Hays Hammond, A. R. A.'

"His companion was greatly interested and at the first opportunity asked:

"'John, what made you sign "A. R. A." after your name?'

"'Well, you see, one needs a title in this country.'

"'But what do those letters stand for?'

"'"All-Round Athlete,"' replied the mining engineer.

"Within three months from that time Mr. Hammond's genius had landed him in the position of Consulting Engineer and General Manager for the Consolidated Gold-Fields; and serving under the directions of this resourceful American were half a dozen lords and other gentlemen of illustrious pedigree."

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THE TRUTH ABOUT BREAD

From London "Chic"

In a recent issue of Chic, one of the big illustrated weeklies for which London is famous, a writer on scientific foods says: "There was never coined a more delusive phrase than 'Bread the staff of life,' because bread is almost the worst of all foods unless the eater knows all about its properties. It is poison to the man in a hurry."

Here follows a long argument.

"'Why not,' asked the dietic experts, 'do for the bread and other cereal foods what the mastication does so that those whose digestions are enfeebled may be fully nourished, that is, derive every grain of nutriment possible from the food and avoid the discomforts of indigestion, the pains after eating, flatulence, acidity, heartburn and the hosts of evils indicating faulty digestion? Why not prepare a food so perfectly that if it be eaten in a hurry, or bolted, it will be as readily digested as if chewed five minutes?

"To convert the starch in cereals into the form of Grape Sugar which is most agreeable to the stomach and which can be immediately taken up by the system as nourishment is what has been done in Grape-Nuts which, for the reasons I have given, is a far more healthful and nourishing food than the best porridge or bread and can be eaten with advantage by persons with the most delicate stomachs.

"This food discovery comes from America, but widespread recognition of its valuable properties is, to my thinking, much hampered by a name which is meaningless, even to the chemist or dietist. I must confess to not understanding the meaning of 'Grape-Nuts' when I first saw it, but an examination of this food discovery reveals it as one of the most important dietetic advances ever made."

Note:—The name is partly derived from Grape Sugar and the term "Nuts" is suggested by the nutty flavor. The entire word is the registered trade mark.

Literary Folk
Their Ways and Their Work

LITERARY LOG-ROLLING — A nimble and thrifty art of long descent that continues to meet with contemporary success.

¶ Some one ought to write an essay on the never-dying art of the literary log-roller. It is a most ingenious and insistent art, perennial and paying in all the ages, and we have no doubt was nimbly practiced by the hewers of cuneiform inscriptions. We humbly suggest it to our contemporary satirists. Just now it mainly takes the form of commendatory letters to the author from his fellow-craftsmen, and from him extracted, with great sacrifice to his modesty, by the astute publisher to be blazoned on title-pages and in advertisements.

The present controversy called forth by President Roosevelt's letter on "race suicide" indicates what far-reaching results might be obtained by a skillful logman. That letter was written by President Roosevelt to Mrs. John Van Vorst after reading in magazine form, and before its publication in the book, the third chapter of her Woman Who Toils. It was immediately followed by another letter from President Eliot, of Harvard, in which he took to task the graduates for the poor showing they make in matrimony. Both letters were the subject of wide and varying comment. President Eliot had not read President Roosevelt's letter when he published his own. President Roosevelt is too frank-spoken a friend of letters and occupies a position too far removed from the possible benefits of literary log-rolling (and log-rolling is essentially a policy of reciprocity) for any taint of interest to touch his name: the suggestion is not here made that anything but the most straightforward and characteristic absorption in the subject at hand for the subject's sake actuated the impulse which prompted his letter. Furthermore, the book cannot have too wide publicity or too much discussion; it treats of subjects which in an industrial civilization ought to be publicly discussed by every thinking citizen. None the less, it will be interesting to watch what use the observant publisher will make of the opportunities thus instructively unfolded to his gaze.

THE WOMAN WHO TOILS — A valuable record of the experience of two women who studied the facts at first hand.

¶ Mrs. Van Vorst and Miss Marie Van Vorst are two earnest young women who gave up the comforts and leisure to which they somewhat impressively inform you they are accustomed, for the value of a first-hand acquaintance with the condition of their working sisters. Indeed, the solemnity with which Mrs. Van Vorst alludes to the "Parisian clothes I am accustomed to wear," and Miss Marie Van Vorst's itemized account of "the clothes I laid aside on December, 1901," inventoried at $447, spoils a little the first flush of sympathy. But it is the only touch of snobbery in the book. The experience was genuine and the record is valuable.

Mrs. Van Vorst made pickles in Pittsburg, shirts in a country mill town of Northern New York and clothes in Chicago. Miss Van Vorst, who shared her determination and divides the honors of the resultant book, made shoes in two of the Lynn shoe shops and cloth in two of the Southern cotton mills. Both shared the life and dress of their sisters and were by them accepted without reserve or suspicion. Both proposed to themselves certain definite questions which in Miss Van Vorst's case are answered by a direct narrative of conditions observed and emotions experienced, to which with Mrs. Van Vorst is added an element of argument and analysis. What brought girls to the factory and the mill? What was their life outside? Where did they spend their money and their leisure? How can they be helped? Do they need help, or is their condition ideal?

In answering these questions Mrs. Van Vorst's style is the more epigrammatic. It does not follow that her pages are the more

109

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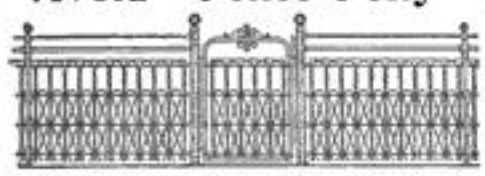

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valuable, but they are perhaps the more thoughtful, and certainly the more quotable. Therefore the following passages, necessarily much compressed, are drawn from her chapters. They suggest much better than would a long exposition the nature of the problem and the admirable quality of thought that confronted it.

For example, Mrs. Van Vorst notices immediately the quality of the voices about her. "I can hear the sharp nasal voices of the forewoman and the girls shouting questions and answers. . . . My factory companions draw their vocal inspiration from the bedlam of civilization, the rasping and pounding of machinery, the din which they must outdin to be heard."

Experience makes clear to her the magnetism of the factory. "Two days of leisure without sources of amusement make clear to me how the sociability of factory life, the freedom from personal demands, the escape from self, can prove a distraction to those who have no mental occupation, no money to spend on diversion. It is easier to submit to factory government which commands five hundred girls with one law valid for all, than to undergo the arbitrary discipline of parental authority." Says one girl: "'I don't have to work, only if I didn't I couldn't have the clothes I do,'" The same passion for self-ornament is everywhere. Not love of home nor love of man is so strong. "'I'm not working to save,'" was the claim of one girl for all; "'I'm working for pleasure.'" It is a selfishness which defers marriage and cuts all social and family ties. "'I don't have to work; my father gives me all the money I need, but not all I *want*. I like to be independent, and spend my money as I please.' . . . It means a youth without the peace of protection; an old age without the harvest of consolation." And it cuts down the wages of the girl who *does* have to work for a *living*. It is non-professional competition.

Of a piece with her attitude toward her parents is the mill hand's attitude toward marriage. She "trifles with love," she is "fanciful, sentimental, cold, passionless." Lady Jeune, it will be remembered, attributed much of the success of American independence for American women to the safeguard of this cold selfishness.

Other shrewd observations are plentiful. "There is a stimulus unsuspected in working together to get a job done. Before this" (before going on piece-work) "I had to work to make the time pass." Men she finds are the easier masters. "The woman—is always annoying. She bothers and nags; things must be done her way; she enjoys the legitimate minding of other people's business. Aiming at results only, the masculine mind is more tranquil. Provided you get your work done, the man boss doesn't care what method you take in doing it. For the woman boss, whether you get your work done or not, you must do it her way."

Miss Van Vorst's description of what she saw in the Southern cotton mills cannot here be quoted. None the less it should be read. And of the whole book it may be said: no one can help being interested and only an obstinate man can help being benefited.

A REMINISCENCE OF STEPHEN CRANE

—A single sentence illustrative of the original picturesque working of his mind.

¶ Mr. Gosse, we believe it was, gave the first rule for ballad writers: first find your refrain; and Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich once explained in All Sorts of a Paper that he always works through a short story to the end, puts the closing paragraph on paper, and not till then does he write the first word. What was Stephen Crane's method the friend who tells this story does not vouchsafe. Often a single sentence will be the core of a long circle of thought, which at the last moment, and in the fitting spot, will finally throw back to its starting place. Perhaps something of this sort was going on in Stephen Crane's head. He sat at the window, a tall block of coarse yellow scratch paper on his knee, his pencil-point stopped short on the line of the last word written.

The sentence stood large and ungainly on the page:

"He walked as though he were stirring lemonade with himself."

Apparently nothing came of that most delectable inspiration, for it is not to be found in the pages of his work.

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BY RUSSELL HERRMAN CONWELL

. . I noticed the lady at the time, from the color of her bonnet. I said what I say to you now: "Your wealth is too near to you. You are looking right over it." She went home after the Lecture and tried to take off her collar. The button stuck in the buttonhole. She twisted and tugged and pulled and finally broke it out of the buttonhole and threw it away. She said: "I wonder why they don't make decent collar buttons!" Her husband said to her: "After what Conwell said tonight, why don't you get up a collar button yourself? Did he not say that if you need a thing other people will need it? So if you need a collar button there are millions of people needing it. Get up a collar button and get rich. *Wherever there is a need there is a fortune.*" (Applause.) That very woman invented this snap-button. That woman can now go over the sea every summer in her own yacht, and take her husband with her; and if he were dead she would have enough money left to buy a foreign Count, or Duke or some such thing. (Loud laughter and applause.)

Booklet Number **340**

WIT AND HUMOR
BY EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE

. . Wit marries ideas, lying wide apart, by a sudden jerk of the understanding. . . Wit exists by antipathy; humor by sympathy. Wit laughs at things; humor laughs with them. Wit lashes external appearances; . . . humor glides into the heart of its object, looks lovingly on the intimacies it detects, and represents the whole man. Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; humor is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. Wit is negative, analytical, destructive; humor is creative. . . . Wit when earnest, has the earnestness of passion seeking to destroy; humor has the earnestness of affection, and would lift up what is seemingly low into our charity and love. Wit, bright, rapid and blasting as the lightning, flashes, strikes and vanishes in an instant; humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its object in a genial and abiding light. . . . Old Dr. Fuller's remark, that a Negro is "the image of God cut in ebony" is humorous; Horace Smith's inversion of it that the taskmaster is "the image of the devil cut in ivory" is witty. . . . . .

Booklet Number **341**

POPE LEO XIII
BY FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD

. . Joachim Vincente Pecci, who has been Pope under the title of Leo XIII since 1878, was born in the year 1810. . . He was born in a small mountain town called Carpinato, situated thirty or forty miles to the south of Rome, on the very border of a district which is called Sandal Land—the land where the people wear sandals. There, in that town, is still the residence of the family of the present Pope, and in the old residence are portraits of the Pope's father and mother. . . . He has from his father the upper part of his head and the main features—the bony forehead, the prominent cheekbones, a very aquiline nose and firm jaw. From his mother he has the piercing black eyes that seem to hold you as you get into his presence so that you cannot get away from his look. Then he has a very strong mouth, very white, very thin lips, always set in a peculiar expression, which is firm, not unkind, something like a smile, and yet not altogether gentle. One of the most remarkable characteristics of his appearance is his complexion, which he shares with other members of the family. When the Pope comes toward you in one of those shadowy galleries of the Vatican, or in the dimmer church below, a real radiance seems to proceed from his face. It is absolutely colorless, but yet it is luminously pale. It has often been compared to a face carved out of alabaster, with a strong light within it. . . . . .

Booklet Number **344**

THE SCATTERED NATION
BY ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE

. . The Jew is beyond doubt the most remarkable man of this world, past or present. . . . Though dead as a Nation—as we speak of Nations—they yet live. Their ideas fill the world and move the wheels of its progress, even as the sun, when he sinks behind the western hills, yet fills the Heavens with the remnants of his glory. As the destruction of matter in one form is necessary to its resurrection in another, so . . . the perishing of the Jewish nationality was in order to the universal acceptance and the everlasting establishment of Jewish ideas. . . . We affect to despise the Jews, but accept and adore the pure conception of a God which he taught us. . . The God of the Jews is the great governing Mind that directs and guides the whole frame of nature—eternal, infinite, and neither capable of change nor subject to decay. . . . The Jewish people, church and institutions are still left standing, though the stones of the temple remain no longer one upon the other, though its sacrificial fires are forever extinguished, and though the Tribes whose glory it was, wander with weary feet throughout the earth. A few remarks upon their numbers, . . . present status in the world, their probable destiny, and my task will be done.

Booklet Number **343**

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
BY GARRETT PUTNAM SERVISS

. . And this . . . . must stand as a true representation of the Napoleonic era, for these are the thoughts and these the scenes which his name conjures. Let not the bitterest enemy of Napoleon deny to him the name and fame of the greatest maker of war and the greatest winner of victories that the world has ever known! Greater than Cæsar, greater than Hannibal, greater than Alexander. Let him have all the glory; let him be the bright particular star-of-war, the great representative figure in the Valhalla of Mars and then let us rejoice that he belongs to our time, for thus he predicts the daybreak! There is no hour so dark as that which precedes the dawn. We may well believe that history will never frame a second Napoleon. She has done her best in that line, and now she turns to nobler things. Let the century that knew him wrap the tattered flags of war about it and lie down to dreams of slaughter, but let us look forward across that new century, whose sunrise now brightens the hills of coming time, believing that it will usher in the thousand years, the ten thousand years, ah! the endless era of peace universal. (Applause.) . . . .

Booklet Number **342**

John D. Morris & Company
Publishers, Philadelphia

Cut off this corner and mail to us, indicating your choice of Booklets. The one chosen will be forwarded promptly

CUT OFF HERE

To
John D. Morris
& Company
1201 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed find 6 cts. in stamps. I shall be pleased to receive, according to your offer in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—Booklet No. ..... as described above.

Name .....

Mail Address .....

.....

.....

[Au.—1] .....

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Every healthy, vigorous Young American wants a gun. It tends to make him independent, courageous and manly. Get him a **DAISY** or **SENTINEL** Air Rifle and he can have all the fun without the danger that usually goes with a gun.

Simply a choice between the two, as either style represents the best skilled labor and accurate machinery can produce.

Our rifles have walnut stocks, handsome nickeled steel barrels, **improved** sights and interchangeable parts.

If your dealer will not sell you a **DAISY** or **SENTINEL**, send us his name and we will send any style from factory, charges prepaid, upon receipt of price.

No. 1—Daisy Repeater, shoots BB shot 40 times, . $1.25
No. 2—25th Century Daisy, shoots either shot or darts, 1.00
No. 4—Sentinel Single Shot, either shot or darts, . 1.50
No. 5—Sentinel Repeater; automatic, 200 shot, . . 1.25

Darts, assorted colors, per dozen, prepaid, 10 cts.

Daisy Button and Illustrated Booklet free.

THE DAISY MFG. CO. Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

FROM FACTORY TO CONSUMER

$26.50 BUYS A BUGGY (with top $33.50) superior quality, style and durability. Our entire output of two enormous factories sold direct to consumers only.

PRICES DEFY COMPETITION

We manufacture a full line of Buggies, Carriages and Harness, guarantee everything we sell and ship on approval. Money back if not satisfied.

SAVE DEALERS' PROFITS

Write immediately for our catalogue and special inducement. It will interest you.

UNION BUGGY CO., 402 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

UNEQUALED IN TONE

WEBER PIANOS

The progress of 30 years. Our beautiful "Jubilee Book" tells the story—mailed free ON REQUEST.

THE WEBER PIANO CO., 108 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

The Beattie Cigarette Machine

is a handsome nickel-plated novelty that will roll a perfect cigarette from your favorite tobacco. It distributes the tobacco evenly, firmly presses it into shape, while the cigarette always has a uniform diameter. Makes a cigarette of long cut or granulated tobacco. Satisfaction guaranteed. Thousands in use. If your dealer can't supply you, the machine will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of **35 cents.**

C. D. NORTHUP MFG. CO.
Hartford, New York

WELCH'S GRAPE JUICE

Fruit Nutrition in Fluid Form

The best grapes, the best methods, and more care than others think necessary, make Welch's the best grape juice.

A small glassful two or three times a day will put new life into the run-down system. Welch's Grape Juice is a natural tonic. It makes health—keeps health.

Sold by druggists and grocers. Ask for Welch's Jam. Bottle by mail, 10c. Booklet with recipes free.

WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO.
Westfield, N. Y.

A Woman's Washington

By The Congressman's Wife

IT HAS always seemed to me that the character of a town bears a strong resemblance to the character of an individual, which may be readily gauged by what it laughs at. If it takes only a straw to tickle the individual, likewise it takes only a straw, sometimes, to set a town all-of-a-smile. The particular straw that is tickling the oldest inhabitants, the cave-dwellers, and the non-official residents of Washington just now is the little word that is passing around among the rich men and women who have newly come here from Gotham, to the effect that this is the first time in the history of the country that things have been properly conducted, socially, at the Capital of the Nation. That with a New York man in the White House, a New York man in the Cabinet, a rich, fashionable contingent from New York in both Houses of Congress, a New York woman as wife of the Ambassador from Great Britain, and last but not least, a New York caterer, late of Sherry's, Washington society, after long years of wandering in the wilderness, has at last acquired that indefinable something, that *cachet* of greatness, which has brought it, like the Children of Israel, to the borderland of Canaan.

The assumption of Gotham's discovery of the Capital of the Nation and its work of putting it upon the proper social footing has been the theme on many tongues of late, and at one of the exclusive cave-dwellers' receptions recently, where were gathered the elect among the old Washingtonians and the elect among the officials, I found the whole reception fairly chortling over it.

"Why, bless my soul!" said old General C——, with his Order of the Cincinnati in his coat, "these newcomers remind me of the fly that Æsop tells about that rode around on the chariot wheel and cried out to the bystanders: 'What a dust do I raise.'"

"Yes," said Miss Clemmie, who made it a point never to go to any houses save those of old Washingtonians of note, "the pretentiousness of these newcomers always reminds me of a mansard roof on a house. It is always sure to be the emptiest part of the structure. In my young days, when I used to stay so much at the White House with Harriet Lane, Mr. Buchanan often warned us not to be too much carried away by the exalted attention we received. He used to say that pretentiousness and vainglory were to be tolerated only in a nation and never in the individual."

"But," said I, remembering that I was a rich newcomer, albeit from Spruce City, "this invasion of Washington by rich people must of necessity bring new standards and customs. It is scientifically demonstrated that one pebble will affect the entire ocean, and when you come to drop in a whole sack full of glittering nuggets, why——"

"Oh, yes," said General C——, "I am fully aware that the day has gone by in Washington when a man if he possesses a case of Apollinaris is justified in giving a blow-out, but this much-talked-of influence of rich outsiders is overrated, just as is all this talk of the influence of the six American women here in the diplomatic corps. The greatest amount of confidence has been expressed in the influence these American wives of the foreign diplomats would exercise in behalf of their native land. Why, take the gracious wife of the British Ambassador, Lady Herbert herself; who would dream that she was born in New York? She is delightful, but she is no longer of New York. She is no longer American. She is English to the backbone. And Madame Jusserand, the French Ambassador's wife; she is an American, but she never saw her native land till this winter, and she speaks her English with all the pretty manner and accent of the French-born woman. Baroness von Sternberg, of the German Embassy, and Baroness Moncheur, the Belgian Minister's wife, have kept some small part, so far, of their American ideas and manners, just as they are keeping their American beauty; but it is only a question of time when they will merge their identities in those of their adopted countries. Madame Lopez, the wife of the Minister from Salvador, is a San Francisco girl, but she is now a South American, all right. As for Madame Yung Kwai, wife of the Secretary of the Chinese Legation, she was a Springfield girl, and

HIGH ART INSURED CLOTHING

High Art Insured Clothing

is ready-to-slip-on custom tailoring with all the grace and dash—the perfection of fit and finish, peculiar to made-to-measure togs. The hidden parts are as conscientiously wrought as the surface! It is distinctive in such excellencies as:

Snug setting collars,
Firm flat lapels,
Unbreakable fronts,
Non-sagging pockets.

High Art Insurance

(issued in the form of individual policies direct to the purchaser) is a warranty of entire satisfaction. It pledges the replacing of unsatisfactory garments by the makers.

STROUSE & BROS.,
Lombard and Paca Streets,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Our New Prince Henry Spring Sack!

(herewith pictured) is an exclusive spring style for swagger chaps. Three button coat, blunt at the ends, with slash pockets and tight back flaring out at bottom. The pantaloons are big and loose, grading in a distinct "peg" from 21 at knee to 16 inches at shoe. In plain or fancy cloths—sold at retail, upward from

$12

Our Spring Style Book

shows other striking creations and contains much interesting and useful information. Sent free for your clothier's name. If he does not sell High Art Insured Clothing, tell us who he is.

STROUSE & BROS.,
Department M,
BALTIMORE, MD.

If you want most for your money insist on

PRESIDENT

being stamped in the buckle when you buy

SUSPENDERS

Fifty cents and a dollar
Ask at favorite shop
or post prepaid from

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. COMPANY
Box 231 J, Shirley, Mass.
Send 6 cents for catalogue

Don't Drive Terrible Tacks!

Carpets taken up like rugs, relaid in one-fourth the time BY HAND without removing floor or tearing carpet, if you use

QUAKER (Patented) CARPET FASTENERS

Made in one piece of spring steel wire. Clinches tenacious carpet to floor like a vise, yet removed in an instant. Quaker Fasteners last a lifetime. An ingenious invention that makes child's play of carpet laying and lifting.

Write for our booklet, FREE.

QUAKER CARPET FASTENER CO
13 South 8th St., Richmond, Ind.

The PRAIRIE STATES KEEP AT THE HEAD. More made—more gold—more prizes won than ALL OTHERS combined.

346 FIRST PRIZES WON

Send for catalogue—just out—finest ever issued. Mention this paper.

PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR Co.
HOMER CITY, Pa., U.S.A.

Spring Trip to California

Three tours under Pennsylvania Railroad auspices at greatly reduced rates leave New York and Philadelphia May 12 and 13. Attractive itineraries, including Colorado and California resorts, the Yellowstone Park and Grand Canyon of Arizona. Rates on application to GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

Pacific Coast Tours

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, account Presbyterian General Assembly, May 12 and 13. Visiting Colorado and California resorts, the Yellowstone Park, and the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Greatly reduced rates. For itinerary and details apply to GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

If You Have Taste

or **talent** for **drawing** you may become famous like the originator of this character. The HEER SYSTEM OF TEACHING BY MAIL prepares you quickly for a paying position as Cartoonist, Newspaper Artist, Illustrator, etc. Original school in this line. **Special offer** to those who write now. Resident Schools Established 1860.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, (Inc.)
E. J. Heer, Pres., 30 N. Pa. St., Indianapolis, U.S.A.

"OIMA"
Durable and Safe
Liquid Pistol
Made of Steel, Nickel Plated

Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Valuable to bicyclists, unarmed ladies, soldiers, horses, etc.

Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over 20 shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c.

PARKER STEARNS & SUTTON, 231 South St., New York

HER FIRST RUN

ART PHOTOGRAPH

From life. Size 9 x 7½ inches. Pictures the joy of living; teems with American spirit. The successful blending of girlish grace and masterful strength. The way to own one of these beautiful art photographs is to send 25c. to

DUDLEY WALKER
506 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Have You Any Spare Time?

We can provide any young man or young woman with profitable employment. We want agents in every town to secure subscriptions for

The Saturday Evening Post
and
The Ladies' Home Journal

The pay is first-rate. Every bit of work done is paid for. If you are interested, send a line addressed to THE POST'S Circulation Bureau. **The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.**

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NEW-SKIN
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
WATERPROOF
LIQUID COURT PLASTER

For Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly Relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc., etc.

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes.

Applied with a brush and immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, colorless waterproof coating.

MECHANICS, SPORTSMEN, BICYCLISTS, GOLFERS, Etc.

are all liable to bruise, scratch, or scrape their skin. "New-Skin" will relieve these injuries, will not wash off, and after it is applied the injury is forgotten, as "New-Skin" makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it.

EACH.

Pocket Size (Size of illustration) . . . 10c
Family Size . . . 25c
2-oz. Bottles (for Surgeons and Hospitals) 50c

At the Druggists, or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

DOUGLAS MFG. CO., Dept. R, 107 Fulton Street, New York

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

St. Paul-Minneapolis

Four daily trains on fast schedules via the shortest line between Chicago and the Twin Cities. Unexcelled service. The

North-Western Limited

is an up-to-date, electric-lighted train. Its service affords

The Best of Everything

All agents sell tickets via

Chicago & North-Western Ry.

W. B. KNISKERN, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago.

ST. AGNES SCHOOL

ALBANY, N. Y.

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR

MISS SEABURY, Head of the School
BISHOP DOANE, President of Trustees

Situation high, central, healthful, large building remodelled. Single bed-rooms. New chemical laboratories. Preparation for college (by preference for Radcliffe or Bryn Mawr). Diploma given for regular course. Regular exercise under careful supervision required. Skating and other sports in season.

A Flying Machine at Last

Scientific kite-flying within the reach of all. A marvel of simplicity. Any boy or girl can fly it. Tandems delight both young and old.

Special Introductory Size by mail, 10c, 3 for 25c

Agents wanted everywhere.

Zimmerman Flying Machine Co. 14 Wood St., Fremont, Ohio

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.00

Sizes and Prices	
6 by 6 ft.	$2.00
9 by 7½ ft.	3.50
9 by 9 ft.	4.00
9 by 10½ ft.	4.50
9 by 12 ft.	5.00

Beautiful and attractive patterns, woven through and through, whichmeansbothsides alike. All colors, and more serviceable than more costly carpets. Sent by express prepaid east of the Rocky Mountains.

Your money back if you want it. Catalogue free for the asking.

Oriental Importing Co., 6816, Bourse Building, Philadelphia

you'd know in a minute that she was born in New England. There's no trace of the Oriental about her. But of this whole bunch of American women there's not one," wound up General C—— with emphasis, "who would not throw her influence in any diplomatic question with the country of her adoption, and against her native land!"

"Then the Kaiser and the Czar need not have had any worry about these American marriages among their representatives? You know the Czar made a great rumpus the other day," said I, "about the recent marriage of one of the Secretaries of the Russian Embassy to the young Washington girl, over which the smart set was so agog."

"Neither the Kaiser nor the Czar need worry. Our girls when they marry foreigners become more foreign than their husbands," said General C—— with asperity.

"This fever for diplomats," said Senator Blank, taking up the conversation, "is catching here in Washington. I don't mean to have any of my girls marrying these foreign chaps. I have had that famous motto of Daniel Webster set in the tiles over the mantel in my library, and I make my boys and girls read it over every day. It says: 'I was born an American, I will live an American, I will die an American.'"

Every one smiled at this. It is a well-understood thing in Washington that there is an undying antagonism between Senators and the diplomatic corps, each regarding the other as an arch enemy. Then Senator Blank, who is one of the most uncompromising of patriots, went on:

"How well Dubois read Washington's farewell address in the Senate on the twenty-second. I was sorry the chamber was not filled. I always make it a point to be in my seat when it is read."

"But Washington," said I, "never paid any attention, himself, to his birthday. In 1790 when he was trying to settle upon a residence in Philadelphia he spent the whole month of February in moving. One entry in his diary reads: 'Moved the large mahogany sideboard into our new domicile to-day.' And his diary for the twenty-second reads: 'Set seriously about removing my furniture to my new house. Two of the gentlemen of the family had their beds taken there, and would sleep there to-night.'"

"And Abraham Lincoln," said Robert, "spent his birthday in 1861 in making his pathetic farewell address to his townspeople in Springfield, before coming to Washington. You remember that farewell address and how almost ominous its portent was?"

"Was its portent any more ominous," asked Senator P——, who had just joined us, "than this little effusion which was picked up to-day on the Senate floor not far from a certain Senator's desk over in Cherokee Strip? It was found just after the sudden collapse of the Statehood bill." And the Senator chuckled as he handed out a little verse which ran:

"'A prominent statesman, named Quay,
Had a great predecessor named Clay,
Whose Omnibus bill
Was as much of a pill
As the one that has just blocked the way.'"

This created a good deal of fun, particularly among those of us who were afraid of the bogie extra session.

"Why, I did not know," said Miss Clemmie, "that Henry Clay ever had an Omnibus bill in Congress."

"Oh, yes," said Senator P——, "you haven't forgotten the famous compromise of 1850? Henry Clay gathered the different things belonging to his compromise into a bill known as the Omnibus bill. It was fairly loaded down with amendments, and, as Morse puts it, 'When the Omnibus bill reached the end of its journey it contained only one passenger—a territorial government for Utah.' I'm going to tell Quay to-morrow that we know now who 'struck Billy Patterson.'"

"It's astonishing," said General C——, "to see Senators doing the Dick Turpin act, and holding up legislation like highwaymen. Now, there's Morgan——"

Both Senator P—— and Senator Blank took this up before General C—— could even finish his sentence.

"Oh, John Tyler Morgan is no highwayman, and don't you forget it. He knows this canal business as no other man living does. He is making the point that the Treaty does not leave the United States untrammeled. There are loopholes in it that will let out the Colombians and make Uncle Sam fork out, and go on forking out——"

"Yes," I interrupted, "and I know for certain that Senator Morgan is not antagonistic to the Panama route. Last spring, on

By GEORGE H. POWELL

America's Leading Expert

IT IS a remarkable fact that the business of advertising writing is rapidly absorbing the attention of thousands of business men throughout the entire country, and as never before.

And they are not viewing the possibilities of advertising from standards of a few years back, either. While advertising is now known to be the mightiest lever of advanced commercialism, yet merchants and manufacturers have also learned from bitter experience that the best results are only attainable when the advertising work is placed in skilful hands.

The day of "anything that attracts" is rapidly passing, and in its stead a new era is dawning. All the discoveries leading to a more perfect knowledge of advertising possibilities are cherished, because every effective plan, kink or original scheme has a value that is expressed in dollars and cents—and to Americans this is everything.

The trained writer of advertising, therefore, is filling the place formerly occupied by the untrained clerk, or proprietor, mayhap, who formerly prided himself on his "ability" to do an hour's turn at advertisement construction "on the side."

Not that these naturally bright workers were totally ignorant, but that their observation lines were too narrow, and their opportunities too few to gain more than the most limited amount of skill.

The young man or woman who is thinking of entering the advertising writing field will scarcely be able to wonder that $25 or $50 a week is considered small pay for ad. work, when they realize that to properly attend to the new volume of advertising being done each year more skilled graduates are required than are enrolled as students.

Presuming that every $50,000 spent annually for advertising gives employment to an ad. writer, the next thing to calculate is how many writers will be needed to take care of say $100,000,000 yearly? Only the *increase*, too.

Then when we come to a realization of the fact that about $700,000,000 is being annually expended in the advertising columns of some 25,000 American periodicals, a little more simple arithmetic will give some idea as to why the business of ad. writing holds out such rare inducements.

In answer to numerous inquiries from POST readers I am going to say something about the advisability of the ambitious man or woman taking up the study of advertising.

Can anybody surely succeed? To this query the answer must always be the same—no. A common school education, backed with vim and a true desire to win success, is necessary, and will almost invariably produce a proficient ad. man or woman. The great stumbling block in all lines of business is, and always will be, *lack of stability*. More business men are ruined every year through this fault than by any other, and of course the person who is continually jumping about from one thing to another is almost certain to fail. Success is for the steadfast only.

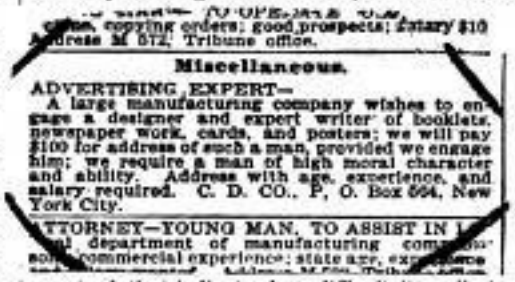
Advertising writing offers marvelous inducements, and the thing for the prospective student to decide is whether he or she is or is not in a business offering meagre advancement. Of course I do not refer to those who are in business where they have an interest, and only wish to acquire skill for improving the present advertising. I refer to those who are free lances and want to make the most of their natural endowments. Clerking, stenography, traveling and the hundred-and-one vocations which we are prone to call "a dog's life," are, of course, far inferior to advertising writing, either from the comparative ease with which an income can be earned, or from the viewpoint of size of income.

I have on my desk as I write these lines many letters from well-known advertisers, who have written to have me recommend students of the Powell System who are capable of filling positions as advertising writers at salaries that are princely from ordinary standards, and this demand never ceases. One of the greatest department stores in Washington wishes a manager at once—one who is worth $50 or more to start with, and I have just the man for the place. He went through my course of mail instruction, and for several months past has filled an ad. writer's position at $25 weekly.

He is steadfast, progressive and a worker. He cannot fail, for he has a grand foundation to stand on—my careful instruction plus his own ambition. The agents advertising Regal Shoes are also soliciting my aid.

The largest manufacturing jewelers in St. Louis want my "brightest" graduate, and as I have many "stars" the vacancy will be supplied, and yet those competent ad. writers will not crowd each other, for the demand is too great.

Another request for a bright student comes from one of Boston's oldest department stores, and without dwelling at too great length I will close by showing herewith a reproduction of a



Miscellaneous.

ADVERTISING EXPERT—A large manufacturing company wishes to engage a designer and expert writer of booklets, newspaper work, cards, and posters; we will pay $100 for address of such a man, provided we engage him; we require a man of high moral character and ability. Address with age, experience, and salary required. C. D. CO., P. O. Box 664, New York City.

ATTORNEY—YOUNG MAN, TO ASSIST IN [illegible] department of manufacturing [illegible] commercial experience; state age, experience

want ad. that indicates how difficult it really is to secure the services of a competent, trained ad. writer. I answered this ad. in a daily paper thinking it a scheme, but was surprised to receive a prompt reply from one of America's best-known advertisers—the largest screen manufacturer of Maine, who had one ad. man and wanted another!

The students' portraits above represent two more who are about to take their places as advertising successes, and what they have to say about the Powell System of advertising instruction is worthy of note. Mr. Hanser resides in Newark, N. J., and Mr. Bottolfson in Winona, Minn.

To all who are interested in earning over $25 a week, as well as to business men who are anxious to save advertising expense while doubling the pulling power of their ads, I shall be pleased to send a copy of my beautiful new Prospectus, the most interesting issued, together with the strongest endorsements. Merely address me George H. Powell, 183 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

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All over the civilized world

THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

IS KNOWN and WORN

Every Pair Warranted

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The Velvet Grip

CUSHION BUTTON

CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

ALWAYS EASY

Send 5c. for Silk, 25c. for Cotton, Sample Pair.

Geo. Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

THREE PEAS FROM *the* SAME POD

These three men secured positions as window trimmers for John Wanamaker at the completion of their courses at this, the only school of its kind in the world.

Our graduates are **sought for** by the largest merchants in America.

Don't go to seed in a narrow pod. Get where **you** can grow. Three of the least crowded and best paying professions are:

Window Trimming, Ad. Writing and Card Sign Painting

Men who completed these courses here are today holding first class positions in all sections of the United States and Canada.

We teach in person at our splendidly equipped school or by correspondence.

Write for information to

BOND INSTITUTE of MERCANTILE TRAINING

WILLIAM H. BOND, PRESIDENT — SEND CATALOGUE

134-144 West 14th St., New York

Formerly ECONOMIST TRAINING SCHOOL

A Short Pencil Story

Once upon a time there was a man who didn't like

DIXON'S

American Graphite *Pencils*

Just one man. The exception that proves the rule. Write for free booklet X.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
Jersey City
N. J.

DIXON'S No. 303

DIXON'S No. 303

SUPERIOR ENGINES

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the very day that the Senate voted for Panama instead of Nicaragua, Senator Morgan's daughters were giving a dinner. When they learned how the vote had gone they decided not to let the subject come up, for they knew that the Nicaragua route had been a cherished dream of their father. When the Senator came in he had scarcely greeted the guests when he said joyfully:

"'Well, the bill has passed.'

"'Yes, father, and we are so sorry,' said Miss Morgan.

"'Sorry!' he ejaculated. 'Well, I'm not, for we've got a canal at last. It's not the route I've fought and bled for, but I wanted a canal, and any will do just so long as it crosses the Isthmus somewhere. It's a curious fact,' continued he, 'that if I'd been impartial between these two great waterways, we'd probably not have reached a vote for either, but by fighting tooth and nail for Nicaragua I've got Panama. Human nature is queer!'"

"Well, it certainly is never more entertaining than in children," said the new Member. "I was up at the White House the other day. I had gone from the Executive Office to the Mansion by invitation of the President, and we encountered the household youngsters together with several others who were there to play with them.

"They were racing all over the lower floor, and finally they began to bounce up and down on the new furniture. The President had to interrupt the informal audience he was holding to say:

"'Children, you must quit that. Those are our venerated Uncle Samuel's new chairs, and he'll be sending us in a bill if we break the springs.'

"'Uncle Sam won't know anything about it,' said the smallest Presidential boy.

"'But this gentleman,' said the President, looking at me slyly, 'is from the House of Representatives, and he may tell on us.'

"This was particularly funny and to the point," went on the new Member, "for only the day before a Representative had introduced a resolution calling on the President for an accounting of expenditures at the White House. You may be sure it lost nothing in my telling of the story when I got back to the Capitol."

"We are going to miss Cortelyou at the Executive Office terribly," said Robert.

"That we are," said Senator Blank. "Cortelyou and young Garfield are like a couple of boys in their enthusiastic zeal for this new Department of Commerce. They are particularly pleased to be at the head of something that never has been in the hands of politicians, and they mean to establish the whole thing on a high plane. One old cut-and-dried party man said to me the other day:

"'These two youngsters with their lofty political notions are going to make some of us old sinners breathe a little hard, I'm afraid. Why, do you know, I was making up a slate of appointments in my State not long since, and of course there were one or two names that were—well—a trifle steep, possibly, but they were names that we're pretty sure all to unite upon, and young Garfield was present. He looked straight through me and asked in that direct way of his:

"'"Has the President seen your slate?"'

"'I was disconcerted, for I knew what he meant, but I put on a bold face and said:

"'"No, the President hasn't seen my slate, and isn't going to see it, either."'"

The new Member spoke up.

"When my Colleague, Taylor, of Ohio, heard of Mr. Garfield's appointment as Commissioner of Corporations in this new Department he remarked jocularly:

"'Isn't it rather a violent proceeding on the part of the President to break into the corporations with a *jimmy?*'

"None of us knew for a minute," continued the new Member, "what he meant, until he explained that everybody in Ohio calls him Jimmy. Senator Hanna even calls him 'little Jimmy Garfield,' although 'little Jimmy' is half again taller than the Honorable Marcus Alonzo himself."

"And speaking of Jimmy," said Robert, trying to fasten upon the new Member a joke that was going the rounds at the Capitol, "Aren't you the very new Member who tackled, the other day, our old Scotch friend Smith, of the Botanic Gardens? They say you had fastened your eyes on some choice plants and cut flowers, and you meant to get around Smith by eulogizing Smith's idol, Bobbie Burns. Quoth you:

"'I always did love "Jimmy" Burns. I think "Jimmy" Burns was one of the greatest poets who ever lived.'

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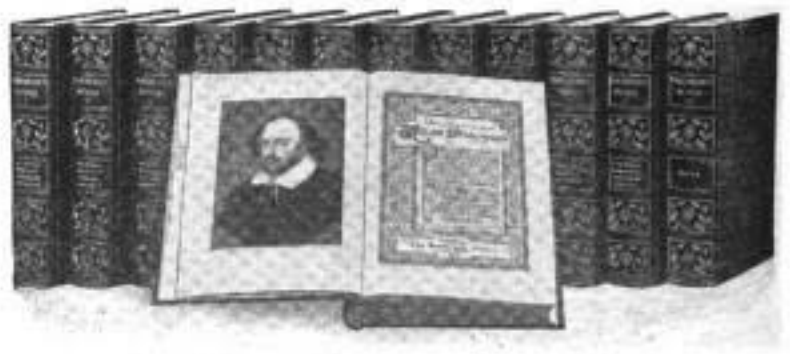

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By Robert Barr

The President

By William Allen White

The Chronicles of Rem

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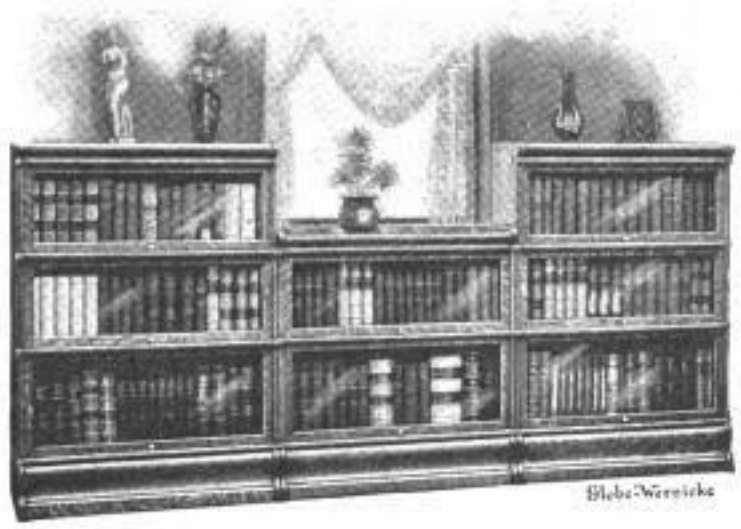

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The Kidnaping of Rockervelt

BY ROBERT BARR

The Passage of a New Comet Across the Railroad Firmament

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IT WAS a nasty night with a drizzling rain that was nearly as thick as a fog—a rain that obscured the signals and left the rails so slippery that a quick stop was almost impossible, yet just the sort of night that might make a quick stop imperative if disaster were to be averted.

Red-headed Jimmy Callahan, station-master, telegrapher, ticket agent, and man of all work in the lone shanty known on the railway map as Hitchen's Siding, ignored by all other maps, stood beside the telegraph instrument wondering whether the rain had affected the efficiency of the wires or whether the train dispatcher had gone crazy. Here was Number Sixteen, the freight from the West, coming in, and there were no orders for her. Number Three, known to the outside world as the "Pacific Express," the fastest train on the road, was already forty minutes overdue, tearing westward through the night—somewhere, and Jimmy did not know where. All he knew was that she was trying to make up lost time as well as the greasy metals would allow, and here he stood without orders!

Once more he seized the key and calling the dispatcher's office in Warmington once more demanded "What orders for Sixteen?" Then he went outside and on his own initiative kicked away the iron clutch that released the distant semaphore. The red star of danger glimmered through the drizzle to the east, which might hold the Express if she saw it in time.

Number Sixteen had drawn up to the platform and her conductor came forward, Jimmy running to meet him, shouting:

"Sidetrack your train, Flynn. Sidetrack her on the jump."

"Where's my orders?" demanded the conductor.

"*I* order you. Get her off the main line at once."

"*Your* orders! Well, for cold cheek——"

Jimmy lost none of the precious moments in argument, but, turning from the angry conductor, yelled to the engineer:

"Whistle for the switch and kick her back on to the siding. Number Three may be into you any moment."

No youth in Jimmy's position has a right to give a command to an engineer over the head of a conductor; neither should his orders to the conductor be verbal; they must be documentary. Jimmy was shattering fixed rules of the road and he knew it.

The conductor of a perishable goods train thinks himself nearly as important as if he ran an express, so Flynn was rightly indignant at this sudden assumption of unauthorized command by a no-account youth at a no-account station. But a conductor is usually in a comparatively safe place, while the driver of an engine has to take the brunt of a head-on collision, so the grimy Morton at the throttle did not stand on etiquette, but blew the whistle for an open switch and backed his train into the siding. Callahan watched the switchlight turn to safety again, heaved a sigh of relief, then put his stalwart arms to the lever and slowly pulled off the red light to the east and left the main line clear for the through express.

"What's all this sweat about?" cried Flynn. "Where's Number Three?"

"I don't know," replied Callahan quietly.

"You don't know? I'll tell you one thing, my red-headed youngster, if Number Three has lost more time and I'm ordered on to the next siding, you'll lose your job."

"I know it," replied Callahan quietly. Jimmy turned in from the platform to the telegraph room and Flynn followed him. As they advanced the instrument began a wild rataplan, and Callahan paused, raising his hand for silence. Even one like Flynn, who did not understand its language, felt that the machine was making a frantic, agonized appeal.

"Listen to that!" cried Callahan, a note of triumph in his voice.

"What's it saying?" whispered the conductor, awed in spite of himself.

"'*Sidetrack Sixteen! Sidetrack Sixteen!! In God's name, sidetrack Sixteen!!!*' There's your orders at last, Flynn. It's lucky you didn't wait for them."

The final words were obliterated by a roar as of a descending avalanche and the Express tore past, ripping the night and the silence; fifty miles an hour at the least; the long line of curtained windows in the sleeping-cars shimmering in the station lights like a dimly seen, wavering biograph picture; there and away while you drew your breath. In the stillness that followed the brass instrument kept up its useless, idiotic chatter. A heavy step sounded on the platform and the engineer appeared at the door, his face ghastly in its pallor, the smudges in it giving a heightening effect of contrast.

"Flynn," he gasped, "that was a close call."

The conductor nodded and each man strode forward as if impelled by a single impulse and grasped a hand of the youngster. Callahan laughed nervously, saying:

"They're pretty anxious in the city. I must answer."

Then he went to the instrument and sent the cheekiest message that had ever gone over the wires from a subordinate to a superior.

THE ENGINEER APPEARED AT THE DOOR, HIS FACE GHASTLY IN ITS PALLOR

In the train dispatcher's office at Warmington, one hundred and twenty miles to the east of Hitchen's Siding, the force was hard at work under the electric light. John Manson, Division Superintendent, strolled in, although it was long past his office hours, but he was one of those indefatigable railroad men loath to take his fingers off the pulse of the great organization he controlled, and no employee of the road could be certain of any hour of the night or day when Manson might not be standing unexpectedly beside him. As this silent man surveyed the busy room, listening to the click of the telegraphic sounders which spoke to him as plainly as if human lips were uttering the language of the land, he was startled by a cry from Hammond, the train dispatcher. Hammond sprang like a madman to the sender, and the key, at lightning speed, rattled forth "*Sidetrack Sixteen! Sidetrack Sixteen!!!*"

Instinctively the Division Superintendent knew what had happened. To the most accurate of men, faithful and exact through years of service, may come an unaccountable momentary lapse of vigilance. The train dispatcher had forgotten Number Sixteen! Instantly the road spread itself out before the mind's eye of the Superintendent. He knew every inch of it. The situation revealed itself to his mathematical brain as a well-known arrangement of men and pawns would display to an expert what could or could not be done on the chessboard. He knew where Number Three would lose further time on the up grades, but now, alas, it was on the level in the flat country where every minute meant a mile. Nevertheless, there was one chance in a thousand that the Express had not yet reached Hitchen's, and his quick mind showed him the right thing to be done.

"Tell him to stop Number Three," he snapped forth.

The dispatcher obeyed. Where disaster is a matter of moments there was little use in awaiting the slow movements of a heavy freight train, when the Express, a demon of destruction, was swooping down on the scene. There was no answer to the frenzied appeal. Every man in the room was on his feet, and each held his breath as if the crash and the shrieks could penetrate across one hundred and twenty miles into that appalled office. Then the sounder began, leisurely and insolent:

"*Keep on your shirt. I sidetracked Sixteen on my own hook and set the signal against Three until Sixteen was in. Are you people crazy or merely plain drunk?*"

The tension snapped like an overstrained wire. One man went into shriek after shriek of laughter; another laid his head on his desk and sobbed. Hammond staggered into a chair and an assistant held a glass of water to his ashen lips. The Division Superintendent stood like a statue, a deep frown marking his displeasure at the flippant message that had come in upon such a tragic crisis. But a thought of the safety of the trains cleared his brow.

"The man at the siding is that red-headed Callahan, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Send down a substitute to-morrow and tell Callahan to report to me."

"Yes, sir."

And this is how Jimmy Callahan came to be John Manson's right-hand helper in the Division Superintendent's office in the Grand Union Station of Warmington City.

The Grand Union Station is a noble pile in red brick, rough and cut stone, and terra-cotta, with a massive corner tower that holds aloft a great clock which gives the city Standard

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time. The tower is the pride of Warmington; a pillar of red cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, with the hours distinct a mile away. The tower may be taken as a monument to the power and wealth of the Rockervelts, although in larger cities they have still more imposing architecture to uphold their fame.

The Manateau Midland which had its eastern terminus in this immense structure was merely a link in the Rockervelt chain of admirably equipped railways, but as the title, Union, implied, other roads, mostly bankrupt or branch lines of the Midland, had running rights into the Grand Union Station.

T. ACTON BLAIR

For a country youth like Callahan to be transferred at an enhanced salary from a lone pine shanty on the prairie to this palatial edifice in the city was like being translated bodily to Heaven. Now he had his chance, and that was all he asked of Fate. He delighted in railway work. The strident screech of the whistles, the harsh clanking of cars coming together, all the discordant sounds of the station yard, were as orchestral music to him, and he never tired of the symphony. He speedily became the most useful man about the place and was from the first the most popular. He had a habit of dashing here and there bareheaded and to heat or cold was equally indifferent. The clerks called him "The Brand," possibly from the phrase about the brand snatched from the burning, and the yard men called him "The Torch." They said his red head stopped the Pacific Express, and had no idea how closely they were treading on the heels of truth. Jimmy took everything in good part and always laughed loudest at the jokes on himself. There was not a trace of malice in the lad, and he was always ready with a cheery word or a helping hand. He seemed able to do anything, from running an engine to tapping a wire, and was willing in every emergency to work night and day without a grumble till he dropped from fatigue. Silent John Manson watched Jimmy's progress with unspoken approval, and loved him not the less that for all the lad's witty exuberance not a word had ever passed his lips about that sinister mix-up at Hitchen's Siding. Those things are not to be spoken of, and even the General Manager knew nothing of the crisis. The train dispatcher had retired, nerve-broken, and the newspapers never guessed why.

But there was one man who did not like Jimmy, and that was no less important a personage than the General Manager himself. His huge room in the lower part of the tower was as sumptuously furnished as an Eastern palace. T. Acton Blair, General Manager of the Manateau Midland, was supposed to be related to the Rockervelt family, but this was perhaps a fallacy put forth to account for such a palpably incompetent man being placed in so responsible a position. He was a bald-headed, corpulent personage, pompous and ponderous, slow moving and slow speaking, saying perfectly obvious things in a deep, impressive voice as if he were uttering the wisdom of the ages. His subordinate, John Manson, as everybody knew, was responsible for the efficiency of the road, and when he wanted a project carried out he always pretended it was Blair's original idea, so the General Manager got the credit if it was a success, and Manson shouldered the blame if it was not.

One morning as John Manson was about to leave the General Manager's room after the customary daily interview with his chief, the latter said:

"By the way, Manson, who is that florid individual that rushes about these offices at all hours, as if he thought he was running the whole Rockervelt system?"

"I suspect that is James Callahan, one of my assistants, sir."

"I don't like him, Manson. He seems obtrusive."

"I assure you, sir, he is a most capable man."

"Yes, yes, I dare say, but, as I have often told you, the success of our organization is in method, not in haste."

"Quite so, sir."

"That person always gives me the idea that something is wrong; that a fire has broken out, or a man has been run over. I don't like it. His clothes are untidy and seem to have been made for some one else. His hair in disarray gets on one's nerves. He is uncouth, Manson, uncouth. I shouldn't like Mr. Rockervelt to see that we have such an unkempt person on our clerical staff."

"I'll speak to him, sir. I admit his manner does not do him justice."

When Manson next encountered Jimmy alone he spoke with more than his usual severity.

"Callahan, I wish you would pay some attention to your clothes. Get a new business suit and take care of it. Remember you are in the City of Warmington and not at Hitchen's Siding."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy contritely, looking down with a new dismay at his grease-stained trousers.

"And get your hair cut—short. I wish also you would abandon your habit of running all over the place without a hat."

"I'll do it, sir."

The hair-cut was not such an improvement as might have been expected, and even Manson's stern face almost relaxed into a smile as he saw the result of the barber's shears. Hitherto Jimmy's head had been a flame; now it resembled an explosion. The shortened red bristles stood straight up like those of a time-worn brush broom. And in spite of all determination on his part, Jimmy *would* forget his hat. The catastrophe came with appalling suddenness. The Pacific Express he had saved, but himself he could not save.

Tearing down the long corridor at breakneck speed Callahan turned a corner and ran bang into the imposing front of the General Manager. That dignified potentate staggered back against the wall gasping, while his glossy silk hat rolled to the floor. Jimmy, brought up as suddenly as if he had collided with a haystack, groaned in terror, snatched the tall hat from the floor, brushed it, and handed it to the speechless magnate.

"I'm very, *very* sorry, sir," he ventured, but Mr. Acton Blair made no reply. Leaving the culprit standing there he put on his hat and strode majestically to the Division Superintendent's room.

"Manson," he panted, dropping into a chair, "discharge that lunatic at once."

Manson was too straightforward a man to pretend ignorance respecting the person alluded to. His face hardened into an expression of obstinacy that amazed his chief.

"The Rockervelt System is deeply indebted to Mr. Callahan; a debt it can never repay. He saved Number Three last November from what would have been the most disastrous accident of the year."

"Why was I never told of this?"

"For three reasons, sir. First, the fewer people that know of such escapes, the better; second, Hammond, who was responsible, voluntarily resigned on plea of ill health; third, Hammond was your nephew."

Mr. T. Acton Blair rose to his feet with that majesty of bulk which pertains to corpulent men. It was an action which usually overawed a subordinate.

"I think you are making a mistake, sir, regarding our relative positions. I am General Manager of the Manateau Midland, and, as such, have a right to be informed of every important event pertaining to the road."

"Your definition of the situation is correct. Both you and Mr. Rockervelt should have been told of the narrow escape of the Express."

There was a glitter as of steel in the keen eyes of the Superintendent, while the inflated manner of the Manager underwent a visible change like a distended bladder pricked by a pin. Mr. Blair knew well the danger to himself and his vaunted position if the event under discussion came to the knowledge of the great autocrat in New York, so he tried to give his backdown the air of a masterly retreat.

"Well, well, Mr. Manson, I don't know but you were right. The less such things are talked of the better. They have a habit of getting into the papers and undermining public confidence, which should be the endeavor of all of us to avoid. Yes, you did quite right, so we will let it go at that."

"And how about Mr. Callahan?"

"After all, Manson, he is in your department, and you may do as you please. I should rather see him go, but I don't insist upon it. Good-afternoon, Mr. Manson."

The great man took his departure ponderously, leaving Manson somewhat nonplused. As soon as the door to the corridor closed behind Blair the door to Manson's secretary's room, which had been ajar during this conversation, flew open and the impetuous Callahan came rushing in.

"Excuse me, Mr. Manson," he cried, "but I was waiting to see you and I could not help hearing part of what you and Mr. Blair said. I did not intend to listen, but if I had shut the door it would have attracted attention, so I didn't know what to do. I suppose he told you we had a head-on collision round a curve with no signals out except my hair."

The young man tried to carry it off jauntily with a half-nervous laugh, but Manson's face was sober and unresponsive. "It was all my fault and you had warned me before," continued Callahan breathlessly; "now you stood up to the Old Man for me, and made him back water. But I'm not going to have you get into trouble because of a yahoo like me. I've discharged Jimmy Callahan. I'm going in now to Mr. Blair and I'll apologize and resign. I'll tell him you warned me to quit rushing round and I didn't do it. I'm sorry I telescoped him, but not half so sorry as that I disappointed you."

"Nonsense," said Manson severely, "go back to your desk and let this rest for a day or two. I'll see the Manager about it later." He noticed the moisture in the younger man's eyes and the quiver of his nether lip, so he spoke coldly. Emotion has no place in the railway business.

"No, sir; I'd never feel comfortable again. There's lots of work waiting for me and it won't have to wait long. I'm going for it as I went for Mr. Blair's waistcoat. But I want to tell you that—that all the boys know you're a brick who'll stand by them—if they—if they do the square thing."

And as if his disaster had not been caused by his precipitance, Jimmy bolted headlong from the room before Manson could frame a reply.

The Division Superintendent put on his hat and left the room less hurriedly than Jimmy had done. He made his way to that sumptuous edifice known as the University Club. The social organization which it housed had long numbered Manson as a member, but he was a most infrequent visitor. He walked direct to the coziest corner of the large reading-room and there in a luxurious armchair found, as he had expected, the Honorable Duffield Rogers, an aged gentleman with a gray beard on his chin and a humorous twinkle in his eye. Mr. Rogers was a millionaire over and over again, yet he was president of the poorest railway in the State, known as the Burdock Route, whose eastern terminus was in the Grand Union, which Manson had just left. He occupied a largely ornamental position on the Burdock, as he did in the armchair of the club. He was surrounded by a disarray of newspapers, and allowed the one he was holding to fall as he looked up with a smile on seeing Manson approach.

"Hello, Manson. Is the Midland going to pay a dividend that you've got an afternoon off?"

"What do *you* know about dividends?" asked Manson with a laugh. He seemed a much more jocular person in the club than in the railway office and he was not above giving a sly dig at the Burdock Route, which had never paid a dividend since it was opened.

"Oh, I read about 'em in the papers," replied the Honorable Duffield serenely. "How's that old stick-in-the-mud Blair? I'm going to ask the committee to expel him. He has the cheek to swell around here, in *my* presence, and pretend he knows something about railroading. I'd stand that from you, but not from T. Acton Blair. He forgets I'm President of a road while he's only a General Manager. I tell him I rank with Rockervelt and not with mere G. M's."

The old millionaire laughed so heartily at his own remarks that some of the habitués of the reading-room looked up sternly at the framed placard above the mantel-shelf which displayed in large black letters the word "Silence." Manson drew up a chair beside the old man and said earnestly:

"I came in to see you on business, Mr. Rogers. There is a young fellow in my office who will develop into one of the best railroad men of his time. I want you to find a place for him on your line."

"Oh, we're not taking on any new men. Just the reverse. We laid off the General Manager and about fifteen lesser officials a month ago and we don't miss 'em in the least. I've been trying to resign for the past year, but they won't let me, because I don't ask any salary."

"This man will be worth double his money, anywhere."

"I am not saying anything against your man except that we don't want him. The Burdock's practically bankrupt; you know that."

JOHN MANSON

"Still, Callahan, the young fellow I'm speaking of, won't want much money and he understands railroading down to the ground."

"If he is so valuable why are you so anxious to get rid of him?" asked the wily President with a smile.

"I'm not. I'd rather part with all the rest of my staff than with Callahan, but Mr. Blair has taken a dislike to him, and ——"

"Enough said," broke in the President of the Burdock. "That dislike coupled with your own preference makes the best recommendation any man could ask. How much are you paying Callahan?"

"Ten dollars a week."

The old man mused for a few moments, then chuckled aloud in great apparent enjoyment.

"I'll give him fifteen," he said. "Will that satisfy him?"

"It will more than satisfy him."

"But I pay the amount on one condition."

"What is that, Mr. Rogers?"

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"The condition is that he accepts and fills the position of General Manager of the Burdock Route."

"General Manager!" echoed Manson. "I'm talking seriously, Mr. Rogers."

"So am I, Manson, so am I. And don't you see what a good bargain I'm driving? You say Callahan is first class. All right; I know you wouldn't vouch for him unless this was so. Very well. I get a General Manager for fifteen dollars a week; cheapest in the country and doubtless the best. I confess, however, my chief delight in offering him the position is the hope of seeing old Blair's face when he first meets in conference the youth he has dismissed, his equal in rank if not in salary. It will be a study in physiognomy."

If the said John Manson thought that Callahan's native modesty would prevent his accepting the management of the Burdock Route he was much mistaken. When Manson related quietly the result of his interview with the Honorable Duffield Rogers, the youth amazed him by leaping nearly to the ceiling and giving utterance to a whoop more like the war-cry of a red Indian than the exclamation of a red-headed Irishman. Then he blushed the color of his hair and apologized for his excitement, abashed by Manson's disapproving eyes.

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Manson, I'll make the roadbed of the old Burdock as good as you've got the Midland and I'll ——"

"Tut, tut," said Manson in his most unenthusiastic tone; "you can do nothing without money, and the Burdock's got none. Be thankful if you receive your fifteen a week with reasonable regularity. Now, here is a letter to the Honorable Duffield Rogers. Give it to the hall porter at the club and Mr. Rogers will invite you in. You will find the President a humorous man and you have a touch of the same quality yourself, but repress it and treat him with the greatest respect, for humorists get along better with dull people like myself than with each other. Although you are leaving the jurisdiction of Mr. Blair, do not forget what I told you about paying attention to your clothes. You will be meeting important men whom you may have to persuade, and it is better to face them well groomed; a prepossessing appearance counts in business. Prepossession is nine points in the game. Here is the letter, so be off." The Division Superintendent rose and extended his hand. "And now, my boy, God bless you."

The tone of the benediction sounded almost gruff, but there was a perceptible quaver underneath it, and after one firm clasp of the hand the Division Superintendent sat down at his desk with the resolute air of a man determined to get on with his work. As for Callahan, he could not trust his voice, either for thanks or farewell, so he left the room with impetuous abruptness and would have forgotten his hat if he had not happened to hold it in his hand.

To the ordinary man the Burdock Route was a badly kept streak of defective rails, rough as a corduroy road; to Jimmy it was a glorious pathway to Paradise, an air-line of tremendous possibilities. He went up and down its length, not in a private car, but on ordinary locals and freight trains. He became personally acquainted with every section foreman and with nearly every laborer between Warmington and Portandit, the western terminus. He found them, as a usual thing, sullen and inert; he left them jolly and enthusiastic, almost believing in the future of the road.

He proved an unerring judge of character: the useless man was laid off, while the competent was encouraged and promoted. He could handle a shovel with the best of them, or drive in a spike without missing a blow. In a year he had the Burdock Route as level as a billiard-table, without extra expenditure of money, and travelers were beginning to note the improvement, so that receipts increased. He induced the Pullman Company to put an up-to-date sleeper on each night train and withdrew the antiquated cars hitherto in use.

But there was one thing Callahan was not able to accomplish. He could not persuade the venerable President of the road to regard it as anything but a huge joke. The Honorable Duffield Rogers absolutely refused to leave his comfortable chair in the club and take a trip over the Burdock. The President delighted in Callahan's company and got him made a member of the club, setting him down as a graduate of the Wahoo University, which was supposed to exist somewhere in the remote West. Rogers was a privileged member and a founder of the club, so the committee did not scrutinize his recommendation too closely.

"It's no use, Jimmy," he said. "Life is hard enough at best without my spending any part of it in a beastly place like Portandit. I hear you have done wonders with the road, but you can't do anything really worth while with a route that has no terminus on the Atlantic. As long as you have to hand over your Eastern traffic to the Rockervelts at Warmington and take what Western freight they care to allow you, you are in the clutch of the Rockervelts and they can freeze you out whenever they like.

"You may grade, you may ballast your road if you will,
But the shadow of Rockervelt's over you still."

Thus Callahan always received his discouragement from his own chief, and with most persons this would ultimately have dampened enthusiasm, but Jimmy was ever optimistic and a believer in his work. One day he rushed into the club, his hat on the back of his head, a loose end of his collar sticking over his ear and his eyes ablaze with excitement.

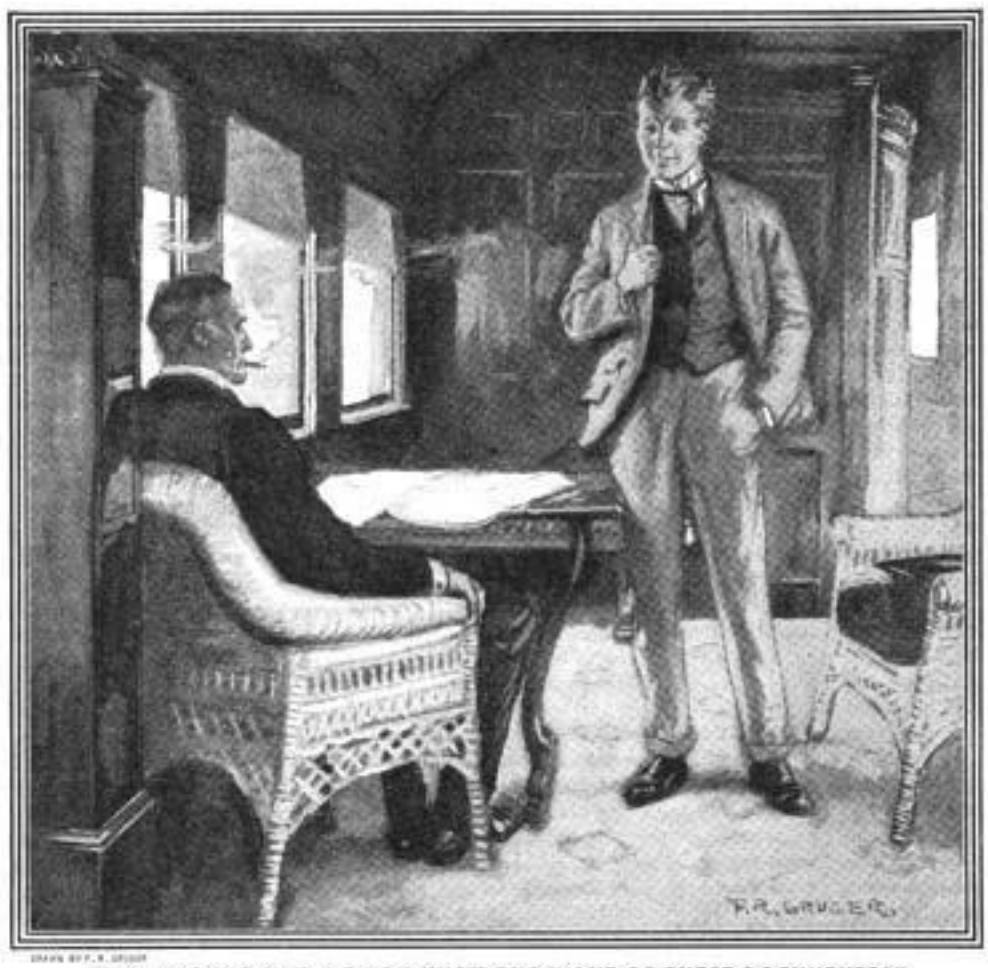
"Mr. Rogers, I've solved the problem at last!" he cried. "We'll make the Burdock the greatest line in this country."

He shoved away the heaps of magazines from the reading-room table and spread out a map on its surface. The Honorable Duffield rose slowly to his feet and stood beside the eager young man. A kindly indulgent smile played about the lips of the aged President.

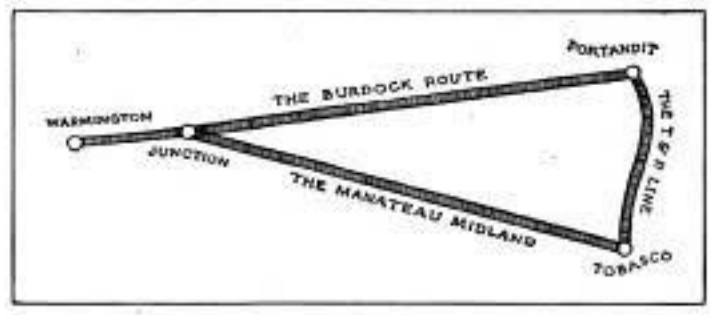
"Now, see here," shouted Callahan (they were alone together in the room and the "Silence" placard made no protest). "There's Beechville on the Burdock Route and here's Collins' Centre on the C. P. & N. Between these two points is sixty-three miles of prairie country as level as a floor. It will be the cheapest bit of road in America; no embankments, no cuttings, no grade at all. Why, just dump the rails down and they'd form a road of themselves! Once the Burdock taps the C. P. & N., there is our route clear through to tidewater independent of the Rockervelt system."

Callahan, his face aglow, looked up at the veteran, but the indulgent smile had taken on a cynical touch. Mr. Rogers placed his hand on Jimmy's shoulder and said slowly:

"If that could have been done it would have been done long since. You could not get your charter. Rockervelt would buy the legislature and we couldn't outbid him."



"NOW, YOUNG MAN, DO YOU KNOW THE VALUE OF THESE DOCUMENTS?"



Callahan's clenched fist came down on the map with a force that made the stout table quiver.

"But I've *got* the charter," he roared in a voice that made the hall porter outside think there was a row in the reading-room. The Honorable Duffield Rogers sank once more into his armchair and gazed at Jimmy.

"You've got the charter?" he echoed quietly.

"Certainly; and it didn't cost me a cent. The Governor signed it yesterday."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," murmured the old man, who had years of experience behind him in the bribing of lawmakers. "In Heaven's name, how did you manage it?"

"I went to the capital, got acquainted with the legislators —splendid fellows, all of them—personal friends of mine now —I showed them how such a link would benefit the State, and the bill went through like *that!*" Jimmy snapped his fingers.

"Well, I'm blessed!" ejaculated the old-time purchaser of franchises.

"Now, Mr. Rogers, you understand financiering and you know all the capitalists. I understand the railway business. You get up the money, I'll build the road, and we'll be into New York with a whoop."

For one brief instant Callahan thought he had conquered. Like an old war-horse at the sound of the bugle, Rogers stiffened his muscles for the fight. The light of battle flamed in his eye as the memory of the conquest of millions returned to him. But presently he leaned back in his chair with a sigh and the light flickered out.

"Ah, Jimmy," he whispered plaintively, "I wish I had met you thirty years ago, but alas, you weren't born then. What a team we should have made! But I'm too old, and, besides, your scheme wouldn't work. I might get up the money and I might not. The very name of the Burdock is a hoodoo. But, even if the money were subscribed and the link built, we should merely be confronted by a railroad war. The Rockervelts would cut rates and the longest purse would win, which means we should go to the wall."

Callahan sat down with his face in his hands, thoroughly discouraged for the first time in his life. He felt a boyish desire to cry and a mannish desire to curse, but did neither. The old gentleman rambled on amiably:

"You are a ten-thousand-dollar man, Jimmy, but your line of progress is on some road with a future. Follow my advice and take your charter to that old thief, Rockervelt himself. There lies your market."

"How can I do that," growled Jimmy from between his fingers, "when I am an employee of the Burdock?"

"Technically, so am I, therefore as your chief I advise you to see Rockervelt."

"All right," cried Callahan, springing to his feet as if his minute of deep despondency had been time thrown away that could not be spared. He shook hands cordially with the President and returned his genial smile.

On the steps of the club he was surprised to meet John Manson, who, he knew, rarely honored that institution with his presence.

"I was just going up to see you, Mr. Manson. I want you to do me a favor. I'm going to New York, and I'd like a letter of introduction to Mr. Rockervelt."

The brow of the Division Superintendent knitted slightly and he did not answer so readily as the other expected.

"Well, you see, Callahan," he said at last, "I am merely a small official and Mr. Rockervelt is an important man who knows his own importance. Etiquette prescribes that I should give you a letter to the General Manager, and he is the proper person to introduce you to Mr. Rockervelt, so you see——"

"Oh, very well," exclaimed Callahan shortly, sorry he had asked. This rebuff, following so closely on the heels of his disappointment, clouded his usual good nature. He was about to go on when Manson detained him, grasping the lapel of his coat.

"Don't be offended, Jimmy, and I'll tell you something no one else knows. I'm going to quit the railway business."

"What!" shouted Callahan, all his old affection for the man surging up within him as he now noted the trouble in his face. Manson quit the railway business! It was as if he had calmly announced his intention to commit suicide.

"That old fool Blair has been making trouble for you," he cried.

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THE PRESIDENT

By William Allen White

"IT IS UP TO US TO 'MAKE GOOD'"

THE FRIENDS AND THE ENEMIES HE HAS MADE—THE CURIOUS SPECTACLE OF A SMILING SUPPORT READY WITH THE KNIFE IN THE HAND BEHIND THE BACK

THE core of all wholesome philosophy of this life is found in the doctrine of compensations: things even themselves up. There is no gain without a loss; no loss without a gain. Every one who has studied recent political tendencies at all has seen that the Senate of the United States has been encroaching of late years on the powers of the executive. It may be demonstrated easily that in their several commonwealths United States Senators, through their control of the appointment of local Federal authorities, divide, in a measure, with the President the power of enforcing the Federal statutes in each State. In a crisis, a district attorney or a district marshal might well hesitate between obeying a President and offending the Senator who controls the local patronage. The President might remove the offender; but the Senator also could refuse to appoint the obedient officer, and the President would be practically estopped from rewarding obedience by reappointment. Custom has shattered the constitutional theory that the legislature makes the laws and the executive enforces them. In actual practice the Congress and the President enforce the laws, and in actual practice—and here compensation comes in—the President and Congress make the laws. The Senate in gaining some executive power has given up some legislative power. In taking away the actual appointive power from the President, and leaving him only a veto power over appointments, Congress, and more particularly the Senate, has left a hole in the legislative wall through which the President walks into Congress and takes his place as a lawmaker. If Congress contends for the inalienable right to say exactly what man shall fill any Federal office, the very interest of Congressmen and Senators in executive matters gives the President purchase on the lever which moves them to his ends. If they take high ground and say that they don't care whom the President appoints to any office, the President at once holds the short end of the lever and can move nothing. The partnership in office brokerage compels a partnership in lawmaking. And because the President has several hundred equal legislative partners, and each legislator has but one equal Presidential partner, Congress gets considerably the worst of the bargain. One President can influence more legislation than twenty Congressmen. And the net result of the encroachment of Congress on executive prerogatives has been a strong centralization of power in the executive—with a possibility of weakness in the enforcement of laws, a possibility that has not been of enough importance to be considered even trivial.

This merging of the legislative and executive offices has been going on for over half a century. Indeed it began with the beginning of the nation. But with the growth of the party system of government, during the latter fifty years of the past century, the men who were at the head of a dominant party, in Congress and in the White House and in the Cabinet, have put party interests unconsciously above constitutional restrictions and have worked together so harmoniously that the letter, if not the spirit, of the Constitution has lapsed into desuetude. In these years sometimes Congress has been President, as in the case of Johnson, and sometimes the President has been Congress. At times they have wrangled, and at times they have been frigidly polite and almost constitutionally punctilious, as in Harrison's term. President Roosevelt's relations with Congress are these: for him and his political fortunes the leaders of the Senate and the House have a fathomless indifference. For them the President has an exuberant interest, which enables him to direct many moves on the Congressional checker-board without arousing any enthusiasm for his direction, or organizing serious opposition to it. The real leaders of Congress are the Senate leaders, and many of them are old men, as the world takes men, and there can be little zest in the help that old men give a young stranger to go further up the ladder than they have gone. The President has his good friends in Congress, and even in the Senate, but also he has his enemies. They pair. The office brokerage partnership between Congress and the President is on the basis of established usage, except that this President uses his veto power much more vigorously than some of his predecessors used it, and only clean men are appointed.

The President the People's Attorney

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S place in the legislative machine has been not as an adroit manipulator of the political pie-market, but as an attorney for the people. The President's success has been due not to his deftness in politics. Indeed shortcomings there have been apparent, but they have been inconsequential, for the net result of his winter's work is of vital importance to the nation; and if he succeeded as the people's representative and not as an office broker no one cares much.

President Roosevelt's position as the people's attorney was illustrated admirably by his stand in the coal strike last winter. There is no getting around the fact that his place in the situation was without warrant of written law. He didn't have to do anything in the matter except as his heart and soul saw the law higher than the written law, the law of conscience and common-sense. It was apparent to any one who looked at the coal strike situation seriously, that while the strikers and the operators were wrangling the people were suffering. It is probable that both sides of the strife were violating laws; a fight of any kind is always in violation of some law; otherwise it wouldn't come to blows. And it was as a peace officer, not as an arbitrator, that Roosevelt stepped between the combatants. And as a peace officer his first and primary interest was to stop the fight, so that the suffering people might find relief.

This act indicates Roosevelt's attitude toward the public or the people or the commonwealth, or whatever one may choose to call the force from which government derives its power; it is a peculiar attitude, and certainly extra-constitutional. It is the attitude of a paternal ruler, who puts his sense of personal duty above laws and courts and constitutions. It establishes relations between the people and their ruler outside of laws, beyond forms and traditions, sweeping aside everything but sheer justice and standing before them as between men and man. It was a brave thing, but a dangerous thing to do. If there had been the trace of meanness or of selfishness in this deed Roosevelt would have been ruined by it. As it was he rose. Every great ruler rises thus: Lincoln with his emancipation proclamation, Washington with his farewell address.

Last fall when the biennial elections gave Roosevelt the most unequivocal indorsement an American President ever got, he said to a friend: "This is not the end; it is only important as a promise. It is up to us to 'make good.'" In his message to Congress last December the President proclaimed a legislative program. It included trust legislation; the canal legislation; supplemental Philippine legislation, and Cuban reciprocity. Probably a majority could have been found last December in both branches of Congress against the President's suggestions, but these majorities vanished before spring, and the trust legislation, which was known to have the Administration's sanction, became law. Part of the Philippine legislation was also enacted. The Canal treaty and the Cuban treaty were not ratified at the regular session, and an extra session of the Senate was called to settle the matter. It is possible, too, that an extra session of Congress will be called next September. The President has yielded nothing. The Senate leaders now know that he will fight; also, what is more important for results, that he will compromise on any commercial proposition, and meet his opponents half-way. Sometimes the President takes an advanced position, so that in coming back to compromise he meets his adversary squarely on the ground of exact justice! This is worth considering in making up an estimate of Roosevelt's character.

The strength of Roosevelt's character, as it has been illumined by the fireworks of so many past fights, was seen typically in the fight for trust legislation. There he did exactly what he has done in every important contest he has ever won: made his opponents choose the less of what they regarded as two evils, and thereby do what he regarded as right. The attitude of Wall Street toward the President has been hostile from the day he took the office. Sometimes Wall Street has tried to conceal this attitude. At other times the hostility has been open and vicious. A series of bills relating to trusts and corporations was framed. These bills provided for the appropriation of $500,000 to push prosecutions under the anti-trust laws; for the advancement of anti-trust cases on the Federal dockets; for publicity in the reports of corporations; for the effective prohibition of rebate-giving by railroads. To the President these bills seemed fair. Of course a myriad of other bills, some drastic and ultra socialistic in their tendency, were before the Congress. Nothing could get through Congress without the support of the eight Senate leaders, Messrs. Aldrich, Hanna, Lodge, Hale, Frye, Platt of Connecticut, Allison and Spooner—unless the President should throw his force solidly against theirs. It became apparent to certain Senate leaders, who did not like the Administration trust program, that something would be done against the trusts. They saw that if they did not act with the President in the support of the above-named measures that he would take such help as fortune put in his way and secure such measures as the fire-eaters would give to him. Wall Street grumbled. The Republican party was threatened with political hell-fire; the newspaper organs of those interests which represent the crass brute force of wealth raged. He sparred for position and grinned. Then the Senate leaders came to him, and the bills he desired were enacted. The Republican party "made good" in one of its promises.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in Mr. White's series. The next will appear in an early number.

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But the promise of the election last fall has been fulfilled at some cost. That part of the American Republic called Wall Street—which, by the way, does not mean merely Wall Street and Lower Broadway, but embraces selfish, unpatriotic corporate greed wherever it exists in the country—is now aggressively against Roosevelt. It is casting about for some one to beat him. The gossips say that Whitney is trying to get up enthusiasm for Judge Alton Parker, of New York, on a raw-head-and-bloody-bones, man-eating, anti-trust platform, with a hole cut in it for his feet to reach the rock of conservatism. But Wall Street may learn that it is much easier to fool yourself than to fool others, and seeing that the West will have none of Parker may conclude that Roosevelt is safer than ills we know not of. A most astonishingly candid article from the Wall Street Journal of February 18 indicates that the Roosevelt question is occupying the Wall Street mind. Under the head, "Anything to Beat Roosevelt," the Journal says, among other things:

"'Anything to beat Roosevelt' is clearly the motto of the powerful financial interests in the Street, so far as 1904 is concerned. What is the fault that Wall Street finds with President Roosevelt? Different answers would no doubt be given to this question by different people. Some would say that the President was dangerous because he was impulsive and erratic; some affect to consider him a demagogue because of his attitude on the trust question and on the coal strike; all would agree in saying that he was not to be controlled by anybody. It seems to us that this last is the crux of the whole matter. No particular fault was found with the President previous to his intervention in the Northern Securities case a year ago. His action in that matter opened the eyes of the financial powers, and did it in the rudest possible fashion. They had neither been consulted nor warned beforehand. The blow fell suddenly. Then came the coal strike, and Mr. Roosevelt's intervention as representing the public. A second time they felt the force of his hand.

"The situation is undeniably interesting. President Roosevelt has in his administration up to date been supported by the general mass of public opinion in this country. No one in his party is strong enough to stand against him as his equal in the public eye. He has two qualities of a kind that always excite public enthusiasm, namely, absolute honesty and absolute independence. The very fact that his independence has earned for him the whole-souled hostility of Wall Street is not at all unlikely to prove a great element of strength to him in the coming campaign. It is for this reason that we regard the attitude of Wall Street as very unwise at this juncture. . . . How is Mr. Roosevelt, if nominated, to be beaten at the polls? He can only be beaten by the election of a candidate standing for principles such as those embodied in the 'yellow' journalism. A concentration of the forces of socialism, demagoguery and 'high finance' would be necessary for this purpose, and even then it might not be successful; and if it were successful, would the 'high finance' feel quite comfortable in its new surroundings? It is impossible not to feel some sympathy with the 'high finance' in its present position. It has been accustomed for some time to have things more or less to its liking, and it is not accustomed to dealing as a minority interest, so to speak, and where it does not control. President Roosevelt's independence in matters affecting financial interests has been a great surprise and, of course, a bitter disappointment. This, however, while it may be a bad thing for the country, is not necessarily so. It is not universally admitted that Wall Street is the only safe or proper guardian of the interests of the country. All that can be said about it is that it is the most highly organized and probably the most intellectually efficient portion of the public in these matters.

"It seems to us that, as we have already said, Wall Street is between what it considers 'the devil and the deep sea.' It would be very poor policy to unchain the forces of socialism merely to get rid of the present executive because he could not be controlled. Wall Street should remember that of all sections of the body politic none is more dependent upon the law than itself. Mr. Roosevelt has ever stood for rigid execution of the law without fear or favor. Wall Street may want to break the law at times, ... but Wall Street has a great deal more to lose from a general disregard of law than it has to lose from its universal enforcement."

ACHIEVEMENT THE MARK OF HIS GUESTS

Whatever Wall Street may decide to do, there is no doubt about this proposition: James J. Hill, who is a kind of divine vicegerent in the Northwest, is going to fight Roosevelt to the finish. And Hill is of the type which made Katherine the shrew say "The man's a man." Wall Street may be coaxed and badgered and scared. But Hill belongs to a different race—the race of creators. He pushed his railroad through deserts, over mountains, into forests and out again till it reached the ocean. He has big, knotty intellectual biceps, and being a sort of king in his own right in his own country, regards Federal interference with the Northern Pacific and Great Northern merger as an unspeakable insult. He considers he has a blood-bond out to fight Roosevelt, who interfered with the merger; and there will be no surrender. All along the lines of his road, from the lakes to the ocean, if a railroad may influence sentiment, it may transpire next year that there is a feeling against Roosevelt. The people of the country, who are with Roosevelt probably more closely than they have been with any other President, may as well make up their minds to the fact that the coming campaign is going to be fought bitterly against him. No man can do his duty without making enemies, and the people will find that a plain, earnest, brusque man like Roosevelt, who goes at the heart of evil, is going to acquire a set of enemies so elaborate and varied that in the end they may be the chief bulwarks of his defense. These anti-trust laws were not put on the statutes for ornamental nor for purely literary purposes. In a few months their enforcement will begin, and then the real test of Roosevelt's strength will come. Perhaps it might be better said that the real test of the good sense of the American people will come. It is safe to say what Roosevelt will do. But will the people stand with him when he is under fire. Those who do stand may be counted not as loyal friends but as good citizens. The patriotism of the Republican party will be tried in the same crucible. If the party stands by Roosevelt when the trusts and the railroads forsake him and speak falsely against him, it will be a sign that the Republican party has not lost its vigor, and that it is ready for new duties and new honors. The best one can do is to hope. It is much too early to rejoice in the outcome of this fight as a fact accomplished.

Of course, the contests that the President may have with what we call the trusts will be advertised and discussed. And in advertisement and discussion he will have the ultimate advantage. But much of his really important work is not attractive to the public, and in the nature of things can bring him no credit, though it may add substantially to his roster of enemies. Here is a typical case: Judge Willis Vandeventer, who has been an efficient Attorney-General for the Interior Department, and whose handling of the preliminary details to the opening of the lands of the Kiowa and Comanche Indians in Oklahoma and the Indian Territory in the summer of 1901 was universally commended in the West, was promoted recently to a place on the Federal bench as circuit judge. Vandeventer's place in the Interior Department was filled by the promotion of Frank L. Campbell, of Ohio, who has been Assistant Secretary of the Interior since 1899, and has been in the Interior Department over twenty years. His promotion was made without consulting the Senators from Ohio, who under the rules of politics should have recommended the appointment. It was not politically recommended at all. The appointment was a promotion for merit. F. H. Fimple, who was assistant to Vandeventer, and who was familiar with all the details of the land department, was made Assistant Land Commissioner when ex-Governor Richards, the Assistant Land Commissioner, was promoted to the Commissionership. George B. Cortelyou, who was made Secretary of Labor and Commerce, had no political influence back of him; his advancement was clearly a promotion. These are instances which came up only in the month of February. There have been scores of others. The evident aim of the President is to get the work of the Government on the merit system as nearly as possible and to eliminate political influence in the direction and control of appointments. Of course, one of these days the President is going to step on a political corn, and make some political power of the first class very mad. The people will see the anger only, and probably a specious cause and not the real one, and they may take sides with the political power and against the President. So the honest effort of the President to get a dollar's worth of public service for a dollar's worth of public taxes will not find its immediate reward in public approval. But it will win in the long run, and probably win under Roosevelt, for he is one of the few Presidents who have been able to simplify issues, to reduce questions to their lowest terms, and get down to primitive morality—to bring questions before the people on first principles. The politician who fights that kind of a man should beware.

It seems to be accepted by the people and the politicians that Theodore Roosevelt desires a Presidential nomination from his party next year. The people seem to have taken it for granted that the nomination will come without a fight, as indeed it may. But there is only one axiom that never fails in any emergency in public life. It is that nothing is certain in politics till it becomes history; so, though Roosevelt has the probabilities in his favor, much may happen in a year. The things that threaten Roosevelt are little things: the negro problem, an outbreak in the Philippines caused by the economic conditions there that are becoming alarming, factionalism in the States, a scandal in some branch of the Government remote from Presidential inspection, and the intrigues of politicians. The politicians do not like Roosevelt. He and his friends may as well face this, and the people, who admire Roosevelt, should be forewarned. The politicians in the Republican party would leave the President for Hanna in ten days if Hanna would but pass along the word. Or if another Republican should be cast up by the wave of some big event, the professional politicians would swarm over him like flies; then if any one of those little things just noted should become aggravated, Theodore Roosevelt would have to fight for his political life, and that, too, handicapped by the fact that he would only fight fair, whereas his enemies, aided by unlimited financial lubrication from Wall Street, would ride him down ruthlessly with the automobile of defeat. In a big fight—a fight so big that the politicians would risk making it—Theodore Roosevelt would lose the South and much of the East, perhaps even New York; his nomination would have to come from the country west of Cleveland and north of the Mason and Dixon's line. These are things which the people should bear in mind. For the people are with the President, and the people can defeat the politicians. The men who are hurrahing and waving flags and talking most excitedly about the

(Concluded on Page 14)

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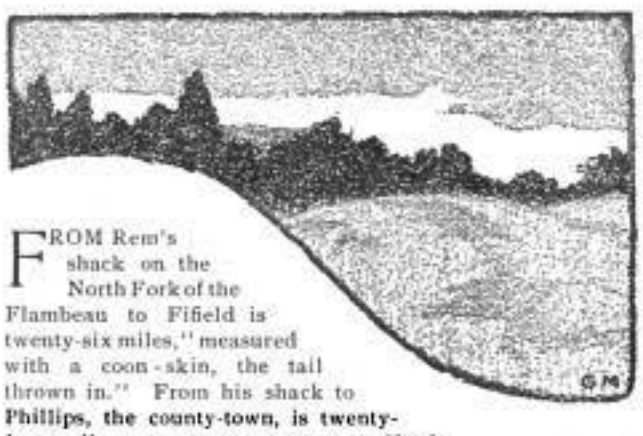
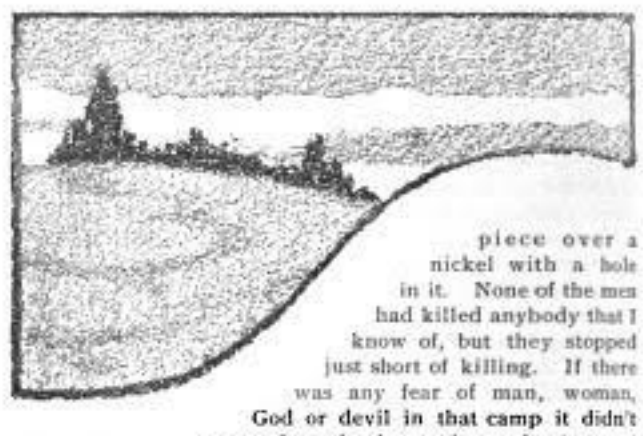
THE CHRONICLES OF REM





By H. S. Canfield

WANDERINGS OF MR. AARON MURPHY, WHO HAD A "SENSE OF THE NORTH"

FROM Rem's shack on the North Fork of the Flambeau to Fifield is twenty-six miles," measured with a coon-skin, the tail thrown in." From his shack to Phillips, the county-town, is twenty-four miles; same measurement. He is eighteen miles below the slough, where the main tote-road turns off to the Fried Ham Hotel. Rem is a bachelor and sixty years old, with shoulders like Jean Valjean's, Colossus legs, and a nose hooked like Julius Cæsar's. He built his shack with his own hands, unconsciously imitating and improving upon Thoreau, making it of big hemlock logs, chinked with moss and mortar, a roof of split hemlock shingles and a stone chimney. It has stood for a long time and will stand when he shall sleep in the primeval forest that shuts him in on three sides like a wall.

Half a mile below him is a white man who has taken a Chippewa squaw to wife, and the man and the squaw are his only neighbors. Rem does his own cooking, and having the income of a garret poet with the tastes of Lucullus, does it well. No beans and purslane and roast woodchuck for Rem. He rises above the man who had "traveled extensively in Concord." The lean and fat of the deer are his—he has planted a little patch of rutabagas so that the bucks may come to it at night and thereafter be properly entombed—squirrels, ruffed grouse, wild geese, ducks, even beef sometimes. Rem has done many things and knows many things not known of the merchant and student, but most of all he shines in "Canada bouillon." That is made in a pot—ducks, ruffed grouse, salt pork, potatoes and half an onion boiled to a glorious pasty thickness. A wise, strong man will speed far to foregather with a gallon of "Canada bouillon." Rem has been a lumber-jack for more than forty years, and even now works in the woods of winters along with younger men, "falling" trees and making them ready for the spring drive. The Flambeau sings past his door ceaselessly and when the ice locks it murmurs lowly like a faint voice in a dream. In the pool from which he takes his drinking water the muskellunge lies recondite and the wall-eyed pike loafs and the black bass flashes like a meteor. The partridge drums from near-by coverts, the red squirrel scolds, and the hoarse voice of the giant woodpecker, "Hick's partner," foretells rain. Always the wind talks to the sad-hearted pines.

Rem sat in front of his shack in a chair of his own making. He made it of a pork barrel by sawing half through in the middle, splitting out some of the staves and leaving the others sticking up for a back; then he filled the bottom section with straw and old sacks. His only companion, Tom, a big yellow cat, returned from a woods excursion and leaped into his lap. Tom had gone out to fraternize with skunks, of which he was fond, but had changed his mind to hunting and had a feather or two clinging to his chops. Tom liked skunks for the occult reason that his master liked home-grown tobacco. The scent of each was fearful, but alluring. Rem told this tale:

"Murphy came to the camp three miles in from the South Fork when we were putting the tar paper on the sleep-shack. We had got the walls up and a barn built and there were thirty of us. Seventy more were coming in a day or two, for it was a big camp—sawyers, axmen, chainers, drivers, a heap of them. Murphy saw a cant-hook on the ground and he says:

"'What's that?'

"We stopped work to look at a man who didn't know what a cant-hook was. Big Bell, the boss, says:

"'What are you?'

"'I'm a cook,' says Murphy.

"'Bull-cook or cookee?' says Bell. Those are lumber-jack names for head cook and dish-washer.

"'I'm a cook,' says Murphy, 'and a good one, and I've hoofed out here for a job. Forty miles it is, and the divil's cess to the divil that laid out the road.'

"He was a little man with red hair and a red mustache, and he talked in a high voice like a woman's. When a lumber camp needs a cook it hires the first man who says he can cook, and if he can't cook it grabs him by the legs and throws him out and hires another one. We needed a cook, so Bell cocks his eye up at the sun and says:

"'You've got an hour to wrestle with the grub, and we'll find out whether you know the difference between good butter and Ole's imagination,' and that was his name for 'this 'margarine stuff that would poison a dog.'

"Murphy was little, but spry. The tools were ready to his hand. Every lumber-camp has got a range that costs from sixty to a hundred dollars and enough pots and pans to stock a hotel. People who think they haven't don't know lumber camps. And the men have got to have good things to eat or they won't work; fact is, unless they're pampered they can't stand the work. Murphy dumped the kossoo he had his duds in and skinned out of his mackinaw jacket, and he knew his business. A camp cook has *got* to know his business. He gets seventy-five dollars a month and his board; and rustling three meals a day for a hundred big men is no joke.

"This little chap was the right sort of cook: he sung at his work. When you get a singing cook you've got a good one; same way with a woman they tell me; I've never tried it. When he wasn't singing he was talking, and if he couldn't hold anybody still enough to talk to he'd talk to himself. We found out a good deal about Murphy before dinner was over; found out that his front name was Aaron, and he got that name because he had an Irish father and a Jew mother, and when we asked him his religion he said he was a Baptist. We had a stew for dinner that I remember yet and coffee strong enough to pull the quills out'n a porky.

"That settled Aaron with us. What did we care if he was short-waisted and short-crotched? It wasn't more than a foot from his collar-button to the topside of his overalls, but that made no difference. He'd take a couple o' ducks and four partridges and some salt pork and potatoes and a little fifteen-X flour and make you a Canady bouillon that would stick to your ribs like grim death to a dead nigger; he'd sing five verses of 'Lillibullero,' with a fry-pan in his right hand tossing flapjacks and his left stirring venison stew with dumplings in it. When you get into the woods with a cook like that you want to speak him kind and give him half of your terbacker. Them cooks ain't born every day. That's what the first gang thought of Murphy.

"The second gang come in three days afterward, and 'long about the shank of the day when the boys were getting in from the woods you'd have thought that Murphy was in six places to once. He decked it up this way: It was up to him to give a better supper than he give the night before, and he done it. Murphy was earning five thousand a month, if he wasn't getting it, and we wanted to call him 'Mr.' Murphy.

"I been in many lumber camps, but that one on the Flambeau laid over all the others like a twenty-dollar gold piece over a nickel with a hole in it. None of the men had killed anybody that I know of, but they stopped just short of killing. If there was any fear of man, woman, God or devil in that camp it didn't come through the grain and show on the bark, and it took all that Big Bell could do to hold 'em down. There was Con Davis and Big Napoleon and Fool Thompson and Bull-Moose Johnson and Buck George, and twenty others known along the Wisconse from away above Minocqua to the Mississip, men with heavy jaws and open eyes and hard in the mouth. There's one thing that's not allowed in lumber camps, and that's fighting. A man that fights gets his walking-papers and goes away if it takes a peavy to start him. The company wants work, and a lumber-jack with his fingers chewed up and his ears gone can't work for a while. There's got to be a woodscock, though, just as there's got to be a camp-boss, and them chaps had to find out which one was woodscock. They fought it out away from camp, by the skids or along the logging-roads, and Davis was woodscock.

"It took a month to sift things down, but Davis was woodscock and the last man he made squeal was Big Napoleon, and Big Napoleon hadn't squealed from a week north of Quebec down to Saint Looey. Then everything was all right and the crews made holes in the woods. Davis and Napoleon worked together, both axmen and both sawyers from where the loggers grow, and it was something to see 'em. The sound of the axes was like a woodpecker rapping and when they started to rip the saw in the dust flew. 'Fall!' they'd yell, and a big pine would stagger and sway and come crashing down, and it seemed that almost before the roar of it died away they'd sing 'Fall!' and another would crash. Turn loose a pair of men like that and they'll let daylight into the thickest woods ever growed.

"And all of this time we were loving Murphy. Sometimes I wake up in the night and get to thinking 'bout the beans he cooked in a bean bole, letting 'em simmer and bake and get ripe all night, and in the morning they were like golden nuts and sweet all through. But though we loved Murphy you can't keep lumber-jacks' tongues still and he was an easy man to worry. He thought a heap of himself and would rise to any sort of bait. You take the smartest man that ever lived, take George Washington and put him in camp, and if the boys want to they'll have him crazy in a month. The little man liked the sound of his voice and talked as fast as a six-foot saw spins. He'd talk about Ireland for fifteen minutes, the words coming like logs jerking down a rapid, and then Davis would pick him up by the belt and blow in his ear and drop him in the ashes. Then there'd be a war-dance and some of us would have to hold Murphy head down by the heels till he cooled off. We never knowed that we was hurting his dignity—didn't know that he had any dignity, but he was like all the Irish, believed he was a king's great-grandson.

"I've noticed it often, and it's funny, but what a man knows least about that's the thing he wants you to think he knows most about. Murphy didn't know what a cant-hook was when he broke into camp; he'd found his way there by following a tote-road as wide as a street; it was a trail that a blind man with a wooden leg couldn't have missed; but he would have it that he was a woodsman. He couldn't tell a hemlock from a tamarack, or a tamarack from a pine with the limbs off, but that's what he swore to. His face got as red as his mustache and hair and he jumped up and down like a pea in a hot skillet when we laughed at him. The trouble came one night when Bull-Moose Johnson was trifling with him. Bull-Moose had a heavy head and face and could look more like a fool than any man I ever saw, but he had sense. Murphy says:

"'And for finding yure way troo th' woods 'tis aisy. Ye have only to remimber th' direckshun in which ye lift camp. 'Tis to the north, south, east or wist of ye, that's shure. Thin ye turn an' go to it.'

"'Ay,' says Bull-Moose, 'you're a great man, Murphy. Pity you can't sit on a stool and put your feet on the ground.'

"His size was another thing that hurt Murphy, and when the boys laughed he began to saw his right hand forward and backward across his body like he always did when worked up.

"'Ye'll find some day, ye big fat-head,' he said, 'that though ye can t'row a moose, old Colt has made me twinty

PHOTO. BY THE AUTHOR

REM AND HIS CAT

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pounds the best man. And I can tell ye the p'ints of the compass anywhere, day or night; 'tis no matther.'

"'Ay,' says Johnson, 'and how?'

"'I have a sinse of the north.'

"'You have what?'

"'A sinse of the north; I said it.'

"'Ay, and what do you mean by that?'

"Johnson had a slow, greasy way of saying 'Ay-y-y-y-y!' that would make a man want to hit him.

"'Tis the north I know, anywhere, any time, wid me eyes open or shut. I can feel it, ye fool. 'Tis always wid me, the feelin'. Blindfold me, spin me aroond fifty times and I'll p'int me finger at the north star. 'Twas born thot way I was."

"Johnson looked at him for a full minute. 'Ay-y-y-y-y,' he said, 'you were born a liar, you stud snowbird.'

"The little man stood all drawn together for a moment while we laughed, and he didn't look more than a yard high. Then he leaped at Johnson like a wildcat. The big one was tilted back in his chair with his mouth open, but he was as quick as lightning for all of his size. He raised one foot like a ham, set it in Murphy's stomach, lifted him from the floor and threw him over the table, just a gentle push, not using more than half his strength—but the cook went flying. He fell in a bundle and rolled over and then sat up crying. Strange for him, he didn't say a word. He was just broken-hearted. We didn't laugh then. We thought of all the things he had done for us—he was only a baby among all of them big, rough men, anyhow—a baby with a red head and a red mustache, but a baby just the same; a good little fellow was Murphy, and a cook, sure.

"Con Davis got up and walked over to Johnson and talked some stuff I'm not going to give you; it'd make your hair curl. Then he reached out and shut down on one ear with a hand, like two logs grinding together. He just squeezed and Bull-Moose squatted down in his chair like a hen partridge. He didn't look half as big then.

"Con Davis said: 'Squeal, d——n you!' And the man gave a little whimper like a slapped girl. Big Bell was lying in his bunk and he came over in his stockings. 'Quit or git!' he said. Davis looked at him and took off his grip. 'I'll quit,' he said.

"Next morning Murphy was gone.

"You bet we missed him at breakfast, but the cookee was made cook and we took a young Norwegian with a cough for cookee and got along somehow, but we never got any more Murphy bouillon and Murphy beans, and Bull-Moose was unpopular. We tried him, one after another, out on the tote-road that morning and he squealed three times and made five dog-falls. He could have whipped some of us, but we had him scairt as a buck in February with the timber-wolves on his trail.

"Now, there was two inches of snow on the ground and we tracked Murphy easy enough to the river and across. He had a foot no bigger than a woman's. Then he struck off sharp to the left, skirting Connor's Lake, and we knowed he was making for Griffin's camp thirty miles northeast. When we saw that we didn't care what become of him; felt like he'd deserted us; and when we thought of the jacks at Griffin's getting the grub we got hotter yet. We went back to falling and chaining, and let Murphy slide.

"Three days afterward a chainer from Griffin's showed up and asked for work; he'd been fired for fighting. We says to him:

"'How you like your new cook—ain't he right?'

"He says: 'What new cook?'

"We says: 'Murphy, the red-headed son of a king; ain't he a wonder?'

"He says: 'Don't know no Murphy; got the same old cook up there and he's worse'n smallpox.'

"This was at dinner. We looked at Big Bell and he looked at us. Then he says, pointing his finger: 'Ike Rawson, Rem, Tucker, Reed, Knutson and Jones—you've all got compasses.'

"We slipped into our mackinaws and rolled our blankets. Knutson threw twenty pound of grub into a kossoo and strapped it on. We hiked out of the cook-shack and down to the river without a word; Ike in the lead. He was an old landlooker and a good man in the woods. Murphy was lost.

"Now, you know, that's likely to happen to any of us. There never was a man so wise that he couldn't get balled up in the woods. I've been lost twenty times, but every time I knowed what to do and Murphy didn't. When you're lost the first thing you want to do is to look the fact square between the eyes. 'Twon't do any good to make out that you're not lost. Stop still and say to yourself, 'I'm lost.' Then sit down at the foot of a tree, lean your back against it, take out your pipe, fill it, and smoke it to the bottom. Then think the matter over. Get up and walk ten rods, come back to the tree and smoke another pipe. By that time you'll know what you are and what to do. Take a line and hold it, keeping your eye on a tree straight ahead, going to it and then going to another one. No difference if the line is right or wrong; it will bring you out somewhere. Murphy didn't know that. He hadn't the sense of a sapsucker.

"Maybe you know what being lost means to men that live in the woods. You tell a camp that a man's lost and every one of 'em will want to go hunt him right away. It is to them the most terrible thing that could happen—next to a forest fire. They've seen some awful sights finding lost men. That's why Bell didn't have to tell us anything when he counted us off with his finger.

"It snowed a little the day after Murphy left, just enough to blot out his tracks. The weather wasn't cold, four or five below zero. We followed easy enough to where he'd branched off for Connor's Lake. From there on his course to Griffin's camp would have been straight through the timber. We backed him to hold it for a mile or two—with his sense of the north and no compass. After that he was likely to go anywhere. Two miles beyond the lake we separated, to meet that night at Porcupine Run. It was only five miles farther on, but we wanted to hunt the woods. We hunted in pairs. I went with Knutson and helped him with the kossoo. We ran into the others after dark. They had a fire built, but no Murphy. They were waiting for the grub and had nothing to say. There was another day gone. About midnight I got up to throw on a log and found it was snowing again. Next morning Ike says:

"'How do you make Griffin's from here?'

"I set my compass on a stump to steady it and laid a stick to point the course. He looked at it. 'I make it that,' he said. The others made it that.

"'Well,' he said, 'that's one way we don't want to go.' His reason for it was that Murphy, being lost, would hit any course but the right one.

"'You've seen him walk about camp,' Ike went on. 'How would he travel?'

"We thought a while. I could see him plain, hustling about among the pans. His right shoulder drooped a little; he did most of his work with his right hand; when he looked at anything hard he had a trick of half closing his left eye, showing that he saw better on the other side. 'He'd swing to the right,' I said. The others made it that.

"'Somewhere within three miles of where we are,' Ike said, 'he got off his course. Say he went to the right. Then he hit the South Fork and crossed it. He wouldn't know enough to follow it up or down. We'll try it that way.'

IT WAS AN OLD CAMP TRICK

We broke up and headed east and southeast to cross the South Fork and found nothing. We did all we knew—built fires and shouted and fired our guns—an' got no answer. That made two days gone for us and Murphy five days out from camp. The next day was like the other. We were twenty miles from Bell's on the Flambeau and we knowed that the little cook couldn't have gone much farther. He was walking in a circle if he had any walk left in him, and we thought it funny that we couldn't find his track, for it hadn't snowed since our first night out. We quartered those woods like a bird-dog in a cornfield, but you know what the North Woods are, and you know that we were looking for a needle in a haystack.

"I got an idea that the Irishman had swung even farther to the right after crossing the South Fork and that would take him south. The longer a man stays lost the stronger his body-habit gets, and that's the reason why all of 'em, sooner or later, get to trotting in a circle. I told Ike about this; we'd looked everywhere else and we decided to try that. There was nothing in that section but a big tamarack swamp, but Murphy was likely to bulge right into a swamp in his state of head.

"I felt like a man had thrown a pint of alcohol into me at noon when I came to a little red pile, half buried in snow. It was made by the entrails of a moose-bird. There were no feathers and I knew that an owl or fox had not caught the bird, because then there would have been feathers and no entrails. Murphy had captured the bird and picked it as he stumbled on and then had cleaned it, his old cook-habit holding good, though he was starving. I could see faint prints in the snow, half-filled, and I followed them back for a hundred yards. There I found the pole with which he had killed the bird. It was an old camp trick. Moose-birds are great thieves and the cooks are always at it. They balance a pole on a stump and put a piece of meat or bread on one end of it. The bird lights for the grub and they slam the other end of the pole with a club. That jerks up the end and the shock kills the bird. Murphy had put a piece of his shirt on the end of the pole and the bird had come down to see what it was. It was a tussle between a fool man and a bird just a little bigger fool.

I back-trailed then and could follow for a while. Murphy had wandered about in crazy fashion. He recrossed his own tracks half a dozen times, and every time he made a loop that was as near a circle as a man could have run it with a stake and chain. Then near dark his trail ran into the edge of the swamp. I was a mile from our meeting-place and I gave it up for the night, but I was sure we'd get his body next day.

We hit the swamp in the morning and expected that his trail would circle us out of it in a little while, but it ran in zigzag. The bog was frozen as hard as a rock and we followed the trail by broken marsh grass. Two miles in we found an island, holding maybe forty acres and thick with hemlocks and tamaracks. Fifty feet from the edge of the island was a funny thing—a trail broad almost as a cowpath and running straight. We took it and stuck to it and it brought us back to the starting point. Here was a circle sure enough: it ran clear around the island. We walked it a couple of times and that didn't do any good. Then we found a faint trail leading from it and took that.

Maybe a hundred yards farther on we saw him. It was only a red mustache and a thin nose that stuck out from under his cap-rim. He looked like a bundle of clothes with a wooden man inside of them, leaning against a big tree, and he was making a queer, shrill noise. It made us stop and shiver. Crazy as a buck in running time, he was keening his own death-song. We moved as softly as we could, but he saw us when we were five rods away and, yelling like an Indian, jumped a log and did his best to get away. Ike and I were fast on our feet and we had him before he made fifty yards. Except for the moose-bird he had been nearly eight days without food. He had stuffed snow into his mouth until his lips were cracked open. He had traveled hard and had walked, I should say, three hundred miles, but he wasn't more than thirty miles from the camp at that. He didn't know any of us; didn't know his name was Murphy. We made him a little soup and put it into him; that's all we dared to give him.

"There isn't much more to tell. He never got his senses while with us and we sent him to town with a tote-team. He had one of them accident tickets the hospitals sell to lumberjacks and he got a cot at Ashland. We drove out the logs in April and I saw him in the summer. He'd got well all right, but didn't look the same. He never sung or whistled, and he told me that he had bad dreams."

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Money Kings of the World

By W. T. Stead

Baron Shibusawa of Japan

IN THE preceding articles I have sketched in outline the salient features of the careers of the most notable Money Kings of the Modern World. I have now to describe one who, in some respects, is more remarkable than any of those who have preceded him in this series.

Baron Shibusawa, of Japan, although not much of a millionaire—much less a multi-millionaire save in Japanese yen, of which ten go to a pound sterling and two to the American dollar—combines in his own person many of the distinctive characteristics of the monarchs of the financial world. He is neither a king crowned, like Leopold, nor a *roi fainéant*, like most of the English millionaires. He reminds us a little of the founder of the Rothschild dynasty by his courage, initiative and enterprise; of Cecil Rhodes by his vast dreams of Japanese extension; of Pierpont Morgan by his skill in the promoting and amalgamating of great commercial corporations, and of M. Witte by the astuteness with which he conceals political designs behind the extension of financial facilities. And, over and above all these traits of character common to the greatest of his compeers, the Japanese Baron has distinctions as well marked and as remarkable as the characteristics which distinguish the land of the rising sun from the countries of the western world.

Japan, the island home of the romance and the mystery of the East, has often set the world in amazement since she condescended to enter the lists of modern civilization. But who could have anticipated that out of the ranks of the two-sworded Samurai, who forty years ago guarded the ancient home of a jealous and exclusive feudalism, there would spring a man who, at the beginning of the twentieth century, would be generally recognized as one of the best if not actually the supreme incarnation of financial genius, of business enterprise and of commercial expansion?

Baron Shibusawa the Morgan of the East

IN A RECENT conversation with an eminent American banker I was fortunate enough to secure a rapid sketch of the money kings of the United States. What he said was somewhat on this wise: "We have no kings in the United States, but only a plutocratic aristocracy. It is a modern feudal system. The Republic is portioned out between great interests, which have superseded the district as the unit of sovereignty. In England in the Middle Ages you had your duke who, from his feudal castle, exercised all but regal authority over the whole countryside. He levied tax and toll upon his vassals, he administered justice, raised armies, and ruled and reigned as the earthly providence—or the diabolical scourge—of the countryside. We have the same kind of thing in America, only the basis of the power of plutocratic feudalism is not territorial but financial. There are, for instance, the railway kings. They require nearly 200,000 miles of metaled way. Each of their vast satrapies represents the conglomeration of innumerable smaller lines. Each of these lords of the metaled way makes alliances, levies war, invades territories and reigns with despotic sway over a standing army of hundreds and thousands of able-bodied men. There are Pierpont Morgan and J. J. Hill at the head of one great confederacy. There are the Colossuses, Rockefeller and Vanderbilt, each with his own domain. There are Harriman and Cassatt and Gould and Moore, each with a distinct realm within which his will is law. What is the authority of a Senator or even of a President compared with the sovereignty of these men within their own peculiar domain? Then there are the great banking kings: Stillman and George Baker; the iron kings, of whom the most conspicuous, Andrew Carnegie, has just vacated the throne. Greatest of all is Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil, who taxes the light of the million in order to feed the lamp of learning which he has kindled at Chicago. Havemeyer, of the Sugar Trust, is another who might be named; of minor monarchs there is no end. These men are the rulers of the Republic to-day, or if not of the Republic, at least of so many citizens of the Republic that what they say goes."

Imagine a newly developed country in which, owing to the exceptional circumstances of its late awakening, it was possible for one man to concentrate in his own person all the authority and influence of all the railway kings, of the shipping rings, of the great industrial undertakings, so that he could be described as being at once the Vanderbilt, the Rockefeller, the Pierpont Morgan and the Carnegie of Japan, and you can form some idea of the position of Baron Shibusawa. It is, of course, quite true that his operations are on a smaller scale. The total mileage of all the Japanese railways does not reach one-fiftieth of the mileage of the railways of the United States. There were at the close of the century under four thousand miles of railway in Japan, which would be a mere siding to the gigantic system of the Vanderbilts. But it is all there is of railways in Japan, and in the formation of the private companies which constructed most of these Japanese lines no man was so influential as Shibusawa. On the sea Japan makes a better showing. Long before Pierpont Morgan conceived his great Atlantic combine, Shibusawa had created the great Japanese Mail Steamship Company, the fifth largest steamship company in the world, whose seventy steamers carry the Japanese flag over all the seven seas and earn a good dividend for the stockholders who have invested eleven million dollars on the faith of Shibusawa's financial genius.

In everything relating to the industrial development of modern Japan he has taken and still takes a prominent part. It must sometimes seem to Baron Shibusawa as he passes through the country as if he were the creator of its prosperity. He is connected in one way or another with over one hundred and thirty companies, and is president or director of between thirty and forty of the largest companies in Japan.

The Captain of a Score of Industries

A VISITOR to the Baron's beautiful gardens and house on the outskirts of Tokyo once asked him why he did not endeavor to remove some large paper mills which disfigured the view from his windows, and change the course of the railway track, which passed the foot of the hill on which his house stands. He replied that it would be difficult for him to complain, since he was president both of the mills and of the railway. Of banks the Baron has promoted numbers. Besides the First National Bank there are the Bank of Japan, the Yokohama Specie Bank, the Japan Industrial Bank and the Crédit Mobilier of Japan. Of miscellaneous companies he has started and supported scores for gas making, electric lighting, shipbuilding, weaving, spinning, hemp and rope manufacturing. His companies own collieries, build railways, make bricks and cement, manufacture hats and fertilizer, refine sugar, dredge harbors and manage stud farms.

His career is as interesting as his achievements are prodigious. He is only sixty-two years of age and his activity spans the whole period of the Japanese revival. I met him last summer in London and was much impressed by his youthful vigor and keen intelligence. Yet he was already in his teens when the American Commodore Perry first burst open the door by which Japan had shut herself out from the rest of the world. He was born in 1840 at a place forty-five miles from Tokyo where his family had for generations been engaged in farming pursuits, to which they added the culture of silkworms and the manufacture of indigo. Shibusawa was educated at home, and as a boy he is said to have shown little indication of the future bent of his genius. Like other boys he was noted for a fondness for fiction, a taste which being carefully developed led him to the reading of history and the study of Chinese classics. When he grew toward manhood he practiced fencing, and when he was old enough to swear allegiance to one of the feudal lords at Kyoto he displayed sufficient promise to be allowed to reorganize the military system of the clan to which he belonged, and, what is still more significant, to carry out various financial reforms in its administration. These were the days when Japan was passing through the pangs of her new birth. The power of the Tycoon was tottering to its fall. The star of the Mikado was already visible on the horizon. Young Shibusawa, although keenly sensitive to the spirit of revolution that was in the air, nevertheless entered the service of the Tycoon, and when he was twenty-seven years of age was appointed to accompany the brother of the Tycoon on his mission to Europe. He arrived in Paris on the eve of the fall of the Empire. Napoleon III had still three years to reign before the second Empire crashed at Sedan, and the ascendency of the Tycoon was also near its close.

The Japanese Mission naturally excited immense attention. It was the first, or almost the first, which had been dispatched from the far East to the farthest West. Napoleon did his Oriental visitors the honors of his capital, and the splendor and luxury of Paris intoxicated the young Japanese attaché. He saw with quick and piercing intuition that the old order in his own country was passing away, and expressed his conviction by a sudden and dramatic action, significant of the character of the man. He was a Samurai, one of the warrior class. He was attached to the suite of the Tycoon, and wore the traditional costume of his people. Realizing in a moment that the breach with the past must be complete and irrevocable, he cut off his top knot, discarded the Japanese dress, laid aside his two swords, and arraying himself in the sombre garb of the West European he had his picture taken and sent the photograph home to his family. It came to them like a thunderbolt from the blue. Never had they dreamed, not even in nightmare, that one of their race could be guilty of such apostasy. His kindred lifted up their voices and wailed aloud over the loss of honor, the ineffable disgrace that had overtaken young Shibusawa. The young man paid little heed to their lamentations. He was learning French in Paris, and, after all, he had but anticipated in his own person the revolution which was about to be accomplished by his whole nation.

When he returned to Japan he found the country heaving in the throes of incipient revolution. He continued in the service of the Tycoon, and when his chief surrendered power into the hands of the Mikado, Shibusawa was appointed to a subordinate post in the department of the Treasury. In 1870, when he was thirty years of age, he became Assistant Vice-Minister of Finance. It was an eventful time, one in which men of capacity found ample opportunity for making their mark. In those days Japan was blessed with a rice standard of currency, and the land was flooded with depreciated paper, with a face value of so much rice, which was practically inconvertible. This evil system Shibusawa, with the support of Count Inouye, succeeded in reforming; when he left office the notes were at a premium. Shibusawa was appointed inspector of trade, and it was after observing the operation of trade and commerce that he decided to abandon a political for an industrial career. He says: "I realized that the real force of progress lay in actual business, not in politics, and that the business element was really the most influential for the advancement of the country, so I gave up my political position and devoted my life to business, in which I have continued until to-day. I soon came to the conclusion that the capital of an individual is not enough to accomplish very much, and I then became the means of introducing the company system into Japan. The idea was successful and the Government approved it. Since then I may say that every industry in the country has increased—some twenty times, some ten times, and none less than five times."

Oriental Prejudices Against Trade

THE immediate cause of his resignation, however, was his inability to check what he regarded as the ruinous extravagance of the Mikado's Cabinet. Count Inouye and he had with great difficulty established the currency on a sound basis and had restored the value of the Government paper only to find everything jeopardized by an extravagant ministry.

Americans, to whom nothing appears more natural and obvious than the exchange of a political position for an industrial career, cannot appreciate the courage which was displayed in thus stepping down and out from the official hierarchy into the then despised ranks of the merchant, the trader and the banker. Shibusawa was not deficient in courage. He saw where real power lay, and although it seemed to his people that he was making sacrifice of a promising career he was not afraid to stoop in order to conquer. He conquered, but the struggle was severe, and even now the

Editor's Note—This is the last of Mr. Stead's eight papers on The Money Kings of the World.

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battle is not wholly won. Only last year on his return from the Western World he told the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce that in Japan the old prejudice still held its ground. He said: "All the countries of Europe and America vie with one another in developing their own respective commercial interests, while the case stands quite different in Japan, where the old feelings of contempt against the trading class still retain their influence to a great measure. Business men may be partly to blame for it, but our society at large must also be held responsible. Unless the standing of business men is raised in Japan her future will be anything but happy and promising. The war, not of soldiers, but of business men, is being constantly fought nowadays all over the world, and the crown of victory will rest with those who are successful in their commercial enterprise. The lamentable condition of our trading class will result in hampering the progress of the country."

He did not allow it to hamper him. His first act when he gained an independent position was to found the First National Bank, an institution which is very much on the lines of the American National Banks. Acting at first as superintendent, he was soon appointed president, a post which he has held ever since. In 1878, on the formation of the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce, he was appointed its president. He still holds this position.

To tell the story of his subsequent achievements would be to write the history of the industrial awakening of Japan. Shibusawa had never much capital of his own to dispose of. But he commanded confidence, and that gave him command of the capital of the people. The joint stock company was the magic wand by which he worked his miracles.

Having decided to adopt business as his career he remained deaf to all entreaties to return to politics. Not even Count Inouye, his former chief, could induce him to accept a post in the administration. The temptation, it must be admitted, was not very great. On accepting office he would have had to resign all his directorships and abandon the control of the great industrial and financial combinations of which he is the life and soul. Notwithstanding the prejudice against the mere banker, the Emperor delighted to do Shibusawa honor. He appointed him a member of the House of Peers, which post he resigned, however, in 1891. He was created a Peer with the title of Baron in 1900. He was the first business man who was ever ennobled in Japan.

Baron Shibusawa has a healthy detestation of militarism. He was, to put it frankly, quite disgusted when President Roosevelt could find nothing better to say to him than to congratulate him upon the naval and military prowess of his countrymen. When he returned to Japan he told his countrymen: "I was warmly received by the prominent men of the world, but on what grounds? The President of the United States praised Japan because of her military prowess and fine arts. Are not Germany, France and England praising Japan to the sky on the same grounds? If the warm reception that I received abroad is based on the feelings that I come from a country known for its military exploits, I must confess that that reception is a death-blow to our cause. Because too much militarism, I am afraid, will sap the very life of a nation." A sound sentiment which does honor to the man.

Yet Baron Shibusawa is no "little Japanese." "No pent-up Utica contracts his powers." He aspires to command the trade of the Pacific, to extend Japanese influence over Korea, and to make Japan one of the greatest countries in the world. He holds the views that the Orient belongs to Japan for commercial purposes. He told Alfred Stead: "I think we can supply the Oriental markets even now better than any other nations can, although the trade is necessarily mostly in the form of exchange of products. The trade of the Oriental countries will come to be regarded as Japan's natural share, and she is already well capable of supplying it." He is no wild dreamer, however, and he is under no delusion as to the possibility of Japan being able to compete "for two or three generations, at least," in European and American markets. Japan's reliance in this international rivalry must not be placed on the cheapness of her labor. Her hope lies in increasing the skill of her workmen and in improving the morality of her people. He told the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce last year some home truths under this head. "In spite of myself, I hesitate to say that Japan has as high morality in commerce as England, America and Germany. As long as the present low state of morality is continued, all our attempts to obtain capital from abroad would be absolutely futile. Laws may be improved, but the barrier of morality is by far the stronger of the two. Let us use every possible means to improve the standard of our business morality."

He is opposed to the latter-day craze of attempting to push business by conquest. But he is keenly alive to the importance of developing binding relations with Korea, which is the natural Hinterland of Japan. His chief work for the Empire at present is his task of commercially developing Korea. He has founded many agencies of his bank in the principal towns; his bank manages to a great extent the finances of the country, and greatest of all his triumphs, his construction of the Chemulpo-Seoul and the Seoul-Fusan railways promises to rival the Russo-Chinese Bank and its railways in results.

Baron Shibusawa also owns gold mines in Korea, which will be worked to great profit when the railway line is in working order. One of the features of the railway line is the provision that at each station of this Korean Railway there must be a hotel fitted up in European fashion.

In his dealings with Korea Baron Shibusawa reminds us of M. Witte and of Mr. Rhodes. Fortunately, he shows no disposition to imitate the impatience which led Mr. Rhodes to launch his country into the ruinous catastrophe of the South African war.

What Shibusawa Thinks of Europe

Baron Shibusawa is keenly alive to the need of introducing capital for the purpose of developing the vast resources of his country. His passionate patriotism never blinds him to the benefits which Japan can reap from a judicious study of foreign nations. He is never so eloquent as when protesting against the old, narrow, exclusive spirit which he regards as scandal. Progressiveness and conservatism are inconsistent. I once asked him what he thought of the Government of Great Britain. "Your conservatism," he replied, "is so strong as to render progress very difficult."

In France he chiefly admired the Paris Chamber of Commerce. He says: "It appeared to me to be by far the best regulated of all the chambers of commerce I had seen. Having been organized under a system of strict legal supervision, it has under its control the Trade Investigation Bureau which is run by the combined efforts of itself and the Government. Reports are regularly drawn up by the Bureau to give accurate information concerning the commercial condition of the world." But France, he thought, notwithstanding her Chamber of Commerce, is the country for artists, not for practical business men. Germany he admired "for the calm, quiet, scientific manner in which with her people science and commerce go hand in hand." Of the English he spoke with enthusiasm for the earnestness and sincerity with which they prosecute all their undertakings. "Their spirit of steadiness and perseverance," he said, "strikes terror even into the hearts of the progressive Americans." In this respect he thinks they set an example to his own countrymen, who are wildly impulsive, but are too easily discouraged when economic conditions are hard. American readers will, however, be most interested in his observations upon the United States. He says: "Commerce and industry in America are progressing by leaps and bounds; America is a great assimilative force. Men of all ranks differing in temperament and training are formed into one body. Each man in America pushes his own interest without taking into consideration the case of others, and yet when any vital question requiring the united action of the whole arises, they all coöperate and work under the principle of America as a nation. America is rich in agricultural products and progressive in industrial enterprises, and knows no bounds to her future development. What I am most concerned about is the fact that the progress of America will not be confined within its own domain, but she will spread her wings of progress to the far East. Japan will have, indeed, a strong rival in America for spinning, weaving, and in paper manufacturing. Moreover, America can furnish money at low rates of interest and can adopt the latest mechanical appliances handled by the most experienced workmen. America can produce things on a large scale, thus reducing the cost of raw materials; everything in Japan is just the opposite—the interest high, the machinery small and imperfect, workmen inexperienced and the productive power insignificant.

"Paradoxical as it may appear, America, which was the first to introduce us to the civilization of the world and which has been our warmest friend, will turn out to be Japan's strongest rival in the field of commerce and industry."

Baron Shibusawa is very sanguine as to the future of his country. He has a level head and is not carried away by the impulsiveness which characterizes so many Japanese. He stood almost alone after the Chinese war when he denounced the reckless investment of capital which followed the payment of the indemnity. The disasters that followed the disregard of his warning will perhaps make his word more potent in a future crisis.

The Baron is a man of great philanthropy and he is perhaps more interested in the Asylum for the Poor in Tokyo and his school for the reformation of bad boys than even in the development of Korea. Certainly when he was in London he was much more interested in Doctor Barnardo's Orphanage than the splendors of the coronation.

The Baron is of medium Japanese height, sturdily built, with a strong face, full of quiet force and determination. A recent writer has thus described him: "His head large and fully rounded, and his broad athletic shoulders of leonine structure and suppleness really constitute the man. His face, which in a photograph does not seem very foreign, is highly characteristic of the best type of Japanese manhood. It is wide and full, and crowned by a broad, liberal, overtopping brow. His eyes are small, but piercingly keen, though soft and expressive in conversation. The Baron meets all men as equals. There is no hauteur or stiffness, and he talks without the palpable reserve so common and so disagreeable in men who have fought their way through difficulties."

Alfred Stead, who spent some time in Japan in 1901 and had frequent opportunities of studying the Baron at home and in his business, has put on record in his interesting and useful volume, Japan, Our New Ally, the following estimate of the regard in which Baron Shibusawa is held by his own countrymen:

"Baron Shibusawa is beloved of every one, rich and poor, great and small, and go where one will it is impossible to hear a bad word about him, or hear tell of an unkind action. Such a reputation is rare, and yet with it Baron Shibusawa is acknowledged as the most powerful influence in economic circles in Japan."

It is well to have to close this series with such a pleasant picture of the well-won popularity of a Money King.

Her Lenten Sacrifice

By S. E. Kiser

Devoutly now she turns her soulful gaze
From worldly things; she ceases for a while
To dazzle at the play; a pious smile
Around her rosebud mouth demurely plays;
She turns from cards and dances, and arrays
Her graceful figure in a modest style;
No gems the whiteness of her neck defile,
No jewels on her slender fingers blaze.

Ah, let the sweet Recording Angel write
A fair account of this fair one below,
Who, having for a space withdrawn from sight,
Sits not impatient with a mask of woe;
By day she reads love stories, and at night
She talks them over with her latest beau.

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"HOW COME YER HERE?" I HOLLERED

The Autobiography of a Beggar—By I. K. Friedman

Author of By Bread Alone

De Interruptin' Woman

I LEFT de countree sooner en usual dat year 'count ef meh hard luck wid de Honoluler Queen, an' I steered back ter de city late in de fall 'stead ef early in de winter. Winter an' summer is sure ter come along jist when yer don't want 'em, de same ez de cops. It seems ter meh, too, which I wish yer could explain, dat cops an' winter jines hands jist fer ter bother hobos an' fer nothin' else.

I went over ter de Star ef Hope ez soon ez de freight car brung meh ter town, but Sam de Scribe ner none ef meh old friends was in yet, an' I was lonesome an' hungry. De night was rainy an' dark an' cold, an' I didn't feel much like huntin' aroun' fer work, but dere was no way out ef it, an' a hungry stomick don't ask no adwice ef yer feelings, anyways. I 'spose a stomick was give us ter keep us movin', same ez four legs was give ter a horse, eh? I walked over north a bit an' picked meh out a corner fer ter stand on an' watch fer pickings, but nothin' come along, not even a cove wid a dime, an' I was gittin' so tired dat I thought ef huntin' meh out a place ter sleep in a alley, when a big, fat lady marched up wid a satchul in her hand, a-puffin' an' a-blowin' like ez ef de satchul was fatter en her.

She gives meh a slip ef paper ter read which says, "Mr. P. G. Martin, 1009 Fernwood Place," an' she axes meh does I know where dat place is. I didn't know, never havin' heard ef it, but I says, "Sure, mum, I knows. Yer walks eight blocks east an' den yer turns two south, an' den——"

"Eight blocks!" hollers she; "dey tole meh it was jist a step er two from here."

"Ef dat's so," I says, "den take two steps an' see ef yer kin see it. I ought ter know, 'cause meh father lived an' died here, an' meh grandfather has a street named ater him, an' meh grandmother——"

"I don't care ter know yer family hist'ry," interrupts she, "but where Fernwood Place is."

"I jist was tellin' yer," I says; "yer walks eight blocks east an'——"

"I can't carry dis big satchul dat far," she interrupts agin, "an'——"

"What's in de satchul?" I axes.

"Dat's none ef yer bizness," she says, "an' it don't make no diff'runce, anyways."

"I jist wanted ter know," says I, "'cause ef it was glass an' it broke I'd be responsuble ter de law."

"I niver heard ef sich a thing," says she, a-lookin' aroun' ter see ef she could find some one else, which she couldn't.

"Stranger here?" I axes.

"What else does yer want ter know?" axes she. An' she takes up de satchul an' turns east, like I told her, which might 'a' been right an' might 'a' been wrong, an' she puffs an' blows, an' den she hollers fer meh ter come along.

"How much will yer charge?" she axes agin.

"Ater eight o'clock we charges ten cents a mile," I says.

"An' how many miles is it?"

"It's three miles goin'," says I, "an' four miles comin' back, 'cause——"

"I niver heard de like," interrupts she, "niver; yer don't need ter take de satchul back, an' de charge is terribul. I'll get a cab; it's cheaper."

"I'll call a cab, mum," says I; "meh Cousin Mike——"

"I don't want nothin' ter do wid yer fam'ly," she cries.

"Yer unreasonuble, mum," says I; "is Mike ter blame ef——"

"Yer kin go," she interrupts agin, her bein' speshul on interruptions; "I wants no more ef yer an' yer impudince. Ef yer don't go I'll call a perlice."

"Let meh call a perlice fer yer, mum; meh Cousin Handy——"

"Ought ter put his fam'ly in jail first," interrupts dis terribul interrupter oncet more.

An' I walks away cursin' mehself fer bein' so foolish an' axin' so much an' losin' sich an easy job, when she hollers out agin:

"Say, how much will yer take ter carry de satchul dere only?"

"Ten cents de whole ways," I says, "an' nothin' fer comin' back."

"Yer changes yer charges mighty quick," says she.

"Well," says I, "widder ladies is half price."

"I ain't no widder lady," she yells.

"But yer's dressed in black," I says.

"Dat's meh own bizness," she hollers; "I didn't want yer fer ter marry meh, but ter carry de satchul. Take de satchul, an' march ahead; I'll foller behint."

"What fer behint?" axes I. "I ain't perticuler; yer kin go ahead ef yer likes. I won't charge no more."

"Hurry on," says she; "yer talks more en ef it was a lawsuit. An' I'm late now, an' ef de lady is out——"

"Ain't yer de lady?" I axes.

"Hurry 'long," says she.

So I hurries on fast ez I could fer a block, her a-blowin' an' a-puffin' behint meh.

"Don't go so quick," she pants; "I can't keep up."

"Yer told meh ter hurry on," I says.

"But not ter run," says she.

So I walks on slower en a muskeeter in winter, an' her gittin' madder en madder, but not darin' ter say a word fer fear I'd run agin, but finally she pipes out:

"I wished I was thru wid yer, I do."

"I wish yer was, mum," says I, "fer it'll be past ten afore I gits home, an' meh wife an' de childrun'll worry. An' I'll have ter stop ter buy bread, an'——"

"Yer fam'ly ain't nothin' ter meh," says she. "Hurry on. But yer needn't run, an' yer needn't creep along like merlasses!"

"Merlasses!" I shouts. "Good, mum; I'm glad yer said it; I almost fergot dat meh wife wanted——"

"Go on!" she screams, "fer de love ef Heaven, go on. Yer kin write meh de hist'ry ef yer fam'ly aterwards."

"But I can't write, mum," I says, startin' ahead meedjum quick. An' I goes on a block er so, an' den I stops ter mop meh brow.

"What's wrong now?" axes she.

"It weighs like iron," I says, "an' I'm goin' ter open it ter see what's inside ef it afore I goes on."

"Don't yer dare!" she hollers. "I niver heard de like ef yer in all meh life. I'll call fer a perlice."

"All right," I laffs; "I was only a-foolin'."

"Well, don't fool no more," she groans; "dis is bizness."

"Awful bizness, too," I says, "a-carryin' a iron satchul eight blocks fer ten cents an' nothin' goin' back."

"I'll give yer fifteen ef yer hurries," sighs she.

"I'll hurry," I says. An' I drops de satchul agin.

"What be yer droppin' it fer now?" she axes.

"Ter change hands," I answers.

"But yer kin be gentle," she says; "yer'll smash everything an'——"

"But yer said dere was no glass in it," I says.

"How kin yer wife an' yer childrun live wid yer?" she says; "I don't——"

"Well," I says, "dey changes orfi, meh wife goin' ter her sister's some weeks, an' de childrun——"

"I ought ter have known better," she groans, "en ter start yer on yer fam'ly hist'ry agin. What a man yer is!"

"Meh wife oncet tole meh Cousin Moses——," I says.

"Go on; fer de luve ef Heaven, go!" she screams, "er I'll carry de satchul mehself."

So I trots on a piece, not wantin' ter lose de job, an' den I stops. "Summer en Christmus, an' winter en Fourth ef July!" I screams.

"What's wrong now?" she axes.

"We're here now," I says, a-readin' de name Fernwood Place on de lamp-post, luck bein' wid meh fer oncet.

"Yer rascul!" she screams. "Yer didn't know where it was an' yer'd 'a' lost meh, yer would."

"I did know where it was, mum," I insists, "only, as yer knows, de world keeps a-turnin' an' a-turnin', an' Fernwood Place is here now an' ter-morrow it'll be where Chinee is, an' the nixt day it'll be in——"

"Go 'long, yer rascul," she says; an' she gives meh de fifteen cents.

"Don't I get anudder nickel?" I says.

"What fer, I'd like ter know?" axes she.

"Fer savin' carfare," I says.

"No cars runs here," she says.

"Dey does," I says, "but I fergot."

"An' yer has de impudince," she hollers, "ter put meh to de trouble an' worry ef walkin' an' den ter ax fer five cents asides?"

"But I saved yer ten," I says, "an' yer kin keep five ef it."

"Yer villian! yer hoodlum! yer rascul!" shouts she; "go 'long, er I'll call de perlice."

"Yer no lady at all," I answers back, "callin' meh all dose names, an' cheatin' meh outen ef meh five cents. An' asides, yer interrupted meh five times, which——"

An' she walks away, not answerin' meh, knowin' she was in de wrong an' meh in de right; an' I watches her goin' inter P. G. Martin's house, meh gittin' madder an' madder dat she called meh de names an' cheated meh outen ef de five cents. An' I waits a while an' den goes to de house an' rings de bell, an' I axes de man what comes to de door:

"Please kin I see meh sister, de fat lady what jist come in wid de satchul?"

An' de man looks at meh sharp an' he says, "Come in," an' he lets meh in de vestibool, an' he sings out:

"Jane, tell de new cook her brother is here ter see her."

An' de lady whose satchul I carries shouts, "Dat's funny; de only brother what I got is in de English Army." An' when she sees meh, she says:

"Yer villian, yer here agin?"

"Ashamed ter recognize yer relatives," I says, "'cause dey's poor."

"Go 'long!" she screams; "I'll have de man call fer de patrol."

"An' arrest yer brother?" I says.

"I niver seen dat hoodlum afore ter-night," says she, "when I——"

"Den yer jist give meh back dat quart bottle ef whisky what I put in yer satchul, fer a presint, afore yer left home," says I.

"THREE MILES GOIN' AN' FOUR MILES COMIN'"

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and final installment of The Autobiography of a Beggar.

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"It's a lie," hollers she, a-gittin' red in de face; "I ain't got no whisky. I never drinks."

"Open her satchul an' see fer yerself, Mr. P. G. Martin," I says.

"How did yer learn meh name?" axes he.

"She tole meh," says I, "when she axed meh ter write her riferences."

"It's a villianermous lie!" howls she.

"I guess yer emptied dat bottle already," says I; "yer needn't mind gittin' it."

"I don't want ter keep no cook in meh house what has sich relatives," says de lady what Mr. P. G. Martin calls Jane.

"Yer pirfectly right, mum," I says. "Asides, as yer kin see fer yerself, she interrupts all de time."

"I don't need ter stay here," says de satchul lady; "dere's other places, plinty ef 'em what I kin go ter. But I wants dat rascul arrested. An' I wish yer'd call a perlice."

"I'll save yer de trouble," I says. "I'll call one mehself. Our cousins Handy an' Will is on dis beat."

"Yer kin go an' git yer satchul," says de lady Jane to de cook lady. "I won't have no cook wid two perlicemen cousins comin' here night an' day."

"It's a lie!" she howls, "a most villianermous lie!"

"Don't git excited," I says, "I'll carry yer satchul back. We kin take de cars dis time."

"Perlice!" yells she.

"I'll go fer Handy an' Will," I says; "Mr. P. G. Martin, I'll be back in a minute." An' I starts away.

An' dat was de last time what ever I seen dat fat interruptin' lady, an' it's de last time what I ever wants ter see her; but I'll bet dat she wishes dat she didn't call meh no villian, no rascul an' no hoodlum, an' dat she didn't cheat a poor man outen ef his hard-earned money.

Say, Mr. Anterpolergist, why don't yer study de science ef wimens 'stead ef de science ef man? Git wimens down ter a science, write a book on her, an' de peepul will stand on deir heads ter buy 'em. I'll trade yer de little Hebrew book on Moses fer de fust copy.

A TALE OF A PIGTAIL

IT WAS de same night, Mr. Anterpolergist, ater I left de interruptin' lady dat I went up ter Sam Lung's Chinee restaurint fer a bowl ef chop-suey ter cheer up meh cold an' lonely heart. I goes dere often 'count ef it's bein' cheap, an' 'count ef de Chineses bein' interestin' 'count ef deir ways, an' 'cause de oder yeagers is often dere. An' de first feller I seen was meh old friend Crutch McAllister. He was ez glad ter see meh ez ef he never knowed meh afore, an' we was new friends fer de fust time, which, I guess, is de best kind ef friends, ater all.

An' Crutch an' meh sits down at de table an' orders a cup ef hot tea an' a bowl ef chop-suey, an' Crutch axes meh, "Mollbuzzer, why is it dat niggers is black, an' us white, an' Chineses yaller?"

"A sailor tole meh, Crutch," says I, "dat in Afrikee de air is black, an' in Chinee, which is middle atween Afrikee an' here, de air is natcherally yaller."

"But why is deir speakin' so diff'runt en our'n?" axes Crutch. "A Chinee can't understand a white man ner us can't understand him."

An' I says, "Crutch, de sailorman tole meh dat we learns our langwidges from animuls, an' animuls bein' diff'runt in diff'runt places de langwidges is diff'runt. In Chinee de animuls is mostly pigs an' rats, which 'counts fer de squeaks in it."

"I guess it's so," says he, thinkin', "but why does Chineses wear deir hair in pigtails?"

"De sailor tole me, Crutch," says I, "dat in Chinee dere ain't no houses like here, an' dey all sleeps on de ground, an' at nights a terribul wind comes along an' dey ties demselves ter trees by deir pigtails so dey won't blow inter de sea, which in Chinee is close ter de land everywheres."

"A feller tole meh oncet, Mollbuzzer," he says, "dat ef yer sticks a pin er a horseshoe nail inter a Chinee it don't hurt him none, 'count ef his skin bein' yaller, but ef yer pulls his pigtail it hurts him more den ef yer kills a white man, which is de reason Chineses don't git deir hair cut."

"I'd like ter try it an' see, Crutch," says I, "fer I don't berlieve it."

"Ner I don't berlieve what de sailor tole yer," says he, which made meh mad, him braggin' he guessed he knew more about Chineses en meh, 'count ef his eatin' more chop-suey, an' so finerly we agrees ter ax a real Chinee an' find out.

Dere was a Chinee kid what worked in de restaurint what was half white an' half Chinee, his mother bein' Amerikin an' his father ownin' de restaurint afore he died. Crutch he calls de kid an' he gives him a cent an' axes which was right. De kid says us was both right, so I gives him a cent, too. Den I axes him why it was Chineses' names has allus a Lung in it, like Hop Lung an' Sam Lung an' Charlie Lung; an' de Chinee kid says dat Lung is de Chinee fer Smith.

Den de kid goes orff an' tells de Chineses in de room what we says, 'cause dey laffs an' laffs an' squeaks, which makes meh an' Crutch mad, seein' ez a Chinee ain't got no right ter laugh at a white man, us bein' white an' dey bein' Chineses.

An' I says ter Crutch, "I'm goin' ter yank de pigtail ef de big feller sittin' on de end ef de table afore I goes out."

"Don't do it," says he; "dey'll kill us ter death ef yer does."

So I said ez I wouldn't 'count ef him bein' afeered, but all de time I sits dere meh fingers itches fer ter grab de Chinese's pigtail.

An' I says ter Crutch, "I got ter do it, Crutch; I got ter do it."

"Don't do no sich thing," he begs, a-turnin' pale, an' he gits up ter leave de place, when he sees de big Chinee arguin' wid de kid an' callin' him names an' de kid callin' him names back agin, like kids will, an' de big Chinee hits de kid a hit on de ear, an' de kid goes away a-cryin' an' a-sayin' somethin' ter hisself.

An' Crutch he bends over an' says ter meh, "Maybe, Mollbuzzer, yer could git de kid ter pull de Chinese's pigtail fer ter git even."

"Maybe I could," says I; an' I calls de kid agin, an' I gives him a cent an' axes him what fer de big Chinee hit him.

"He's a uncle ef mine," says de kid, "an' he hits meh all de time jist fer nothin'. He hit meh ter-night 'cause bizness was bad an' he hitted meh last night 'cause bizness was good, I guess. An' I ain't a-goin' ter stand it no longer; I'm goin' ter run away."

"Dat's right," I says; "meh an' dis gent here'll help yer ter git away."

"How kin yer do it?" axes dat kid, him bein' Chinee an' Amerikin an' bein' twicet ez smart ez eny other kid.

"I'll throw yer out ef de winder," I says, "an' dis gent'll stand dere an' ketch yer."

"Not much," says de kid, an' he goes away, de Chinee uncle a-callin' him; but ater a while he comes back agin, an' I says ter de kid, "I'll tell yer how yer kin git away from here easy. Yer pulls de big Chinese's pigtail, an' meh an' him——"

"Not much, I don't," says de kid, turnin' white.

"I'll do it, den," I says, "an' yer kin run out ef de winder an' climb down de fire-escape."

"Yer kin pull it first an' den we'll see aterwards," says de kid.

So I goes ter de winder an' flings it wide open an' yells at de top ef meh lungs, an' all de Chineses 'cept de big feller, what was too fat an' too lazy, runs to de winder ter see what is wrong, an' I runs back an' pulls dat fat Chinese's pigtail wid all meh might an' meh main, an' he screamed out like a parrot in a fire.

"Who's right now, Crutch!" I yells out, "who's right now!"

An' de other Chineses runs back from de winder ter see what wint wrong wid de fat Chinee, an' de kid crawls along fer de fire-escape, an' Crutch yells out, "Go it, kid Chinee, go it; I got meh money on de Amerikin part ef yer!"

An' den Mr. Crutch he climbed down de fire-escape ater de kid like ez ef he wanted ter ketch him an' bring him back, an' de Chineses, which ain't fools even ef deir skin is yaller, seen what was up an' dey lightnings out ef door an' winders ater de kid.

An' I seen it was time fer meh ter be a-movin', too, but like a fool I stops ter give de fat feller's pigtail one more jerk an' he yells holy fire an' Jerusalem, an' two Chineses runs back an' grabs meh, an' afore I knows what happened de whole room was filled wid Chineses what come up from Chineetown ter see what de trouble was. I seen all dose Chineses an' I said meh prayers.

"What fer does yer pull his pigtail?" axes one Chinee dat speaks English.

"'Count ef him helpin' de kid ter git away," I says.

An' de Chinee translated what I said ter de other Chineses, an' dey jabbers an' yells at de fat Chinee, an' he yells an' jabbers back agin till I seen dere was trouble atween 'em an' dat luck had put meh on de right track ez I learned aterwards; for de fat Chinee an' de others had a fuss in de Chinee restaurint bizness an' de fat feller said he was goin' ter take de kid away; fer why I don't know, ner never learned. An' what's de use ef learnin', anyways, ef yer don't care?

An' dey jabbers more an' de fat Chinee whines an' jabbers back agin, an' a dozen ef 'em grabs hold ef meh, an' I thought dey was a-goin' ter turn meh inter a bowl ef chop-suey when a cop come along—which was one ef de first times in meh life dat I was glad ter see a cop.

"Now, you, what's up?" he axes ef de Chinee what speaks English.

"Dis feller here," he says, "pulled Sam Lung's pigtail, an' his pardner runned orff wid our Chinee kid."

"Why fer did yer come in here an' pull dis Chinee gent's pigtail an' raise a disturbince?" axes de cop.

"Well," I says, "I pulled his pigtail fer two reasons, de first bein' 'count ef a dispute twixt meh pardner an' meh dat ef yer pulls a Chinese's pigtail he turns green, an' I wanted ter see how a green Chinee looks; an' de second reason bein' dat de fat Chinee give meh pardner a dollar fer ter open de winder an' ter let de kid run away."

"Does yer expict meh ter berlieve dat?" axes de cop.

"I'll pull his pigtail an' yer kin see fer yersilf dat he turns green," I says, reachin' out fer de fat feller's hair, an' he yells an' squeaks, an' de cop gives meh a crack wid de club.

"I don't want no more ef yer nonsinse," he says. "Where did dat Chinee kid go?"

"Down de fire-escape," I says.

"An' where did yer pardner go?" he axes.

"He runned ater de kid ter bring him back," I says.

"Don't tell meh none ef yer lies," says de cop, rappin' meh wid de club; "tell meh where de kid an' yer pardner wint!"

"Here dey is right now," I says, hearin' de Chineses yellin' an' squeakin' on de stairs, an' Crutch McAllister a-howlin' an' a-yowlin'. "I tole yer he runned away fer ter bring de kid back."

An' dose Chineses comes in de restaurint shovin' an' draggin' Crutch in, an' he looked most awful tired ef life, but he keeps up his nerve an' he yells out ter de fat Chinee:

"Set up de chop-suey an' de hot tea; I brung yer Chinee kid back."

An' de cop he laughs an' de Chineses dey grunts an' dey squeaks, an' sure enuff a big Chinee feller wid a long pigtail has de little Chinee kid by de arm; an' I feels sorry ter see de kid cryin' an' lookin' so white an' skeered, an' I knowed he would git it most awful when us an' de cop was gone.

(*Concluded on Page 22*)

"EF YER PULLS HIS PIGTAIL IT HURTS HIM MORE DEN EF YER KILLS A WHITE MAN"

AN' DE BEST CHINEE RUNNER WAS NO MORE'N A FOOT BEHINT MEH

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The Passing of the "Freak Feature"

THE Sunday newspaper has been so widely discussed during the past decade by vain and empty-headed persons who hope to see their utterances in print, that it is doubtful if even the most intelligent of our philosophers really comprehend the importance of the part that it plays in modern life. It is not, as those orators who hope to have their words reported declare, "the great Sunday sermon for the people," nor is it the vehicle of higher thought and the disseminator of useful and uplifting knowledge that it is represented to be in the advertising columns of the Saturday issue. It is, however, an instrument of extraordinary power in awakening a taste for reading and a thirst for knowledge in the minds of a class that in other countries read nothing at all and have no desire for self-betterment. In fact, the enormous sales of certain recent works of fiction can be traced directly to the influence of the Sunday newspaper, which has created an entirely new race of readers and book-buyers.

But the time has come when the Sunday newspaper must lift itself from the rut of sensation in which it has been traveling these many years past and accommodate itself to the growth of the very taste which it completely satisfied when it was as yet in its elementary form. Let it not forget the awful fate which has overtaken that other institution from which it has copied so many of its most striking features and which is now almost obsolete, the dime museum. This form of entertainment came into existence about the time that the Sunday newspaper began to acquire a hold on the popular American fancy, and both began with genuine "freak features," as they are termed. The one regaled its earlier patrons with such freaks of Nature as an elastic-skinned man who wore his outer cuticle loosely like a bathrobe; a double human being and dwarfs of the smallest conceivable dimensions. The other appealed for circulation on the strength of such edifying contributions as What the Newark Hack-Drivers are Doing this Week, with portraits of the leading hackmen, and The Care of Little Children, by Jesse Pomeroy. So long as their freak features were genuine, both institutions flourished, but in the course of time, thanks to the systematic pot-hunting of dime museum managers and Sunday editors, all the freaks in the country were used up and there were no more elastic-skinned men, and not a criminal of note who had not written himself out in an effort to keep pace with the morbid public appetite.

A veritable famine in freaks ensued and for a time the public hunger was partially appeased by fake freaks, such as mermaids of domestic manufacture, conventions of ugly young women who ate doughnuts and sawed wood, and tribes of Indian maidens who engaged in walking contests. At the same time the "great Sunday sermons for the people" were preached from such texts as The Man with the Sorest Ears in Troy, The New Cotillon Leader Who has Taken Society by Storm, and Heiresses to Countless Millions Who Wear False Teeth. From the moment of the introduction of these fakes the decline of the dime museum began and continued until but one of those once popular places of amusement remained in New York, which had formerly supported fully a dozen. The Sunday newspaper, however, has continued to thrive, but its future is already a matter of grave doubt to many of those whose dollars are invested in Park Row. At the present day the anxiety shown by these men is plainly indicated by the fact that there is no better paid position in a newspaper office than that of Sunday editor and none which changes hands more frequently, or leaves its incumbent in such pitiful nervous and mental collapse. As for the Sunday newspaper itself, its every issue is consumed as thoughtfully and criticised as freely as the salad in a German boarding-house, which is made by each of the boarders in turn.

The consensus of expert opinion points to a Sunday newspaper of the immediate future which shall be less "freaky" in character and of a higher literary and artistic merit. There are even optimists who believe that the time is at hand when a comic supplement with its worn-out jokes, bad drawings and glaring colors will cease to charm. This is too much to be hoped for, but the chances are that a reformed and greatly improved Sunday newspaper is one of the agreeable possibilities of the not too distant future.

Twenty Years of Navy Building

ON THE third of March, 1883, the New Navy was born. On that day Congress authorized the construction of the first steel-armored ships that ever sailed under the American flag—the small cruisers Chicago, Boston and Atlanta, and the dispatch boat Dolphin. On March 3, 1903, just twenty years later to a day, the New Navy, already grown to giant stature, was reënforced by a provision for five new battleships, aggregating seventy-four thousand tons, and some small craft. This single addition surpassed in tonnage and fighting power all the vessels authorized down to the time when Secretary Whitney turned the Navy Department over to Secretary Tracy, six years after the reconstruction of the fleet began. It was almost or quite equal in actual strength to the entire Navy in service at the beginning of the war with Spain, and it would have overmatched the combined fleets that wiped out Montojo at Manila and Cervera at Santiago. With the exception of the great program of 1900, this is the most extensive addition ever made to the regular American Navy in a single year.

The German scarecrow has been conspicuously in evidence for some time and has done good service in stirring up public interest and scaring Congress into making liberal naval appropriations, but the fact may as well be recognized that it is only stuffed with straw. The American Navy is stronger to-day than the German Navy, and at the present rate of growth it will become increasingly stronger year by year. The Kaiser's building plan is imposing—almost terrifying—taken in a lump, but its annual installments are modest compared with ours. The German provision for this year is two battleships of something over 14,000 tons each and one armored cruiser, against our five battleships, three of 16,000 and two of 13,000 tons apiece.

Not only is our Navy ahead of Germany's, and gaining, but with the new construction authorized we shall be stronger in first-class battleships—the solid, fighting power of a fleet—than either France or Russia. In other words, we shall have in about four years, if not sooner, the second fighting navy in the world. It will be incomparably more powerful than the British Navy was ten years ago, at which time the strength of England at sea had already reached a standard which few Americans expected us ever to attain. What the creation of such a force might mean in international politics may be realized from the fact that with our fleet against her England would have difficulty in meeting one of the great naval powers of Europe, while with us on her side she could hopefully face them all.

The three 16,000-ton battleships authorized by the new law—improved Louisianas—will doubtless be the most formidable vessels afloat. Even the two smaller ships of 13,000 tons each will be more powerful than the Oregon, the Kearsarge, the new Maine, or anything else we have now in service or shall have in service within the next two years. They will be worthy members of a fleet of twenty-four first-class battleships that cannot be matched by any other twenty-four ships in any navy of the world—bar none.

Why We Keep Lent

WE ARE now near the end of Lent, which in America has become, oddly enough, the most popular of religious observances. There are very few of the Protestant churches which do not now keep the solemn fast, at least during Holy Week, in some fashion.

This is explained every year in the newspapers with plenty of cheap humor.

"It is fashionable to be pious for a month in spring. People who give dinners or dances in Lent lose caste. Women retire to the winter resorts, not to fast and pray, but to repair their tattered wardrobes, worn out in the winter's balls. Housekeepers rejoice to be done with entertaining for six weeks in hopes that they can clear off the butchers' and bakers' bills"; and so it goes.

Such jokes are popular and are easy to make. No doubt there is a good deal of truth in them. Even the armies of the Crusaders had their Black Guard—gangs of thieves and cut-throats who marched with them under the banners of the Cross.

But we suspect that Lent has grown in favor with Americans simply because there is no idea so popular among us as that of self-sacrifice. We are not wholly given over to making money.

Two or three years ago the sons of millionaires rushed to Santiago to fight as privates to "give Cuba a chance," and in the Civil War the men of the whole nation offered their lives for an idea.

There is something in the proposal that we shall stop business and amusement and go apart alone to face God which appeals to every rational man. He takes stock of his goods. Why not of himself?

He knows that he needs to go apart and meet the truth about himself squarely. What is the use of the fight he is making for a bigger income? Of the hours, days, years of work which is wearing out body and soul for—what? Or, is he not working enough? What are the books worth that he reads? The dawdling days—the talk which goes for nothing—this companion or that—what are they worth? What is *he* worth? Some day in an instant a black curtain will drop across his path and no man will see him again.

Who is behind the curtain?

It is the business of a sane man to take time to face these things. It does not matter whether it be in February or in August, an hour every day or a month in the year.

Science as a Pastime

ONE who does not understand at least the rudiments of botany does not know what "the country" means. And there are comparatively few, even among the well educated, even among those who have studied botany, who do understand. Why? Because "practical" botany is not taught; because teachers of it and their scholars, as a rule, look on it, go through it as if it were as remote from the concerns of daily life and thought as is differential calculus. Botany is treated like a grand, lofty, learned person, one to be admired and respected, but never trifled with. As a matter of fact, botany is a plain, common, every-day person, as indifferent about the company it keeps as a pair of shoes is about the station of its wearer. Only within the last few years—ten at most—has anything appreciable been done to strip botany of its unfit classical cloth of gold and garb it in the working clothes of the masses to whom it belongs. As yet, the very mention of it causes alarm—and the upsurging of the latent impulse to yawn.

President Eliot, of Harvard, is now urging that it be taken out of the high-schools and colleges and put down to the primary grades—among the other "observation" studies. There can be no dispute as to the soundness of this position. For, next to reading, is there any other branch of knowledge which can so readily give so much pleasure to so many? He must be unimaginative indeed who does not see in the country, in the day-by-day progress of the annual melodrama of the birth, life and death of summer, a wonderful and powerful play, crowded with startling incident. But unless he understands at least a little of the language of Nature, he is like a man watching a play given by a company of "star" players in a foreign tongue.

There are some defects in education that are all but irreparable. A lack of knowledge of the rudiments of science is, happily, not one of these. And the laziest man or woman can overcome the deficiency with less exertion than is required in learning a new game of cards or a new stitch in that kind of needlework which is affected solely because it is useless. The day will come when, thanks to the efforts of men of genius applying themselves to the enormously important work of writing textbooks, the fallacy that "learning" is a task will give place to the truth that "learning" is a pastime.

The prejudice against "learning" is well founded. So-called learned men are responsible for it. So many of them are so dull and they write so dully that the average person says, naturally enough, "Heaven forbid that I should do anything to make myself that sort of bore." But if one will put aside his prejudice long enough to look into the thing he will find that the sciences hate the "learned" deadly-dull, dry-as-dust society in which they are compelled to spend most of their time, and that they long for the company of people with lightness of mind and with a disposition to laugh on the smallest possible provocation.

Science is not a task-master, laden with instruments of torture. It is a universal playmate, laden with toys and games that fascinate young and old alike. Some day we shall develop a race of writers and teachers who will show us this instead of hiding it from us. Meanwhile we shall have to put ourselves to the trouble of finding it out for ourselves.

Spring is at hand—is here for thousands of our Southern readers. It is the time for botany's magical spectacles that will prove to you that fairies do dance in the grass and that dryads do haunt the trees.

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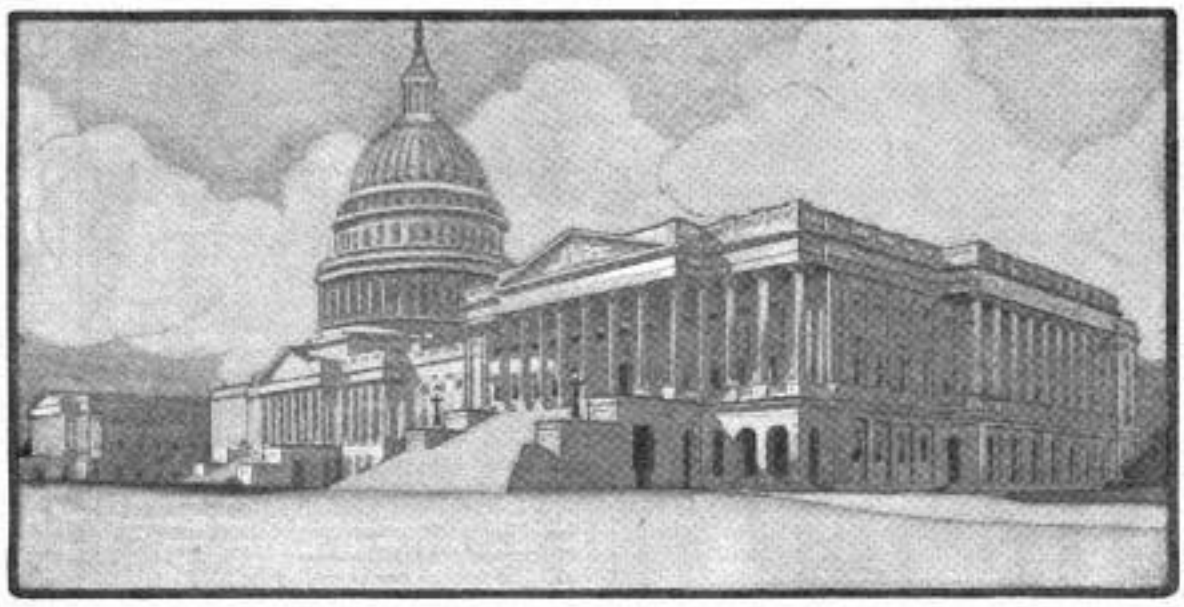
MEN AND MEASURES



By Charles Emory Smith

THE GENERAL INDIGNATION AGAINST THE LAST SESSION'S PROLONGED FILIBUSTER IS REFLECTED IN CONGRESS AND MAY BE EXPECTED TO PRODUCE RESULTS

THE long interval before Congress meets again gives ample opportunity for a deliberate consideration of the processes of legislation. The question is emphasized by the parliamentary block of the closing days in both Houses. The resort to filibustering has reached a point where not merely the principle of majority rule but capability of action is involved. Formerly it was a question of concerted obstruction by an organized party minority or faction. Now it has advanced a stage and become a matter of individual "hold-up."

Generally the last week of a session is distinguished by an indiscriminate rush of measures of all sorts to get through. But the last week of the recent session was marked by a blockade, not altogether pacific, to prevent any measures from passing. Chains were stretched across the channel. Old hulks were sunk on the line of advance. Concealed torpedoes and hidden mines menaced every approach. In the House there was sheer mechanical obstruction. The Reed rules, refined and sublimated to the last degree by his disciples and successors, checkmated any intellectual operation. No power of forbidden speech, no dexterity of impossible strategy, could avail to bar the way. There was simply the dull, monotonous resource of interminable and wearisome roll-calls. In the Senate, with its unlimited monologues, sometimes misnamed debate, its discourteous "courtesy," and its lawless law of unconsenting unanimous consent, it was simply necessary for a single Senator to pile his desk with irrelevant books and an inexhaustible box of troches, to stand on his pins and wag his tongue, in order to stop all legislation.

It was a study in the art of how not to do it, and in the existing system the negative is far easier than the affirmative. The obstruction developed a new impulse. Heretofore the motive has been to defeat a measure for the sake of defeating it, because there was a distinct object in defeating it. It is true that at the close of the Fifty-sixth Congress the versatile "Tom" Carter, of Montana, with his fecund humor and his volatile imagination, talked the River and Harbor bill to death, not because he disliked the River and Harbor bill, but because he had been balked on his scheme of irrigation. He was fertile enough himself, but his country was arid, and so he halted the dredging on the coast because he couldn't get dredging on the mountains.

But that was an isolated case until the last days of the late session blossomed with obstruction for the sake of obstruction or of retaliation. The filibustering in the House was not directed to the defeat of any particular measure. There was no bill pending which anybody had any object in beating. But the minority notified the majority that if they unseated Mr. Butler, of St. Louis, every possible hindrance would be interposed in the way of legislation for the remainder of the session. It was probably ill-judged in the majority to insist on unseating him at that late period. He had only seven more days to serve at the worst. The inaction which ran through nearly two years would not have been disastrous if continued another week. But whether wise or unwise, the majority exercised the right of the majority in purging the roll, and though the minority could not prevent that act they limited all business for the rest of the session to the small volume that could be enacted with the excruciating delay of an incessant roll-call. It was the substitution of a local freight train for the lightning express.

In the Senate, obstruction could not only block and curtail general legislation but it could defeat any particular measure. It was employed decorously but procrastinatingly through the whole session against the Statehood bill. Here was a keen fight and a distinct purpose. But it was equally employed at the end against the Philippine Tariff bill and the Aldrich Financial bill. Nobody really objected to either. Both were public measures without any politics. The first was needed for the commercial relief of the Philippines and the second for the currency relief of the United States. Not only did they involve no partisan issue but the general professions of the minority bound it to their support. Yet notice was served that both were to be strangled simply because the Statehood bill had been hung up. Thus in the development of parliamentary methods the point has been reached where the menace of choking meritorious and unobjectionable measures has become a weapon of warfare over controverted propositions, and nobody can resist a vicious scheme without incurring the risk of provoking a retaliatory crusade against the most needful and vital legislation. So the law of personal courtesy is fast degenerating into the lawlessness of public filibustering, and the rule of unanimous consent becomes the misrule of the individual "hold-up."

This enthronement of the individual obstructor reached its culmination when Senator Morgan opened the flood-gates of his inexhaustible vocabulary against the Panama Canal Treaty and compelled an extra session, and when Senator Tillman set his jaws against two great appropriation bills unless his particular appropriation was conceded. The one had a measure to defeat and the other a scheme to carry. Both adopted substantially the same method. Senator Morgan announced that he would talk the treaty to death so far as the regular session was concerned. Senator Tillman announced that he would talk the appropriation bills to death unless Congress yielded to his demand. Both accomplished their ends. Morgan forced an extra session; Tillman forced a surrender. Morgan held the Senate by the throat, and Tillman made Congress stand and deliver. In neither case was there any accomplice. The legislative marauder stood alone. The chivalry of unanimous consent had become the tyranny of the individual autocrat.

"Uncle Joe's" Protest to the Senate

"JOE," CANNON is not endowed with the graces of oratory. He will not be a Chesterfield in the chair, as he is not a Clay on the floor. But if the sword of his attack does not glitter in its polished steel and carry a hilt of diamonds, it cleaves and crushes in its pungent force. His vigorous denunciation of the imbecility of the rule of unanimous consent and of its letter of marque for the legislative privateer touched the Senate on the raw. When the Senate is challenged the Senate stands together. There was a chorus of cachination in answer to Mr. Cannon. But there was at the same time a manifest consciousness that his caustic criticism expressed a widespread and rapidly growing feeling of the helplessness of the Senate under the present perversion of its liberal rules, and of the contempt to which it will sink unless it rescues itself from this submission to irregular and defiant individual control.

The offspring of that consciousness was Senator Allison's resolution directing the Committee on Rules to review the rules for the purpose of determining whether any changes are necessary, and especially whether any limit should be imposed on debate. Such a movement on the part of such a Senator is significant. Mr. Allison is cautious and conservative by nature. He embodies the average spirit and sentiment of the Senate. Sound, experienced and conscientious, with the highest sense of public obligation, if all Senators were like him there would scarcely be need of rules at all beyond an order of business. His proposed inquiry suggests the need of some reform without indicating its scope and extent. This impression is confirmed by the simultaneous renewal of the proposition of Senator Platt, of Connecticut, providing that when any measure has been under consideration the concurrence of three-fifths of those present may fix a limit to the debate and determine when a vote shall be taken.

Mr. Platt is one of the wisest and sanest members of the Senate. He fulfills the ideal of the old Roman Senator in the best days of Roman glory. His shining sense, patriotism and sobriety make him a model Senator. He is responsive to enlightened public sentiment without being swayed by public clamor. He believes in power of legislative action without loss of deliberation. The feeling he everywhere inspires is that which the President one day voiced when, in reference to this high-minded statesman he said: "There is the true, unselfish patriot." Senator Platt would probably go further in the direction of parliamentary reform than most of his associates. Even the moderate cloture he proposes can hardly be expected. With all the manifest abuses which have excited opprobrium the Senate will still be reluctant to give up the source of individual power. If it could guard against the abuses without curtailing personal opportunity it would gladly do so. But the difficulty of eliminating the one without restricting the other will present a constant perplexity.

The House carries the extermination of talk too far. It has ceased to be an arena of debate. The notable speech is a rare accident. Outside of the ruling group the opportunity of speaking is a favor, and the highest incentive of most of the prepared efforts is the dubious privilege of a tardy and unwitnessed burial in the mausoleum of the "Record." The genuine, illuminating discussion is almost a thing of the past. The rules have reduced debate to a skeleton without flesh and blood, and have crushed all the life and spirit even out of filibustering. It has been narrowed down to the mechanical process of the continuous roll-call, and when the roll-call takes three-quarters of an hour it will be seen how little business can be done in a day. The one remaining step for the suppression of obstruction is a device for a record vote without the delay of a roll-call, and if the House can work out such a method as is used in some parliamentary bodies in Europe and at the same time allow a little more latitude in debate, it will become even less of a filibustering and more of a deliberative body.

It cannot be desired that the Senate shall come to the summary methods of the House. There should be one branch in which there can be full freedom of legitimate discussion. The objection to the extinction of debate is so great that it leads to a liberty which sinks to the most unbridled license. This tendency is aided by the impulse of the Senator to preserve a freedom which enhances individual power and which may sometimes serve his own particular purpose. He is willing to tolerate for others what may on some occasion be useful for himself. After all, it is considerably a question of whose ox is gored. Hosts of people were willing to see obstruction of the Statehood bill who were shocked at the impassable barriers erected against the Aldrich bill. Thousands quietly chuckled over Carter's "thus far and no farther" to the River and Harbor log-rolling who were indignant at Morgan's dam against the Panama Canal.

Indeed, until recently there has been fair ground for the claim that no vital and indispensable bill has been defeated in the Senate by filibustering and that when the majority were in thorough earnest for a measure they have found a way of passing it. It is true the Force bill was beaten in the Fifty-first Congress by obstruction, but some of the majority were half-hearted, and it is now generally regarded as fortunate that the bill failed. In the extra session of the Fifty-second Congress, which President Cleveland called in order to secure the repeal of the silver purchase clause of the Sherman law, there was prolonged factious opposition which baffled action for weeks, but it finally melted away before the resolute and uncompromising determination to accomplish the repeal. The rule of unlimited debate and unanimous consent has been tolerated and excused partly because it has been regarded as not an unmixed evil. It has probably in the long run defeated more bad than good measures, and if the balance were struck on the record up to the last session it might be found on the credit side.

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But the recent carnival of obstruction has enforced the necessity of reform. The lord of misrule has played pranks that were never heard of before. It has now become a question whether the law of courtesy shall be so elastic that a single Senator can hold up the entire Congress for his own individual purpose, and whether the perverse obstruction of needful measures shall have free course to be played as a means of intimidating any objection to dangerous schemes. Heretofore the rule has been the defense of the minority; now it is the weapon of the individual. It is plain that the time has come when the Senate must protect itself against the whim of the filibuster or the menace of the bushranger. A legislative body which is impotent to carry out its own will becomes an object of contempt, and when it is compelled to yield to a single solitary guerilla it is little less than grotesque.

It is not to be expected that the Senate will adopt the general principle of cloture. We may safely assume that the ancient privileges will not give way to any such radical innovation. But it is likely that the rules will be amended so as to put a check upon obstruction during the closing days of the session, and especially to protect the appropriation bills for the maintenance of the Government from the danger of defeat through any individual caprice. The broader reform which would enable the majority to determine when legitimate debate on any matter under consideration had been exhausted and when it should be brought to vote will be more difficult to accomplish, and need not be looked for at present. But even the more limited rectification which will cut off the flagrant abuses recently witnessed will be a decided advance, and with the awakened perception of its necessity the proverbial inertia of the Senate will not long resist it.

Even with the difficulties of obstruction the session made a notable record. When both the legislative and executive branches of Government are considered, the three months mark large progress in the development of American policy. Perhaps the concurrent significance of all the steps was not fully measured as they were taken. The creation of the General Staff and the Militia Reorganization bill prepare the way for making the Army far more available and effective for an emergency than ever before. For the first time the machinery is provided for quick movement, for large operations and for intelligent prevision and planning. At the same time, without public avowal, without discussion and with only the perception which moves with silent purpose, the vote is taken which means that our Navy is to be the third in the world. And with all this the Monroe Doctrine is vitalized as never before.

Put these three facts together and see the improved position in which three months have placed the country. Through the Venezuela complication our Government has come to a more distinct assertion and a more definite grasp of the great dominant law of this continent. Europe has given it a more tangible recognition, and South America has seen that it is a substantial reality and not a mere sentiment. To American assertion and European acknowledgment and South American concurrence add the staff organization and militia expansion of the Army and the future potentiality of the Navy, and reflect on the doubled influence and power of the Republic. These correlated facts are the assurance at once of dominance and peace.

So much for the outward look as it has been affected by the winter's developments. The inward look has also been materially advanced. The session began with the universal expectation that there would be much talk and no action about trusts. It ended with little talk and all the action that had been planned. The creation of the Department of Commerce with the machinery of inquiry, the expedition of pending suits and the accountability of corporations and not of individual officers for discriminating rates arm the President with the necessary initial power. There were many smaller measures. But in the wide survey, and in the perspective of the future, these large coherent acts, wrought out by the executive and legislative branches together, will make the winter memorable in our national evolution.

THE PRESIDENT

By William Allen White

(Concluded from Page 5)

impregnable position of Theodore Roosevelt in the fight of nineteen-four are the men who would desert him at the drop of a hat.

One sees that in Washington continually. It is impossible to spend a day in the corridors of the Capitol without hearing some one say: "You know, of course, that I am for Roosevelt, but——" And there it goes. Congress is full of men who are "for Roosevelt, but——," and their chief joy is found in sneering at the reconstructed White House. Gaines, of Tennessee, gave them some comfort in his speech attacking the President's integrity and asking what became of all the money that was supposed to be spent on the improvements. His sneer at the President's social diversions, which are paid for, of course, out of the Presidential salary, tickled the ribs of the "for Roosevelt, but" fellows and they chuckle over it every time they get a chance. But, as a matter of fact, Roosevelt's social entertainments are particularly to his credit. If he chose he might save his salary. He is a comparatively poor man, and he has a large family. When he goes out of office he will have to support himself. A matter of a hundred thousand dollars saved from his salary would be a pleasant help. But instead of saving part of his salary President Roosevelt is using it all; he is doing so, not from a desire to spend, for instinctively he is a frugal man. Probably he believes that the salary of $50,000 a year is given to him to maintain the dignity of his office, and not that he may be able to leave that office well-to-do. The entertainments that the President and Mrs. Roosevelt give are many, but they are simple and not extravagant. They are in nowise exclusive. Any socially presentable man or woman in the United States, who comes to Washington introduced to the President as to any other American gentleman, may receive this White House hospitality. The musicals which Mrs. Roosevelt has given this winter have cost considerable money, but the number of the guests—that is, the entire simple democracy of these affairs, and not their lavishness—has made them expensive. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt have given many dinners—many more than the arbitrary rules of Washington official society require—but these dinners have been notable for their dignified simplicity of fare, and for the distinction of the guests, not merely in official circles but in every walk of life, and from every part of the land. Wealth has not been the distinguishing mark of these guests; the one characteristic which has marked all, who were not there perfunctorily, has been achievement. It is the man or woman who has done things that attracts President Roosevelt as it attracted Roosevelt the man before he came to the White House.

In no other way than in a purely social way may the President of this country get at the sentiment of the people. And in no other way than in a social way may the people of the country know the real heart of their executive. Naturally but a small per cent. of the people may reach the President in person, but if this per cent. is well chosen it will reflect the people of the home communities and carry back to these communities the truth about the head of the nation. More than this, it carries from the White House as the White House is managed to-day an abiding sense of sincerity in social relations and of democratic good taste in entertainment that cannot but have a strong educative effect. If the President cares to spend his own salary in these ways and for ends that are not required of him except by his conscience, his enemies who scoff at him for these things must have little else to pick at; but, on the other hand, when a man is thirsty for trouble he never has to walk far to a spring.

And the enemies of the President, the few of them who are bitter, in Washington, have a "ho! every one that thirsteth" institution which not only quenches lips that are parched by envious burning hearts, but which also douses cold water in the faces of those who are known to admire the President. It has been whispered about that dinners have been arranged several times this winter at which only one strong Roosevelt man will be present. There he hears such abuse, such vilification, such slander and jeering at the President that if he is a weak man he joins the mob; if he is a strong man he is astounded, and if strong and politic he is set to thinking. There can be no doubt but that there is a systematic, persistent effort among Washington politicians of a certain ilk to discredit the President with the strong, sincere men in Congress who are attached to him personally and politically, and also there can be no doubt that the animus behind this intrigue will take the fight against Roosevelt to the people, if the intriguers ever dare to do so. It is not to Roosevelt's discredit that these parasites bother him. Lincoln, who was straightforward, brave and wise, above politics, was afflicted with the same kind of itch!

In the coming eighteen months the American people may be put to a test; there cannot be the slightest doubt that there is at the head of this nation a man schooled to practical wisdom in practical life; brave and efficiently brave, as he is wise; earnest, direct, shamhating yet passionately patient in great crises, and above all a man erect, bowing to no master, abject only to his conscience. This is a man after the fashion that the people have created in their heart as an ideal for thirty years—and found him only in their hopes. Such a man is as sure to cross the purposes of men who live by devious ways as a merciless fire is sure to burn tinder. No diplomacy, no tact, no kindness of heart, no Christian charity can save him from giving offense to those who live in darkness, and if he should put peace, even party peace or peace in the nation, above duty, he would sink to the mediocre level of a skillful politician. The test will come to the American people when the rupture comes openly, if it should come thus, between Roosevelt and the politicians. Their excuse for the break will not be the real cause of it. Indeed they will probably assume the air of shocked honesty. If the people choose sanely then it will be because whatever the evidence against him, whatever the circumstances in which the duplicity of politicians may entangle him, the people know above everything, and in the face of everything, that Theodore Roosevelt is true.

Some New Fruits

ON THE reclaimed flats of the Potomac near Washington the Government is making experiments with a variety of vegetables unfamiliar to people in this country, most of which have been fetched from far-away lands by our agricultural explorers. Their possibilities are being investigated, and most of them are likely to become of economic importance in the United States.

One of these vegetables is the so-called "Chinese watermelon," which looks somewhat like a muskmelon, but has a hairy outside. Its flavor resembles that of the squash, with more than a suggestion of the cucumber, and it is said to be valuable for sweet pickles and preserves. Another novelty of Oriental origin is the "crosne," from Japan, which, while somewhat like salsify, is more delicate and better in point of flavor. Its little tubers are sometimes fried, but more commonly are made into pickles and salads. This valuable plant is easily cultivated, and its yield to the acre rivals that of the potato.

A new Japanese fruit which looks like a small yellow pear, though in reality more closely related to the apple, is the product of a dwarfish bushlike tree. It can be grown only in the far South, or else in California, which is likewise true of the "maritzgula," an African fruit resembling a glossy red cherry of extraordinary size. The maritzgula grows on a thorny bush, which is fairly loaded down when the crop is ripe.

Another valuable, and hitherto unfamiliar, plant is the "rosella," which is a shrub much resembling in appearance the cotton plant, and with blossoms like those of the cotton. The calyxes of the flowers, after the petals have dropped, are gathered and stewed. Jelly and jam are made from them.

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HORSE-SENSE IN HORSE-FOOD—Nature is still ahead of us in scientific engine construction.

HORSE-DIET is the newest subject taken up for investigation by Government scientists, and some of the facts ascertained are likely to surprise those persons who think they are best informed.

Prof. C. Ford Langworthy, who is an eminent authority on dietetics in general, has had charge of this investigation, and in a bulletin of the Department of Agriculture he states that only thirty-four per cent. of the food consumed by a horse is converted into mechanical work. The remaining sixty-six per cent. is used in running the quadrupedal engine—to keep the heart going, for breathing, in the processes of digestion, for chewing, and to supply waste blood and tissue.

Experiments show that twenty per cent. of the energy contained in a horse's allowance of oats is expended in chewing and digesting the grain. Ten per cent. more may easily be consumed in fighting flies in the stall—an economical hint which ought to be useful to stable-keepers who care little for the comfort of their equine boarders; and too low a temperature in the stable may easily cause such a waste of energy as to require two pounds or more of additional oats per diem to compensate for the loss.

Nevertheless, a horse which converts thirty-four per cent. of its food into mechanical work is a far more economical machine than the best steam engine, which renders less than twenty per cent. of its fuel available in the shape of energy. In other words, the animal is a far more efficient piece of mechanism than the apparatus of steel, with its wheels, piston-rods and boiler. We may surpass Nature some day in the construction of an engine—very likely we shall—but up to the present time she is away ahead of us.

Professor Langworthy finds that the average horse produces in a minute enough energy to lift one pound 22,000 feet, or about four miles. In a working-day of eight hours the animal, if the energy it evolves were applied in that way, would be able to raise a pound weight 2000 miles—or, to put it otherwise, could lift a short ton one mile into the air.

The amount of food required by a horse seems, oddly enough, to be proportionate to the surface area of the animal, and not to its weight. A horse weighing 1200 pounds will drink somewhat over 100 pounds (fifty quarts) of water a day at moderate work. It will require two and one-fifth pounds of protein (muscle-forming stuff) per diem, and in the same period will use up 32,000 small "calories" or heat units. A calory is the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of one cubic centimetre of water from zero to one degree centigrade. One hundred pounds of oats contain 9½ pounds of protein and 122,400 calories. The same weight of hay contains 11¼ pounds of protein and 69,850 calories.

Eleven pounds of oats and ten pounds of hay make an ideal daily ration for a 1200-pound horse at moderate labor. Oats give the animal mettle and spirit. Beans are most appropriate for horses which are required to perform long-continued, sudden or severe labor. The opinion prevails in England that in the hunting field it is always possible to recognize bean-fed horses by their great endurance, and in that country the leading stables make much use of beans as rations.

In the assembling of his data Professor Langworthy has obtained reports from cab companies, packing concerns, department stores, fire companies, and other employers of horses in large numbers, not only in this country but abroad also. The greatest of the Paris cab companies, it appears, has succeeded, through experiments in scientific feeding, in saving $200,000 per annum—a result accomplished largely through the use of Indian corn, which, though not so rich as oats in the stuff that goes to make muscle and blood (protein), is an admirable fuel for running the equine machine.

The

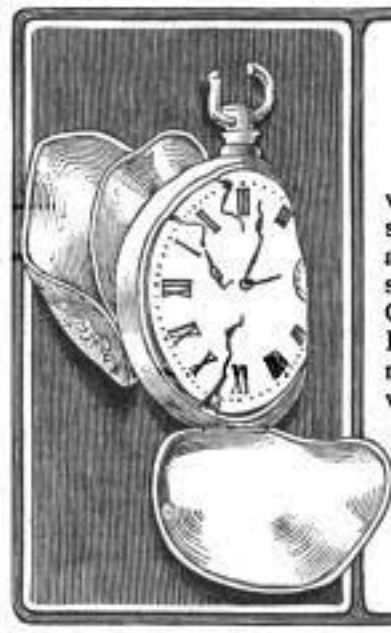
WINTON Touring Car

earns unqualified appreciation on Fashion's avenue, because, on the boulevard, it is the beautiful finish, the graceful lines, the tasteful trimmings and general smart appearance of the car, that count. But leave the boulevard and take to the highways, ascend mountain inclines, plough through heavy sand roads, or do any manner of what is ordinarily called hard riding and then you realize to the full what an immense advantage it is to be carried along by the force of a strong, sound and practical motor.

It means something to have the benefits of Winton experience in your automobile equipment. It means that you have the best results of long experience successfully tried out—the ripest fruits from practical and scientific knowledge in automobile building and designing. You are at no time inconvenienced by undemonstrated theories. Price of the new 20 horse-power Winton Touring Car, complete with full brass side lamps, horn, tools, etc., $2,500.

Visit any of our branch or agency depots in all leading cities and the limit of Winton excellence will be demonstrated.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE COMPANY
Berea Road, Cleveland, U. S. A.



Watch Accidents

will happen! That's why your watch works should be protected by a strong case. Gold alone is soft and bends easily. It's used for show only. The JAS. BOSS STIFFENED GOLD WATCH CASE resists jar and jolt. Keeps out the dust. Reduces the expense of repair. Adds many years to the life of your watch. Every JAS. BOSS CASE is guaranteed for 25 years by a Keystone Trade-mark stamped inside. You must look for this trade-mark.

Consult the jeweler. Write us for booklet.

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY
Philadelphia

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A POWDER FOR THE FEET

"So Easy to Use"

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, and nervous feet, and **is the Greatest Comfort Discovery of the Age.** Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy, and brings comfort to hot, tired, aching feet. **Try it to-day.** We have over 30,000 testimonials. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cents. **Do not accept an imitation.** Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LE ROY, N. Y.

Spring Trip to California

Three tours under Pennsylvania Railroad auspices at greatly reduced rates leave New York and Philadelphia May 12 and 13. Attractive itineraries, including Colorado and California resorts, the Yellowstone Park and Grand Canyon of Arizona. Rates on application to GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

A Book about Colorado

Burlington Route

A country anywhere from 6000 to 15,000 feet above sea level, where the air is light and dry and easy to breathe. That is why so many persons in poor health go there. A country with grand mountain scenery, golf courses, and fine trout fishing, with really good hotels, boarding houses and ranches where you can live well for little money. The ideal place to rest. That is what Colorado is. Our book tells all about it. Full of maps and illustrations. Price 6c. in postage. Send for a copy *today*.

Plan to go to Colorado next summer.

Address P. S. EUSTIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Ry. Co., 209 Adams Street, Chicago.

32

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MONEY TO COOKS

$7500.00 Donated, to be Divided Among Family Cooks

The sum of $7500.00 will be distributed between now and midsummer among family cooks, in 735 prizes ranging from $200.00 to $5.00.

This is done to stimulate better cooking in the family kitchen. The contest is open to paid cooks (drop the name "hired girl;" call them cooks if they deserve it) or to the mistress of the household if she does the cooking. The rules for contest are plain and simple. Each of the 735 winners of money prizes will also receive an engraved certificate of merit or diploma as a cook. The diplomas bear the big gilt seal and signature of the most famous food company in the world, The Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich., the well known makers of Postum Coffee and Grape-Nuts. Write them and address Cookery Dept. No. 419 for full particulars.

This remarkable contest among cooks to win the money prizes and diplomas will give thousands of families better and more delicious meals, as well as cleaner kitchens and a general improvement in the culinary department, for the cooks must show marked skill and betterment in service to win. Great sums of money devoted to such enterprises always result in putting humanity further along on the road to civilization, health, comfort and happiness.

With Your Name, $1.50

Send us $1.50 and we will make you a heavy, substantial rubber door mat, size 16x30 inches, with your name or initials cut in the design. These mats give many years wear — are clean and sanitary; corrugated and hand perforated; worth $3.50. Your name in the mat prevents theft.

We supply rubber mats to all parts of the U. S., all sizes, shapes and kinds — for homes, offices, churches, hotels, stores. **Buy of the makers.**

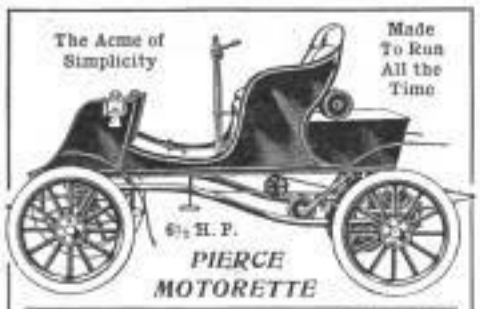
Catalogue of rubber goods on request.

WESTERN RUBBER MFG. CO.
306 Wabash Avenue CHICAGO, ILL.

Snowy Laundry
Soft Hands
Clear Complexion
BORAX

The Acme of Simplicity

Made To Run All the Time



6½ H. P.
PIERCE MOTORETTE

GEO. N. PIERCE CO. Buffalo, N.Y.
Manufacturers of
PIERCE Cycles and ARROW Motor Cars
Catalogues Free on Application.

ALL SILK UMBRELLA

Simply press the spring and off comes the handle. Fits into a trunk or suit case. No more trouble packing umbrellas when going away. Send $3.00 today. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Rainoff Umbrella Co., 9117 Commercial Ave., Chicago.
Write for Illus. Leaflet. Mention Post when writing.

Soul Sonnets of A Stenographer

BY S. E. KISER

VI

How kind the Governor was yesterday.
And once I caught him looking down at me —
I know I'm blushing — almost wistfully.
And, turning quickly then, he looked away,
And, leaning on his desk, began to play
A tune by drumming with his fingers. We
Were in the office all alone and he,
I'm sure, had something that he wished to say.

Ah, how I felt my cheeks burn as I sat
And ran my fingers up and down the keys
And wondered if my hair strung down behind.
I plainly felt my heart go pitapat.
Till suddenly he gave an awful sneeze
And then reached for a letter which he signed.

VII

How dark and dismal everything appears:
Sometimes I wish I never had been born;
The fragile rose is hardly worth the thorn,
The smiles but half repay us for the tears;
We barter happy days for doleful years;
To-day the joys of yesterday we mourn,
We sigh for loving looks, and words of scorn,
As breakers beat the shore, assail our ears.

He turned to me a little while ago
With anger and impatience in his face:
"You're getting careless with your work," he said:
"I see you spell 'lose' with a double o —
Remember that there's no I in 'embrace'!"
And, oh, the scornful way he jerked his head.

VIII

I hardly slept last night, and in my dreams
A hundred ugly phantoms seemed to rise;
Old, scrawny witches tried to scratch my eyes,
And nightmares came along in double teams;
But, ah, once more the glad sun brightly beams,
And all the clouds have faded from the skies;
Through all my fancies happy visions rise —
I seem to hear the tinkle of glad streams.

He greeted me this morning with a smile,
And asked me if the hours were too long.
And there was something tender in his style,
As if he were acknowledging a wrong.
And in my gladness every little while
I find that I have broken into song.

IX

This morning, as I sat with him alone,
When Teddy Roberts had gone out a while,
He looked up at me with a little smile,
And in his eyes a look of kindness shone:
I let my soul peep coyly from my own,
Then, turning, fumbled with the letter-file,
And stacked my pencils in a little pile,
And heard him say, in such a kindly tone:

"We all make foolish blunders now and then,
And I confess that I have made my share ——"
I fancied it was coming then and there,
But, ah, poor me! What luck I have! Two men
Came in to talk about some deal somewhere,
And hung around and spoiled the whole affair.

X

I think of him as "William," but until he
Is free I'll merely have to think it. Oh,
It seems so long to wait for her to go:
I wonder if I'll ever call him "Billy"?
Of course I'd never think of saying "Willie"
To one as old and gray as he is, though;
I wish that I could find some way to know
If to himself he thinks of me as "Lillie."

I don't expect to ever really love him,
But few get love and money, anyway.
When I am his and he's at work all day,
Down here, I'll see but precious little of him.
So, if December turns out gloomy, May
Can still proceed to blossom and be gay.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Send Us Your Measurements

for your new spring suit. Any friend or member of your family can measure you with our instruction sheet.

We'll please you in Materials, Style and Fit at a saving of 30 to 50 per cent.

We guarantee perfect satisfaction or refund your money. Our average daily output is 250 suits made to order. Less than two per cent. of these are returned for alterations. All changes made free of charge.

Our suits at $15 to $18 are equal in every respect to those your tailor would ask $25 to $30 for.

Send for Catalogue VH

containing samples of the very best fabrics and styles in Summer suitings, with tape line and instructions for measuring. Sent free.

A one-cent postal request for above catalogue is the only chance you take. It will prove the most profitable investment you ever made. **Write to-day.**

Montgomery Ward & Co.
Michigan Ave. & Madison St., Chicago
Our reputation protects you.

KLIP-KLIP

TRIMS, FILES, CLEANS,

THE POCKET MANICURE
SOLID GERMAN SILVER

Keeps the nails in perfect condition. A complete manicure for man, woman or child. Sent postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer hasn't it.

25c

KLIP-KLIP CO., 879 Clinton Ave. S., Rochester, N. Y.

Pears'

soap in stick form; convenience and economy in shaving.

It is the best and cheapest shaving soap.

Sold all over the world.

Ten Days FREE TRIAL

allowed on every bicycle bought of us before purchase is binding. We **ship C. O. D.** on approval to anyone *without a cent deposit.*

NEW 1903 MODELS

"Bellise,"	complete	**$8.75**
"Cossack,"	Guaranteed High Grade	**$10.75**
"Siberian,"	a beauty	**$12.75**
"Neudorf,"	Road Racer	**$14.75**

no better bicycles at any price.

Any other make or model you want at one-third usual price. Choice of 44 standard tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. *Strongest guarantee.*

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in every town to buy sample wheel at *special price* and take orders for our improved 1903 models. *There's big money in it.*

500 Good Second-Hand Wheels $3 to $8

DO NOT BUY a bicycle until you have written for our free catalog with large photographic engravings and full descriptions. **MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 54-G, Chicago**

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LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

A system representing the highest standard of advertising instruction in the world.

1 M. B. HOLLEY

Page-Davis men are recognized by newspaper men
Every student a star in the advertising world!

1. Page-Davis System is a big help to you in your present position and helps you to better your position.
2. Page-Davis Students know there is no "hurry up plan" nor any "bargains" in education.
3. When you enroll with the Page-Davis Company you are not experimenting or being experimented upon.
4. Page-Davis Graduates are constantly sought for by representative houses throughout the land.
5. Page-Davis School is acknowledged the oldest—biggest—best and safest institution of its kind in the world. They have proven results—their graduates receive the highest salaries.
6. Successful business men say, "I want a Page-Davis man." Successful graduates say, "I am a Page-Davis man."
7. Every Page-Davis Student has the evidence of a thorough and personal attention to their work.
8. The Page-Davis Students must be a credit to the Page-Davis Company. Their individual success is worth more to us than their individual tuition.
9. The Page-Davis Company is an institution that promises less than it gives.
10. When you enroll with the Page-Davis School it is a source of satisfaction to know that you are in good company. Your fellow students are people to whom only successful arguments will appeal. They are your equals, not your inferiors.

6 D. CRICHTON

2 E. K. HELLWAY

7 J. C. GREENWOOD

READ EVERY LETTER, THEN ANSWER THIS ANNOUNCEMENT

1 Evening Record, Traverse City, Mich.

Mr. M. B. Holley, Advertising Manager, Hannah & Lay Mercantile Co., Traverse City, Mich.

My Dear Mr. Holley: Permit me this first day of the new year to congratulate you upon the marked improvement in the advertising of the Hannah & Lay Co., during the past few months. You have made excellent use of the space employed by your house, and I believe your methods must have brought the best possible results. In the matter of display and arrangement you have exercised commendable judgment. It adds materially to the appearance of the Record, which we appreciate greatly.

I believe the class of advertising which you are putting out must bring effective notice to the goods you advertise. I predict that these progressive times will be met by you with suggestions which reflect new and modern ideas and methods of trade drawing. In this connection permit me also to suggest that your employment of the advantages of the Page-Davis School has been of good service to you, and I am sure you appreciate such advantages to their full value. Thanking you for your efforts in this direction, which are of benefit to the newspapers, I beg to wish you a very happy and prosperous New Year.

J. W. HANNEN.

2 The Tribune, Charlotte, Mich.

Page-Davis Co., Chicago, Ill.

We wish to express to you our thanks for incidentally assisting us in our business. Before attending your school our young friend, Ernest K. Hellway, was recognized as very clever in his work as an ad-writer. However, we are assured that his abilities have grown remarkably under your instruction. The result with us is seen in better appearance of ads and increased patronage. You are doing a good work. Respectfully,

PERRY & McGRATH, Publishers Tribune, Charlotte, Mich.

3 The Denver Republican, Denver, Colo.

To Whom it May Concern:

It is a matter of great pleasure to recommend very highly the abilities of Mr. Alexander M. Candee as an advertisement writer.

I have had personal acquaintance with Mr. Candee for several years and am familiar with his work in connection with the Daniels & Fisher Stores Co., of this city, and can honestly state that I consider his work first-class in every particular. Anyone wishing to employ him as an advertisement designer and writer will make no mistake, I feel assured. Yours truly,

F. I. CARRUTHERS, Advertising Manager.

4 Kewanee Ptg. and Pub. Co., Kewanee, Ill.

Mr. Lester Taylor,

Dear Sir: We have been watching pretty carefully the advertising you have been writing since you have had charge of the advertising in the big department store of Lay & Layman. We think you have set the pace for all the advertising in the city, as your ads have been uniformly the best and most attractive of any in our paper.

KEWANEE PTG. & PBG. CO., Will Curtis, Manager.

5 The Fostoria Times, Fostoria, Ohio

Page-Davis Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please allow me to say a few words for E. F. Marcha, of this place, who has taken your course of instruction in ad-writing. I can plainly see that Mr. Marcha has made a wonderful improvement in ad-writing and ad-soliciting. In fact, he has worked up our merchants to such an extent that we are more than pleased with the increase in advertising. Your school is certainly a great benefit to our country, and I assure you that you have my hearty co-operation in your good work.

Sincerely yours, ROBERT C. MILLER, Business Manager.

6 The Chronicle Co., Marion, Ind.

Mr. David Crichton, Marion, Ind.

Dear Sir: We wish to take this opportunity of complimenting you on the appearance of your advertising for Messrs. Goldthaite & Son. Since you have been in charge of the advertising department of their large department store the advertising has steadily improved, and, we think, must have proved many times more profitable to them than their former work in that line. It is with much pleasure that we note the tendency of Marion merchants to employ expert managers of their advertising departments, because we know that careful and competent handling of their advertising space will most surely bring many times the returns that poor ads bring, and this will naturally cause them to use more and larger space, which, you see, results directly to our profit. An advertisement made by an expert, correctly balanced and changed very often, is bright and fresh, and to a certain large class of our readers, it is as good in our columns as local news.

We are very much pleased with the improvement in Messrs. Goldthaite & Son's advertising, and the amount of space they are now using would indicate that they also are more than satisfied with the results.

We are, yours truly,

THE CHRONICLE CO., C. W. Crane, Secy.

7 The Times, Kankakee, Ill.

Mr. J. C. Greenwood, who is a graduate of the Page-Davis School of Advertising, is thoroughly conversant with every detail of ad-writing. His is the only professional copy received at this office—the printers being enabled to follow it to the letter. Judging by the big crowds nearly always present at Lecour's Department Store, for which Mr. Greenwood does the advertising, it certainly pays to employ a good ad-writer.

DUNLAP & LIVINGSTON, Publishers.

8 Daily and Weekly Sentinel, Centralia, Ill.

Mr. D. A. Ryan, Centralia, Ill.

Dear Sir: We are glad to give you our views on the improvement of your ad-writing, for it certainly has been considerable since your term of instruction in the Page-Davis School.

It is a pleasure to run advertising in which there is originality and interest, and it is an actual benefit to the paper running it. Your instruction certainly must have been thorough, from the carefulness with which you prepare your matter, and insist on exact following of display.

THOS. L. JOY & CO., Publishers.

9 The Worcester Spy, Worcester, Mass.

Mr. George H. Hayward, Worcester, Mass.

Dear Sir: It gives me great pleasure to commend your work to the attention of advertisers. Wherever you have had an opportunity to show your ability in writing advertising we have found it to the advantage of the advertiser as well as to us.

Your practical knowledge of the details of the printing business and attention to the art of publicity make an excellent combination. As you can testify, I have tried to give you every facility possible to increase your business since you have opened your Worcester office. Yours truly, CHARLES NUTT, Publisher.

10 The News, Slatington, Pa.

Page-Davis Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Replying to yours of recent date, we must say that we are well pleased with the ad-work of Mr. R. J. Kitchline, of this place, who, we understand, is one of your graduates. While we did not have so much of his ad-writing for "The News" still what we had could always be told by the bold display and plenty of white space, which made the particular ad stand out from the others. As to job work, we had quite a lot of circulars, cards, folders, etc.

THE NEWS PUBLISHING CO., J. C. Rauch.

3 A. M. CANDEE

8 D. A. RYAN

4 LESTER TAYLOR

9 G. H. HAYWARD

5 E. F. MARCHA

10 R. J. KITCHLINE

Page-Davis Students in every part of the Union are making money. The following is but a partial list:

A Page-Davis Graduate in San Francisco, Cal., is now earning $33.00 per week, former salary $14.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Los Angeles, Cal., is now earning $30.00 per week, former salary $27.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in San Francisco, Cal., is now earning $60.00 per week, former salary $35.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Bakersfield, Cal., is now earning $40.00 per week, former salary $18.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Denver, Colo., is now earning $35.00 per week, former salary $12.50.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Pueblo, Colo., is now earning $25.00 per week, former salary $9.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in New York City is now earning $6000 per year, former salary $2000.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Duluth, Minn., is now earning $40.00 per week, former salary $18.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in St. Paul, Minn., is now earning $30.00 per week, former salary $22.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Cleveland, Ohio, is now earning $4000 per year, former salary $1800.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Kewanee, Ill., is now earning $25.00 per week, former salary $12.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Centralia, Ill., is now earning $30.00 per week, former salary $14.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Cleveland, Ohio, is now earning $25.00 per week, former salary $13.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Chicago, Ill., is now earning $25.00 per week, former salary $16.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Brooklyn, N. Y., is now earning $30.00 per week, former salary $18.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Chicago, Ill., is now earning $25.00 per week, former salary $7.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Plainfield, N. J., is now earning $40.00 per week, former salary $20.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Bridgeport, Conn., is now earning $40.00 per week, former salary $15.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Slatington, Pa., is now earning $35.00 per week, former salary $15.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Portland, Me., is now earning $25.00 per week, former salary $11.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Eau Claire, Wis., is now earning $25.00 per week, former salary $10.00.

There are also successful Page-Davis Graduates throughout Mexico, Canada, Hawaii, Cuba and Philippines. There are successful Page-Davis Graduates in England, Australia, So. Africa, South America, Russia, West Indies, Italy, Ireland, Japan, Scotland, Belgium, Brazil, Fiji Islands and New Zealand.

Do you realize the full significance of these facts to you?

We are glad to have you ask us what has the Page-Davis Company done, what our students are doing, and what we can do for you. We will answer promptly and completely, if you write to us for our large prospectus, mailed free.

Page-Davis Company

"The Original Advertising School You Hear So Much About"

Suite 18, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Notice to Employers

Concerns desirous of engaging competent advertisement-writers at a salary of $25.00 to $100.00 per week are requested to communicate with us. This service is gratis.

Notice to You

Business men want Page-Davis graduates because the principles of the institution appeal to people with a proper mental foundation upon which to build a successful business career.

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POPULAR FICTION
89c a Copy

Published at $1.50 each. If ordered sent by mail add 14 cents for postage

Virginian.	Mississippi Bubble.
Audrey.	To Have and To Hold.
Crisis.	Man from Glengarry.
David Harum.	Leopard's Spots.
Dri and I.	Richard Carvel.

NEW FICTION

Delivered to any part of the U. S., $1.08 each

The Pit.	Lady Rose's Daughter.
The Circle.	Under the Rose.
Hearts Courageous.	Master of Warlock.
Truth.	Darrell o' the Blessed Isle.

LOVEY MARY. By the author of Mrs. Wiggs, 72c, postpaid

Special Bargains for Bookbuyers

(Publisher's price in parenthesis. Our reduced price follows. Transportation extra)

Mrs. Wiggs. ($1.00). 65c. In The Morning Glow. ($1.25). 90c. Glengarry's School Days. ($1.25). 90c. Napoleon Jackson. ($1.00). 72c. Alcott's Little Women Books. ($1.50). 89c. The Pepper Books. ($1.50). 89c. The Elsie Books. ($1.25). 79c. Hubbard's Little Journeys. ($1.75). $1.20. Astor Poets. (75c.). 33c. Home Library. ($1.00). 37c. Handy Volume Classics, cloth, 10c. White House Cook Book. 65c. Webster's International Dictionary. $6.50. Chambers' Encyclopedia, 15 vols. $8.75. Literature of All Nations, edited by Julian Hawthorne, 10 vols. $3.98.

FREE Our large illustrated book catalogue. The most complete list ever printed. Prices lower than jobber's. You can buy from us in any quantity, cheaper than your dealer buys from the wholesaler. Ask for catalogue PT.

SIMS, WILSON & SIMS CO.

Largest mail-order booksellers in the world. References, Dun, Bradstreets, First National Bank of Chicago, and all publishers.

289 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

CLARK'S CRUISES

NORWAY, Sweden, Russia

The most delightful way to visit these interesting countries is offered by our July 2d Cruise of 42 days on the popular Lloyd express steamer "KAISERIN," specially chartered for our party.

RATES, $275 AND UP.

All necessary expenses included. Send for illustrated programme. Programmes ready for various European tours ranging from $270 to $800.

FRANK C. CLARK,
111 Broadway, NEW YORK.
9 State Street, BOSTON.

FROM FACTORY TO CONSUMER

$26.50 BUYS A BUGGY (with top $33.50)

superior quality, style and durability. Our entire output of two enormous factories sold direct to consumers only,

PRICES DEFY COMPETITION

We manufacture a full line of Buggies, Carriages and Harness, guarantee everything we sell and ship on approval. Money back if not satisfied.

SAVE DEALERS' PROFITS

Write immediately for our catalogue and special inducement, it will interest you.

UNION BUGGY CO., 402 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

Young men and women in search of Permanent, Profitable Employment will appreciate our new, easy method of selling

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

Takes away all objectionable features of canvassing and adds greatly to the profit. Over 300 different utensils. Very highest grade. Do not burn food, cannot rust, crack or scale. Lasts a lifetime.

Write today for our plan. It's the best thing you ever saw.

THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO.
District 6, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Artistic Pencil Pointer

Guides your knife and makes a beautifully tapered point. Superior in effectiveness to any of the costly machines on the market. Peter Bullingall, Certified Public Accountant and Auditor, of Philadelphia, writes: "It is the only one I have ever come across that does the work in a really perfect manner." Price 25c., two for 25c. of your dealer or the Manufacturer.

E. L. McDIVITT
Belvidere, Ill.

TELEGRAPHY Circular free. Wonderful automatic teacher. 5 styles. $2.00 up.

OMNIGRAPH CO., E 39 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Literary Folk Their Ways & Their Work

THE BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKMAKERS —A coöperative association which in some quarters has been greeted with a faint squeak of "Trust"!

¶ When at the request of many booksellers the leading publishers of the United States formed an association for the purpose of ending the ruinous price-cutting that was raging between department stores and regular booksellers, there came a faint squeak of "Trust" from some quarters. Wise heads wagged and booksellers who were reluctant to admit that publishers could be capable of disinterestedness sagely prophesied that the final stage in the evolution of the American Publishers' Association would be the formation of a gigantic trust, under whose auspices eventually all books would be issued. But with the raw material in the form of gray matter, and the laws which govern its output no more exact than those which control the vagaries of authorship, the formation of a successful trust built up on such an uncertain foundation is beyond the reach of credulity.

Now comes another combination of interests for purposes of economy. Some two hundred retail booksellers in as many cities and towns of the United States have united to form a corporation under the name of The Consolidated Retail Booksellers. The corporation is organized for the purpose of buying books in large quantities at the lowest prices. The price of books, like other commodities, depends upon the quantity purchased. Many a small bookseller is unable on account of his limited capital, or unwilling on account of the risk, to purchase in quantity sufficient to obtain the lowest price. His competitor is, and as the bookseller must meet his neighbor's prices his profit is less. In some cities it has been the custom for several booksellers to combine and order the full quantity, each taking his pro-rata share; the foundation of The Consolidated Retail Booksellers is the natural evolution of this plan. Each member will be assessed an amount necessary to conduct the business of the corporation. In return he will pay less money for his goods and realize the benefits of economy in packing and shipping. It is but another step in the direction of combination, and is a fairly good example of the natural progress of economic development.

HUMOR MUST HAVE A DEFINITE PURPOSE—George Ade's missionary work among benighted playgoers.

¶ The success of The Sultan of Sulu and Peggy from Paris, which serves to introduce the witty satirist, Mr. George Ade, to the public as a comic opera librettist, is certain to be a matter of gratification to the long-suffering playgoers whose endurance has been tested by the maudlin efforts of writers who thought that a farcical piece was all the better for not having either plot or purpose. Mr. Ade succeeds where so many others have failed, not because of the wit of his lines or the jingle of his lyrics, but because, like a true satirist, he aimed his bolts of humor at a

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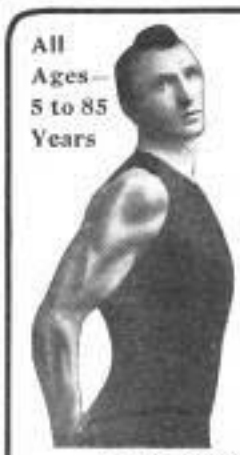

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definite, well-defined topic instead of firing in the air. The absurdity of certain existing conditions in our new Eastern possessions appealed strongly to his sense of humor and he straightway satirized the situation as he saw it, and so forcibly that now the playgoing public sees it in his way, too.

Of late years our librettists have cherished the delusion that a comic opera consisted of nothing but a grand march, some topical verses, a waltz duet, three or four changes of costume for the chorus and half a dozen variety specialties. This delusion has cost many librettists their reputation and many managers their money. Mr. Ade, who is likely to gain reputation in his new field of endeavor, has profited by the example of some of his successful predecessors, who, it will be observed, never sat down to write the book of a comic opera without having some distinct purpose in mind.

For example: in La Grande Duchesse, the first of the Second Empire school of opera bouffe, we find the court and army of a tiny German principality held up to the ridicule of a nation drunk with the sense of its own power and the splendors of an imperial court builded on sand. In La Belle Hélène, the most sacred fables of a mythology that was a religion to the ancients are dragged down to the level of the boulevard, there to be greeted with the irreverent laughter of those who believe in nothing.

In the Gilbert and Sullivan operas we find the same fixed purpose. Pinafore ridicules the navy and Patience the æsthetes. Gilbert always aimed at some legitimate subject for ridicule and generally hit his target.

To come down to more recent times, we find the most noteworthy example in the case of the late Charles W. Hoyt, who never took up his pen except for the purpose of impaling some particular passing folly. In A Tin Soldier he satirized the plumbers, in A Milk-White Flag the militia, in A Bunch of Keys the hotel business, in A Stranger in New York the French ball, in A Contented Woman the woman in politics, while in A Midnight Bell the New England deacon was drawn for the first time precisely as he is. It was only when he departed from his policy, or became too serious, as he did in A Temperance Town, that he failed.

Mr. Ade's success proves that there is still a greater demand for satire in dramatic form than for the hotchpotch of sextettes and coon songs that usually does duty as a musical comedy, and which can be arranged by a blacksmith or a dancing-master as well as by a man of wit.

MR. KIPLING'S CHINESE SUNRISE—And his exclusive reference to the Isle of Man—Perhaps a cabal against Hall Caine?

¶ Mr. Kipling is a careful, painstaking workman; he revises his copy and his proofs repeatedly and in minute detail. Technicalities are his diet and omniscience his ambition, but with every care he cannot escape a share of human frailty, and there are errors standing in his pages to-day which could not fail to be hunted out by his many attentive readers.

Some curiosity has been felt over the epithet "shameless Hun" as applied to the German in Mr. Kipling's recently published poem of protest against the alliance with Germany; and no good explanation seems to be forthcoming. Then arises a Mr. Callins who writes to the editor of a New York newspaper anent a line from The Rhyme of the Three Sealers:

> There's never a law of God or man runs North of Fifty-Three.

A statement, Mr. Callins proceeds to point out, which if followed around the globe would cut out all Scotland, about half of England and Ireland—yes, and the Isle of Man!

Can it be that Mr. Kipling had designs on Hall Caine?

But when Mr. Callins breaks in on our favorite Mandalay, Mandalay that we used to sing on summer nights to our best and dearest; when he gets out his atlas and his compasses and proves that China is about two hundred miles northeast of Mandalay and the bay about twice as far to the south and westward, and that therefore dawn could "come up like thunder" if it wanted to, but never "outer China crost the bay"; when he thus assails us in our tenderest recollections we cannot arise and call him blessed. Does he not know that they do everything back-handed in China—and why not sunrises? Anyway, poetry is better than geography, and will still be loved and remembered when all the geographies have been burned and all the faultfinders buried.

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Talk of Foods

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A Vatican Episode

F. MONTAGUE HANDLEY, the American sculptor, tells of an episode which he witnessed at the Vatican that is not without interest.

A young New Yorker wintering in Rome had joined the Circolo di San Pietro, a club to which most of the young Roman noblemen belong and whose object is charity. Shortly after his admission he was notified that an audience was to be given by the Pope to several hundred people on a certain date, and that his name had been placed on the list of club members who would help to receive. Full dress is always worn at these audiences and the club members wear a badge to distinguish them from the guests. Our young friend being somewhat of a dandy added a few sprays of lilies of the valley to his costume. Now, it is a strict rule of the Vatican that no flowers shall be worn, but of course no one thought of a "Circolo" man ignoring the fact and nothing was said to him.

As Leo XIII appeared, carried in his big gilded chair, the receiving men walked up, as is their wont, to kiss his hand. When the New Yorker approached, the Pope looked admiringly at this fair, stalwart youth, so unlike his young Romans, and then, noting the forbidden flowers, smiled gently.

"We do not wear flowers in the Vatican, my son," he said, taking the offending blossoms as if to cast them away, but he hesitated, smelled their fragrant petals, and then, suddenly changing his mind, he returned them to the owner.

"Keep them," he almost whispered, "and may your life be as spotless as they now are."

The Long and the Short of It

THE Hon. Herbert W. Bowen, United States Minister to Venezuela, is just now standing in the centre of the public limelight because of his notable part in the Venezuelan tangle. It is evident that President Castro thinks highly of the services he has rendered.

When Mr. Bowen first went out to Caracas as the United States Minister, President Castro called on him one afternoon. The two went into the garden and Mr. Bowen was expressing his amazement at the rapidity of all vegetable growth in that climate. "A seed planted overnight would result in forty trees the next day," was his laughing remark. Just then an American photographer passed, and asked to take a picture of the two distinguished men as they stood among the flowers. As he snapped the camera he made some laughing, disparaging remark about the picture being the long and the short of it. Mr. Bowen is six feet four inches, and President Castro reaches about to his shoulder. The President did not like the unkindly comparison, and looked up quickly at the new American Minister with a frown.

"Ah, Mr. President," said Mr. Bowen, "I was very small when I got here, but I shot up overnight in this marvelous climate of yours."

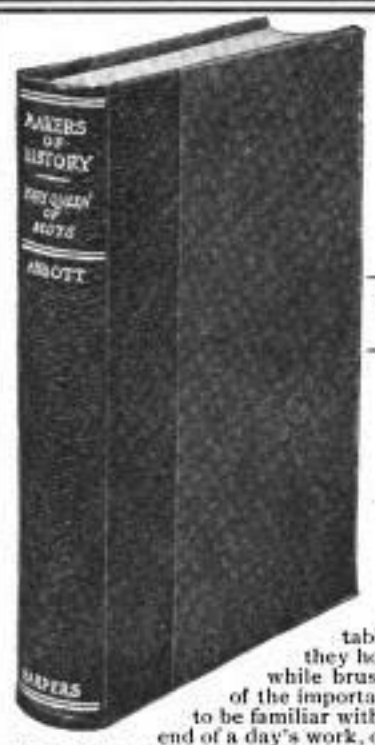
A Cool Monarch

KING VICTOR EMANUEL III of Italy, in spite of his diminutive stature, which often makes him the butt of his enemies' jests, is known for a man of dauntless courage and iron nerves.

A few years ago while holding the rank of colonel in a regiment of artillery he was intrusted with the testing of a new cannon that the army was then experimenting with. He proceeded to the trial field accompanied by several officers of rank and the inventor, and after a short explanation of the relative points of the gun, order was given to aim it at the target.

At the first shot the huge engine of destruction exploded near the breech with a terrible crash, and the panic-stricken men fled precipitately. Not so Victor Emanuel, who did not stir an inch, but, turning with an amused smile to the frightened officers, reassured them chaffingly:

"No danger now, gentlemen," he said calmly; "you should have fled before the explosion."



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The Kidnaping of Rockervelt

(*Continued from Page 3*)

"Oh, no. That is to say, there always has been a slight tension, and it doesn't grow better. I've made a little money — real estate has risen, you know, and that sort of thing — and I've been working hard, so I intend to resign. I take it, you have some scheme to propose to Mr. Rockervelt?"

"Yes, I have."

"Very well. Your scheme, if it is a good one, will prove your best introduction. He's an accessible man, but plunge right to the point when you meet him. He likes directness. And, by the way, he will be here Wednesday morning. The big conference of railway presidents begins on Thursday afternoon at Portandit, and he will be there, of course. We attach his private car to Number Three Wednesday night, and your best time to see him might be in his car during the four miles he's running to the Junction. The Express waits for him at the Junction. You haven't much time, but it will prove all the time he'll want to allow you if your project doesn't appeal to him."

"Say," cried Callahan, a-thrill with the portent of a sudden idea, "couldn't you persuade Rockervelt to hitch his car to the Burdock Thunderbolt? I'll run him through to Portandit and save him that dreary daylight trip from Tobasco."

Manson shook his head.

"Mr. Rockervelt would go over no other road than his own. I could not propose such a thing, and Mr. Blair would not."

Callahan drew a deep breath.

"Jimmy," said Manson gravely, "you should pay more attention to your personal appearance than you do. Your collar's unbuttoned." Callahan groped wildly round his ear for the missing end, but his mind was on something else. Manson reached for it and buttoned it. Then the two men parted.

Callahan walked down to the Grand Union Station deep in thought. He had determined to take Rockervelt's private car from its place with one of his own pony engines and attach it to his own express, and he was formulating his plans. Once away from the Junction, the Government itself could not stop him. And now we need a railway map to explain the situation. (*See Page 3.*)

From Warmington to Portandit or to Tobasco was a long night's ride. The Thunderbolt left the Junction on the Burdock at 8 P. M. The Pacific Express on the Midland left at 8:20 — one train from the south side of the station, the other from the north.

At ten minutes to eight John Manson received a telephone message asking him to remain within call. A short time after, when the men were coupling the private car to the westbound train, Callahan rushed in to the telephone cabin and shouted: "That you, Mr. Manson?"

"Yes; who are you?"

"Callahan. Say, I've just coupled Mr. Rockervelt's car to the Thunderbolt. Release Number Three, for she will wait in vain. Telegraph all those people that Rockervelt was to meet at Tobasco to-morrow morning to take the midnight train for Portandit and meet him there."

"Callahan, are you out of your senses?"

"No. It's all as I say. Nothing can stop us."

"I haven't the list of the men that——"

"Then call up Blair. He's on Number Three. You must get the list."

"Callahan, stop before it is too late. This is kidnaping — brigands' work. You are breaking laws that will——"

"I know, I know. Good-night."

Callahan rushed out to the platform, nodded to the conductor, swung himself on the Pullman car, the conductor swung his lantern and the Thunderbolt swung out into the night.

When the deft and silent negro had cleared away the breakfast dishes the next morning and removed the tablecloth, Mr. Rockervelt leaned back in his chair and lit a cigar. There was much to think of, and he was thinking much. The car rolled along with gratifying smoothness and the great man paid no attention to the scenery, otherwise he might have been startled, for he knew well the environment of his own line. As for the negro, all roads were alike to him, as was the case with the coon in the song, and he attended solely and silently to his master's comfort. He hovered about for a few moments, then said deferentially:

"Day's a gennelman, sah, in de sleepah ahead's been asking for you, sah, two or three

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times dis mawning, sah. He'd like to have some conversation with you, sah, if you's disengaged."

"Who is he?"

"Here's he's cawd, sah."

Mr. Rockervelt glanced at the card and murmured, "'James Callahan, General Manager Burdock Route.' That's strange." Then aloud: "Show Mr. Callahan in, Peter."

The magnate did not rise as the red-head bowed to him, but waved his hand toward a chair.

"I hope you have slept well, Mr. Rockervelt," began the newcomer.

"Excellently."

"And I trust you found the roadbed in good order."

Mr. Rockervelt raised his eyebrows with some surprise.

"My own bed and the roadbed left nothing to be desired, since you are so kind as to ask."

"I am delighted to hear you say so, sir," cried Jimmy with enthusiasm.

"Why should you be delighted to hear me praise my own road?" asked Rockervelt curiously.

"Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I wished a few minutes' talk with you, and that's not as easy come at as you might think. You are not on your own road, but on the Burdock Route, now rapidly approaching Portandit. I took the liberty last night of hitching your car to this train, sir, instead of to your own Number Three."

Rockervelt sat up in alarm, glanced out of the windows, first on one side then on the other. Bringing back his gaze to the man before him, hot anger adding color to the usual floridness of his countenance, he said:

"You took the liberty, did you? Well, let me tell you, sir, it is a liberty you will bitterly regret."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, sir."

"The liberty! Curse it, sir! you have disarranged all my plans. There are three men in Tobasco whom it is imperative I should meet this forenoon before the convention opens."

"Quite so, sir. I had them telegraphed to take the midnight and meet you at Portandit instead. They'll be waiting for you when you get in, sir."

"The d—l you did!" gasped Rockervelt, sinking back in his chair.

"You see, sir, it's an uneasy conference you would have had on that rocky road to Dublin, the T. & P. A long forenoon's ride, sir, with a road as rough as a rail fence. It would be like coming down the Soo Rapids, only you wouldn't go so quick. I have a carriage waiting for you. You can drive to your hotel at your ease, hold your conference in your room, and drop in to the convention whenever it pleases you, sir."

"Have you also arranged my return to New York, Mr. Callahan? By what route do you intend to send me back?"

Jimmy laughed that cheerful, infectious laugh of his. He realized that the danger point was passed.

"I hope you will get safe back to New York, whatever route you take, sir."

"Thank you. How long have you been General Manager of this road?"

"About two years, sir."

"Where did you learn the business?"

"In the greatest railroad school of this world, sir—the Rockervelt system."

The faint shadow of a smile passed over the face of Mr. Rockervelt.

"That I take as a handsome return for my testimonial to your roadbed. Why did you leave us?"

"I failed to please Mr. Blair, sir."

"In whose department were you?"

"In the Division Superintendent's."

"Did you please John Manson?"

"I think I did, sir."

"Um. Well, now, you did not kidnap me for the purposes of pleasant conversation. I don't like to see good men leave us, and if your object in kidnaping me was to come back to us, I may at once admit I am willing to entertain a proposal."

"No, sir. That was not my object, although I make bold to say that an offer from Mr. Rockervelt would exact respect from the greatest in the land, and I'm no exception to my betters. What I wanted, sir, was for you to cast your eye over this map. The red line represents sixty-three miles."

"I see; if a railway were built along that red line your road would have access to New York independent of me. Well, young man, don't let that red line worry you. I could not allow you to get a charter."

"I'm not so sure of that, sir. Like the other fellow's fifteen dollars, I've got the charter in my inside pocket."

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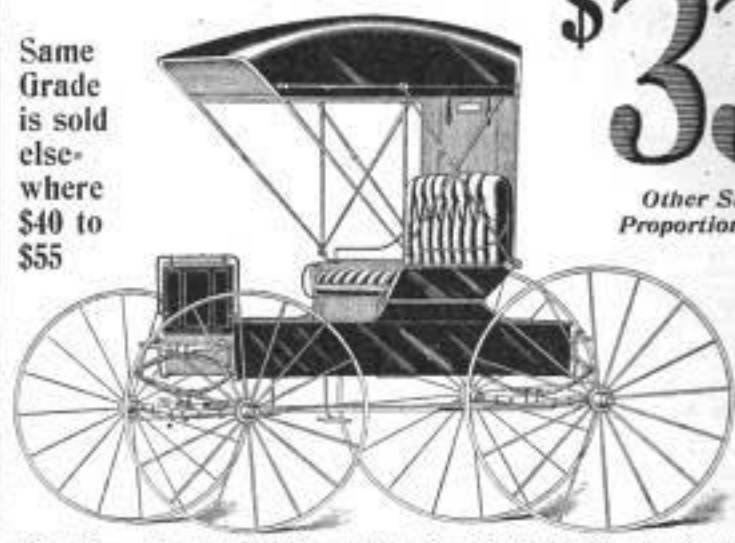

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"Do you mind showing it to me?" asked Rockervelt, unconsciously finishing the line of the song referred to. Jimmy handed him the documents, and the great man scrutinized them with the quick care of an expert, while Jimmy stood expectant.

"How did you overcome Blair's opposition?" he inquired at last.

"There was no opposition."

The President's brow frowned and a glint of anger appeared in the cold, calculating eyes.

"I expect Blair to watch the legislature as well as the railway."

"He watches neither, sir."

Rockervelt glanced sharply at the young man who thus dared to asperse one of the minor gods of the Rockervelt System.

"Then who looks after the Midland?"

"John Manson, and he does it well."

"Where did you get the money to put this through? A syndicate?"

"No. I didn't need any money. All I needed was that one of your General Managers should be sound asleep."

"I see you are prejudiced against Mr. Blair."

"I am, sir."

Rockervelt pulled himself together as one who has had enough of badinage and now prepares for business.

"Now, young man," he began in a voice that cut like a knife, "do you know the value of these documents?"

"Yes, sir. They're not worth a d—n!"

"What!" cried Rockervelt, suddenly sitting straight. "I thought you had kidnaped me to hold me up in Western fashion. Don't you want to sell this charter?"

"No, sir. I offered the charter to the President of the Burdock, as was my duty, but he said you would beat any combination that might be formed in the long run."

"Yes, or in the short run. Sensible man, Rogers. Well, sir, you do not expect an exorbitant price for a worthless charter?"

"I want no price at all. The charter is yours. But I'd like to offer a bit of advice as well as the charter. Make John Manson Manager of the Midland."

"I resolved to do that ten minutes ago. Now, what for yourself?"

"Only bear me in mind when you have a place for a red-headed man down East."

"Perhaps you expect Manson's vacant post on the Midland?" suggested Rockervelt.

"I've no doubt he'd give it to me," replied Jimmy frankly, "but if you mean that Mr. Manson and I have made a deal, we're neither of us that kind of person. Manson knows nothing of this, and is a very anxious man since I telephoned from the Junction last night that I hooked your car to my train. He was warning me against the penalties as I rung him off."

"I believe you. Now I want a special over your road to bring Manson to Portandit at once."

"Certainly, sir."

"You make arrangements and I'll telegraph to him as soon as we arrive. I'll give you eight thousand dollars a year, to begin on, if you'll come to New York."

"I'll take it, sir."

"You don't ask your duties. Are you so confident you can fulfill them?"

"If they pertain to railroading I'll guarantee to do them a little better than any one else."

"That's the kind of man I want."

John Manson had not much to say for himself when, with Jimmy Callahan, he stood before Rockervelt next day, but it was easy to see that the belated recognition and promotion which had come so unexpectedly had made a new man of him.

As he and Jimmy went from the presence together and reached the street Manson said:

"Now, Callahan, I want you to leave the Burdock and take the vacant Division Superintendency."

Jimmy laughed joyously as he realized his friend had no notion of what had happened. Manson looked gravely at him and continued:

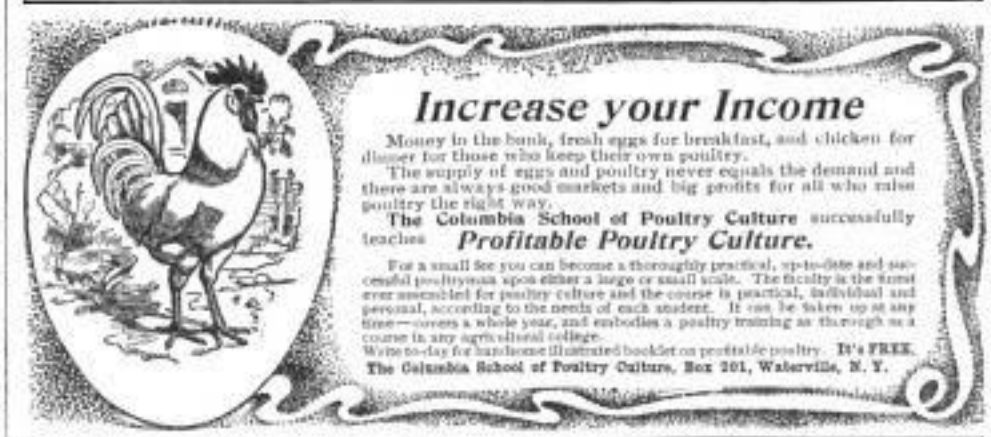
"It is worth ——" He paused and a scarcely perceptible shade of loving annoyance passed over his face.

"Callahan," he said slowly, "your necktie has slipped round under your right ear. When you meet men like Mr. Rockervelt you cannot be too careful of your personal appearance. Let me put it straight for you."

Callahan raised his chin and laughed again while Manson tugged at the tie.

"You may laugh, Jimmy, but these little things are sometimes important, and I want to see you succeed as you deserve. There, that's better."

And Jimmy said no word of his eight thousand a year to begin on.



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The Autobiography of a Beggar

(Concluded from Page 11)

De cop grabs Crutch by de arm, lettin' meh go, an' he says, "Yer de one what kidnaped de Chinee kid, eh?"

"Not meh," says Crutch. "I runned ater him ter bring him back. Axe de kid hisself ef yer don't berlieve meh."

"I'm goin' ter run yer in," says de cop, "fer——"

"I don't care fer what yer runs meh in," says Crutch, "only run meh out ef de way ef dese Chineses, fer dey pinches most awful. I heard oncet ez Chineses has finger-nails like——"

"I don't care what yer heard," says de cop; "keep still."

An' while de cop an' Crutch was a-havin' de arginint about de finger-nails ef Chineses, I leans down an' whispers ter de poor little Chinee kid fer which I feels sorry:

"Kid, de door is open; git ready fer ter run;" an' I up an' yanks de pigtail ef de Chinee what had de kid by de arm, an' he yells an' lets de kid go, thinkin' ez it was him dat done de pullin', an' de kid he flies down de stairs like a yaller streak, an' I stands in de doorway so ez de Chineses can't git by an' I yells:

"Mr. Cop, see fer yersilf ef a Chinee don't turn green when his pigtail is pulled."

An' de cop he laffs fust an' den he makes a grab fer meh aterwards, but de Chineses blocks de way, pushin' an' shovin' atween him an' meh, a-tryin' ter git out ater de Chinee kid.

An' Crutch he seed his chancet an' he makes a break fer de dear old fire-escape oncet more, an' de cop runs fer him, an' I kited down de stairs ater de kid wid all dem Chineses runnin' ater meh ez ef de Chinee wind what blows at night was a-carryin' 'em along. An' I didn't even stop ter blow meh nose; I'm a-tellin' youse I jist did plain runnin' an' nothin' more. An' de best Chinee runner was no more'n a foot behint meh, an' de other Chineses only a foot behint him, an' so on down to de one what was de poorest runner in de lot. It must 'a' looked like a Chinee pigtail behint meh, but I didn't turn aroun' ter see.

An' de prize Chinee runner was a-gittin' so near meh I could feel his yaller breath on meh back, an' I was a-sayin' ter mehself, "Good-night an' good-by!" when I seed a hall door ef a buildin' open, an' I ducked an' turned in lickety-split an' slammed de door an' turned de key, an' den I tore up de stairs to de second floor, an' dere was a winder open an' I jumped thru it on ter a shed berlow an' from dere on ter de ground. An' when I gits down inter de yard I'll be blowed ef I didn't see de little Chinee kid a-sittin' on a old broken chair an' smokin' a cigarette!

"How come yer here?" I hollered.

"Over de alley fence," he says.

"An' I come thru de winder," I says.

"De fence is easier," he says, puffin' his cigarette.

"I didn't have no time ter choose," I says. "An' yer must have a lot ef time ter spare sittin' dere so easy an' smokin'. Dem Chineses'll be here in a minute."

"Which way?" he axes, standin' up an' throwin' de cigarette down. I picks it up an' takes a smoke mehself an' answers:

"Same way ez I come—thru de winder. Look! dere's one ef 'em a-peekin' down now!"

An' I lifted de kid over de fence an' we jumps inter de alley, him runnin' one way an' meh anudder, an' both ef us gittin' away; which was de last time ever I seen dat Chinee kid in meh life. Only poor Crutch he got nabbed by de cop an' sent over fer a month.

I feels sorry fer Crutch, but he had de right ter pull de fat Chinese's pigtail like I tole him, an' not ter dispute meh word 'bout de Chineses an' deir ways, meh havin' read de hist'ry books.

Say, Mr. Anterpolergist, melt autobiographee is close on ter de grave now, an' I wants de twenty-five dollars yer promised meh afore I writes down de account ef meh funerul, else yer will say I'm dead an' yer can't give a dead man no money. Please don't come no science ef man games on meh, an' don't do no anterpolergizin', but hand over de coin in smilin' dimes an' laffin' nickels. How about buyin' back de little Hebrew book on Moses, which I finds has de science ef wimens in it, too?

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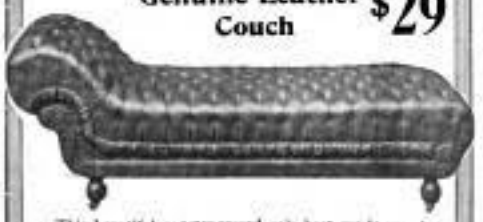

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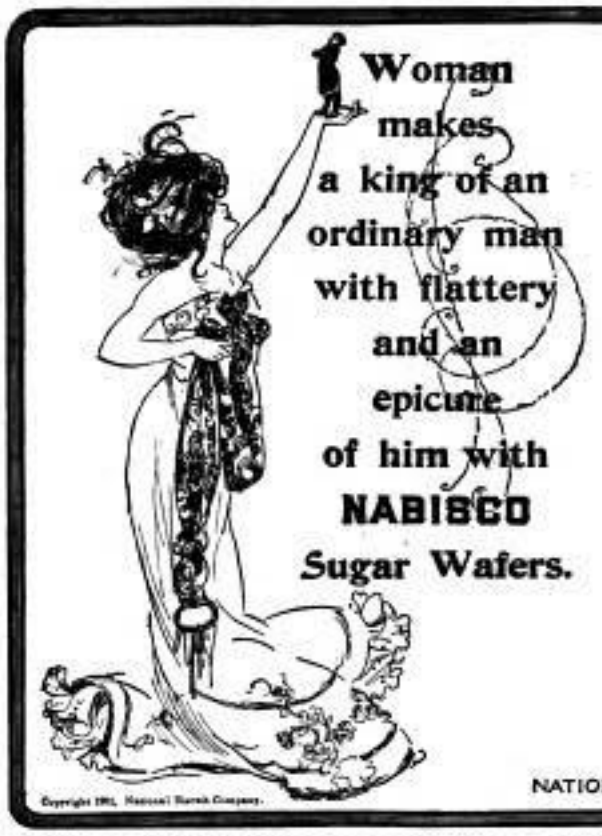

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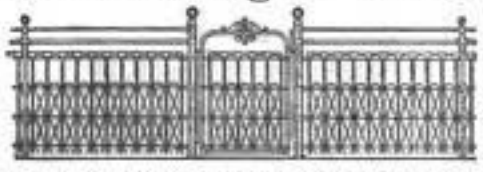

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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APRIL 11, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

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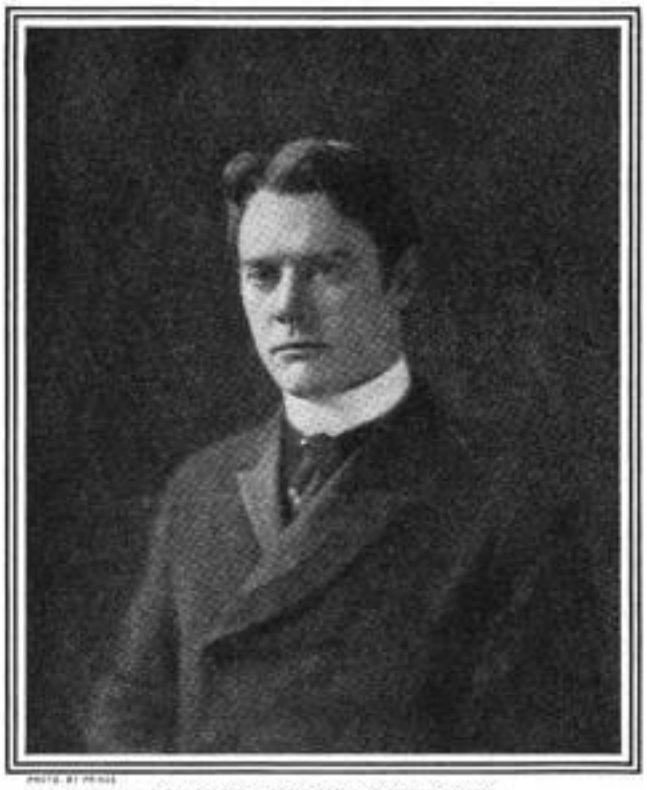
AMERICANS OF TODAY & TOMORROW

By Albert J. Beveridge

THE American of to-day is, first of all, the possessor of strength—fortune in location, opulence in resources. He has an advantage in all the natural elements which makes men of other lands almost beggars in comparison. He is a very lord of power. But it is a strange fact that the possessor of great power usually uses it riotously. Youth throws away life as though youth were a millionaire of vitality. Perhaps this is the working out of some deep law of equilibrium, which, after all, will not have strength become too strong. That we Americans have been using the great bank account which Nature put to our credit with the recklessness of a spendthrift the deep criticism of the young German in the last paper demonstrates; and the observation of all thoughtful people confirms it. And so it is that, as pointed out, Germany with puny resources is able to compete with us on the high seas and in the markets of the world. She does this by organization—by the careful conservation of what she has. In the last few weeks the papers have been filled with dispatches reciting afresh what careful students have known for the last five years, that we are in actual danger from German rivalry. It is a very poor thing to get angry with Germany on that account; rather, we should respect her. Respect her and also learn a lesson from her—a lesson which England would have done well to learn when Mr. Williams, many years ago, brought out his remarkable book, Made in Germany. And that lesson is the combined lesson of conservatism of our resources and organization of our energies. Henceforth this must be the dominant note in American national policy and in the personal conduct of each American. *Conserv*-atism—that is, the husbanding of all of our strength and all of our resources, and the spending of them wisely and to good and effective uses.

There is one characteristic which I am sure every person who has thought deeply and long over the make-up of the American mind and disposition will agree is and will always be the saving American grace, and that is the virtue of adaptability. We encounter a new and perfectly unfamiliar situation; we do not attempt to bend that situation to preconceived notions. We simply adapt ourselves to it and solve its difficulties according to the wisdom of the event. Indeed, it may well be said that *the* American characteristic is adaptability. Recognizing then our advantage over the remainder of the world in all that makes for national power and, therefore, for individual success; recognizing, too, the gigantic wastefulness of our past methods, the American of to-day realizes also that for the nation at large and for each citizen thereof a cautious conservatism is the duty of the hour and of the century. I cannot get out of my mind the remark (quoted before in papers in this magazine) of the Japanese statesman: "We hope to prevail in the war with Russia because small resources well organized are more powerful than great resources poorly organized." The reign of waste in America must be at an end—is at an end.

With the American's adaptability, with his love of and insistence upon absolute truth, his demand to know just how his account stands so that he may work according to it, it is a fair conclusion that the young American of the twentieth century will make himself, first of all, a conservative man. There is nothing worse for any of us, nothing worse for a nation, than to run after every hue and cry that is raised, simply because the hue and cry is novel and appears attractive. We must remember that nine-tenths of all propositions advanced are unsound. It is useful to reflect upon the records of the Patent Office. Tens of thousands of inventions prove of no practical moment. It is not meant by this that we should not have hospitality for new ideas. It is meant merely that we should make it the habit of our lives to apply cold common-sense to our enthusiasms.



SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

This may take out of our effort some of its *élan*, but it will add to it a steadiness of purpose better than any dash. A French soldier of Napoleon declared that "in the attack Frenchmen were incomparably strong—in defeat they were childishly weak; whereas the stolid steadiness of the English was even more admirable when they were beaten than when they were victorious."

The Watchword for the Twentieth Century

THE American of the twentieth century will surely see this—sees it now. He says to himself as he rises in the morning: "My watchword for this day is 'steadiness and poise.'" He declares: "I do not propose to burn my energies up agitating for this *ism* or that *ism*. I do not propose to scatter my strength fighting for verbal 'rights' which I am told belong to me. I mean that my work shall be for substantial ends." And so he introduces into his life the rule of the three modern graces—steadiness, system, conservatism.

It is a thing for us Americans to think about, and think about very solidly and very earnestly, and right now. Other peoples will think about it if we do not—*do* think about it whether we do or not, and act on their thought. It is a fine thing to know just what criticisms your rivals make of you; they are probably sound. And instead of avoiding them one should get hold of them, if one can, and profit by them prayerfully.

"I find," said a foreign statesman to an American gentleman in the course of a very frank interchange of mutual criticisms on the modern method and conduct of their respective peoples, "that you Americans contend too much among yourselves; you waste infinite energy battling against one another. It is a good thing for us. We see our chance. And while you are getting what you call 'rights' from one another we get with our comparatively very insignificant strength much of the fruit which you yourselves might gather for the prosperity of your whole country and the individual happiness of all your citizens."

It was a deep remark, was it not? For do we not find labor and capital in warfare among our very selves? These conflicts, of course, happily are growing less. The hopeful lover of the American people cannot console himself except with the thought that ultimately they will disappear altogether. The American who is developing to-day in all ranks of life is a man upon whose mind the great truth is gradually but surely dawning that the good of each of us is the good of all of us; that there are no separate "rights" of any separate *class* against another; no "duties" of any *class* due to another; but that the happiness and the welfare of all of us are to be found only in a hard-headed, unselfish (although, deeply considered, most selfish) consideration of what is best for the whole country.

Many years ago the industrial classes in England began quarreling among themselves. Labor wanted many things. Its demands were made with impatient impulsiveness. The manufacturers, the business men, the capitalists resisted with no large wisdom of method or manner—resisted, indeed, with folly and bullheadedness. There was no conciliation, no getting together, no wholesome reasonableness. Meanwhile, in Germany—polytechnic schools, patient steadiness in industry, saving and creative methods in capital, the slow, sure acquirement of skill and effectiveness. The result is that English labor has become unskilled in comparison with the labor of her continental rivals; that English capital has become impotent and nerveless in comparison with the watchful, confident and aggressive capital of her industrial enemies across the channel; and that English business houses are beginning to find themselves without business and English labor is beginning to find itself without employment. And when this process shall have been completed, when breadless women and children, and men without work shall howl in the streets of London, Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool, what a spectacle then will the contentions between labor and capital present which have torn industrial and commercial England for a quarter of a century? How much lovelier a picture would conciliation and mutual understanding and sane confidence in each other have presented! And how immeasurably better for English prosperity! With this object-lesson being worked out before our very eyes the American of to-day is not liable to fall into the same abysmal

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error. Shall we not, rather, quit contending among ourselves and unitedly contend with the world? It would be a sorry picture we should make (with our puissance, our intelligence, our acuteness) if we should find ourselves fighting with one another over a division of spoils which our rivals, during our contention among ourselves, had captured. And so it appears that the word of truth which will be in the mouths of all Americans from the dawn of the twentieth century will be conservatism in method and coöperation and forbearance in thought and action.

The Man Who Goes to the Front

THIS is no preachment. All who have reached mature years have observed that mere precept and counsel bear small results. At best they produce only occasional and spasmodic good. This paper is intended to show young Americans that conservatism and steadiness in individual and national American character necessarily grow out of the situation in which the Nation finds itself. The saving period—the saving of energy and resources—is now as inevitable as the wasting period now past, or at least passing, was natural. And if each American sees that this is so he will himself make daily effort that these elements of character shall be the dominant ones in him. For if this is the order of our time, if this is the necessity of our circumstance, then each one of us will get himself into line and harmony with this system of things. Otherwise, each one of us will find himself working at cross-purposes with the course of events. Usefulness, success, satisfying fruition of all our work are possible only when our work is in harmony with the general sweep of human activities. And this orderly on-going of the affairs of peoples is fixed and determined by natural conditions. What this paper is attempting to show is that these natural conditions require a levelness and discretion of thought and action in American character.

Let the young American ponder this well, and he will see that rashness of scheme and hotheadedness of action and recklessness of method cannot possibly bring him any ultimate good. They are as much "out of gear" with what our internal relationships with one another and our general attitude toward the world at large require of us as the conduct of the highwayman and the forger is antagonistic to the whole scheme of human society. Did you ever think why it is that crime cannot possibly be successful, no matter how able the criminal? It is because the criminal is fighting every settled method of the world. Every device of business becomes a detective; and the criminal's operations are in conflict with the whole course of the daily life of eighty millions of our people—of all people. Let him take precautions ever so cunningly, the criminal finds his maturest plans utterly irrational. For precisely the same reasons the methods of mere dash are irrational and out of date. The systematic, the considerate, the orderly, the conservative—these are the qualities of character which our situation in the world and the present state of our development absolutely require of all Americans. And therefore the type of American now developing and even this moment already to the front is the coolest, steadiest, most thoughtful and practical character which the race has yet produced—a man with daring, but the daring of forethought; with energy, but the continuous energy of purpose; with effectiveness, not spasmodic and instantaneous, but the resistless effectiveness of well-considered and moderate plan.

Although oratory in the old sense of that word is dying out (and an excellent good thing it is), plain speech to the people is increasing in its power and in its results. The political platform is the best place to observe the growth of the very elements set down above as the natural and necessary qualities of American character. In a Central-Western State during a recent political campaign an "orator" of attractiveness and picturesque quality was addressing a large crowd made up principally of farmers. Two gentlemen—students always and everywhere of American tendencies—from the edge of the crowd observed that the audience rapidly melted away. "It is easy to see why," remarked one. "He is appealing to men's passions on unsubstantial grounds; he is announcing propositions attractive on the surface and at the moment of utterance, but harebrained to the thoughtful. And these people are thoughtful. Rural free delivery gives them their daily papers. Their information is as good as the speaker's, and they have acquired that quickness of mental habit characteristic of our rapid age; also, their instinct of soundness is developing astonishingly. So they will not listen to this engaging speaker. What he says offends a sort of conscientiousness of logic in them. They feel that their own capacity for thought and truth is being trifled with."

A week later practically the same audience assembled to listen to another speaker. He spoke boldly, announcing propositions which the old-time player on public passions would have declared surely indiscreet and certainly unpopular. But he spoke most reasonably and, above all things, most frankly. Instead of diminishing, his audience constantly increased. Nothing in the world attracted them and held them but the substantial reasonableness and conservatism of his utterance.

A Text for the Young Politician

THESE two illustrations show how the solid and moderate are developing among the great mass and body of American citizenship. They are sidelights revealing an explanation of the triumph of the conservative cause in our fiercest political battles. Let the young politician who hopes for permanent and enduring success bear in mind that the age of claptrap in our political affairs has passed. He may catch the "groundlings" with it, but he will "make the judicious grieve." And the "judicious" are a majority among Americans, and a steadily augmenting majority.

"I, too, am not a bit tamed. . . .
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world,"

exclaims Walt Whitman. And when he said it a lot of literary gentlemen who knew nothing of the American people wrote beautiful essays about Whitman's being "the untamed soul of our Western democracy." He is nothing of the kind. The chief note in Whitman's unruled and unruly verse is as abhorrent to and out of harmony with American character as the war-whoop of those savages whom our industry and civilization displaced.

Akin to this false note of Whitman are the shaggy and eccentric cries that we hear with decreasing frequency in the political campaigns. Even powerful party leaders still indulge in unrestrained utterance concerning the "down-trodden people," and "the majesty of the people," and "the will of the people," and other familiar catchwords of the demagogue. They do not mean these weighty words in their true sense. They mean them in the Whitman sense. They use them improperly and passionately to influence the popular mind. The will of the people is indeed the noblest thing on this earth. The common thought of the instructed masses must in the end necessarily be the largest human wisdom. But the will of the people is no spasmodic affair. It is the powerful and prudent conclusions of our eighty millions pouring in steady and continuous stream through the years. It is not a thing to be trifled with or played upon. And he who takes some gust of popular passion, conspicuous for a day but disappearing to-morrow and regretted the day after, as the evidence of popular desire, and "plays to" it or plays upon it, not only does not understand American character, but he misuses, misinterprets and insults it.

How comports this theory of caution with the doctrine of masterfulness of the first paper? "It is a philosophy of contradictions you hold," said a talented woman in a company of conversation one evening. She was responding to another who had given voice to something of the same general tenor of these papers. (And how the drift of conversation shows the common thought running through the common mind of the people!) "No, not contradictions, but consistencies," said a third member of the company, "for the very excess of vigor which we Americans possess implies the necessity for regularity and wise direction in its exercise." It is related of James H. Hyde who founded the Equitable Assurance Society on nothing but this rational plan and unconquerable energy, that he said to a young man (also of great power) of a rival company: "You remind me of my own younger days. It seems to me that the young New Yorker of to-day says of a task: 'This takes ten pounds of energy. Very well, I will give it ten pounds and not a pennyweight more.' When I was founding this institution I said to myself: 'Here is a plan; its execution requires ten pounds of energy. Very well, here goes for a hundred.' And I gave it a hundred; *but I was very sure that it was a plan worth giving a single ounce of energy to.*" That was a thoroughly American utterance. The point is that we must not waste our energies on unsubstantial projects. We must choose our course with care; but, having chosen it and considered it, then we must be no miser in the application of our strength to pursuing that course to its triumphant end. And all of our energy and resources are for use, not for mere hoarding. But in the uses to which we devote them there must be forethought and deliberate choosing.

What Waste Effort Leads To

THE more one studies the leaders of the United States Senate the more profoundly is one impressed with the wisdom of their leadership. Men like Allison of Iowa and Platt of Connecticut are high types of effectiveness. An old Senator remarked one day: "Have you ever observed the ponderous magnitude of bills and resolutions which are introduced only to die? Have you observed, too, that many that survive the committee and are pushed with vigor go nevertheless to a certain death? Let me tell you it is because they are not well worked out in advance. Even when they are well worked out as separate propositions they are not carefully considered

(Continued on Page 47)

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of papers by Senator Beveridge. The next will appear in an early number.

Araminta and the Automobile

What Happened to the Man Who Knew How

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of My Golf, Etc.

—MADE WORK FOR AN ALREADY OVERWORKED LOCAL CARPENTER

SOME persons spend their surplus on works of art; some spend it on Italian gardens and pergolas; there are those who sink it in golf, and I have heard of those who expended it on charity, but these last are comparatively rare.

None of these forms of getting away with money appealed to Araminta and myself. As soon as it was ascertained that the automobile was practicable and would not cost a king's ransom, I determined to devote my savings to the purchase of one.

Araminta and I live in a suburban town; she because she loves Nature and I because I love Araminta. We have been married for five years.

I am a bank clerk in New York, and morning and night I go through the monotony of railway travel, and for one who is forbidden to use his eyes on the train and who does not play cards it *is* monotony, for in the morning my friends are either playing cards or else reading their paper, and one does not like to urge the claims of conversation on one who is deep in politics or the next play of his antagonist; so my getting to business and coming back are in the nature of purgatory. I therefore hailed the automobile as a Heaven-sent means of swift motion with an agreeable companion and with no danger of encountering either newspapers or cards. I have seen neither reading nor card-playing going on in any automobile.

The community in which I live is not progressive, and when I said that I expected to buy an automobile as soon as my ship came in I was frowned upon by my neighbors. Several of them have horses and others have feet. The horsemen were not more opposed to my proposed ownership than the footmen—I should say pedestrians. They all thought automobiles dangerous and a menace to public peace, but of course I poohpoohed their fears and, being a person of a good deal of stability of purpose, I went on saving my money and in course of time I bought an automobile of the electric sort.

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I TELL ARAMINTA THAT IT ISN'T THE RUNNING OF AN AUTOMOBILE THAT IS SO EXPENSIVE. IT IS THE STOPPING OF IT

Araminta is plucky and I am perfectly fearless. When the automobile was brought home and housed in the little barn that is on our property the man who had backed it in told me that he had orders to stay and show me how it worked, but I laughed at him—good-naturedly yet firmly. I said, "Young man, experience teaches more in half an hour than books or precepts do in a year. A would-be newspaper man does not go to a school of journalism if he is wise; he gets a position on a newspaper and learns for himself and through his mistakes. I know that one of these levers is to steer by, that another lets loose the power, and that there is a foot-brake. I also know that the machine is charged and I need to know no more. Good-day."

Thus did I speak to the young man and he saw that I was a person of force and discretion, and he withdrew to the train and I never saw him again.

Araminta had been to Passaic shopping, but she came back while I was out in the barn looking at my new purchase and she joined me there. I looked at her lovingly and she returned the look. Our joint ambition was realized; we were the owners of an automobile and we were going out that afternoon.

Why is it that cheap barns are so flimsily built? I know that our barn is cheap because the rent for house and barn is less than what many a clerk, city pent, pays for a cramped flat, but again I ask, why are they flimsily built? I have no complaint to make. If my barn had been built of good stout oak I might to-day be in a hospital.

It happened this way. Araminta said, "Let me get in and we will take just a little ride to see how it goes," and I out of my love for her said, "Wait just a few minutes, dearest, until I get the hang of the thing. I want to see how much go she has and just how she works."

Araminta has learned to obey my slightest word, knowing that love is at the bottom of all my commands, and she stepped to one side while I entered the gayly painted vehicle and tried to move out of the barn. I moved out. But I backed. Oh, blessed, cheaply-built barn. My way was not restricted to any appreciable extent. I shot gayly through the barn into the hen yard, and the sound of the ripping clapboards frightened the silly hens who were enjoying a dust-bath and they fled in more directions than there were fowls.

I had not intended entering the hen yard and I did not wish to stay there, so I kept on out, the wire netting not being what an automobile would call an obstruction. I never lose my head, and when I heard Araminta screaming in the barn I called out cheerily to her, "I'll be back in a minute, dear, but I'm coming another way."

And I did come another way. I came all sorts of ways. I really don't know what got into the machine, but she now turned to the left and made for the road, and then she ran along on her two left wheels for a moment, and then seemed about to turn a somersault but changed her mind, and, still veering to the left, kept on up the road, passing my house at a furious speed and making for the open country. With as much calmness as I could summon I steered her, but I think I steered her a little too much, for she turned toward my house.

I reached one end of the front piazza at the same time that Araminta reached the other end of it. I had the right of way and she deferred to me just in time. I removed the vestibule storm door. It was late in March and I did not think we should have any more use for it that season. And we didn't.

I had ordered a strongly-built machine and I was now glad of it, because a light and weak affair that was merely meant to run along on a level and unobstructed road would not have stood the assault on my piazza. Why, my piazza did not stand it. It caved in and made work for an already overworked local carpenter who was behindhand with his orders. After I had passed through the vestibule I applied the brake and it worked. The path is not a cinder one, as I think them untidy, so I was not more than muddied. I was up in an instant and looked at the still enthusiastic machine with admiration.

"Have you got the hang of it?" said Araminta.

Now that's one thing I like about Araminta. She does not waste words over non-essentials. The point was not that I had damaged the piazza. I needed a new one, anyway. The main thing was that I was trying to get the hang of the machine and she recognized that fact instantly.

I told her that I thought I had and that if I had pushed the lever in the right way at first I should have come out of the barn in a more conventional way.

She again asked me to let her ride, and as I now felt that I could better cope with the curves of the machine I allowed her to get in.

"Don't lose your head," said I.

"I hope I sha'n't," said she dryly.

"Well, if you have occasion to leave me, drop over the back. Never jump ahead. That is a fundamental rule in runaways of all kinds."

Then we started and I ran the motor along for upward of half a mile after I had reached the highway, which I did by a short cut through a field at the side of our house. There is only a slight rail fence surrounding it and my machine made little of that. It really seemed to delight in what some people would have called danger.

"Araminta, are you glad that I saved up for this?"

"I am mad with joy," said the dear thing, her face flushed with excitement mixed with expectancy. Nor were her expectations to be disappointed. We still had a good deal to do before we should have ended our first (and last) ride.

So far I had damaged property to a certain extent, but I had no one but myself to reckon with and I was providing work for people. I always have claimed that he who makes work for two men where there was only work for one before is a public benefactor, and that day I was the friend of carpenters and other mechanics.

Along the highway we flew, our hearts beating high, but never in our mouths, and at last we saw a team approaching us. By "a team" I mean a horse and buggy. I was raised in Connecticut where a team is anything you chose to call one.

The teamster saw us. Well, perhaps I should not call him a teamster (although he was one logically): he was our doctor, and, as I say, he saw us.

Now I think it would have been friendly in him, seeing that I was more or less of a novice at the art of automobiling, to have turned to the left when he saw that I was inadvertently turning to the left, but the practice of forty years added to a certain native obstinacy made him turn to the right and he met me at the same time that I met him.

The horse was not hurt, for which I am truly glad, and the doctor joined us and continued with us for a season, but his buggy was demolished.

Of course I am always prepared to pay for my pleasure, and though it was not strictly speaking my pleasure to deprive my physician of his turn-out, yet if he *had* turned out it wouldn't have happened—and, as I say, I was prepared to get him a new vehicle. But he was very unreasonable; so much so that as he was crowding us—for the seat was not built for more than two, and he is stout—I at last told him that I intended to turn around and carry him home, as we were out for pleasure and he was giving us pain.

I will confess that the events of the last few minutes had rattled me somewhat and I did not feel like turning just then, as the road was narrow. I knew that the road turned of its own accord a half mile farther on and so I determined to wait.

"I want to get out," said the doctor tartly, and just as he said so Araminta stepped on the brake, accidentally. The doctor got out—in front. With great presence of mind I reversed and so we did not run over him. But he was furious and sulphurous, and that is why I have changed to homœopathy. He was the only allopathic doctor in Brantford.

I suppose if I had stopped and apologized he would have made up with me and I should not have got angry with him, but I couldn't stop. The machine was now going as she had done when I left the barn and we were backing into town.

Through it all I did not lose my coolness. I said, "Araminta, look out behind, which is ahead for us, and if you have occasion to jump now, do it in front, which is behind," and Araminta understood me. She is quick-witted.

She sat sideways so that she could see what was going on, but that might have been seen from any point of view, for we were the only things going on—or backing.

Pretty soon we passed the wreck of the buggy and then we saw the horse grazing on dead grass by the roadside, and at last we came on a few of our townfolk who had seen us start and were now come out to welcome us home. But I did not go home just then. I should have done so if the machine had minded me and turned in at our driveway, but it did not.

Across the way from us there is a fine lawn leading up to a beautiful greenhouse full of rare orchids and other plants. It is the pride of my very good neighbor, Jacob Rawlinson.

The machine, as if moved by *malice prépense*, turned just as we came to the lawn and began to back at railroad speed.

I told Araminta that if she was tired of riding, now was the best time to stop; that she ought not to overdo it, and that I was going to get out myself as soon as I had seen her off.

I saw her off.

Then after one ineffectual jab at the brake I left the machine myself, and as I sat down on the sposhy lawn I heard a tremendous but not unmusical sound of falling glass. . . .

I tell Araminta that it isn't the running of an automobile that is so expensive. It is the stopping of it.

For Record-Making Runs

A SPEED indicator for vehicles to record the distance traveled and the time made on every successive mile will interest chauffeurs and drivers of spirited horses.

A toothed wheel is advanced one point by every revolution of the wheel of the vehicle with which it is associated. This movement connects with a pointer moving around a dial whereon is indicated to the occupant of the vehicle the distance traveled. Working automatically in connection with the indicator is a stop watch or other similar timepiece.

The invention may be set to record the time traveled per mile or for any fraction of a mile. At the moment of starting the vehicle the stop watch in the indicating device is set in operation and the distance to be timed determined. When that distance has been covered the timepiece is automatically arrested, the time consumed recorded, and by automatic adjustment the watch is ready instantly for the next division of the journey. The cycle of operations may be continued as long as the vehicle is in motion.

Thus the driver of a fast horse is enabled to time his animal's speed to a second on any portion of the distance traveled. A chauffeur by consulting the dial before him may learn to a nicety whether he is exceeding speed limits.

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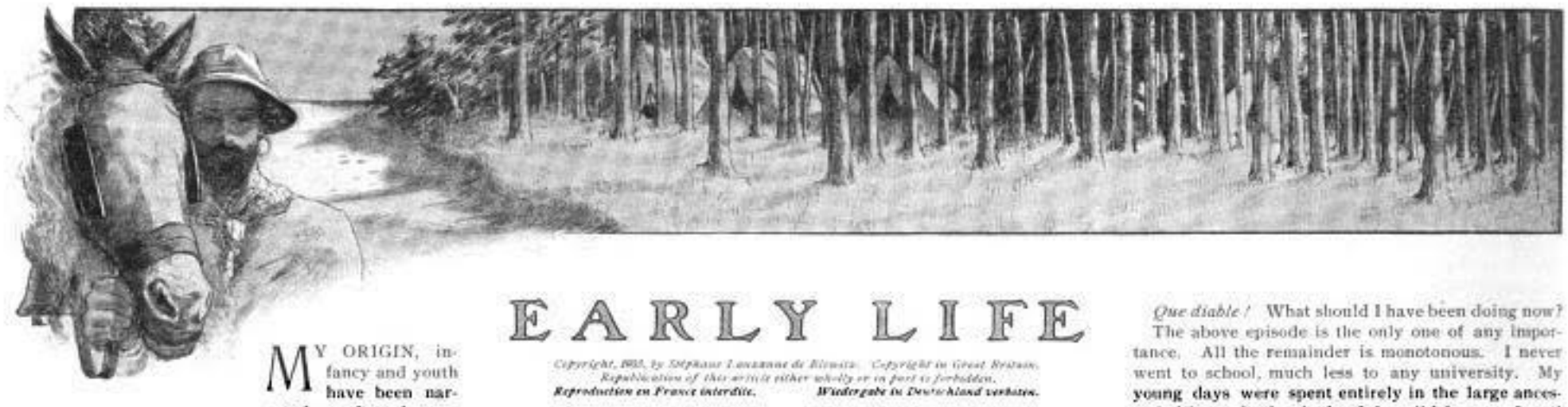
Recollections of M. de Blowitz



EARLY LIFE

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SOME TURNING POINTS IN THE CAREER OF M. de BLOWITZ. HOW A GIPSY FORTUNE-TELLER AND A BROKEN PIPE-STEM POINTED THE ROAD TO FAME

MY ORIGIN, infancy and youth have been narrated so often that no one will, I hope, find fault with me if, in my turn, I myself give an account of them. Since they have appeared sufficiently interesting for others to relate, I also have acquired the right to do so without being taxed with presumption. In any case, I venture to say that, instead of the fantastic tales which have appeared, nothing but "information derived from an absolutely authorized source" will be found in the following pages. In writing these lines, which will not appear until after I am in the grave, I have but one ambition: that of saying the truth, all the truth; and I have but one desire: that of preventing persons from disfiguring, for their own pleasure or passion, events with which I have been closely connected.

On December 28, 1825, at the Château of Blowsky, in the region of Pilsna, in Bohemia, there was born a child with a big head and a feeble body. The doctors who had been summoned to his bedside shook their heads in silence and declared that "he had a weak heart and was ill-formed," and consequently he would not live. The child's mother thereupon decided that the proper thing to do was to have him baptized without delay. And so, on December 29, while the snow was falling heavily and a strong wind was carrying off a peal of bells, he was conveyed to the little chapel of the little village of Blowsky, and there the Rev. Father Wasck, arch-priest of the parish, administered to him the holy sacrament of baptism. At the same time, on the old register of the church which contained the names of all his ancestors, from Seigneur Kaspar de Blowitz of Pulatine, who founded the village school, to Seigneur Marc Opper de Blowitz, who owned the ancient château, he entered the new-born child under the names of Henri-Georges-Stephan Adolphe, and said a mass in order that God might allow him to live.

I should not be telling the truth were I to say that I recall all these facts, for however good my memory may be it is not capable of that. But they have been affirmed to me so often by my mother, repeated by the venerable arch-priest and denied by the doctor, that finally I am absolutely persuaded they are true. The parish register may, however, be taken as evidence; it leaves no doubt as to my having been born a Catholic, baptized twenty-four hours after my birth, and that I did not have time to become a Jew. I regret it, moreover, . . . for Israel!

Of my early childhood I remember but little; the few incidents that I am able to recall do not appear to me worthy of being rendered public.

I will say, however, one thing. When I was six years of age but little was wanting—that little being a bridge over a stream—for me never to have been correspondent of the Times. This is what happened:

An Adventure with Kidnapers

ONE summer's evening there was nobody at home in the paternal château. My father was away hunting in the environs with some of his lordly friends and my mother was absent. I was playing in the park when, at a turn of the road, an old worn-out gipsy-cart appeared on the scene. It was drawn by an emaciated horse and driven by a sordid old woman in shreds. A pale and wretched-looking man followed. In the vehicle were some raggedly garbed children, among them being a little girl with a beautifully dressed Polichinelle. The fact is the doll Punch was altogether too beautifully dressed.

What took place? Did the man take me by the hand? Did the woman speak to me? I have forgotten, but what I have not forgotten is the attractive Polichinelle and its bright black eyes. Ten minutes afterward I was being rolled along in the gipsy-cart. I had been kidnaped! It seemed to me as if new life had suddenly been infused into the emaciated horse, whose pace was quickened and the tired-looking man pushed the cart so as to advance faster.

"If you are a good boy," said the woman, "we will let you play the drum and blow a trumpet all the time." And, in order to give me an advance taste of these future pleasures, they brought out from the back of the vehicle an old box, which when unpacked was found to contain—helter-skelter—costumes, drums, wigs, horns, all things that I had greatly admired at the recent village fête.

"Have you got a locket on you?" was a question asked me by the young girl with the beautiful black eyes.

I answered by showing her a small gold locket hanging from a chain round my neck and which my mother had given me.

"All right," she said, somewhat sadly, "be sure and keep it, and always tell everybody that your mother placed it there. I have one also—look; and I keep it; but my mother has never come to claim me yet."

The Pursuit and the Rescue

OUR ride in the cart continued without a halt for five or six hours and we must have covered quite a respectable distance, when suddenly, far away in the silence of the forest, we heard shouts and the sounds of the hunting horn.

"They are looking for us," said the woman.

The man uttered an oath and whipped the horse. The little girl with the black eyes grasped my hand, and in a very low voice said to me:

"It is better it should be thus; it is preferable that they should find you; you don't know what is in store for you if you remain with us."

I was very much amused and I looked about and listened. Evidently at the château my absence had been remarked and they were looking for me.

A terrible race ensued. The horse seemed suddenly endowed with fresh vigor as if he were conscious of the chase. In the distance the sounds of the horn were distinguishable, first a long way off, then nearer, and then far away again. Will they overtake us? Will they not overtake us?

Until now we had been driving along one solitary road which brusquely ran into a glade and two roads appeared. Which were we going to take? The one on the right or the one on the left? The man, who had not ceased swearing, hesitated. And here I firmly believe my fate was settled. If he had taken the road on the right I do not know where I should have been at this hour.

But he took the one on the left which led us down a little hill toward a river. After another mile the stream appeared, but there was no bridge across it. The road went no farther. As we reached this spot the horns were blowing louder than ever. The clamors of a number of men on horseback could be heard plainer and plainer. There could no longer be any doubt; they were in pursuit and about to overtake us. The spare man and the ragged woman and the wretched children certainly understood what was going forth, for they quickly abandoned horse, cart, boxes, and all their possessions, and threw themselves into the water; they swam across and two minutes later could be seen running away at full speed on the other side of the river.

I remained alone in the gipsy-cart, alone with Polichinelle. A few minutes later my father, for he was among the men on horseback, found us lying down quietly in the rear of the cart. I had been found. I was taken back home. I do not know whether they said anything to Polichinelle, but I do know that they said something to me! And I also know very well that, if the gipsy who had kidnaped me had taken the road on the right which disappeared in the mountain mazes, I should never have been found.

Que diable! What should I have been doing now?

The above episode is the only one of any importance. All the remainder is monotonous. I never went to school, much less to any university. My young days were spent entirely in the large ancestral château, in the shade of the wild forest. I read and worked but little. I walked a great deal. My memory, which all my lifetime has been my powerful and precious auxiliary, was formed almost entirely alone. It was innate and natural. It required no training.

In my father's room there used to be an enormous stick with a gold knob which I always admired and envied. Every time I saw it I used to ask for it, and every time I asked for it I used to long to have it and keep it.

One day my father said to me:

"Listen: I will give you this stick if to-morrow you recite to me by heart the legend of Kosros the Wise."

That was a way of getting rid of me, for the Hungarian legend of Kosros the Wise is quite as long as Shakespeare's Hamlet, and Sir Henry Irving will tell you that twenty-four hours constitute a very short time for one to learn Hamlet.

Nevertheless, the following day I went to my father's room and, without a mistake or hesitation, I recited to him all the wonderful legend, from the day when the daughter of Kosros chose for a husband Pryémilas, a mere laborer, until the day when his sister, Wlasta, at the head of an army of Amazons, won, with the aid of the Czechs, the battle of the White Mountain.

The stick with the gold knob became my property. I did not keep it; but, thank Heaven, I kept my memory.

At the age of fifteen, after a somewhat rudimentary education that, nevertheless, included various poetic legends, which I learnt whenever I had a longing for some of the parental belongings, my father decided that I should travel. He supplied me with money and gave me as a companion a tutor, who had taken his degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

I started out one morning on foot and was soon lost in the distance, *en route* for unknown parts.

I think I must have traveled through the whole of the immense Empire of Austria. It was not, at that time, what civilization has made it at the present day. In the frontier provinces superstition and fanaticism reigned supreme. During my long peregrinations I had striking examples of both and they have left on my mind an indelible impression.

The Stolen Statue of St. John

NOT very far from my native village was a quiet little country town called Grunberg. Any travelers who might nowadays venture to explore this little out-of-the-world nook of Bohemia would notice, close by a peaceful pool, an old church, an odd mixture of all styles of architecture. It is a very poor, modest little church, but it possesses a life-size statue of St. John in massive silver. Curiously enough, this statue has only one arm, and one would be inclined to protest against this willful mutilation if it were not connected with a strange incident of which I was a witness.

The day after I had left my father's château I arrived at Grunberg and found the whole town in the wildest state of excitement. The statue of St. John had been stolen the week before, and the whole country round had been doing everything possible to find it. The Bishop of Klattau had ordered processions in all the neighboring districts and every day the priest of St. John's beseeched his parishioners to tell what they knew of the theft.

I have already spoken of a small pool which is near the church. This pool was surrounded by a bank which was very steep on the side near the water and at the top of which was a narrow path. The procession was about to take place just as I arrived, and, in order to reach the other side of the pool, it had to walk along this narrow path.

At the head of the procession was the old priest, praying as he walked along, and carrying a second relic, which was almost as much venerated as the statue. This relic was a silver cross.

Half-way along the path—I can see the whole scene distinctly—the priest stumbled against the roots of a

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newly-planted tree, and, before he had time to think of saving it, the cross fell from his hands, glided slowly down the bank and disappeared in the muddy waters of the pool.

All the people, following the example of the unfortunate priest, fell on their knees, their eyes fixed on the spot in the water where the cross had disappeared.

The dam was at once opened so that the water should not carry the sacred relic away and every one waited for several hours. At the end of that time, to the delight of all, just as the last water was disappearing through the dam, the cross was seen and by the side of the cross the statue—the famous silver statue of St. John.

A cry of joy rang through the air, the cross and the statue were taken up, and it was then that the disappearance of the left arm was discovered. The thieves, whilst waiting for an opportunity of conveying the statue to a safe place, had broken off this arm, which has never been found.

The people, singing psalms and hymns of thanksgiving as they went along, repaired to the church in order to replace the venerated statue on the pedestal which for the last week had been deprived of its sacred burden. Just as the last individual was entering the church a part of the archway over the doors gave way, fell straight on the shoulders of a peasant and cut off his left arm as clean as though it had been a chopper.

The crowd immediately surrounded the wretched man, yelling:

"He's the thief! He's the thief! St. John has punished him by cutting off his arm!"

There was a terrible rush from all sides. The people attacked the peasant and in a moment his clothes were all in shreds. They were about to drag him along and hurl him into the pool in his turn, without having asked him a question, or without even hesitating as to whether or not he were the real author of the theft, when the old priest interfered.

"I, alone, have the right to command here," he said. "Do not touch that man!"

The crowd fell back a little and the priest continued:

"You are in my church," he said, addressing himself to the peasant, "and this is an inviolable and sacred place. No one has a right to touch you here. Stay inside the church and do not leave it, for once outside you belong to human justice."

And the mutilated peasant remained there. He was in the church all day and all night and he was still there the following day when I left Grunberg.

Five years later, when my voyage through Europe was accomplished, as I passed through Grunberg on my way to my native village, I saw at the door of St. John's Church an old man who had lost his left arm. He was on his knees at the threshold of the sanctuary which he had never dared to leave lest he should be torn to pieces by the people.

One evening, after a long journey, I reached, with my traveling companion, the Croatian frontier. A dreary-looking rough road stretched as far as the eye could see, alongside the mountain, and poles were placed on the roadside at intervals, just as in France the telegraph poles are seen forming a straight line along the banks of a road.

At the top of these poles human heads had been fixed, and I shuddered with horror on discovering that as far as one could see there were these poles and these heads. There had been a revolt the week before, and the Governor of the district, who had proved victorious, had decided to make an example and to inspire the population with a wholesome fear.

This Governor I can see distinctly now. I was dining that evening with my tutor in a wretched little inn, on the very borders of the frontier, when he came back from his expedition. He was a sort of bashi-bazouk with a booked nose, long, fair mustache and a face with a hard expression. He had three escorts, the commanders of each of which appeared to hate each other.

I could not resist asking him, later, when he was sitting next me at table, why he had three escorts.

"The first one," he answered, "keeps watch on the second, and the third prevents the other two from coming to an understanding with each other."

This will give an idea of the social position of the Governor of Croatia in the first half of the last century.

The Episode of the Gipsy Fortune-Teller

AFTER supper, while the Governor was smoking a long pipe and the officers of the escort were playing at dice, we heard outside, issuing from the darkness, a dismal cry followed by shouts, disputes and fighting. The officers left their dice and the Governor mechanically put his hand to his belt, from which his sword was hanging.

Upon inquiry we found it was nothing of importance, merely a woman, a kind of fortune-teller, who was going along the road when the bashi-bazouks of the escort had set upon her. The Governor suggested that it would be amusing to have our fortunes told. We each of us gave her some silver and she proceeded to foretell the future with the cards. The poor creature was intent on the cards, and in a slow, monotonous voice she told us her rigmarole.

When she came to me, though, she suddenly became more animated and her dull eyes lighted up a little.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I've never seen a fortune like yours. There is a fine fate in store for you!"

"What is it?" I asked.

"You'll sit down with kings and have princes at your table."

She did not tell me any more, but that was quite enough, and all night long I dreamt of nothing but conquest and kingdoms. I tried to imagine all the situations which would allow me to sit down with sovereigns, but I never thought of the only one which could ever enable the prophecy to come true.

This voyage was to last five years, and five years it lasted. I went through Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy and Switzerland. The most tragic part of it was the return home.

I was just twenty years of age, and when I approached my native village all the memories of my childhood crowded to my mind.

One learns a great many things in a five years' journey through the world, and one forgets much also, very quickly. Suddenly at a turn in the road, flanked by the mountain, the Château of Blowsky came in sight, and I do not know how it was, but as soon as I saw its old, cracked façade, so gloomy and dismal-looking, as soon as I glanced at its dark, mysterious tower, a sort of presentiment took possession of me.

I hurried on and soon reached the park. It seemed to me that everything looked neglected and rather deserted. The grass was long and the meadows appeared to be untended. I pushed the door open, and a cry rang through the house. It was my mother.

"Where is father?" I asked anxiously. "Here he is," she replied; and seated by the fire in the dining-room I saw him, but he was so changed that I scarcely recognized him.

When the first excitement of my arrival was over he began to question me.

"Did you see any one before you reached the house?" he asked. "No one," I replied.

"And you don't know all that has happened here since you left?"

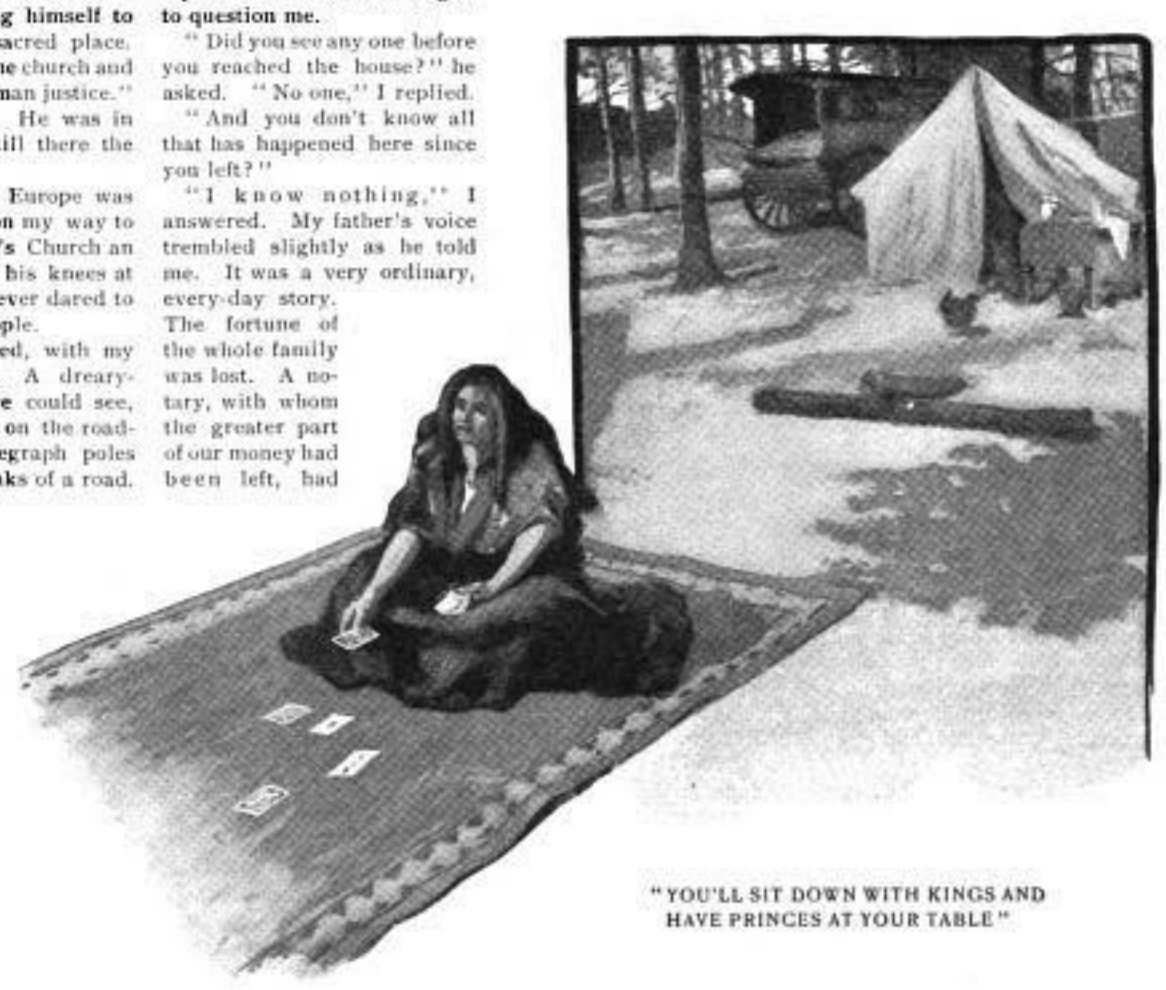
"I know nothing," I answered. My father's voice trembled slightly as he told me. It was a very ordinary, every-day story. The fortune of the whole family was lost. A notary, with whom the greater part of our money had been left, had risked it in speculations which had turned out badly, and, to sum up the matter briefly, we were ruined. "You'll have to work for your living," said my father in conclusion. I do not know why, but the thought of the gipsy woman, whom I had seen at the Croatian frontier, suddenly crossed my mind, and I remembered her prediction. I did not appear at all discouraged; on the contrary, I smiled as I answered my father:

"All right," I said; "don't you worry yourself about me; I shall be able to earn my living."

"What do you think of doing?" he asked.

"I shall start to-morrow for France, and from there go to America. A year ago, when I was in Genoa, I made the acquaintance of one of the leading industrial men of Ohio. He offered me a situation in a big agricultural affair out there. I refused, but I shall go to him now, and I am certain he will give me employment."

"That is right," said my father. "I see that you have plenty of determination."



"YOU'LL SIT DOWN WITH KINGS AND HAVE PRINCES AT YOUR TABLE"

The evening, however, was very sad, and that night was the last I spent in my father's house. Life was before me, full of chances and unexpected things. I did not fear anything, but bravely decided to venture forth. The farewell moment was even more sad than the evening had been. My mother was in tears and my father, who was very pale, stood on the terrace until I was out of sight.

"Good-by," I said, and my last words were: "Perhaps you will never see me again, but I hope you will hear something about me." And I plunged into the unknown . . . into life. . . .

Fate and a Broken Pipestem

A FEW weeks later I arrived at Angiers, in France, on the banks of the Loire, on my way to Havre, where I intended to take the boat for America.

I traveled in what the French call a "diligence," which was merely a horrible carriage, badly built, badly appointed, and with wretched horses. If modern civilization had done nothing but give us railways instead of the diligence, it would deserve the gratitude of all human beings; I mean, of course, of all human beings who travel.

My particular diligence went along that wonderful and admirable road, which all English and Americans who have visited France know so well, and which skirts the banks of the Loire. It started from Tours, passed through Angiers, and was to go on to Nantes. At Nantes I intended traveling by water to Havre, where I hoped to embark for the United States.

As we entered the chief street of Angiers something occurred which was destined to influence my whole career. This was the second incident which decided my fate in life. The first was the road which the gipsies, who had kidnaped me, took to cross the river. This second incident happened in driving over the paving-stones of Angiers, when the diligence gave such jolts that the stem of my pipe broke between my teeth.

My first care in getting out of the conveyance was, of course, to rush to a shop for a new stem. I had scarcely finished this most prosaic transaction when on leaving the shop I knocked up against a tall, slight man with hair just turning gray who happened to be coming in. I apologized, but the gentleman, after gazing at me intently, suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, upon my word, I think I recognize you. . . . Are you not young Blowitz?"

"Certainly."

"Don't you remember me?"

"Not at all."

"I saw you five or six years ago at your father's château. I am Count Kolowrath; an old friend of your family."

I remembered now having seen the Count in the days gone by and I recognized him. We talked together a few minutes, and I told him the sad events that had taken place at our home in Bohemia. He took the greatest interest in my story and insisted on my letting the diligence continue its journey without me and delaying my departure for a day. He was only passing through Angiers and lived in Paris, where he was very intimate with all the political men of the day.

The result of our meeting was that I did not start for America the next day, nor yet the day after, nor even the week after, but I went with him to Paris.

Serious events were then taking place there. A Republic—the Republic of 1848—had succeeded the Monarchy of King Louis-Philippe. I was too much interested in all that was going on, too much taken up by this political fever, by this overthrowing of a Government, and by this destruction of old-established institutions, to think of going to America. I remained in Paris, and I observed what was happening around me.

I must now make a confession to my readers. Nature, cities and countries have never had much attraction for me.

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HIS MOTHER

The Story of the Second Generation

By Will Payne

HE AND HIS MOTHER WERE CHUMS

I

WHEN the Blue Ridge Bank failed, good, fond, slipshod Tom Lucas, who had been bookkeeper and man of all work at $75 a month, was left without employment. It was a bad time in Blue Ridge and in Western Nebraska generally; but Lucas got a few odd jobs while he was waiting for something to turn up, and with that and his credit the family managed to get on in an increasingly poor way.

Then he had an inspiration. It was long before the Klondike rush, but some people knew there was gold in Alaska. Lucas sold the story-and-a-half house, borrowed what he could, left $100 with his wife, and joined an expedition. They never knew just how he died up in the north, but they knew they were happier for not knowing just how.

Nellie Lucas was small and slim, with brown eyes and a soft voice. In Blue Ridge they called her extravagant, because while Tom had his salary and credit she bought pretty things for herself to wear and dressed her boy ridiculously well and went back to Ohio at least once a year. Now her father was gone as well as Tom, and she had the boy. Her fingers were deft and she was tasteful. She trimmed hats in Miss Davit's millinery store, and the county clerk, a Blue Ridge man, gave her some copying to do now and then.

Walter was nine years old, not very tall for his age, but plump, with reddish hair and blue eyes like his father. He and his mother were chums. They took their treats together when there was a spare dollar, and talked over ways and means soberly. "There will be very little money now, dear—only what mamma can earn; so you must make the old jacket do even if it is patched," she had said to him, and he had understood at once. He wished to quit school and go to work, but she would not hear of that.

They got along—but there was the operation on the boy's throat which Doctor Howell had warned her must not be put off longer.

The Railroad Hospital at Warrensville stood on the shabby street that faced the switch-yards. The hospital itself was a square, neat, two-story affair of pressed brick with a clean cement walk in front; but on one side were two shanty saloons and on the other, a shanty "delicatessen store," with links of sausage and moons of cheese behind the fly-specked window-panes. With the early melting of the light snow which had fallen the day before, the unpaved street was muddy this bright Sunday morning.

Leaving the caboose of the early freight from Blue Ridge, Mrs. Lucas picked her way across the cinder switch-yard and along the broken plank-walk toward the hospital, the boy at her side. She was aware of the wide, bright, Sunday stillness that lay over the small city, of the edge of spring in the high blue sky and clear, chilly air. But her heart trembled in its rapid beating and she kept repeating to herself mechanically, "I must tell them his heart isn't very strong."

She knew it was best not to talk to him about it; but at the door of the hospital she stopped, stooping a little to look into his rosy face. "You won't be afraid, will you, dear?" her sweet voice said.

"Why, no, I won't be afraid," he replied securely.

Doctor Parker had not yet arrived, and Mrs. Lucas went to the office. The old gentleman at the desk treated her crustily, but she did not mind that. She apologized patiently when she answered his questions amiss as he made out the record, and she was strangely absorbed in regarding the fringe of gray hair around his pink head. She took the fee, fifty dollars, from the knotted handkerchief in the breast of her dress. That left her six dollars. When she returned to the chilly little parlor Walter was walking about, cap in hand, examining the prints on the wall. She sat down, furtively watching the boy, and she kept whispering in her mind, "No, I'll not have it done now; I'll put it off; the surgeon will examine him and say it is not necessary."

Doctor Parker came in briskly, half an hour late, a tall, alert man with a red beard and a friendly eye.

"I thought you'd be waiting," he said with a laugh. "You've been to the office? You told them you were here? And this is—Walter, is that the name? How do you do, Walter? I'll go upstairs and see if the room is ready. You come up in a minute. They'll show you where."

And before she could find her voice he was gone. She felt her heart leaving her body and hurrying after him. She wished to say, "I have decided to put it off a while. You see, I have not loved him enough yet."

After a bewildered moment she arose, half dazed. The boy came to her at once and slipped his plump hand in hers. They walked down the hall and up the stairs. She knew that she must not talk to him about it, nor do anything that would alarm him, and as she went upstairs she felt herself clutched fast in the ordeal, without possibility of escape. They came out in the upper hall. Walter walked along beside her as readily as though he were going to play. Yet he seemed such a little fellow.

"You feel ready, do you, dear?" she asked, although she knew she should not.

He slipped his arm about her waist and quickly withdrew it. "Yes, I'm ready, mother," he said. "I know it must be done, so the sooner I go through with it the better."

A stout nurse, hurrying along with a tray of empty dishes, directed them; but the room was not quite ready and they sat on a bench in the hall. She felt the boy's soft body against her side. If she could hide him from them now!

The opposite door opened and Doctor Parker looked out. He had taken off his coat and waistcoat, and put on a long white apron which a nurse was tying behind. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up to the elbows and he was rubbing his hands with soap.

"You're here?" he called out cheerfully. "We'll be ready now as soon as you are. You can step in there."

They entered an empty room, where Walter undressed and put on a nightgown, his mother helping him as when he had been a tiny child. Lingering over the buttons she hungered to close him in her arms and kiss him.

When they stepped into the operating-room Doctor Parker was still scrubbing his hands. His assistant was laying out various instruments of speckless steel that glistened cruelly. He and the surgeon were talking of another case in a casual, chatty way. One nurse was preparing bandages while the other arranged the curtains over the skylight. The operating table, a thick slab of glass, with apparatus for raising and lowering it, stood in the centre of the floor.

In his nightgown the boy looked even younger and rosier. His bare, plump feet showed under the edge of the gown. He smiled in a self-conscious way, embarrassed at standing before strangers in that garb.

A nurse stepped beside the glass slab. "All right, Walter; here's where we'll have you," she said cheerfully.

The boy's hand moved a little toward his mother's. He wished to whisper to her, "They're not going to hurt me, are they, mamma?" But he knew what her white face meant, and without speaking he went forward confidently and climbed on the table. The nurse threw a sheet over him and began arranging cloths about his head and neck. He looked over at his mother and smiled. "Pretty rocky bed, ma," he called.

Mrs. Lucas caught the surgeon's eye and beckoned. He came over to her and she whispered, "You'll be careful, doctor—about the chloroform—his heart isn't very strong."

He nodded. "Oh, yes, I remember. Doctor Howell told me. We talked it over," he said cheerfully under his breath.

He knew that her nerves were shaking and her heart swooned. He looked into the pretty, helpless little woman's straining eyes and took in their wordless message—"To you I give my darling to be led through the shadows of death; if your hand fails he will never come back to me."

This busy surgeon had received many such messages and had replied in his heart, as now, "God is great. I will do what a man's skill can do."

His words to her were, "This operation is not so serious; but it's not pleasant to see. When we are ready you must step out."

She had supposed that she would be permitted to remain. But she understood that she must submit to the doctor. He looked at her and nodded toward the door. She stepped into the hall, shutting the door behind her, closing in the still little figure and those who were to work at the springs of his life.

She sat on the bench in the hall, facing the closed door . . . how long! A formless thought kept drifting back and bruising her helpless mind—she was alone, all alone—she sat there all alone . . . how long! Her heart stopped beating. Surely something had gone wrong. Suddenly she saw them vainly trying to restore him. Yet she could not go to the door. She was bound and could only wait. She remembered with a kind of inconsequential torture that she had only six dollars left after paying the fee in advance. He must be dead. . . . The widow and the fatherless. She remembered something vaguely; then, strangely, it flashed upon her: there was a God. The thought startled her. It was sweet, yet she trembled over it. Something vast encompassed her and her weak misery.

The door stood open. Doctor Parker was smiling at her.

She sprang up and the roots of her hair stirred. Did He give the boy back to her? The doctor was holding the door open for her, smiling. One of the nurses was smiling out at her. She knew from their faces that the operation had been a success. But it was not that just now. Had He——

Suddenly she drooped against the door-casing and put her hands to her face.

"There, there! This is no time to cry. It's all over. Everything's tiptop." Doctor Parker encouraged her, patting her shoulder in a fatherly way.

The boy, quite white, was looking about blankly. In a moment he made her out, smiled a little under his bandages, and sung out, "Hello, ma!"

II

THEY left the hospital after the third day. Mrs. Lucas then had four dollars in her purse. For six months the ordeal of this operation had been her sole focal point, beyond which she had scarcely tried to look. She had sold the last of her trinkets for the fee, and she had supposed, indefinitely, that she should go back to Blue Ridge and try to support herself and keep Walter in school. But the last two days she had been thinking that over, and it seemed to her that she might get something to do in Warrensville, which was a much better town than Blue Ridge, quite a little city, in fact. She wrote a neat hand, slowly, and she thought she might get copying to do, or trim hats, or clerk in a store. As to ways of earning money her imagination was as vague and simple as Walter's. She was anxiously aware of the slimness of her means, but the dreadful ordeal was passed. The boy skipped along beside her abounding in health, full of zest for the fresh air.

Compared with poor little Blue Ridge, Warrensville was metropolitan, with brick paving on the two principal streets, and stone flaggings and brave shop windows.

Mother and son walked down Warren Avenue, stopping to look into the show windows. She had the daring thought to enter at once a dry-goods store that they passed and ask for a place as a clerk; but she put it off because she had not yet spoken to the boy about the possibility of not returning to Blue Ridge. At the window of the millinery store they debated whether the hat with pink or the one with blue was the prettiest, and before the window of the hardware store he explained why the hammerless shotgun was the best. She

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noted a small restaurant on a side street, and thought they could come back there and get dinner. Probably it would not cost over forty or fifty cents for both of them. There were many more people on the street than at home. The stir of a larger life amused them.

They were looking at the boys' suits, displayed on wax dummies in the window of the most pretentious of the stores, when a brisk little woman tripped out of the store door, glanced at them, halted, then ran forward.

"Why, Mrs. Terhune!" said Mrs. Lucas.

"Why, Mrs. Lucas!" said Janet Terhune.

There was a touch of embarrassment, for Mrs. Terhune had been Janet Hynes and was a daughter of the junior partner in the Blue Ridge Bank where Lucas had been employed, and they had scarcely seen each other since Lucas' death. But in the slightly embarrassed shock of this encounter the hearts of the two women beat up together. A moment, and Mrs. Lucas was telling about the operation.

"And are you going back to Blue Ridge?" Mrs. Terhune asked.

"Well—I hardly know," said Mrs. Lucas. "You see, I must find something to do and I thought perhaps here——" Already, with an indefinable relief, she felt the other woman's greater capability, her firmer hand.

"You must come up to dinner with me now," said Janet decisively. "I'm sure something can be found here—better than in Blue Ridge. We'll talk it over with Bob."

And in this way mother and son came under the wing of the Terhunes. Bob and Janet were at once fond of them. "They're both dear children," said Terhune. He found copying for Mrs. Lucas to do in his office, and with slow, infinite patience she finally learned stenography.

Mother and son were still chums. Every one liked the lad. Janet loved him next to his mother and next to her own daughter who was born the year after the Lucases came to Warrensville.

The Terhunes soon discovered that he had a good mind. At eighteen he finished his course in the public high-school and it was decided that he should go to the State University at Lincoln. His head then came just above Terhune's shoulder, but to the two fond women he was still the same bright, clean, lovable boy that he had been any time the last ten years. His cheeks were as ruddy, his blue eyes as direct, his laugh as ready.

Mrs. Lucas was full of misgivings about his going to Lincoln. He had scarcely been away from home overnight in his life. He couldn't take care of his clothes; was careless about letting things lie around. If he slept in a draft he would take cold. There had been some typhoid at Lincoln the year before, and she was anxious on that score. She did not fear the temptations and dissipations that other mothers might have feared. She supposed in time he might take to smoking. Most boys did that, and Mr. Terhune had prepared her for it. But as for the real vices—why, as well fear that little Janet who still sat on Walter's knee would take to whisky and disreputable friends.

Terhune got Walter a pass over the railroad, so he came home every second or third Sunday. Besides, he was at home Thanksgiving and over the holidays, while Mrs. Lucas twice went to Lincoln to see him. When he came home for the long vacation at the end of the year it seemed that, after all, she had hardly been separated from him at all.

His second and third year passed in the same way. Never more than three weeks went by without her seeing him. She still looked after his clothes, darned his stockings, mended and sorted his linen, bought his underwear and neckties for him as when he had been a little child. She had to look up now, but she saw the same rosy cheeks, bright, direct blue eyes and ready laugh.

And what she especially took comfort and pride in, next to his proficiency in his studies, was his way with the girls. He was popular. All the nicest girls were his friends, and he was a friend to all of them, without any particular preference. It had been that way since he was a little fellow—the nice girls had been his friends.

The mother thought: "Some day, when he gets of that age, he will fall in love with the nicest and best and most popular girl of them all; and by and by they will be married." She remembered that she had been married three years younger; but that was different. Meantime it was fine that these nice girls liked him so frankly and that he liked them in kind.

III

IT WAS in December of Walter's fourth year at Lincoln that May Dixon, daughter of Warrensville's mayor, left the university abruptly and came home. The gossips had a rumor that she had been expelled or had fallen into some sort of scandal. The rumor found quick ground because of the sensation of four years before in which she had been the chief figure.

Major Dixon, the mayor, had a swelling chest, a black mustache and imperial, a military air. His slouch hat was always worn a little on one side. Whisky had not improved a naturally bad temper.

Four years before, May, then seventeen, had gone to the baseball game at Hurley with young Gallup, who called himself city editor of the Democrat and was not known in good society. Other young people in groups and couples had gone to the ball game; but May Dixon and Gallup kept apart. An hour after the train left Major Dixon learned that they had gone together. He drove the seventeen miles to Hurley in an hour and a half, and looked over the ball grounds without finding the two he sought. A little later he did find them eating ice cream in a shabby restaurant. He horsewhipped Gallup on the spot, breaking the young man's arm and a good deal of china, and took the young lady home. He also announced that he would shoot Gallup on sight if he returned to Warrensville. The young man did not return. Gossip is busy in a place like Warrensville. The girl was different thereafter. She held herself aloof, with a high head. Her sudden departure from the university brought the old affair to life, for it was remembered that Gallup was in Lincoln, connected with a weekly sheet that called itself a society journal, but which every one knew for a mere blackmailing agency. It was insisted that he had something to do with May's coming home.

—THE GIRL SAID LOW: "I'VE BEEN TELLING YOUR MOTHER, WALTER"

Mrs. Lucas on her way back to Terhune's office after lunch saw the girl driving a span of fine bays to a new victoria. A negro boy in livery, the first to be seen in Warrensville, sat beside her. The display and extravagance and debts of Major Dixon someway lent probability to gossip about his daughter. The girl herself was tall, slim, with large dark eyes, black hair and a clear, colorless skin. She was certainly handsome; but it was the way she held herself that kept Mrs. Lucas' startled attention. There was something royal in the pride of the slender, erect figure, and the dark eyes that looked calmly forth without seeing any one. She swung the mettlesome horses up to the curb in front of the post-office, and waited while the boy skipped inside. Everybody on the street was aware of her. Men and women looked up at her as she sat motionless. Those who knew her attempted to catch her eye and bow. But she neither saw them nor appeared to avoid seeing them. The calm eyes simply looked afar. There was no motion of her lips or eyelids. The boy appeared and skipped into the victoria. She spoke to the horses and they dashed away.

Little, gentle Mrs. Lucas, loitering in the doorway, drew a long breath. It was superb; but to the widow's modest imagination it was an awful kind of superbness. She went upstairs to the office with the sense that she was a very humble person, for which she was most thankful.

The next day some one showed Mrs. Terhune this item in the blackmailing paper at Lincoln:

> The fair daughter of the mayor of one of the fairest cities in Nebraska left the university suddenly last week. It is whispered that the young lady's tender effusions to an old flame have something to do with the case. More anon.

The day after Walter came home unannounced. He explained that the holidays were at hand, and there was nothing in the courses for the intervening week that interested him. He arrived in the evening, and in the morning went off with Terhune. They spent the forenoon together. The boy came in at noon and went to the midday dinner with his mother; but directly afterward went away. Terhune took Mrs. Lucas home with him to supper. He said Walter had told him that he was going to take supper with a friend and that he would come to the Terhunes' for his mother in the evening. Mrs. Lucas rather wondered at this, but she supposed Walter was so big a boy now that she could not expect him to account to her for all his time.

They were in the sitting-room after supper. Terhune had looked once or twice at the clock. He had an appointment for half-past seven, he said.

It was nearly that when the doorbell rang. The heavy-footed maid went to open the door, and in a moment May Dixon swept in.

She wore a long black cloth cloak and was neatly gloved. As she came swiftly to the arched doorway and halted, one foot a little advanced, the black plume on her hat swayed forward and trembled upright. Without any greeting she spoke at once to Terhune:

"Gallup is here."

Terhune had arisen and stepped toward her.

"Yes. I know that," he said. He paused a moment, looking at her, and added calmly, "Walter is here, too, and has gone out to find him."

The girl's face contracted with pain. "No! Not Walter!" she cried. "You agreed to have Walter keep away from him!" she accused.

"If I could," Terhune corrected gently. He cleared his throat. "It was necessary to take care of your father; to keep him from running across Gallup or knowing he was in town, so I put in the afternoon talking business with him and we have an engagement for this evening, while Walter—it was what Walter insisted upon. And finally, I didn't see that any one had any right to take the case out of his hands—since you had given him the right to go."

"No!" she declared.

"When I talked against it—proposed to have Gallup arrested or to send somebody else to run him out of town—Walter only smiled. He said: 'Her father cannot help her in this. If Aunt Janet had stood in her place before you were married would you have let anybody else take it up?'" The plain, middle-aged lawyer concluded gravely: "After that I had nothing more to say, for no one has any business to deny a man's right to protect the woman he loves—not even the woman herself."

The girl's lip trembled and the lawyer's face suddenly blurred before her straining eyes. "I am very unfortunate, Mr. Terhune," she murmured.

"Not at all! Not at all!" he encouraged. "This is coming out all right. You stay right here, now. Don't mix things up. You stay right here and Gallup will be quietly out of town in an hour. Janet will take care of you."

The girl turned with a flowing motion and bowed. "I hope you will forgive me, Mrs. Terhune," she said humbly; and then for the first time she was aware of Mrs. Lucas. She started a little and turned red, looking at the widow with parted lips.

"I must keep my engagement now," said Terhune. "You stay right here until you're sent for."

As he went out the girl crossed the room and took the chair beside Walter's mother, bending toward her.

"Will you let me tell you, Mrs. Lucas?" she pleaded.

The mother sat stunned. Her whole world, which consisted of her son whom she still imagined as half a child under her wing, had been overturned at a stroke. As it glimmered upon her that this beautiful and imperious creature stood in such a relation to Walter, it seemed as impossible as though her son had abruptly presented her with a Valkyrie for a daughter-in-law. And behind all that lay the shadow of

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something dubious, scandalous, and Major Dixon with his strut and extravagance.

Now the girl stooped toward her with a woman's plea, suddenly humble and sweet. The elder woman felt the younger's compelling beauty. No one could deny her royalty.

"I didn't know," Mrs. Lucas murmured confusedly.

"No," said the girl. "It came about almost of a sudden. Perhaps Walter himself was—surprised." Her beautiful lips parted in a small smile; the pink flushed over her face again. "I think I had been unfortunate, Mrs. Lucas. Going to the ball game with Gallup was a foolish, headstrong, schoolgirl's scrape. And what happened afterward——" She paused and shook her head mournfully. "I think no one has any right, not even a father, to make a girl's name the subject of talk. It was his honor that he was zealous about, not mine. That affair and the gossip made a great difference with me. It was a sort of horror—all the more, I suppose, because I found the man a poor specimen. Gallup has been in Lincoln lately. He's a thing of the gutter now. He has three or four schoolgirl letters of mine and he began to annoy me. Of course, he has a grudge on account of what my father did, and he's the sort to take it out of me. Besides, he wanted money. I lived in terror of him because anything that would make talk was a nightmare to me. Twice I gave him money for the letters—what little I had. I suppose I lost my head to do that, for I never got the letters. But I had no one to go to—least of all my father, for his way would have been to use a horsewhip again, or a pistol, and that would have been the worst of all. What terrorized me was the idea of scandal—the letters being printed in that awful paper, perhaps with the dates changed, or Gallup's attacking my father. I was quite desperate, and without any one to turn to." She stopped in the rapid, nervous narrative, looking into the widow's eyes. Her voice dropped to a softer tone.

"Of course, I had known Walter a long time, but only in a casual way. One evening six weeks ago we were all going to the Wednesday evening concert. I was walking alone. Gallup appeared, stepped up and spoke to me, stopping me on the street before the others as though we were friends. I knew it was done to frighten me and let the others see; but I was frightened. As it happened, Walter and two or three other young men were coming along behind me. He told me afterward that he knew something was wrong; so he stepped up at once and spoke to me as though we had not seen each other for some time. In that way, without any disturbance, I was able to turn away and walk off with him, leaving Gallup. Then, after the concert, he fell in with me as by accident and walked home with me. Gallup was not mentioned, but I knew that Walter knew, and it seemed to me the first time any one had helped me. After that Walter called on me and we went to several places together. One evening I told him about Gallup."

Her voice dropped still lower, as though she could whisper it to the mother. "You—you know that every one must trust him. He is so sure and sweet. He went to Gallup then. I don't know what happened; but I know there was a collision between them. Walter came back to me with his hand bound in a handkerchief, and told me he thought Gallup would never trouble me any more. I loved him very much. He was very popular. Everything about him had been clear and sweet like himself; but it seems to me that it must always have been me, the lonely, troubled girl, whom he would love at last."

Mrs. Lucas looked at her with dim eyes—at this girl whose beauty and bearing made an atmosphere; and she already felt, too, that this had been inevitable, instead of the "nice," popular girl of her fancy.

Together they heard his step on the porch. May sprang up; but restrained herself from running forward. She stood erect, eager, waiting.

When he entered the room his mother saw, as for the first time, his bulk and thews, and the closely-shaven growth of blond beard on his cheeks. He went at once to the girl.

"Uncle Bob told me you were here," he said. Standing beside her looking down, smiling a little, he added: "There's no trouble. Gallup has taken the way-freight out of town. It's all right."

"Aa-h!" She made the exclamation a low, happy, singing sound. The mother saw the two, each looking at the other, making a world of their own, in which even she was a stranger. Still looking at him, the girl said low, with a trembling smile, "I've been telling your mother, Walter."

He looked over at the mother with love, but did not leave the girl. "Well, mother," he said—then dropped his hand on May's shoulder with a smiling glance at his mother and back at his sweetheart, as though he offered the mother the girl's loveliness—"I suppose there's nothing more to say."

Mrs. Lucas thought something like this: "When he was a babe and lay in my arm, and when he came out of the operation at the hospital, and when I worked and saved for him, it seemed to me that he was all my own. But all the time I was only bringing him to her."

When the young ones had gone, Walter taking May home, the two women, left alone, were silent for a moment.

"She is very beautiful and sweet," said Mrs. Lucas absently.

"She seems much in love with him," Mrs. Terhune admitted.

Mrs. Lucas looked around at her friend. "We don't keep them long."

The younger mother said nothing, but she felt a sudden hunger to get her own child in her arms and hold her tight.

"I suppose our mothers felt that way, too, and our husbands' mothers," said Mrs. Lucas. She mused a moment. The power of the girl's beauty came back to her. She looked around at her friend again. "Well—if they are married and happy——" She did not try to say any more, but sat musing while her aroused heart dreamed forward to the picture of her son's home and rosy grandchildren.

OUR AMERICAN SNOBS

By James L. Ford

THE RELATION OF YELLOW JOURNALISM TO ITS OWN CREATION, THE FOUR HUNDRED

STUDENTS of contemporary journalism trace the enormous circulation and influence of the Planet and the wealth and power of the house of Barshfield to an important discovery made by Simon, the second in the royal line and the father of David, the present ruler. Therefore I shall not disdain to give credit to whom it is due, even though I no longer have a seat at David Barshfield's council table; and I hereby acknowledge that if it had not been for the light shed upon the subject of modern society by my still venerated chief, these pages would not have been illumined by the great, shining light of the knowledge which I owe to him, and the true story of the relation which yellow journalism bears to the Four Hundred would perhaps have remained a sealed book to all mankind for centuries to come.

I was reminded of these facts by a discussion which raged at the Sunday morning breakfast-table in regard to the exact social position of Mrs. John Smith, into which I foolishly permitted myself to be drawn; wondering, the while, how the name of a woman as well bred and well born and charming as Mrs. Smith ever happened to stray into the conversation at Mrs. Catnip's table. The boarders paid but scant heed to my well chosen and entirely truthful summing up of Mrs. Smith's social position, and a moment later the subject was disposed of by Mrs. Taffeta, who said: "I don't say but what Mrs. Smith's a nice enough woman in her way, but there hain't no style to her; you never hear of her goin' nowhere nor hevin' parties to the theatre. The fact on it is, she's not with the Four Hundred folks because she ain't in their class."

And these words having been uttered, the jaws of our oracle closed with a sharp snap and we knew that to reopen the subject at that session would be to question the authority which has always found its fullest recognition at Rebecca Catnip's table.

It was with this conversation fresh in my mind that I seated myself in my easy-chair that evening and permitted my memory to carry me back to the day when that greatest of yellow journalists, the third of the great Park Row dynasty of Barshfield, remarked to me in careless confidence as he lit a gold-tipped cigarette: "I suppose you know that it was to my father (meaning Simon, the second owner of the Planet) that we owe that most valuable of Park Row institutions, the Four Hundred. Most people believe that the honor belongs to Mr. Ward McAllister, the leader of the rather bizarre society of his generation; but he only let fall a chance remark, while my father, seeing at once the commercial value that lay behind his words, did not rest until the idea had taken permanent and practical shape. He had been educated abroad and had always felt that a generally recognized aristocracy was one of the greatest needs of the newspaper business. I remember also that about this time the growing importance of wood pulp had taken a strong hold on his mind, so that the moment his eye fell upon the McAllister interview he rose excitedly from his chair and almost shouted: 'Wood pulp and the Four Hundred! The problem of the cheap newspaper is solved at last, and your future, my boy, is assured from this very moment.'

"Then he sent for Allerton, his business manager, and showed him what McAllister had said. Allerton read it from beginning to end and blurted out: 'Well, what the deuce is there in that?'

"'Circulation!' said the old man; and the very next day he called a meeting of the business managers of the leading newspapers and convinced them that if they would consent to work together they could create an aristocracy which would appeal to the practical American mind as well as to the snobbery which exists, often a mere undeveloped kernel, in almost every human breast. It was lucky for us that McAllister put the number at four hundred, as four thousand would have been too many for exclusiveness, and forty too few for the press to juggle with. People could keep tab on forty aristocrats so closely that it would have been as difficult for a newspaper to add a new one to the list as for a yellow French paper to create a forty-first immortal for the Academy. With four hundred, however, we can slip in a new aristocrat whenever we need a new feature for the Sunday supplement or desire to bestow some graceful reward for services rendered."

"But can you create an American aristocrat?" I gasped, for at that time I was new to Park Row and the simplest things seemed wonderful to me.

"And why not?" rejoined Barshfield with his French shoulder-shrug. "The proportion of newspaper-made aristocrats in the Four Hundred is about that of modern peers, meaning those whose titles do not antedate the Georges, in the House of Lords, and of Napoleonic counts and barons in the nobility of France. It is only because of the incredible swiftness of the pace with which we live here compared with that of the older countries that a dozen years of newspaper work equals in result about a century of growth in Europe. When a grateful political party in England raises any one to the peerage, it is customary to explain that it is as a reward for 'eminent services rendered to his country,' but, as no man is ever thus honored unless he be the possessor of a large fortune, the phrase ought to read 'for eminent services rendered to himself.' Essentially a commercial and hard-headed people, the English have a rooted antipathy to a ragged and barefooted peerage such as would easily pass muster in the sunnier climes. We of this country are also practical and hard-headed, but we are a more imaginative people than the English, and so it happens that our Four Hundred, although founded on the visible rock of prodigious wealth and carried on with tremendous splurge and *réclame*, nevertheless consists largely of people who are actually in a state of destitution. As children of our own, we of the press keep up their popular reputation by representing them as wealthy and luxurious. Therefore it behooves the press to recognize these poverty-stricken Park Row aristocrats as its own legitimate offspring and support them, in print at least, in a manner calculated to sustain their reputation as persons of wealth and luxurious habits."

"But I thought they were wealthy and luxurious—these people of the society column!" I exclaimed.

"So they are—in the newspapers," replied the proprietor of the Planet, "and some of them have money in their own right as well. The rule of the office is, however, that their lives, their belongings, their amusements shall always be painted in glowing colors. You may have noticed in our Sunday paper not long ago an article called Swaddling Clothes of Millionaire Children, which told how infants belonging to the wealthiest families were decked out in the most costly apparel and never went into the street without real lace caps worth hundreds of dollars apiece? I've no doubt that thousands of the people to whom I owe my fortune and income read that article with distended eyes, although, as a matter of fact, it is a lie from beginning to end. Everybody who knows New York will tell you that the infant members of such families as the Vanastorbilts are done up in red flannel when they go out to take the air, and that the further down you get in the social scale the more style is put on by the baby. Watch the eviction of some poor family from a tenement house and you'll find out what I mean. First you'll see the family and a few neighbors bringing out a wretched collection of broken tables, three-legged chairs and battered pots and pans; then, at the tail-end of the procession, will come the mother wheeling a perambulator with a canopy top-lined with red silk, and the baby sitting in it arrayed like Solomon in all his glory. That baby will be sure to have a lace cap, no matter whether the family have a real meal or not. If we wanted to put that baby in the Four Hundred (and there's no telling when it might be policy to do so) his photograph—lace cap, perambulator and all—would make a much better showing in the middle of a page than that of the average kid that you see on Fifth Avenue."

"How does the press put people in the Four Hundred?" I inquired.

"Some get in by being run as 'freak features' in the Sunday paper, others through the broad gateway marked 'among those present,' and a great many by being written up as 'new cotillon leaders.' Of course, this newspaper renown

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of papers by Mr. Ford. The next will appear in an early number.

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will no more give one the *entrée* to the really good houses than a title bestowed by the Second French Empire carried with it admission to the exclusive circles of the Faubourg St. Germain. However, it does as much for a man as Louis Napoleon did when he turned a contractor into a nobleman; he simply put him in 'among those present,' and let him shift for himself."

This conversation took place at a time when I knew but little of the real forces of the modern press, or "yellow journalism," as it is called, and I remember that when I withdrew from the Presence and went out from the audience chamber it was with the feeling that the words which I had been privileged to hear as they fell from the inspired lips of David, third of the royal Park Row dynasty of Barshfield, contained a kernel of wisdom which might, under my fostering care, grow into a mighty tree of philosophy and knowledge. A few days later a chance discovery of minor importance helped to confirm a great deal that my employer had said and started me on the train of serious thought that has culminated in this important contribution to contemporary sociology.

Up to this time I had been innocent enough to believe that the loud talking which so often floats from opera and theatre boxes occupied by persons vaguely defined as "society people" and the explosions of vulgar laughter that cause so much craning of necks in the Nickel-Plush and other gaudy restaurants were due merely to heedlessness on the part of the noisemakers. The scales fell from my eyes, however, one night when I was seated in my aisle seat at a local theatre, brooding over the words of my employer, and was awakened from my reverie by the arrival of an organized band of social pushers who were at that time one of the minor nuisances of the town. Six of them marched into the row of seats behind me and as many more tramped noisily, and without a word of apology to the lady who was with me and who rose to let them pass, into the seats beyond ours. They had scarcely seated themselves when the leading climber, who sat directly behind me, began the work of advertising their presence to the rest of the audience by bawling out: "There's Mrs. Waddy Vanastorbilt in that upper box!"

"No," screamed the young woman next him, "that's not Mrs. Waddy Vanastorbilt!"

"Yes," bellowed the pusher next to her, "it *is* Mrs. Waddy Vanastorbilt. And there's Petey Titcomb in the back of the box. That proves it! He, he, he!"

So the cry was taken up and carried along by each in turn until there was not a soul in the lower part of the house who had not been told that each and every one of this little band of climbers was on pleasantly familiar terms with the famous social leader, Mrs. Waddy Vanastorbilt.

This was annoying enough, but there is a serious side to the matter which I did not realize until I happened to go into the lobby between the acts and there heard one woman say to another: "That's an awful swell crowd that's sitting right in front of me. I do wish I could find out who they are. They came in awful late—probably from the Nickel-Plush Hotel where they'd been dining—and they're all friends of Mrs. Waddy Vanastorbilt, because they were talking about her the whole time."

"Oh, I noticed that party," said the other woman eagerly. "They're just nothing but style, too. Why, they recognized Mrs. Vanastorbilt the minute they seen her in the box. I wonder if anybody here knows who they are? Let's ask at the box-office."

I should be happy, indeed, were I able to convey to my readers an adequate idea of the tone of abject servility with which the women in the lobby spoke of the pushers whose vulgar effrontery had made such a profound impression on them. I watched them as they interrogated the man in the box-office, and was dumfounded—I knew but little of society in those days—when I saw that good-natured official hand them a bit of paper on which the names of the pushers were written, and which the parasite of the party—for even these vulgarians have parasites, just as the fleas on the dog are said to have fleas of their own—had left with him to be given to any society reporter who might happen along; and then—if I may be permitted to quote from the vernacular of the ungodly—I "dropped" to what the climbers were doing and realized with a sharp pang of mortification that a file of six of them had been climbing into society over my feet. The next morning I saw their names in the Planet society column characterized as "a group of well-known fashionables"—and behold a gateway to the kingdom of the Four Hundred that I had never even dreamed of stood open before me.

A week later I asked the same box-office official if he could give me the names of the ladies and gentlemen occupying a lower proscenium box. They were richly dressed and of distinguished appearance, and although I sat close to the box I could not hear a word that they said.

"I don't know who they are," replied the box-office man. "They didn't leave their names with me."

As for the women who had opened my eyes to this delightful form of what might be termed "social pushery," my exuberant fancy can easily paint their home-coming, profoundly impressed as they were with the exalted social station and "style" of this group of noisy climbers who "knew Mrs. Waddy Vanastorbilt." I can imagine them the next morning gathering their children about them and telling them how to behave in public places, and instructing them as to the quickest, cheapest and most admirable method of impressing an entire theatre audience with a sense of their own social importance. Annoying as it is to be compelled to sit in the very midst of such a crew as this, I cannot help feeling that my own sufferings and those of the other auditors are of but trifling consequence in comparison with the evil that may result from such an atrocious example of bad manners.

However, I have reason to be grateful to this noisy party for what I learned from them that night, and it was in recognition of their services to the cause of social science that I induced Mr. Barshfield, who was much interested in the account that I gave him of my observations, to instruct my excellent friend, William Swallowtail, the Planet's able society reporter, to mention their names as frequently as possible. And thus in the end it came to pass that they actually did climb into society over my feet.

Having now tasted of the fruit of the tree of society knowledge I pursued my investigations still further, and soon ascertained that noisy theatre-goers do not—as I had imagined in the days of my innocence—come late to the theatre because they are so intensely fashionable that they find it impossible to dine before eight. I soon discovered that it is their custom to dine late—even though they find themselves hungry at half-past six—because that enables them to attract some attention as they enter Delmonico's or the Nickel-Plush; and, if they find on arriving at the theatre that the curtain is still down, they tell the coachman to drive them around the block once or twice in order that they may have the benefit of what actors call "a good entrance." No matter how glum and silent they may be they all burst into a roar of laughter as soon as they enter the lobby, and stamp on the marble floor and beat it with their canes and umbrellas. In coming down the aisle they must keep up a merry giggling chatter, and in climbing over people into their seats be careful not to be guilty of a word or even a look of apology for the annoyance they are causing. Before taking their seats the rules of the Climbers' Union compel them to look around and salute any acquaintances who may be within half a dozen rows of them, and if they can drag in the name of some person of social prominence they must do it in tones loud enough to be heard by the doorkeeper.

One thing there was that I failed to understand and I took an early opportunity to seek information at the hands of David Barshfield.

"Was there no aristocracy here prior to the McAllister era?" I asked him one day when we were alone and he was in a reminiscent and talkative mood.

"Most assuredly there was," he replied without hesitation. "Look up the old files of my grandfather's time and of the earlier years of my father's reign and see how the Planet used to abuse it. You can see the spirit of envious hate in every one of the denunciations that made our editorial page both feared and famous in the old days. The Planet never abuses the Four Hundred now because we don't envy any man the sort of distinction that it confers (he used the proposition "we," meaning himself, as is the prerogative of Park Row royalty), in fact, the original Four Hundred consisted largely of persons who owed their position to birth, wealth and the qualities that stand for genuine social distinction. Of late years they have been gradually crowded out of sight by the various freak features, new cotillon leaders and other so-called 'smart' people that we in Park Row have created from time to time for the purpose of keeping popular interest alive, for in this country unless there is 'something doing,' as they say in aristocratic circles, the whole institution is voted slow and behind the times. At present the real upper ten are so little in print in comparison with the nobles of our own creation that the general public knows very little about them. And it would be just as foolish for us to give them precedence over the Four Hundred that we have set up ourselves as it would be for a merchant to extol a competitor's goods at the expense of his own."

"The really fine society exists then now as it did before?" I said inquiringly.

Barshfield looked at me for a moment as if he were wondering whether it would be advisable to give me as deep an insight into the affairs of the business as I desired. Then he made answer, speaking thoughtfully and with sincerity, which was something that he seldom did. "My dear boy, can't you see the absurdity of imagining that this progressive, powerful city, this metropolis of the Western Hemisphere, whose influence is helping to shape the destiny of the entire world, can offer nothing better socially than the raw products of our Sunday supplement page and society column? Do you think that the men whose fortunes are the talk of the world and whose power is felt in every money market in Europe—these men of tremendous practical achievement, of inventive genius, of far-reaching and judicious charities—do you think that they spend their leisure hours dining with monkeys or capering about in Japanese costume? Do you think that the wives of these men, who are generally their mental equals, even if their children are not, entertain one another with parlor vaudevilles in which Miss Kittie Socks charms all hearers by singing 'Oh, I'm a Little Onion in a Kidney Stew?' No, my dear boy, we ask the Planet readers to believe that, but the very moment we begin to believe it ourselves we are in imminent danger of losing half our Sunday circulation."

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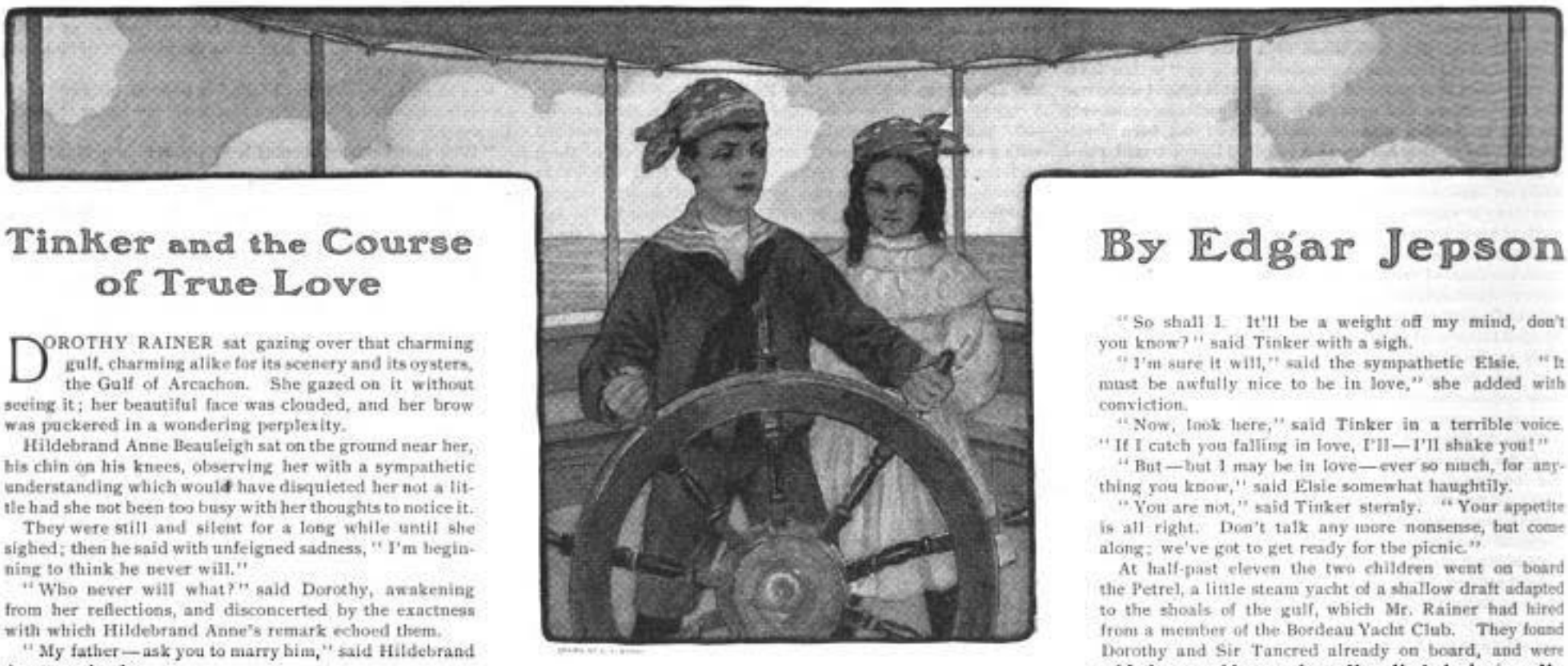
THE ADMIRABLE TINKER



Tinker and the Course of True Love

By Edgar Jepson

DOROTHY RAINER sat gazing over that charming gulf, charming alike for its scenery and its oysters, the Gulf of Arcachon. She gazed on it without seeing it; her beautiful face was clouded, and her brow was puckered in a wondering perplexity.

Hildebrand Anne Beauleigh sat on the ground near her, his chin on his knees, observing her with a sympathetic understanding which would have disquieted her not a little had she not been too busy with her thoughts to notice it.

They were still and silent for a long while until she sighed; then he said with unfeigned sadness, "I'm beginning to think he never will."

"Who never will what?" said Dorothy, awakening from her reflections, and disconcerted by the exactness with which Hildebrand Anne's remark echoed them.

"My father—ask you to marry him," said Hildebrand Anne succinctly.

"Tinker!" cried Dorothy faintly, and she flushed a very fine red.

"It's all very well to say 'Tinker!' like that," he said, shaking his head very wisely. "But it's much better to look at things straight, don't you know? You often get a little forrarder that way."

"You are a dreadful little boy," said Dorothy with conviction.

"Yes, yes; I'm not blind," said Tinker patiently. "But the point is that my father is ever so much in love with you, and he'll never ask you to marry him because you're too rich. I'm sure I've given him every chance," he added with a sigh.

"*You* have?" said Dorothy, gasping.

"Yes; I'm always seeing that no one makes a third when you and he are together—on moonlit nights and picnics, and so on, don't you know?"

Dorothy laughed in spite of her discomfort at this frank discussion of her secret. "But this is inveterate matchmaking," she said. "Why do you do it?"

"Oh, I think it would be a good thing. You both want it badly, and you'd get on awfully well together. Besides, you're neither of you as cheerful as you used to be, and I don't like it: it bothers me."

"It's very good of you to let it," said Dorothy.

"Not at all. And Elsie and I should have a settled home, too. It's very funny; but sometimes I get tired of living in hotels."

"I'm sure you do," said Dorothy with sympathy.

"Well, have you got any idea how it can be worked?"

"No!" cried Dorothy, shocked, and flushing again. "I haven't! I wouldn't have!"

"That's silly, when it would be such a good thing," said Tinker with a disapproving air. "However, I suppose I can work it myself. I generally have to, if I want anything done."

"What are you going to do?" cried Dorothy in great alarm. "Oh, I do wish I hadn't said anything, or listened to you!"

"I don't know what I'm going to do. These affairs of the heart are always difficult," said Tinker with the air of a sage who had observed many generations of unfortunate lovers.

"I won't have you do anything! I forbid it!" cried Dorothy.

"You shouldn't order your employer about," said Tinker with a smile which on any face less angelic would have been a grin. "Besides, I'm responsible, and I must do what's good for you. And after all, I sha'n't give you away, don't you know?"

"Oh, do be careful!" said Dorothy plaintively.

"I will," said Tinker; and he rose and sauntered off along the promenade.

Dorothy looked after him with mingled feelings, dread of what he might do, vexation, and a little shame that he should have so easily surprised her secret, though indeed she preferred that it should be Tinker who had discovered it to any one else in the world. Then her sure knowledge of his discretion eased her anxiety, and the consideration of his able imagination and versatile ingenuity set a new and strong hope springing up in her.

Tinker strolled along to the Café du Printemps and found his father sitting before it on the usual uncomfortable little chair before the usual white-topped table. He saw that his father's face wore very much the same expression as Dorothy's had worn before he had insisted on coming to her aid. Then he saw with something of a shock that a glass of absinthe stood on the table: things must indeed be in a bad way if his father drank absinthe at half-past ten in the morning.

However, he hid his disapproval, and sitting down on another uncomfortable chair he said gently, "What does it mean when a lady is compromised, sir?"

"It means that some accident or other has given malignant fools a chance of gossiping about her," said Sir Tancred in an unamiable tone.

"And the man has to marry her?"

"Of course he has!" snapped Sir Tancred.

"Ah," said Tinker with supreme thoughtful satisfaction.

His father looked at him for a good minute with considerable suspicion, wondering what new mischief he was hatching. But Tinker looked like a guileless seraph pondering the innocent joys of the Islands of the Blessed, to a degree which made such a suspicion a very shameful thing indeed. Partly reassured, Sir Tancred returned to his brooding: he was angry with himself because he felt helpless in an *impasse*. On the one hand, he could not bring himself to fly from Dorothy; on the other hand, he could not bring himself to abate his pride and ask her to marry him. She was so rich: Rainer had talked of settling five million dollars on her. He looked again at the pondering Tinker; and his helpless irritation found the natural English vent in grumbling.

"Look here," he said half querulously, half whimsically, "I told you that if you went on adding to our household I should be traveling about Europe with a caravan. You began by adopting Elsie as a sister, and I said nothing. Then you added Miss Rainer as her governess, and I warned you. Miss Rainer added her father, a millionaire; and he added a maid, a valet, two secretaries, a courier, and a private detective. All these people—I know them well—will marry; and I shall be a patriarch, traveling with my tribe. It must stop."

Tinker sighed: "We are a large household—eleven of us," he said thoughtfully. "But you might make it more compact, sir."

"More compact? How?"

"You might marry Dorothy; and then you and she could count as one."

A sudden light of exasperation brightened Sir Tancred's eyes, and he made a grab at Tinker's arm. His hand closed on empty air; Tinker was flying like the wind.

"Tinker!" roared Sir Tancred; but Tinker went round a corner at the moment at which only the T of his name could fairly be expected to have reached him. Sir Tancred ground his teeth, and then he laughed.

Tinker made a circuit, and came down to the sea where he found Elsie playing with two little English girls staying at Arcachon with their mother. At once she deserted them for him; and when he had withdrawn her to a distance he said, "I've hit on a way of getting them married."

"No! Have you? You *are* clever," she cried with the ungrudging admiration she always accorded him.

"Clever? It only wants a little common-sense," said Tinker with some disdain.

"I shall be glad."

"So shall I. It'll be a weight off my mind, don't you know?" said Tinker with a sigh.

"I'm sure it will," said the sympathetic Elsie. "It must be awfully nice to be in love," she added with conviction.

"Now, look here," said Tinker in a terrible voice. "If I catch you falling in love, I'll—I'll shake you!"

"But—but I may be in love—ever so much, for anything you know," said Elsie somewhat haughtily.

"You are not," said Tinker sternly. "Your appetite is all right. Don't talk any more nonsense, but come along; we've got to get ready for the picnic."

At half-past eleven the two children went on board the Petrel, a little steam yacht of a shallow draft adapted to the shoals of the gulf, which Mr. Rainer had hired from a member of the Bordeau Yacht Club. They found Dorothy and Sir Tancred already on board, and were told that a cablegram from New York had given Mr. Rainer, his secretaries and the telegraph office of Arcachon a day's work, and prevented him from coming with them. Tinker had known this fact all the morning, but he did not say so. His manner to his father showed a serene unconsciousness of any cloud upon their relations.

The Petrel was soon crossing the gulf, in an immensely important way, at her full speed of eight knots an hour. In pursuance of his policy Tinker took Elsie forward, and left Dorothy and his father to entertain one another on the quarter-deck. The two children amused themselves very well, talking to Alphonse, the steersman, and Adolphe, the engineer, thick-set, thick-witted men who combined the picturesqueness of organ-grinders with the stolidity of agriculturists; Nature had plainly intended them for the plough, and Circumstance had pitchforked them into seafaring.

An hour's steaming brought them across the gulf; they landed and made their *déjeuner* at a little *auberge*, or rather *cabaret*, affected by fishermen and the folk of the Landes, off gray mullet, fresh from the Bay of Biscay, grilled over a fire of pine-cones, with a second course of ring-doves roasted before it.

After their coffee Tinker suggested that they should cross over to the strip of sand which at that point separates the gulf from the bay; and the others fell in with his humor. They steamed across and landed in the yacht's dingey. Tinker insisted on taking two rugs, though both Dorothy and his father objected that the sand was quite dry enough to sit on. However, when they came to the beach of the bay Sir Tancred spread them out, and he and Dorothy sat down. The two children wandered away, and presently Elsie found herself holding Tinker's hand and running hard through the pines toward the landing-place.

In answer to Tinker's hail Alphonse fetched them aboard in the dingey; and the honest, unsuspecting mariners accepted Tinker's instructions to take them for a cruise and come back later for his father and the lady without a murmur. But no sooner was the Petrel under way than he strode to the middle of the quarter-deck, folded his arms, scowled darkly in the direction of his father and Dorothy, so heedless of their plight, and growled in his hoarsest, most piratical voice:

"Marooned! Marooned!"

Slowly he paced the deck, with arms still folded, casting the piercing glances of a bird of prey across the waters; then of a sudden he roared, once more with the true piratical hoarseness, "All hands on deck to splice the main-brace!"

Alphonse and Adolphe did not understand his nautical English; but when Elsie came from the cabin with a bottle of cognac and two glasses their slow, wide grins showed a perfect comprehension. Tinker gave them the cognac and took the wheel. Then he became absorbed in steering and sternly rejected all further consideration of his gift; he would have neither hand nor part in hocussing French agriculturists posing as mariners.

But for all his absorption in his steering and his care to look past them as they sat in more than fraternal affection on the deck with the bottle between them, it was somehow forced on him, probably by the noise they made, that they proceeded from a gentle cheerfulness through a wild and songful hilarity, broken by interludes in which each described to the other with eloquent enthusiasm the charms of the lass who loved

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him best, to a tearful melancholy, from which they were rapt away into a sodden and stertorous slumber.

At the third snore he turned to Elsie, who sat near him looking rather scared by the changing humors of the agricultural mariners, and said with a sardonic and ferocious smile, "The ship is ours."

Forthwith they divested themselves of the hats of civilization, and tied the professional red handkerchief round their heads; then he gave her the wheel, and going to the cabin, came back with a black flag neatly embroidered in white with a skull and cross-bones, Dorothy's work, and sternly bade an imaginary quartermaster run up the Jolly Roger. Then as quartermaster he ran up that emblem of his dreadful trade himself; became captain once more, and with folded arms and corrugated brow surveyed it gloomily. Then he went down to the engine-room, put the yacht on half-speed and as well as he could stoked the fires.

For the next three hours the Petrel forgot all the innocent traditions of her youth as a pleasure-boat, and traversed the Gulf of Arcachon a shameless, ravening pirate, while Captain Hildebrand, the Scourge of the Spanish Main, issued curt, sanguinary orders to an imaginary but as blood-dyed a gang of scoundrels as ever scuttled an Indiaman. The Jolly Roger and three or four blank shots from the little signal gun drove three panic-stricken fishing-boats from their fishing-ground as fast as oars and sails could carry them, to spread abroad a legend of piracy in the gulf which would last a generation.

It was nearly sunset before Captain Hildebrand returned to the serious consideration of his business as Cupid's ally. Then he set the Petrel going dead slow, ran her gently on to a sand-bank, and let fall the anchor which was hanging from her bows. This done, again a pirate, he looked at the recumbent and still stertorous Alphonse and Adolphe with cold, cruel eyes, and said, "It's time these lubbers walked the plank."

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Elsie cheerfully; and then she added in a doubtful voice, "but won't the poor men get drowned?"

"Not in four feet of water," said Captain Hildebrand; and he set briskly about the preparations for the fell deed. With Elsie's help he brought a plank to the gangway; and then, each taking him by an arm, they dragged the grunting Adolphe slowly down the deck, and arranged him on the plank. With a capstan-bar and many a hearty "Yo! heave oh!" they levered the plank out over the side till Adolphe's weight tilted it up, and he soused into the water.

For a moment he disappeared, then he rose spluttering and choking, sank again, found his footing, and stood up roaring like a flabbergasted bull. Captain Hildebrand lay quietly down on the deck and writhed and kicked in spasms of racking mirth; but his trusty lieutenant, after laughing a while, looked grave and said, "The poor man will catch cold."

"I have no sympathy with drunkards," said Captain Hildebrand with cold severity; but he rose, and going forward, by kicking Alphonse hard and freely in the ribs, roused him from his dream of the lass who loved a sailor, and said, "Adolphe has fallen overboard."

It took some time for the information to penetrate Alphonse's skull. When it did, he was all vivid alertness, staggered swiftly aft to the gangway, and in rather less than five seconds, with no conspicuous agility, had precipitated himself into Adolphe's arms. They rose clinging to one another, and both roared like bulls, while the shrieking Tinker danced lightly round the deck.

Presently he recovered enough to throw them a rope, and they climbed aboard: no difficult feat, seeing that the deck was not two feet above their heads. Before they thought of the yacht they went to the forecastle and changed their wet clothes, while the dusk deepened. Tinker went to the galley and made tea. He had brought it to the cabin, and he and Elsie were making a well-earned and hearty meal, and discoursing with gusto of their blood-dyed career during the afternoon, when Alphonse, very sad and glum, came and told them that the yacht was aground, and Adolphe was getting up full steam to get her off.

In half an hour he heard the rattle of the propeller, and coming on deck said that he would go to the bows while Alphonse took the wheel and Adolphe worked the engines.

He went right forward and peered over into the darkness. Adolphe set the engines going full speed, reversed, and Tinker cried, "She's moving!"

He saw the anchor chain slowly tauten, then the Petrel moved no more. The propeller thrashed away, but to no purpose, and to his great joy he was sure that the anchor held her. However, he cheered on the crew to persevere, and for nearly half an hour the propeller thrashed away. Then they gave it up, sat down gloomily on the hatch of the engine-room and lighted their pipes. Tinker and Elsie went back to the cabin, rolled themselves in rugs, and were soon enjoying the innocent sleep of childhood.

It was twelve o'clock when Tinker awoke, and at once he went on deck and found that Alphonse, by way of keeping watch, had gone comfortably to sleep in the bows, while Adolphe snored from the forecastle. He kicked Alphonse awake, and said, "Don't you think you could get her off if you hauled up the anchor?"

For a minute or two Alphonse turned the idea hazily over in some rustic arbor in his skull; then with a hasty exclamation he ran to the side and saw dimly the taut anchor chain. He blundered below, lugged Adolphe out of his berth and on deck, and for five excited minutes they explained to each other that the anchor was embedded in the sand-bank, and that it was that held the Petrel. Then soberly and slowly they got to work on the capstan and hauled it up. A dozen turns of the propeller drew the Petrel off the bank into deep water. In three minutes they had her about and steaming off toward the marooned, while Tinker in the galley was heating water for coffee and making soup.

In the meanwhile Dorothy and Sir Tancred, ignorant of their plight, had spent a delightful afternoon, exploring with a never-tiring interest one another's souls. For a long while she chided him gently for his aimless manner of living; and he defended himself with a half-mocking sadness. At about sunset they rose reluctantly, sighed with one accord that the pleasant hours were over, looked at one another with sudden questioning eyes at the sound of the sighs, and looked quickly away. They walked slowly, on feet reluctant to leave pleasant places, through the pines, silent save that twice Sir Tancred sent his voice ringing among the trees in a call to Tinker. They came to the landing-place to find an empty sea, and looked at one another blankly.

"The children must have persuaded the men to take them for a cruise," said Sir Tancred.

"But they're late coming back," said Dorothy.

For a while their eyes explored the corners and recesses of the gulf within sight, but found no Petrel; then Sir Tancred said, "Well, we must wait;" and spread a rug for her at the foot of a tree. He paced up and down before her, keeping an eye over the water and talking to her.

The dusk deepened and deepened, and at last it was quite dark.

"We're in a fix," said Sir Tancred uneasily. "Of course, if we stay here they will come for us sooner or later, but goodness knows when. If we set out to walk to civilization we shall doubtless in time strike it somewhere, but goodness knows where."

"If we went along this strip and turned eastward at the end of it, shouldn't we come to the railway?" said Dorothy.

"I don't know that we should. We should get into the Landes, and they're by way of being trackless. Anyhow, it would mean walking for hours; and it is less exhausting for you to sit here. The Petrel must turn up sooner or later."

Remembering her talk with Tinker in the morning Dorothy believed that it would be later, much later; but as she could hardly unfold her reasons for the belief she said nothing.

For a long while they were silent. Listening to the faint thunder of the bay behind them, the lapping of the water at their feet, and the stirring of the pines, she filled slowly with a sense of their aloofness from the world and a perfect content in being out of it, alone with him. For his part, Sir Tancred was ill at ease: he foresaw that unless the Petrel came soon a lot of annoying gossip might spring from their accident, and he was distressed on her account. On the other hand, he, too, found himself enjoying being alone with her, out of the world.

At last she said softly: "I feel as though we were on a desolate, far-away island."

"I wish to goodness we were!" he cried with a fervor which thrilled her.

"You'd find it very dull," she said with a faint, uncertain laugh.

"Not with you," he said quietly. She was silent; and he took another turn up and down before he said, half to himself, "It would simplify things so; we should be equal."

"Equal?"

"Oh, not from the personal point of view!" he said quickly. "You'd always be worth a hundred of me. But on a desolate island money wouldn't count."

"Oh, money!" she said with a faint disdain. "What has money to do with anything?"

He sighed and continued his pacing.

"Money is always an obstacle," he said presently; "either there's too little of it, and that's an obstacle; or there's too much of it, and that's an obstacle."

"I don't think Papa would agree with you about too much money," said Dorothy.

"I'm wondering what he'll say if we don't turn up before morning," said Sir Tancred gloomily.

"I suppose he'll say that it was an unfortunate accident."

"Yes; but then I ought to have protected you against unfortunate accidents. I'm afraid there'll be a lot of gossip."

"Well, it wasn't your fault," said Dorothy carelessly.

Sir Tancred grew more and more unhappy. His watch told him that it was nearly ten o'clock, and there was no sign of the Petrel. Moreover, the sense of their aloofness from the world had taken a firmer hold on him, and it drew him and Dorothy nearer and nearer together. The feeling that the world, of which her money had grown the symbol, would again come between them grew more and more intolerable.

At last it grew too strong for him, and he stopped before her and said in a voice he could not keep firm, "About that wasted life of mine, Dorothy? Do you think you could do anything with it?"

Dorothy gasped. "I might—I might try," she said in a whisper.

He stooped down, picked her up, and kissed her. Then with a profound sigh of relief and content he sat down beside her, drew her to him, and leaned back against the tree. Dorothy was crying softly.

They were far away from the world; and for them time stood still. They did not see the approaching lights of the Petrel or hear the throb of her screw; only the roaring hail of Alphonse awoke them from their dream.

When they came on board the observant Tinker saw the flush which came and went in Dorothy's cheeks, and the new light in his father's eyes; he saw her genuine surprise at finding herself so hungry; he observed that his father was quite careless in his inquiries about the cause of the Petrel's long absence; and his angel face was wreathed with the contented smile of the truly meritorious.

After supper his father went on deck to watch the steering of the yacht; Elsie fell asleep, and Dorothy sat lost in a dream.

"Is it all right?" said Tinker softly.

"I don't know what you mean. You're a horrid, scheming little boy," said Dorothy with shameless ingratitude.

"Yes; but *is* it all right?" said Tinker.

"I sha'n't let you scheme like that when—when I'm your mother," said Dorothy with virtuous severity, and she blushed.

"So it is all right," said Tinker; and he chuckled.

"ABOUT THAT WASTED LIFE OF MINE, DOROTHY?"

Editor's Note—This is the last of Mr. Jepson's tales of The Admirable Tinker.

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A Senator of the Old Republic

By David Graham Phillips

A MAN WHOSE ENTRANCE INTO PUBLIC LIFE WAS WORTHY OF HIS EXIT

HALF a dozen New Yorkers were seated one evening in the fall of 1881 round a table in the dining-room of the best—a pretty poor best—hotel at Fargo, then a frontier village of Dakota Territory. They were "opening wine" in celebration of something of which they talked loudly, jubilantly—and with careless tongues. The rest of the dining-room soon gathered that the gayety was the result of an inspection tour from which they had just returned. They had been promised the lease of a vast and rich part of the public domain. Before they saw it they knew it was a "good thing." Now they knew that it was a prize enormously greater than any one had dreamed, the potentiality of a huge fortune for each of them.

At a table in the corner sat a small, stern-looking man with iron-gray hair and military mustache—forehead and eyes and jaw a notable exhibit of strength of intellect and character. The noisy New Yorkers did not observe him, and he was evidently trying not to observe them. He strove to shut his ears against their vulgar boasting, until——

One of them spoke two words. The stern man, as small of stature as a boy—or a Napoleon—started and stared at the unobserving group in amazement. From that time forth his show of inattention was pretense.

Two Words that Enriched a Nation

THE small, stern man was George Graham Vest, a new Senator in Congress from Missouri. The two words that had set him to listening were "Yellowstone Park!"

Taking advantage of the ignorance in the settled parts of the United States as to the far West, this ring of New Yorkers had persuaded a complaisant official of the Department of the Interior to help them obtain quietly from the Government a practically perpetual lease of the nation's magnificent park—five thousand five hundred square miles of invaluable property. For a nominal sum the Yellowstone Park was to be turned over to these few private persons and they were to have a free hand in exploiting it for their private benefit.

Senator Vest had come to Fargo to say the last good-by to a dying friend. It was by mere chance that he was in the dining-room—but the whole incident was a chapter of accidents.

As soon as Congress assembled Mr. Vest rose to make his first important appearance in the national arena, to render his first important service to the nation. And as every year adds to the value of the Yellowstone Park, so every year adds to the value of that initial public service.

He demanded the documents in relation to "the proposed lease of Yellowstone Park." Those Senators who knew were in consternation; those who did not know were astounded, incredulous. But the resolution was passed and it drew the documents from their hiding-place in the Interior Department, and there followed a stormy outburst of public indignation. The ringsters wondered how the thing had leaked out. One of them, watching the Senatorial storm from the Senate galleries, saw the small, stern figure, recognized it, and hastened to tell his fellows what mischief a few bottles of champagne and a little premature crowing in an out-of-the-way corner of the wilderness had done them and their schemes and their fortunes.

Senator Vest's victory was easy, but none the less splendid. It showed the country the character which has ever since been conspicuous—alert, keen, courageous, skillful, incorruptible. By going *to* the ringsters he would have made a fortune. By going *for* the ringsters he made another kind of fortune. And he has been industriously adding to it ever since.

Such was his first appearance and first service. Now for his last—the two admirably and completely express a national career of nearly a quarter of a century.

One bitterly cold day in the present winter—it was in January—the Senate was in animated, in almost hysterical session. The leaderless and planless and helpless Democratic minority lounged listless and feeble at the desks to the right—all except one man. But some tremendous force was agitating, was terrorizing the Republican majority. It is an overwhelming, a united majority. Yet dread, dismay, panic looked from the eyes of its leaders.

What had dismayed, what was dismaying, these habitually calm and self-poised leaders of an immovable majority? What had unnerved and affrighted this assembly of lions?

A mouse, apparently.

Among the minority, facing the unnerved lions, stood, or rather was propped, a mere mite of a human being. His body was so small and so shrunk that his head was scarce a foot and a half above the level of his desk. His black clothes hung in bags upon his wasted body and it seemed to be able to stand only because it was wedged between chair and desk.

A splendid brow adorned with scant, white hair; a skin of waxen pallor; eyes deep-hid in dark sockets and beneath lids that seemed to have risen for the last time; a snow-white mustache shading a mouth that seemed set in the rigor of death. And a few feet behind the propped figure stood a watchful attendant, ready to catch it should it become loosened from its proppings.

Such was the astounding spectacle which the galleries watched with amazement. The lions were gazing as if fascinated, and their looks concentrated upon this strange and corpselike apparition of insignificance.

The Right Man for the Right Moment

THE figure was speaking—a thin, clear, high voice. There was power in that voice, there was something relentless and supremely dangerous in its ominous calmness and evenness. And each word it sent with the deliberation of the trained marksman into the ranks of the majority caused a quiver or a flush. How was it possible for this one man, standing in the grave itself, to produce such an effect upon these men of might? Why were they shrinking in terror before this incarnation of helplessness?

The power of simple truth, enforced in just the right way, at just the right moment by a master mind.

Coal was twenty, twenty-five, thirty dollars a ton—and scarce, and two-thirds waste even at that appalling price. Coal, the necessity of all, had become an extravagant luxury for the rich. The Coal Trust and the Union had been forced to an armistice; coal was mining again, and should have been cheap. But the controllers of coal, banded in a monopoly and secure behind a tariff wall which made importation impossible, were holding up the helpless consumers and were robbing them pitilessly. And it was winter.

Senator Vest had spent a month in arming himself for this, his last fight. He had waited until precisely the right moment should arrive—the moment when one plus justice would be an overwhelming majority. The Republican leaders faced an impossible dilemma. From the people rose ever higher and fiercer the demand, "Take the duty off coal! Wrench the fingers of the strangler from our throats!" But to take off that duty would be to confess that the tariff did foster monopoly, did cause extortionate prices; and that confession would mean the all-powerful political agents of "the interests" giving themselves the lie direct; would make it impossible consistently to refuse to revise all tariff schedules on trust-controlled articles.

Senator Aldrich had decided that it would be fatal for "the interests" to permit the door to be opened so much as a crack for tariff revision. He had issued orders that the coal tariff must not be touched, that any and every attack upon it must be repulsed at whatever cost. He had resolved to brave public sentiment and take chances on a rising thermometer. Senator Vest had resolved that that tariff should be repealed. On the one side Senator Aldrich, the unyielding, backed by his robust, able, resourceful, oratorical paladins and his majority. On the other side the one man—no, not a man. Just an intellect—for from the chin down there was death. Just an intellect—and a voice. A fiercer battle was never fought in legislative hall. A stranger, a more thrilling exhibition of power, sheer intellectual power, was never given—not even when Richelieu, cast down and dying, confounded the courtiers by wrenching from his king the reins of power which the king had fancied he could recover because Richelieu's hands were chilling in death.

The Fight for Free Coal

SENATOR VEST demanded the repeal of the duty on coal. His speech was calm and simple, a passionless arraying of unanswerable facts—the monopoly, the tariff, licensed extortion, the suffering of the people. Aldrich replied—a nervous, agitated evasion. The weird figure he was addressing seemed to cast a spell over him, taking the glibness from his tongue, the plausibility from his protestations.

Senator Vest renewed his demand with more merciless facts and arguments. Hoar replied—a quavering plea that the Senate hadn't the Constitutional right to originate such a measure. The weird figure of life-in-death which he faced as he talked affected him as it had affected Senator Aldrich.

The voice from the propped-up figure demolished the plea of technicality and renewed the demand—tranquil, logical, with rapier steadfastly aimed at the craven and quaking heart of "the interests." Hale replied—an impassioned eulogy of the departed Dingley—but somehow its passion sounded hollow, sounded like bluster. And then in rapid succession the other paladins strove, but strove in vain. Their tongues tripped, their sentences became entangled, their rhetoric faltered, fizzled, spluttered, expired.

The galleries leaned breathless. Aldrich and his lieutenants sat in frowning, angry circle, eying their conqueror. They had counted on the lack of skill in the minority. They had supposed that Vest was too ill to make the fight. And until he made that fight, arraigned them at the bar of public opinion, calmly showed them that if they persisted they would not save "the interests" but would destroy them and imperil the whole protection system, they had not realized the danger of their own position. Indeed, it was not dangerous until Senator Vest made it so. For there never is a real issue until some man, some leader with the heart to feel an issue and the mind to plan it and the eloquence to state it, rises and points it out and draws the lines of battle.

Aldrich thought it over. He chose the wiser course—to sacrifice the one "interest" for the salvation of the many, to remove at least the sting of fury from the growing popular demand for cutting "the interests" out of the tariff. The duty was taken off coal; the coal crowd, seeing what would be the effect of the object-lesson of their prices forced down by foreign coal actually in the market, made haste to put down the price before importation could begin. But they deceived no one but themselves. The country knew why the price of coal suddenly went tumbling down until it had become comparatively cheap.

It was the most impressive possible object-lesson in the power of one man, no matter who or what or how many or how much opposes, when that man is armed cap-à-pie in justice, and knows when and where and how to strike. If Vest in the very clutches of death could thus snatch victory from such organized and seemingly impregnable might, who that is right need ever despair?

The real measure of that victory has not yet been taken. It was, in fact, a victory in which Vest sheathed his sword in the very heart of his ancient foe, tariff extortion. For never before had he or any other opponent of "the interests" wrenched from them—from Aldrich himself—the admission

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that a tariff schedule can foster a monopoly, and that the way to strike at monopoly is to repeal its protecting duty.

Senator Vest will never be heard in the Senate again. When he had completed that victory he let his attendant bear him away to the bed from which he had risen to make one more fight, his last.

He belongs in that diminishing group of what may be called the Senators of the old Republic. It may come again, but it is not now. There are only a few of these Senators, less than a dozen. The amazing growth of finance and commerce and manufacture, the development of those lusty beggars, "the interests," the rise of bosses and machines, have changed the character of the Senate. They have filled it with keen-eyed, nimble-witted persons, who are tolerant of and in sympathy with what we may for the moment permit them to call "modern methods." They define compromise with corruption and crime as "statesmanship." They deplore all evil, but they beg tolerance for it lest onslaught upon it shake the foundations of prosperity or party.

Among these "twentieth-century statesmen" sit a few that are in quaint contrast. The most of them are old-fashioned, old-time Southerners. They wear a countrified air. They dress in a style of the long ago and most of them have "back-number beards" of one kind and another. Also they have "back-number" convictions. Regardless of the grins of the smart fellows tricked out in the newest styles of moral tailoring, they dauntlessly profess such antiquities of principle as individualism, no privilege, Government favors to none, economy in public expenditures, principle before pocketbook. They venture to persist in believing that there are matters more important, ambitions more lofty, than getting rich quick—or any other way. With their ancient dress and ancient faces, their lack of private fortunes, their modest way of living and their contempt of gain, they suggest Cato and his little band that rose like bare, forbidding rocks in and against the swollen, splendid tide of the decaying Roman republic's prodigality. They *suggest* this—but historical parallels are dangerous.

Among these Vest was, take him all round, one of the first, if not the first.

The bald facts of his biography tell an interesting story to those who will use their imaginations.

He comes from Sweet Springs, Missouri. And he has spent most of his leisure there, and not in the neighborhood of stock exchanges or boards of trade or corporation offices. He was born in Frankfort, Kentucky—that was seventy years ago, when Frankfort was a village. He was graduated from Centre College, also Kentucky—a very small, simple, sincere institution. He was graduated from the law department of Transylvania University, also Kentucky, and also uncitified and uncontrolled by the principles of "interests." He went straightway to rural Missouri, sat in the State Legislature, in the Confederate Senate, at forty-nine in the United States Senate. He was three times reëlected, and the last time he said: "Boys, my health is almost gone. This term must be the end. You'll have to get a younger and stronger man to serve you." And he persisted in that resolution. He has never cared for money, and he has little of it. But that does not disturb him. Between the lines of that biography one reads the story of a life of the old-fashioned type. Nowadays a brain like his would not be permitted to grow and bear fruit in surroundings of such simplicity and quietness. And now he has passed from the public stage forever. His record in the Senate is: A great public service at the outset. Peaks of public service throughout, each peak rising not from a dark valley but from the open, level plain. The highest peak at the last.

A Pinch of Attic Salt—By George Horton

IN NEW YORK, Chicago, Boston, in fact wherever a Greek community of any size exists in this country, there you will be sure to find a Greek restaurant and café, if you take the trouble to look for it. A subject of King George is always the proprietor, and you will be informed that he was at one time the most famous cook in Athens—that he would be again, in fact, if he took the trouble to return. In these cafés not only Greeks collect, but Turks of humble origin, for whoever has trained his palate to the savor of Oriental food can never again endure the tasteless and dyspepsia-generating output of the Yankee frying-pan. And there are no better boon companions than your peasant Greek and your yeoman Turk; they cut each others' throats only as a religious duty. There is no personal feeling in the matter and no disrespect.

As these people sit about their Turkish coffee—the only coffee under the sun—and pull tremendously at their narghiles, they tell each other over and over again the "chestnuts" of the far East. I understand their lingo and I have heard their stories with much delight in many cities and in divers cafés, by the whispering Mediterranean and the roaring American street.

One joke that is always perpetrated when jokes are in order tells of the man who asked the Turkish word for bread.

"*Sedjak ekmet,*" was the reply.

"But that means 'hot bread,'" volunteers some one.

"Yes, yes, 'hot bread,'" is the reply; "there is no expression for cold bread in Turkish. They never let it get cold!"

Here is a story that gives us a glance into a little Greek village. A poor priest has killed a goose and he invites a friend. This friend on the way to the parsonage encounters another friend. "Where are you going?" asks Number Two.

"The priest has killed a goose, and I am invited to help him eat it."

"Good!" cries Number Two; "I will come with you." And he locks arms with Number One.

A little farther they meet a friend of Number Two and the same question is asked, with the same result. Thus the company grows, until when the priest's house is at last reached the guests number a dozen or more. Introductions are then in order and Number One presents the company to the astonished Father thus:

"This is my friend; this is my friend's friend; this is my friend's friend's friend."

The good Father expresses the liveliest delight and asks the company to wait a little till he can get things ready. At last all are seated at the table and the servant brings in a number of bowls of very thin, tasteless soup. They eat it and wait for the next course, which proves to be still thinner soup. This is repeated four times, until at last one of the guests, becoming impatient, asks, "But, Father, where is the goose? This is nothing but warm water and salt!"

"Gentlemen," explains the priest, "you cannot imagine with what joy I am overwhelmed at seeing you all here! But you are so many that the goose would not have sufficed. I have therefore had it made into soup. The first course was the soup of the goose; the second, the goose's soup's soup; the third, the goose's soup's soup's soup; shall I have the next brought in? No? I cannot bear the idea of your leaving my house unsatisfied!"

A story that is especially relished by the illiterate tells of the fate of a college professor who visited his native town, usually Smyrna, after long absence in erudite Athens. Of course he had made himself quite obnoxious to the Smyrniotes by his display of superior learning. As he was putting off from shore in a little boat bound for the ship which should take him back to Athens he asked the boatman:

"Boy, do you know astronomy?"

"Astronomy? What's astronomy? I never heard of it."

"What!" cried the professor. "Not know astronomy? There's one quarter of your life gone! You are not more than three-quarters of a man if you do not understand the movements of the heavenly bodies, if you are not acquainted with their names and their distances. Do you know geometry?"

"Geometry? What's geometry?"

"So you don't know geometry!" sighed the professor. "There's another quarter of your life gone. You'll be telling me next that you don't even know trigonometry!"

"No, I never heard of that, either," replied the man.

"There," shouted the professor, "is another quarter of your life gone."

But the man, whose attention had been distracted by this conversation, accidentally upset the boat.

"Do you know how to swim?" he yelled as he struck out for shore.

"No," gurgled the professor.

"Then your whole life is gone, and may the fiend take you!"

The Turks have a story of a retired army officer who was too poor to keep a servant. I do not know its source; I heard it the other evening from the lips of my friend Bethenius, who receives letters in the Turkish language, written with Greek characters.

This old officer had not even the ready money to justify him in sending out his laundry. He therefore concluded to do his own washing. He accordingly asked a neighbor for the loan of a *kazani*, which is Turkish for cauldron, or boiler. This was obligingly sent to him and the officer washed his linen in the seclusion of his garden. But now, how should he get the *kazani* home again? For his dignity forbade that he should himself carry so huge an implement through the streets; neither could he ask his neighbor to send for it. At last he hit upon a plan. Wrapping a copper stew-pan in a piece of paper he presented himself at his neighbor's house, saying, "I cannot yet bring home your *kazani*. Behold, it has become the mother of a stew-pan, which is yours by right. Therefore I bring it to you."

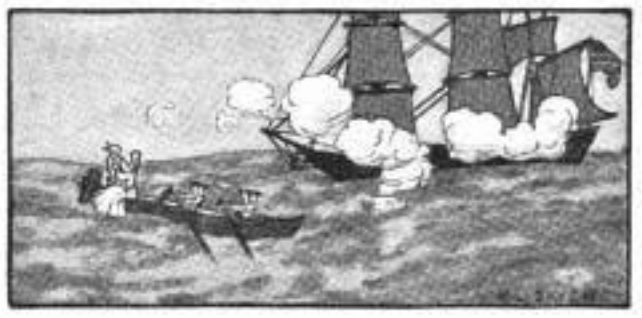
The neighbor, regarding this as a joke, accepted the stew-pan with a laugh. After a few days the officer again appeared, this time with a copper wash-basin.

"Behold," he explained, "your *kazani* has now become the mother of a wash-basin."

After the officer had departed the neighbor thought deeply.

"I will humor this insanity of his," he said. "May my *kazani* have a numerous progeny!" But he waited for several weeks in vain. No more copper children appeared and he at last sent for his *kazani*.

"Tell your master," said the officer, "that I have sorrowful news for him. His *kazani* is dead!"



The Rhyme of the Chivalrous Shark

By Wallace Irwin

Most chivalrous fish of the ocean,
To ladies forbearing and mild,
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark
Who will eat neither woman nor child.

He dines upon seamen and skippers,
And tourists his hunger assuage,
And a fresh cabin boy will inspire him with joy
If he's past the maturity age.

A doctor, a lawyer, a preacher,
He'll gobble one any fine day,
But the ladies, God bless 'em, he'll only address 'em
Politely and go on his way.

I can readily cite you an instance
Where a lovely young lady of Bream,
Who was tender and sweet and delicious to eat,
Fell into the bay with a scream.

She struggled and flounced in the water,
And signaled in vain for her bark,
And she'd surely been drowned if she hadn't been found
By a chivalrous man-eating shark.

He bowed in a manner most polished,
Thus soothing her impulses wild;
"Don't be frightened," he said, "I've been properly bred,
And will touch neither woman nor child."

Then he proffered his fin and she took it—
Such a gallantry none can dispute—
While the passengers cheered as the vessel they neared
And a broadside was fired in salute.

And they soon stood alongside the vessel,
When a life-saving dingey was lowered
With the pick of the crew, and her relatives, too,
And the mate and the skipper aboard.

So they took her aboard in a jiffy,
And the shark stood attention the while,
Then he raised on his flipper and ate up the skipper
And went on his way with a smile.

And this shows that the prince of the ocean,
To ladies forbearing and mild,
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark
Who will eat neither woman nor child.

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The Awakening of George Raymond—By Lloyd Osbourne

"THE FOLKS WANT TO KNOW YOU," HE SAID

THE STORY OF A MIDDLE-AGED YOUNG MAN AND OF HOW A YEAR IN THE NAVY DURING THE SPANISH WAR TAUGHT HIM HIS OWN POSSIBILITIES

CHAPTER I

GEORGE RAYMOND'S father had been a rich man, rich in those days before the word millionaire had been invented, and when a [illegible] hundred thousand, lent out at interest varying from ten to thirteen per cent., brought in [illegible] a banker of a small New Jersey [illegible] respectability, who proffered two [illegible] poorer clients and spoke about the weather as though it belonged to him. When the school-children read of Cræsus in their mythology book, it was Jacob Raymond they saw in their mind's eye; such expressions as "rich beyond the dreams of avarice" suggested him as inevitably as pumpkin did pie; they wondered doubtfully about him in church when that unfortunate matter of the camel was brought up, with its attendant difficulties for the wealthy. Even Captain Kidd's treasure, in those times so actively sought for along the whole stretch of the New England coast, conjured up a small brick building with "Jacob Raymond, Banker" in gilt letters above the lintel of the door.

But there came a day when that door stayed locked and a hundred pale faces gathered about it, blocking the village street and talking in whispers though the noonday sun was shining. Raymond's bank was insolvent, and the banker himself, a fugitive in tarry sea-clothes, was hauling ropes on a vessel outward bound for Callao. He might have stayed in Middleborough and braved it out, for he had robbed no man and his personal honor was untarnished, having succumbed without dishonesty to primitive methods and lack of capital. But he chose instead the meaner course of flight. Of all the reproachful faces he left behind him his wife's was the one he felt himself the least able to confront; and thus abandoning everything, with hardly a dozen dollars in his pocket, he slipped away to sea, never to be seen or heard of again.

Mrs. Raymond was a woman of forty-five, a New Englander to her finger-tips, proud, arrogant and fiercely honest; a woman who never forgot, never forgave, and who practiced her narrow Christianity with the unrelentingness of an Indian. She lived up to an austere standard herself and woe betide those who fell one whit behind her. She was one of those just persons who would have cast the first stone at the dictates of conscience and with a sort of holy joy in her own fitness to do so. For years she had been the richest woman in Middleborough, the head of everything charitable and religious, the mainstay of ministers, the court of final appeal in the case of sinners and backsliders. Now in a moment, through no fault of her own, the whole fabric of her life had crumbled. Again had the mighty fallen.

She had not a spark of pity for her husband. To owe what you could not pay was to her the height of dishonor. It was theft; and she had no compunction in giving it the name, however it might be disguised or palliated. She could see no mitigating circumstances in Raymond's disgrace, and the fact that she was innocently involved in his downfall filled her with exasperation. The big old corner house was her own. She had been born in it. It had been her marriage portion from her father. She put it straightway under the hammer; her canal stock with it; her furniture and linen; a row of five little cottages on the outskirts of the town where five poor families had found not only that their bodies, but the welfare of their souls, had been confided to her grim keeping. She stripped herself of everything, and when all had been made over to the creditors there still remained a deficit of seventeen hundred dollars. This debt which was not a debt, for she was under no legal compulsion to pay a penny of it, would willingly have been condoned by men already grateful for her generosity; but she would hear of no such compromise, not even that her notes be free of interest, and she gave them at five per cent., resolute that in time she would redeem them to the uttermost farthing.

Under these sudden changes of fortune it is seldom that the sufferer remains amid the ruins of past prosperity. The human instinct is to fly and hide. The wound heals more readily amongst strangers. The material evils of life are never so intolerable as the public loss of caste. It may be said that it is people, not things, which cause most of the world's unhappiness. Mrs. Raymond came to New York, where she had [illegible] the son she brought with her, there to get [illegible] with an undaunted heart to earn the seventeen [illegible] she had voluntarily taken on her shoulders to repay.

George Raymond, her son, was then a boy of fifteen. High-strung, high-spirited, with all the seriousness of a youngster who had prematurely learned to think for himself, he had arrived at the age when ineffaceable impressions are made and the tendencies of a lifetime decided. Passionately attached to his father, he had lost him in a way that would have made death seem preferable. He saw his mother, so shortly before the great lady of a little town, working out like a servant in other people's houses. The tragedy of it all ate into his soul and overcame him with a sense of hopelessness and despair. It would not have been so hard could he have helped, even in a small way, toward the recovery of their fortunes; but his mother, faithful even in direst poverty to her New England blood, sent him to school, determined that at any sacrifice he should finish his education. But by degrees Mrs. Raymond drifted into another class of work. She became a nurse, and in a situation where her conscientiousness was invaluable slowly established a connection that in time kept her constantly busy. She won the regard of an important physician, and not only won it but kept it, and thus little by little found her way into good houses where she was highly paid and treated with consideration.

Had it not been for the seventeen hundred dollars and the five per cent. interest upon it she could have earned enough to keep herself and her son very comfortably in the three rooms they occupied on Seventh Street. But this debt, ever present in the minds of both mother and son, hung over them like a cloud and took every penny there was to spare. Those two years from fifteen to seventeen were the most terrible in Raymond's life. At an age when he possessed neither philosophy nor knowledge, and yet the fullest capacity to suffer, he had to bear, with what courage he could muster, the cruelest buffets of an adverse Fate.

Raymond drudged at his books, passed from class to class and returned at night to the empty rooms he called home, where he cooked his own meals and sat solitary beside the candle until it was the hour for bed. His mother was seldom there to greet him. As a nurse she was kept prisoner for weeks at a time in the houses where she was engaged. It meant much to the boy to find a note from her lying on the table when he returned at night; more still to wait at street corners in his shabby overcoat for those appointments she often made with him. When she took infectious cases and dared neither write nor speak to him, they had an hour planned beforehand when she would smile at him from an open window and wave a handkerchief.

But she was not invariably busy. There were intervals between her engagements when she remained at home; when those rooms, ordinarily so lonely and still, took on a wonderful brightness with her presence; when Raymond, coming back from school late in the afternoon, ran along the streets singing as he thought of his mother awaiting him. This stern woman, the harsh daughter of a harsh race, had but a single streak of tenderness in her withered heart. To her son she gave a transcendent love, and the whole of her starved nature went out to him in immeasurable devotion. Their poverty, the absence of all friends, the burden of debt, the unacknowledged disgrace, and (harder still to bear) the long and enforced separations from each other, all served to draw the pair into the closest intimacy. Raymond grew toward manhood without ever having met a girl of his own age; without ever having had a chum; without knowing the least thing of youth save much of its green-sickness and longing.

When the great debt had been paid off and the last of the notes canceled there came no corresponding alleviation of their straightened circumstances. Raymond had graduated from the high-school and was taking the medical course at Columbia University. Every penny that could be wrung was put by for the unavoidable expenses of his tuition. The mother, shrewd, ambitious and far-seeing, was staking everything against the future, and was wise enough to sacrifice the present in order to launch her son into a profession. In those days fresh air had not been discovered. Athletics, then in their infancy, were regarded much as we now do prize-fighting. The ideal student was a pale individual who wore out the night with cold towels around his head, and who had a bigger appetite for books than for meat. Docile, unquestioning, knowing no law but his mother's wish; eager to earn her commendation and to repay with usury the immense sacrifices she had made for him, Raymond worked himself to a shadow with study, and at nineteen was a tall, thin, narrow-shouldered young man with sunken cheeks and a preternatural whiteness of complexion.

He was far from being a bad-looking fellow, however. He had beautiful blue eyes, more like a girl's than a man's, and

—AND RACE HER SEAWARD AGAINST THE MIMIC FLEET

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there was something earnest and winning in his face that often got him a shy glance on the street from passing women. His acquaintance in this direction went no further. Many times when a college acquaintance would have included him in some little party, his mother had peremptorily refused to let him go. Her face would darken with jealousy and anger, nor was she backward with a string of reasons for her refusal. It would unsettle him; he had no money to waste on girls; he would be shamed by his shabby clothes and ungloved hands; they would laugh at him behind his back; was he tired, then, of his old mother who had worked so hard to bring him up decently? And so on and so on until, without knowing exactly why, Raymond would feel himself terribly in the wrong, and was glad enough at last to be forgiven on the understanding that he should never propose such a reprehensible thing again.

In any other young man, brought up in the ordinary way, with the ordinary advantages, such submission would have seemed mean-spirited; but the bond between these two was riven with memories of penury and privation; any appeal to those black days brought Raymond on his knees; it was intolerable to him that he should ever cause a pang in his dear mother's breast. Thus, at the age when the heart is hungriest for companionship; when for the first time a young man seems to discover the existence of a hitherto unknown and unimportant sex; when an inner voice urges him to take his place in the ranks and keep step with the mighty army of his generation, Raymond was doomed to walk alone, a wistful outcast, regarding his enviable companions from afar.

He was in his second year at college when his studies were broken off by his mother's illness. He was suddenly called home to find her delirious in bed, struck down in the full tide of strength by the disease she had taken from a patient. It was scarlet fever, and when it had run its course the doctor took him to one side and told him that his mother's nursing days were over. During her tedious convalescence, as Raymond would sit beside her bed and read aloud to her, their eyes were constantly meeting in unspoken apprehension. They saw the ground, so solid a month before, now crumbling beneath their feet; their struggles, their makeshifts, their starved and meagre life had all been in vain. Their little savings were gone; the breadwinner, tempting fate once too often, had received what was to her worse than a mortal wound, for the means of livelihood had been taken from her.

"Could I have but died!" she repeated to herself. "Oh, could I have but died!"

Raymond laid his head against the coverlet and sobbed. He needed no words to tell him what was in her mind; that her illness had used up the little money there was to spare; that she, so long the support of both, was now a helpless burden on his hands. Pity for her outweighed every other consideration. His own loss seemed but little in comparison to hers. It was the concluding tragedy of those five tragic years. The battle, through no fault of theirs, had gone against them. The dream of a professional career was over.

His mother grew better. The doctor ceased his visits. She was able to get on her feet again. She took over their pinched housekeeping. But her step was heavy; the gaunt, grim, straight-backed woman, with her thin gray hair and set mouth, was no more than a spectre of her former self. The doctor was right. In the words of the Psalmist her strength was laid waste.

Raymond found work; a place in the auditing department of a railroad with a salary to begin with of sixty dollars a month. In ten years he might hope to get a hundred. But he was one of those whose back bent easily to misfortune. Heaven knew, he had been schooled long enough to take its blows with fortitude. His mother and he could manage comfortably on sixty dollars a month; and when he laid his first earnings in her hand he even smiled with satisfaction. She took the money in silence, her heart too full to ask him whence it came. She had hoped against hope until that moment; and the bills, as she looked at them, seemed to sting her shriveled hand.

One day as she was cleaning her son's room she opened a box that stood in the corner, and was surprised to find it contain a package done up in wrapping-paper. She opened it with curiosity and the tears sprang to her eyes as she saw the second-hand medical books George had used at college. Here they were, in neat wrappers, laid by forever. Too precious to throw away, too articulate of unfulfilled ambitions to stand exposed on shelves, they had been laid away in the grave of her son's hopes. She did them up again with trembling fingers, and that night when George returned to supper he found his mother in the dark, crying.

"I AM SPEAKING TO YOU AS THOUGH I HAD KNOWN YOU ALL MY LIFE"

CHAPTER II

IN THE years from nineteen to forty-two most men have fulfilled their destiny: those who have had within them the ability to rise have risen; the weak, the wastrels, the mediocrities, have shaken down into their appointed places. Even the bummer has his own particular bit of wall in front of the saloon and his own particular chair within. Those who have something to do are busy doing it, whether it be burglary or tea-tasting, selling pianos on the installment plan or making pop hats for opera-goers. In the human comedy every one in time finds his rôle and must play it to the end, happy indeed if he be cast in a part that at all suits him.

George Raymond at forty-two was still in the auditor's department. Time had wrinkled his cheek, had turned his brown hair to a crisp gray, had bowed his shoulders to the desk he had used for twenty-two years. His eyes alone retained their boyish brightness, and a sort of appealing look as of one who his whole life long had been a dependent on other people. As an automaton, a mere cog in a vast machine, he had won the praise of his superiors by his complete self-effacement. He was never ill, never absent, never had trouble with his subordinates, never talked back, never made complaints, and, in the flattering language of the superintendent, "he knew what he knew!"

In the office, as in every other aggregation of human beings, there were coteries, cliques, friendships and hatreds, jealousies, heartburnings and vendettas. There was scarcely a man there without friends or foes. Raymond alone had neither. To the others he was a strange, silent, unknown creature whose very address was a matter of conjecture; a man who did not drink, did not smoke, did not talk; who ate four bananas for his luncheon and invariably carried a book in the pocket of his shabby coat. It was said of him that once, during a terrible blizzard, he had been the only clerk to reach the office; that he had worked there stark alone until one o'clock, when at the stroke of the hour he had taken out his four bananas and his book! There were other stories about him of the same kind, not all of them true to fact, but essentially true of the man's nature and of his rigid adherence to routine. He had risen, place by place, to a position that gave him a hundred and fifty dollars a month, and one so responsible that his death or absence would have dislocated the office for half a day.

"A first-class man and an authority on pro-ratas!"

Such might have been the inscription on George Raymond's tomb!

His mother was still alive. She had never entirely regained her health or her strength, and it took all the little she had of either to do the necessary housekeeping for herself and her boy. Thin to emaciation, sharp-tongued, a tyrant to her finger-tips, her indomitable spirit remained as uncowed as ever and she ruled her son with a rod of iron. To her, Georgie, as she always called him, was still a child. As far as she was concerned he had never grown up. She took his month's salary, told him when to buy new shirts, ordered his clothes herself, doled out warningly the few dollars for his necessaries, and saved, saved, continually saved. The old woman dreaded poverty with a horror not to be expressed in words. It had ruined her own life; it had crushed her son under its merciless wheels; in the words of the classic proverb she was the coward who died a thousand deaths in the agonies of apprehension. She was one of those not uncommon misers who hoard, not for love of money but through fear. She had managed, with penurious thrift and a self-denial almost sublime in its austerity, to set aside eight thousand dollars. Eight thousand dollars from an income that began at sixty and rose to a little under three times that amount! Eight thousand dollars, wrung from their lives at the price of every joy, every alleviation, everything that could make the world barely tolerable.

Every summer Raymond had a two weeks' holiday which he spent at Middleborough with some relatives of his father. He had the pronounced love of the sea that is usual with those born and bred in seaport towns. His earliest memories went back to great deep-water ships, their jib-booms poking into the second story windows of the city front, their decks hoarsely melodious with the yeo-heave-yeo of straining seamen. The smell of tar, the sight of enormous anchors impending above the narrow street, the lofty masts piercing the sky in a tangle of ropes and blocks, the exotic cargoes mountains high, all moved him like a poem. He knew no pleasure like that of sailing his cousin's sloop; he loved every plank of her dainty hull; it was to him a privilege to lay his hand to any task appertaining to her, however humble or hard. To caulk, to paint, to polish brasswork, to pump out bilge, to set up the rigging, to splice ropes, to sit cross-legged and patch sails, and, best of all, to put her lee rail under in a spanking breeze and race her seaward against the mimic fleet. Ah, how swiftly those bright days passed, how bitter was the parting and the return, all too soon, to the dingy offices of the railroad.

It never occurred to him to think his own lot hard, or to contrast himself with other men of his age, who at forty-two were mostly substantial members of society, with interests, obligations, responsibilities to which he himself was an utter stranger. Under the iron bondage of his mother he had remained a child. To displease her seemed the worst thing that could befall him; to win her praise filled him with content. But there were times, guiltily remembered and put by with shame, when he longed for something more from life; when the sight of a beautiful woman on the street reminded him of his own loneliness and isolation; when he was overcome with a sudden surging sense that he was an outsider in the midst of these teeming thousands, unloved and old, without friends or hope or future to look forward to. He would reproach himself for such lawless repining, for such disloyalty to his mother. Was not her case worse than his? Did she not lecture him on the duty of cheerfulness, she the invalid, racked with pains, with nerves, who practiced so pitifully what she preached? The tears would come to his eyes. No, he would not ask the impossible; he would go his way, brave and uncomplaining, and let the empty years roll over his head without a single murmur against fate.

But the years, apparently so void, were screening a strange and undreamed-of part for him to play. The Spaniards, a vague, almost legendary people, as remote from Raymond's life as the Assamese or the cliff-dwellers of New Mexico, began to take on a concrete character, and were suddenly discovered to be the enemies of the human race. Raymond grew accustomed to the sight of Cuban flags, at first so unfamiliar and then later so touching in their significance.

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Newspaper pictures of Gomez and Garcia were tacked on the homely walls of barber-shops, in railroad shops, in grubby offices and cargo elevators, and with them savage caricatures of a person called Weyler and referring bitterly to other persons (who seemed in a bad way) called the reconcentrados. Raymond wondered what it was all about; bought books to elucidate the matter; took fire with indignation and resentment. Then came the Maine affair; the suspense of seventy million people eager to avenge their dead; the decision of the Court of Inquiry; the emergency vote; the preparation for war. Raymond watched it all with a curious detachment. He had never realized that it could have anything personally to do with him. The long days in the auditor's department went on undisturbed for all that the country was arming and the State Governors were calling out their quotas of men. Two of his associates quitted their desks and changed their black coats for army blue. Raymond admired them, envied them; but it never occurred to him to ask why they should go and he should stay. It was natural for him to stay; it was inevitable; he was as much a part of the office as the office floor.

One afternoon, going home on the Elevated, he overheard two men talking.

"I don't know what we'll do," said one.

"Oh, there are lots of men," said the other.

"Men, yes, but no sailors," said the first.

"That's right," said the other.

"We are at our wits' end to man the ships," said the first.

"What did you total up to-day?" said the other.

His companion shrugged his shoulders.

"Eighty applicants and seven taken," he said.

"And those foreigners?"

"All but two!"

"There's danger in that kind of thing!"

"Yes, indeed; but what can you do?"

The words rang in Raymond's head. That night he hardly slept. He was in the throes of making a tremendous resolution; he who for forty years had been tied to his mother's apron-strings. Making it of his own volition, unprompted, at the behest of no one save perhaps the man in the car, asserting at last his manhood in defiance of the subjection that had never come home to him until that moment. He rose in the morning pale and determined. He felt a hypocrite through and through as his mother commented on his looks and grew anxious as he pushed away his untasted breakfast. It came over him afresh how good she was, how tender.

He got an extension of the noon hour and hurried down to the naval recruiting office. It was doing a brisk business in turning away applicants, and from the bottom of the line Raymond was not kept waiting long before he attained the top; and from thence, in his turn, was led into an inner office. He was briefly examined as to his sea experience. Could he box the compass? He could. Could he make a long splice? He could. What was meant by the monkey-gaff of a full-rigged ship? He told them. What was his reason in wanting to join the Navy? Because he thought he'd like to do something for his country. "Very good; turn him over to the doctor; next!" Then the doctor weighed him, looked at his teeth, hit him in the chest, listened to his heart, thumped and questioned him and then passed him on to a third person to be enrolled.

When George Raymond emerged into the open air it was as a full A B in the service of the United States.

This announcement at the office made an extraordinary sensation. Men he hardly knew shook hands with him and clapped him on the back. He was taken upstairs to be impressively informed that his position would be held open for him. On every side he saw kindling faces, smiling glances of approbation, the quick passing of the news in whispers. He had suddenly risen from obscurity to become part of the war: the heir of a wonderful and possibly tragic future.

The scene at home was less enthusiastic. It was even mortifying, and Georgie, as his mother invariably called him, had to endure a storm of sarcasm and reproaches. The old woman's ardent patriotism stopped short at giving up her son. It was the duty of others to fight, Georgie's to stay at home with his mother. He let her talk herself out, saying little, but regarding her with a grave, kind obstinacy. Then she broke down, weeping and clinging to him. Somehow, though he could hardly explain it to himself, the relation between the two underwent a change. He left that house the unquestioned master of himself, the acknowledged head of that tiny household; he had won, and his victory, instead of abating by a hair's breadth his mother's love for him, had drawn the pair closer to each other than ever before.

Her tenderness and devotion were redoubled. Never had there been such a son in the history of the world. She relaxed her economies in order to buy him little delicacies such as sardines and pickles, and when soon after his enlistment his uniform came home she spread it on her bed and cried, and then sank on her knees, passionately kissing the coarse serge. In the limitation of her horizon she could see but a single figure. It was Georgie's country, Georgie's President, Georgie's fleet, Georgie's righteous quarrel in the cause of stifled freedom. To her it was Georgie's war with Spain.

He was drafted aboard the Casco, where within a week of his joining he was promoted to be one of the four quartermasters. So much older than the majority of his comrades, quick, alert, obedient and responsible, he was naturally among the first chosen for what are called leading seamen. Never was a man more in his element than George Raymond. He shook down into naval life like one born to it. The sea was in his blood, and his translation from the auditor's department to the deck of a fighting ship seemed to him like one of those happy dreams when one pinches one's self to try and confirm the impossible. Metaphorically speaking, he was always pinching himself and contrasting the monotonous past with the glorious and animated present. The change told in his manner, in the tilt of his head, in his fearless eyes and straighter back.

Amongst Raymond's comrades on the Casco was a youngster of twenty-one named Howard Quintan. Something in the boy attracted him, and he went out of his way to make things smooth for him aboard. The liking was no less cordially returned and the two became fast friends. One day, when they were both given liberty together, Howard insisted on taking him to his own home.

"The folks want to know you," he said. "They naturally think a heap of you because I do, and I've told them how good you've been, and all that."

"Oh, rubbish!" said Raymond, though he was inwardly pleased. At the time they were walking up Fifth Avenue, both in uniform, with their caps on one side, sailor fashion, and their wide trousers flapping about their ankles. People looked at them kindly as they passed, for the shadow of the war lay on every one and all hearts went out to the men who were to uphold the flag. Raymond was flattered and yet somewhat overcome by the attention his companion and he excited.

"Let's get out of this, Quint," he said. "I can't walk straight when people look at me like that. Don't you feel kind of givey-givey at the knees with all those pretty girls loving us in advance?"

"Oh, that's what I like," said Quintan. "I never got a glance when I used to sport a silk hat. Besides, here we are at the old stand!"

Raymond regarded him with blank surprise as they turned aside and up the steps of one of the houses.

"Land's sake!" he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you live in a place like this? Here?" he added with an intonation that caused Howard to burst out laughing.

The young fellow pushed by the footman that admitted them and ran up the stairs three steps at a time. Raymond followed more slowly, dazed by the splendor he saw about him, and feeling horribly embarrassed and deserted. He halted on the stairs as he saw Quintan throw his arms about a tall, stately, magnificently dressed woman and kiss her boisterously; and he was in two minds whether or not to slink down again and disappear when his companion called out to him to hurry up.

"Mother, this is Mr. Raymond," he said. "He's the best friend I have on the Casco, and you're to be awfully good to him."

Mrs. Quintan graciously gave him her hand and said something about his kindness to her boy. Raymond was too stricken to speak and was thankful for the semi-darkness that hid his face. Mrs. Quintan continued softly, in the same sweet and overpowering manner, to purr her gratitude and try to put him at his ease. Raymond would have been a happy man could he have sunk through the parquetry floor. He trembled as he was led into the drawing-room, where another gracious and overpowering creature rose to receive them.

"My aunt, Miss Christine Latimer," said Howard.

She was younger than Mrs. Quintan; a tall, fair woman of middle age, with a fine figure, hair streaked with gray, and the remains of what had once been extreme beauty. Her voice was the sweetest Raymond had ever listened to, and his shyness and agitation wore off as she began to speak to him. He was left a long while alone with her, for Howard and his mother withdrew, excusing themselves on the score of private matters. Christine Latimer was touched by the forlorn quartermaster, who, in his nervousness, gripped his chair with clenched hands and started when he was asked a question. She soon got him past this stage of their acquaintance, and, leading him on by gentle gradations to talk about himself, even learned his whole story, and that in so unobtrusive a fashion that he was hardly aware of his having told it to her.

"I am speaking to you as though I had known you all my life," he said in an artless compliment. "I hope it is not very forward of me. It is your fault for being so kind and good."

He was ecstatic when he left the house with Quintan.

"I didn't know there were such women in the world," he said. "So noble, so winning and high-bred. It makes you understand history to meet people like that. Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette and all those, you know—they must have been like that. I—I could understand a man dying for Miss Latimer!"

"Oh, she's all right—my aunt," said Quintan. "She was a tremendous beauty once and even now she's what I'd call a devilish handsome woman. And the grand manner—it isn't everybody that likes it, but I do. It's a little old-fashioned nowadays, but, by Jove, it still tells."

"I wonder that such a splendid woman should have remained unmarried," said Raymond. He stuck an instant on the word unmarried. It seemed almost common to apply to such a princess.

"She had an early love affair that turned out badly," said Quintan. "I don't know what went wrong, but anyway it didn't work. Then when my father died she came to live with us and help bring us up—you see there are two more of us in the family—and I'm told she refused some good matches just on account of us kids. It makes me feel guilty sometimes to think of it."

"Why guilty?" asked Raymond.

"Because none of us were worth it, old chap," said Quintan.

"I'm sure she never thought so," observed Raymond.

"My aunt's rather an unusual woman," said Quintan. "She has voluntarily played second fiddle all her life; and between you and me, you know, my mother's a bit of a tyrant and not always easy to get along with—so it wasn't so dead simple a game as it looks."

Raymond was shocked at this way of putting the matter.

"You mean she sacrificed the best years of her life for you," he said stiffly.

"Women are like that—good women," said Quintan. "Catch a man being such a fool—looking at it generally, you know—me apart. She has a tidy little fortune from her father and might have had a yard of her own to play in, but our little baby hands held her tight."

Raymond regarded his companion's hands. They were large and red and rough with the hard work on board the Casco; regarded them respectfully, almost with awe, for had they not restrained that glorious being in the full tide of her youth and beauty!

"Now it's too late," said Quintan.

"What do you mean by too late?" asked the quartermaster.

"Well, she's passed forty," said Quintan. "The babies have grown up and the selfish beasts are striking out for themselves. Her occupation's gone and she's left *planté là*. Worse than that, my mother, who never bothered two cents about us then, now loves us to distraction. And when all's said, you know, it's natural to like your mother best!"

"Too bad!" ejaculated Raymond.

"I call it deuced hard luck," said Quintan. "My mother really neglected us shamefully, and it was Aunt Christine who brought us up and blew our noses and rubbed us with goose-grease when we had croup and all that kind of thing. Then when we grew up my mother suddenly discovered her long-lost children and began to think a heap of us—after having scamped the whole business for fifteen years—and my aunt, who was the real nigger in the hedge, got kind of let out, you see."

Raymond did not see, and he was indignant besides at the coarseness of his companion's expressions. So he walked along and said nothing.

"And as I said before, it's now too late," said Quintan.

"Too late for what?" demanded Raymond, who was deeply interested.

"For her to take up with anybody else," said Quintan. "To marry, you know. She sacrificed all her opportunities for us; and now, in the inevitable course of things, we are kind of abandoning her when she is old and faded and lonely."

"I consider your aunt one of the most beautiful women in the world," protested Raymond.

"But you can't put back the clock, old fellow," said Quintan. "What has the world to offer to an old maid of forty-two? There she is in the empty nest, and not her own nest at that, with all her little nestlings flying over the hills and far away, and the genuine mother-bird varying the monotony by occasionally pecking her eyes out."

Raymond did not know what to answer. He could not be so rude as to make any reflection on Mrs. Quintan, though he was stirred with resentment against her. This noble, angelic, saintly woman, who in every gesture reminded him of dead queens and historic personages! It went to his heart to think of her, bereft and lonely, in that splendid house he had so lately quitted. He recognized, in the unmistakable accord between him and her, the fellowship of a pair who in different ways and in different stations had yet fought and suffered and endured for what they judged their duty. Forty-two years old! Singular coincidence, in itself almost a bond between them, that he, too, was of an identical age.

"Why don't you say something?" said Quintan.

"I was just thinking how mistaken you were," returned Raymond. "There must be hundreds of men who would be proud to win her slightest regard; who instead of considering her faded or old would choose her out of thousands of younger women and would be happy forever if she would take——" He was going to say "them," but that sounded improper and he changed it, at the cost of grammar, to "him."

Quintan laughed at his companion's vehemence, and the subject passed and gave way to shrapnel. But he did not fail, later, to carry a humorous report of the conversation to his aunt.

"What have you been doing to my old quartermaster?" he said. "Hasn't the poor fellow enough troubles as it is without falling in love with you! He can't talk of anything else, and blushes like a girl when he mentions your name. He told me yesterday he was willing to die for a woman like you."

"I think he's a dear, nice fellow," said Miss Latimer, "and if he wants to love me he may. It will keep him out of mischief!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

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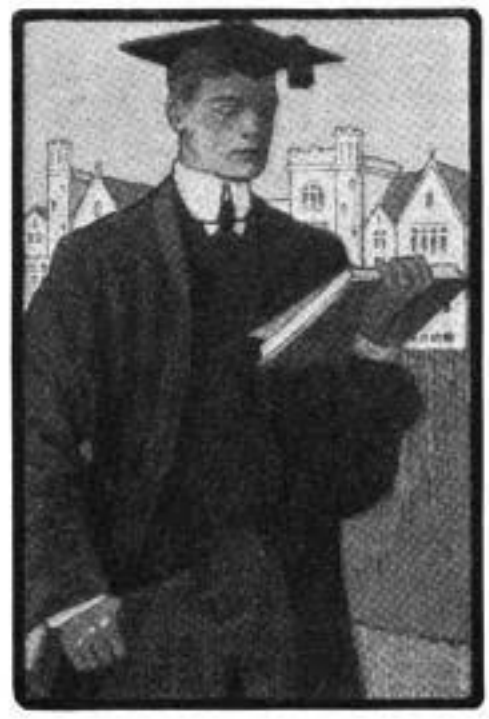
TALKS WITH A KID BROTHER AT COLLEGE

Making the Team



By Jesse Lynch Williams

WHAT of it—what if you couldn't make the team? What's that got to do with it? That isn't the reason I wanted you to go in for athletics. Why didn't you fight it out! The chief benefit of athletics is to teach you to quit being a quitter. Last fall when you left off trying for the freshman eleven I felt sorry, but you put it on the ground of your studies and said you'd come out when the call for baseball candidates was issued in the early spring. But your name isn't in the list published in the paper. You haven't the face to blame it on your studies this time, Dick; I have seen your reports! You are afraid of being laughed at; that's what's the matter.

Did you ever hear about the case of big, fatty Simon? He was laughed at. They called him Simple Simon. He was here in the early days of football, before the Rugby game had spread all over the country. He weighed about two hundred and eighty pounds, mostly fat, and I don't suppose he had ever seen a canvas jacket until the day he entered college and waddled down to the field along with a lot of other green freshmen to look at the football practice. It interested him. He was so much interested that he paid no attention to the sophomores who were guying him about his fat and his simplicity. "I should think that game would be fun," he said in a high, squeaky voice. "I think I'll play," he announced to his classmates.

"That's right," said they, chuckling at Simple Simon; "just your game, old man."

"Yes. You see I can't play many games," smiled Simon simply, trying to peep at his boots.

"Tell the captain you are a candidate," said they, chuckling.

"Think I stand a chance?"

"A chance? It's a dead cinch."

"All right," said Simple. "I will." And he did.

The captain looked him over and smiled. "I don't believe we have any suit to fit you," he said kindly, "but you come down to-morrow. That's the right spirit."

The college along the side lines smiled audibly the next day when Simple Simon trotted out with the other men, or tried to, puffing and blowing, in a much-stretched sweater and a pair of breeches that had been opened in the rear to admit him. But he was accustomed to being a cause of amusement and did not mind. They laughed louder still when in the first scrimmage he was toppled over like a huge ninepin. "Did you feel the earth shake?" asked a humorist.

The businesslike captain yelled, "Line up, fellows!" The crowd roared; they saw Simon lying there on his back, flapping his arms and legs like an overturned turtle. He was not hurt—simply too fat. The next scrimmage the same thing happened. After that they reached over to pull him up as a matter of course. But with three or four more scrimmages Simple Simon had to retire, winded. A group of sophomores guyed him as he waddled past to the field house.

"It's a good game, though," he piped up to the trainer as soon as he got breath enough.

"Are you coming out to-morrow?" he was asked when he came out of the shower bath.

"You bet!" said he.

Simple Simon kept it up. After the trainer had taken about thirty pounds off him he could last a full half, and could keep his feet for several minutes at a time. By and by he learned to get up alone. That was a proud day. The laughing crowds along the side lines cheered him.

"You're a perfect corker, Simple," his chaffing classmates told him.

"A regular Hector Cowan," said another. "You'll make the team yet."

"Aw! come off—you're trying to guy me, I believe," said Simple. He thought himself quite sophisticated by this time. But he grinned and kept on trying. "It's good sport, anyway," he said as he wiped the blood away from his torn ear.

The coaches smiled at his cheerfulness. "That big, fat freshman can give some of you fellows points in the way of spirit," they said to the 'Varsity eleven. Besides, it was good practice for the guards, wielding such a great weight—like a medicine-ball.

After two years of this, most of Simon's fat was worn off by the trampling, shoving and butting the 'Varsity gave him; the rest was turned into solid muscle by the trampling, shoving and butting he gave the 'Varsity. Also, he was studying the game. The crowd had stopped laughing at him. "That's all right," they said, wagging their heads, "he's got the right spirit, even if he hasn't got the right shape for making the team." In his junior year he was taken to New York on Thanksgiving Day as a substitute—with a huge sweater pulled down over his hips. And in his senior year he was on the team, the champion football team of America. The fearless way he used to charge down the field like a fighting elephant and smash those old-fashioned flying wedges—by flopping down in front of them—is now a matter of football history.

He is the stout gentleman I pointed out to you one day at the club with the two gold football emblems on his watch-chain. No, they don't laugh at him now, and his voice isn't high and squeaky. But it wasn't because he had the *honor*, merely, of being a member of the team that he became a man of force and self-reliance, but because he was willing to accept the bumps and thumps and discouragement that seem the incidental parts but are really the most important features of the game—and of all athletic sports, so far as concerns the actual benefit to those who are playing. But if he had let the jeers and gibes, which, after all, were good-natured gibes, drive him off the football field he might have remained something of a big, fat booby to this day.

Hearing a little laughter won't hurt you a bit, but fearing it will harm you greatly. To so many people laughter in this sense suggests an attitude of superiority over the one laughed at. As a matter of fact, jeers and sneers are more frequently prompted by a jealous sense of inferiority.

I take no stock in this driveling cant about "daring to do right, despite the laughter and ridicule of the world," and all that long-faced tommyrot, promulgated mostly by emasculated individuals who know very little about the world and don't dare do *wrong*. The world is not so bad—in its admirations, I mean, whatever may be said of its practices.

It so happens that I have had to run up against a good many different kinds of people since I landed on this much-maligned and very interesting world, but I have yet to find any of them setting a higher value on a man for selling himself out cheap. I have yet to meet the Sunday-school-book kind who like a man better for not "daring to say no." The difficulty is not in saying no, but in doing it. Nobody will object to your saying it unless you whine it with a timid, shame-faced bleat, or else bray it out with blatant self-righteousness. In either of these cases you will deserve to be laughed at because you will be funny.

When I said "nobody" just now I meant no man. This does not apply to downy kids and nincompoops—"paper sports," I believe you call them. In my day there was a little Southerner named Reddy Armstrong, and he was the real thing—whew! you would have called him a "paper sport!" For two years he kept up a thrilling pace. He marked out a vivid red career. He was the sort who can stay up all night doing things he was not sent to college for—"extra-curriculum work"; and then after a cold plunge in the morning he'd seem as fresh and cool and clear-eyed as an athlete in training. Some of the fellows used to call him the Deacon, not only on account of the aforementioned reasons, but because, fond as he was of poker, when twelve o'clock struck on Saturday night he always threw down his hand, no matter how promising it looked, and said in his broad, delightful manner: "Gentlemen, it is Sunday morning. I bid you good-night."

In Junior-year vacation Reddy became very well acquainted with his roommate's sister and—he came back to college a new man. He felt benignantly sorry for all the others who were not also new men—but did not tell them so unless he knew them well enough. One night at a house-party in the Christmas holidays a very young New Yorker, of the would-be-wicked variety—yes, *he* was a "paper sport"—tried to get the Deacon to join with him in a game in the smoking-room with some of the older men of the party. The Deacon thanked them for the honor, bowed politely and begged to be excused.

"What, and you a Kentuckian!" exclaimed one of the older men, who was shocked.

"It certainly does sound very incongruous," said the Deacon, smiling urbanely, "but you'll have to manage without me, I reckon."

"Oh, come on, old man," said the paper sport.

"If I *were* playing," thought Reddy, "you would be an easy mark." But he only said, "Thank you, no." The older men had, of course, stopped urging him.

The paper sport exhaled a lungful of cigarette smoke cynically. "'Fraid, are you?" he said.

Reddy looked up. "Exactly," he replied quickly. "I'm afraid to get in, and you're afraid to keep out." Somehow the laugh was on the paper sport, and he wondered why it was, throughout the rest of the visit, that they treated him like an infant and little Reddy like a man they respected.

Long-legged Frank Berkhart, the famous old catcher, was the most respected man on the team, not because he was the best player—as a matter of fact, he wasn't—but because he seemed absolutely independent of popular opinion, and hence got the best of it. The manager of the team that year was one of the most profane young men I ever knew. But he adored Frank. On the Easter trip one night, after one of the games, the team were frolicking and making a great racket in Frank's room in the hotel. Presently they heard some one hammer a table with a baseball bat; then the authoritative voice of the manager growled out in the sudden silence:

"You fellows have got to stop your d——d swearing; Frank is saying his prayers."

So he was. It was bedtime for men in training, and he had undressed. The hint was followed.

Frank never neglected to read the Bible either. On a similar occasion when a couple of the fellows were playing horse—they are always behaving like infants on these trips—one of them let fly a sofa-cushion which accidentally landed in Frank's lap. He clapped the cushion under his arm before any one else could grab it, then muttered earnestly, "Wait till I finish this chapter and I'll hammer your face with it." And he did.

You understand, of course, that I'm not preaching at you. I'm only telling you kid stories, for you are still a good deal of a kid, though a pseudo-college man. You can draw morals from them or not as best meets your requirements. You know your requirements better than I do. You aren't so bad—in fact, you have behaved yourself pretty well—for a freshman—better than I anticipated in some respects. But you still have a lot to learn about being a college man. So I am just telling you about college men and college kids I have known. I wouldn't preach at you for the world! Go on and finish your translation. I'm going to call on a classmate of mine in the faculty.

Editor's Note—This is the third of Mr. Williams' "Talks." The next will appear in an early number.

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ A position in hand is worth a dozen in prospect.

¶ Love is a monopoly—but it is not always a trust.

¶ The egotist uses only one I—and that a capital.

¶ One pair of yellow shoes does not make a summer.

¶ A ventilator is a small closed window in an American street car.

¶ Moving is almost as bad as getting married—and most people have to do it oftener.

¶ You cannot take your money beyond the grave, but it will pay for a large, nice epitaph.

¶ It is seldom that a man is as good as his wife tells others he is or as bad as she tells him he is.

¶ All cannot play golf, but the humblest may carry a few sticks in a canvas bag and look solemn.

¶ That low, moaning sound from the far West is caused by William J. Bryan preparing to decline to allow his name to be considered next year.

What's the Use?

THERE is no discouragement to the good like the triumph of the wicked. It not only shakes their faith but it does worse by stopping their energy. When a man says "What's the use?" he reaches low-water mark.

And yet we find many purposeful people using those hopeless words. They see bosses win in politics, men with doubtful methods get hold of millions, and persons of small merits gain social and official honors, and they settle back disconsolately and exclaim, "What's the use?"

There's a big lot of use. Let us illustrate it by a true story which has never been published. In the dark beginnings of Civil Service reform two young men sat in the office of the Commission at Washington and smiled grimly at the assaults and victories of the spoilsmen. They also dreamed a bit as young men sometimes do. "What a fine thing it would be if you could be Governor of New York!" said one, and the other laughed and replied, "Why not say President of the United States?" But the impossibilities did not dismay them. They looked at the situation and the conditions and agreed to keep on because they were right. And in the course of time the young man did become Governor of New York and he is now President of the United States, and the other fills an important legal office of the Government—appointed by President McKinley and reappointed by his friend Roosevelt.

These young men came in close contact with the bosses, but instead of becoming discouraged they saw the value of the persistence of their enemies and kept at it. Of late we have read much of three men, all "practical politicians," but differing in methods and in individual records and characteristics. No attempt is made here to point out how good or how bad each may be; the comment is on admitted facts.

Senator Quay has stood against some of the ablest, most earnest and most brilliant reform movements in the history of American politics. He was beaten, but he refused to stay beaten. He laid his plans and worked steadily to his ends—and this year he was found in his old seat in the Senate holding all of his old power. His famous and successful contest against a former tariff bill and his warding off of anti-trust legislation under the cover of the Statehood bill illustrated his method—careful planning far ahead and then persistence.

In the case of Senator Gorman the reform forces of both parties got together and wrought one of the most complete overthrows ever known in this country. From one end of the land to the other the political death of Gorman was proclaimed. That was only six years ago. Mr. Gorman seemed to accept the verdict, but he prepared his campaign, worked steadily to his ends, and now we see him once more the leader of his party in the Senate where he once served as a page. It was plan and persistence that did it.

Many thousands of columns could have been printed about Mr. Addicks, of Delaware, and the condemnation of him has been well-nigh universal. There is no need of examining the verdict, but there is a bearing of his case that is not without usefulness. When he began to try to rule a State he met only ridicule—nobody thought he would ever do anything. But he had his plan and his persistence has been one of the most extraordinary exhibitions that any land ever knew. It seems incomprehensible. But it is easily understood—it's the result of keeping at one thing without let or hindrance, of industrious, unswerving indefatigability.

Politicians constantly teach reformers lessons—if the reformers would but learn them. Men of lesser standards who plan, persist and win teach the men of higher standards the value of planning and persisting. It is far easier to triumph in a good cause than in a bad one. The good man always has the better prospect, but if he waits for virtue to bring its own reward or falls comfortably back upon a satisfied conscience he is going to be disappointed. He must fight for results—plan for them, persist until they come.

It is a pretty practical old world and it is inclined to do better for the bad man who plans and persists than for the good man who asks "What's the use?" and quits.

The Man in the Iron Mask

ONE of the most valuable heirlooms belonging to the world in the way of a story is that of the Man in the Iron Mask. It is almost decided now that he was a twin brother of the great Louis, an heir too many of the French crown, and hence, for no fault of his own, sentenced in his cradle never to show his face to a living being, never to be any woman's lover nor any man's friend.

The idea in its unique horror ranks, in literary value, alongside of the stories of the Terror or of the murder of the Salem witches.

But isn't it a fact that many of us commonplace, rational folk make an iron mask for ourselves, right now and here, and button it over our faces and wear it all through our dull, jog-trot lives?

Of course, we all say theoretically that He who puts us and millions of our kinsfolk at one time into this little world means us to scramble up together and to help each other up, so that each man may end life a foot or two higher than he began it. This means a certain *esprit de corps* among all of us poor climbers—white, yellow and black—a "Yo-heave-ho! All together, boys!" temper, a showing of the best that is in us to the man next us—a grip of the hand to every man within reach.

But some of us have buttoned on these masks and no smile nor kindly shout can come through them.

A good many of us make them out of our Ancestry. I had a great-grandfather who was a Signer, or a Militia Captain under Washington, or a Professor of Greek at Yale. Or he was the first settler in Pottsville, where I now reside. So I make of this mythical ancestor a covering for my real self which shuts me in from my fellow-men. They never know me, nor I them.

There are thousands of Pottsvilles in this country, and in each a foolish little clique, whose pride of birth debars them from the help and comradeship of their neighbors.

Some of us make a mask of our religious creed and stifle under it our lives long. We think that only to us and a few colleagues has been given Eternal Truth, and to the rest of mankind lies in this life and torture in the eternity to come. Nothing shuts a man's life down into such narrow bounds as that delusion. But the mask which most of us smother under is our own importance.

Stop on Broadway or any other place where a great crowd tramps steadily past you and you will find on almost every face the same look.

"I am coming," it seems to say. "I am not like these others. It is I!"

One remembers how Theodore Hook twitched the gown of the pompous Oxford Don. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but are you anybody in particular?"

We laugh at the pompous folk. But we too, perhaps, wear the same look. We are conscious of our standing in Pottsville, or of the novel we have written, or of that militia captain under Washington.

This self-conceit, if we don't take warning, will grow denser as the years go by. It will blind and choke us as the mask of iron could not blind or choke the prisoner of Mont St. Michel.

Under it neither wife nor child nor friend will ever know us as we are. He—the prisoner—was buried in his mask. Shall we, too, wear ours—out yonder into the dark?

Are We "the People"?

"SOON to guide the human race"—"Speedily the financial centre of the world"—"Before long the centre of education in all branches of science and art"—these are a few specimens from one day's installment of foreign bouquets for your Uncle Sam. Nowadays you can scarce see his smiling face for the high-heaped floral tributes from far and near, all testifying to his power, wisdom, genius and bank account. Ambassador Choate, journeying in the land of the sources of the Nile, finds the natives eagerly buying handkerchiefs of German manufacture stamped with the Stars and Stripes and the portraits of Washington, Lincoln, Cleveland and McKinley.

There isn't a doubt about it—but who are "we"? And why are "we" "the people"?

A calm, dispassionate answer to the first question may tend to restrain us from getting what the Germans call Katzenjammer, the French the grandiose mania, and the Americans the "swelled head." And a calm, dispassionate answer to the second question may prevent us from pointing our noses so high that our high-stepping feet will wander far from the path, far into the bogs and swamps.

"Triumphant America" certainly doesn't mean each and every one of our seventy-eight millions. For instance, it doesn't include the admitted idiots and lunatics, the registered paupers and parasites, the caged criminals, the six million illiterates. In a sense, it includes the twenty-five to thirty million children, for they exert a tremendous influence upon the grown people. But in no sense does it include the whittlers on dry-goods boxes, the barroom loafers, the fellows that listen all day long for the whistle to blow, those who are the first to be mentioned whenever there is talk of cutting down the force. It doesn't include those of our statesmen who spend their time in promoting corrupt jobs or in hunting places for lazy heelers. It doesn't include the doctors who reach their high-water mark for professional knowledge on the day they graduate, or the lawyers who lie and cheat and procure injustice for the sake of fees.

Most of these—even the idiots and criminals—do a little something toward progress. This world is so happily ordered that it is impossible for one man to do much harm or to avoid doing some good; and one of the greatest forces for good is the power of a bad example. Still, it isn't our bad examples that make us get on and earn us these smothers of flowery compliment. "We" doesn't cover any of them.

Thus it appears that when an American says "*We*" are "the people!" he may be taking wide, not to say wild, liberties with the word "we." It may be that he has made of himself such a spectacle as does the rooster crowing when the hen lays an egg. It is foolish enough for a political party to throw out its chest and say "we" over what the people have done without any appreciable assistance from it, perhaps in spite of it. But the folly becomes pitifully fantastic when indulged in by a man who is a mere mouthing sluggard, or is like that clown in the French circus who is always hindering everybody while making the most elaborate efforts to help.

As for the other question—Why are we at present so admirably ensconced?—the answer to that brings instantly before us what Europe would call our humble origin. We are working men and working women, the sons and daughters of working people. And just as soon as one of us becomes ashamed of his origin or of his own past, becomes infected with the cheap and silly vulgarisms that Europe is always thrusting upon us, just so soon does he or she begin to fall behind the procession.

Most of the alleged perils from our "foreign element" are fanciful, fantastic. One that has attracted little attention is genuine. There is danger lest this vast mass of foreigners, coming from lands where class distinctions were centuries old, should, before it is absorbed, impress upon America the class idea. And the class idea is our heel of Achilles.

Some of us are tall and others short, some straight and others crooked, some strong, others feeble; some of us run, others walk, others snail it. But all, all have their feet upon the same level of the common earth. And America's worst enemy is he—or she—who by word or look encourages another to think otherwise. Head as high as you please; but feet always upon the common ground, never upon anybody's shoulders or neck, even though he be weak or willing.

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LITTLE STORIES OF "STEVE" CRANE

By Corwin Knapp Linson

I WAS closely associated with Stephen Crane during the years just preceding his success, when we both had our feet in the same Slough of Despond. We parted —for a season, I thought—when he went to Athens at the time of the Greek War, after a last evening together in New York.

My first meeting with him was in the winter of 1892-3. One Sunday afternoon, Mr. Louis C. Senger, a cousin who was one of his intimates, brought him to my studio in the old building on West Thirtieth Street and Broadway. It was a dreary day, and the gray light filtered in through the cobwebby panes of the great sidelight, finding us in a kind of half-gloom. He talked little, sitting on a divan quietly smoking cigarettes. He impressed me as an unusual individuality, at first reserved, but soon expanding in the warmth of our comradeship.

It was a good beginning. His long rain-ulster became a familiar object, for those were slushy, drizzly days, and the winter air was oftener sleety with cold rain than fluffy with feathery snow. One day a pocket contained a yellow-covered book—the Maggie, which was left with me. It was read with enthusiasm and immediately clamored for. His vigorous English and deep human sympathy fairly took me by storm. The book was resigned with a smile. "There are heaps of them left; the public isn't crazy about having them."

And then its history came out: how no publisher would take it, so that he had had it printed at his own expense; how it had been turned down by the newsdealers, icily received by prominent clergymen who did not preach that way, and how two eminent literary men alone had stood by him with encouragement. Afterward I saw the yellow stacks of unsold books in his rooms.

My place was a black den in those days, and my affairs harmonized, so that it was quite a congenial retreat for Crane. It was his daily habit to come and compare notes. When the news-stands declared war, he became savagely caustic; when such men as Howells and Garland, who were to him the last word in American literature, called his book a great performance, he was seriously elate, happy beyond expression. I have often wondered if Mr. Howells knew the deep joy with which his good opinion filled Crane.

His facility used to astonish me. Sitting on my couch, rings of gray smoke circling about him, a pad on his knee, he would turn out a complete story in a half-hour. Sometimes it was a fragment that would be laid by for future use. Several sparkling sketches were invented and written in that atmosphere of melancholy, while I sat at my easel dabbling at a drawing and wondering how a new illustrator could get in his "wedge."

His Feverish Work and Keen Insight

A visit to his rooms one morning discovered him in undress with a wet towel turban-like about his head, feverishly writing. He waved me to a seat, and soon handed me the first pages of a story. "Been at it most of the night, and it's nearly finished." It appeared long after in one of the papers. Its characters were taken from the class that furnishes cheap entertainment at the seaside resorts, and it was slight enough as a tale. But what amazed me was the vivid drawing of these people, his picturing of their life and environment, his insight into their motives and habits, months after he could have been in touch with them at all, revealing keenest observation and understanding. One might say that like qualities are the common equipment of the artist, but he had them in an uncommon way.

Crane had many loyal friends then, but, unfortunately, they were as poorly situated as himself: young doctors working out their hospital apprenticeship, boyish reporters and artists for obvious reasons unspoiled by prosperity; my cousin, who was none of these but equally at home with all; a half-dozen as ardent souls as ever banded together, widely scattered as to domiciles but easily mobilized for whatever there was afoot, to whom economy was at once a bugbear and a necessity. There were joyous days, and when fortune once sent us oysters and a beefsteak the notable occasion was duly celebrated.

It was about that time that he had a story of two men who went bathing on the Jersey coast, and, in toying with a derelict raft, were carried out to sea, picked up by a little coast schooner, and taken to New York. He asked me to illustrate it "on spec.," and as I had no other work to do I went through it from title to tailpiece, and never had more fun with anything.

There was no editor hounding me for urgent haste, the author was delighted as things progressed, posed himself for the tall man—he was thin enough!—stuffed a pillow in the clothes of a friend for the fat man (it was funny to see that pillow swelling from beneath a tightly-fitting bathing-suit), and I grimaced in a glass for the bath-ticket seller in his box.

When finished, the whole thing was sent to a magazine, which had already printed a sketch of his. Then I went camping up in Ramapo.

When I returned, the package had also reappeared, having been "considered." for most of the summer. Crane had reported it accepted, and we were correspondingly happy, but somehow it lost its bearings.

The after fate of our effort was unknown, except that it disappeared in the mazy offices of one of the magazines, and never came to the surface.

Evolving the Red Badge of Courage

In the spring of '93 Crane used to spend hours in my place rummaging through old periodicals, poring over the Civil War articles. I did not then grasp his drift, nor did he explain his interest in them. But he was sounding, trying to fathom the inwardness of war through the impressions on record, as I afterward understood. He did express some impatience with the writers, I remember.

"I wonder that some of those fellows don't tell how they *felt* in those scraps. They spout enough of what they *did*, but they're as emotionless as rocks."

He was evolving the Red Badge of Courage.

He had, also, several short sketches in hand which he casually called the Baby Stories. I had three of them in camp that summer to study for pictures, but nothing came of them. For lucid analysis of the very young human heart I never saw their like. The winter following was a hard one for Crane. It was not honey for me, exactly, but it was growing kindlier, while for him it presented a face of stone. He was now in the old League building on Twenty-third Street, rooming with several young illustrators and newspaper artists.

One morning early, after a blizzardy night, I found him in bed. He looked haggard. He was alone, the others being presumably in pursuit of the art editors.

Pulling a manuscript from mysterious seclusion, he tossed it to me. It was the sketch, The Men in the Storm, suggested by Mr. Garland. He had been all night at it, out in the storm in line with the hungry men, studying them; then inside, writing it.

This was the period of his tramp studies, written for a press syndicate. He disappeared from view for days, and was suddenly dug up looking as if he had

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lived in a grave. All this time he had inhabited the tramp lodging-houses nights, and camped on the down-town park benches days. With grim delight he related how an old acquaintance had passed him a foot away, as he sat with a genuine hobo in front of the City Hall, and how the police had eyed his borrowed rags askance, or indicated with official hand that another bench needed dusting.

One evening he came to me, bringing several loose sheets of manuscript.

"What do you think I have been doing?"

"I can imagine anything, Steve."

"I've been writing—poetry!"

"Great Scott! let me see."

Well as I knew him, I was not prepared for what came. The sheets of legal-cap were handed over, and I read those marvelous short poems. I did not know how good they were. I confessed that they were something new to me, but that they made me see pictures, great pictures.

"Do they, honest?" delightedly.

I added that they moved me profoundly.

"Is that so?" seriously.

"Indeed they do, Steve, they're immense! How did you ever think of them?"

"They came."

That seemed to be the way of it, they just "came." And that was my introduction to his new character. I have two of those poems now.

One, happening to be there, seeing some of them and handing them back with, "I don't know much about poetry," called forth an energetic protest after he left.

"I know every one can't like them, but I hate to give a man a chance to hit me in the neck with an ax!"

It was not very long after that that an "Authors' Reading" was given, and my cousin Louis went with me, for some things from The Black Riders (still unpublished) were to be read. Far from reading his own work, at the idea of which he was aghast, Crane could not be induced even to go and hear—"would not be dragged by the neck"—so in dread was he of a misunderstanding of his work. He could stand up to adverse criticism like a catcher behind the bat, or retort to a gibe, giving better than he received—for his wit had a keen edge, and he was a master of repartee—but cold indifference was the "ax in the neck." The war of the newsdealers upon his Maggie was unjust, and he scorned them, but the slight put upon his book by the clergymen to whom he sent it chilled his blood.

So he awaited our report in his room. We made it glowing, for the audience was enthusiastic and the "Lines" had been most effectively read by Mr. Barry.

Jeered at by Friendly Companions

As to Crane's environment at that time, his statement of it could hardly have been greatly exaggerated. The fellows with whom he lived used to receive his verses as good material for the comic papers, for they jeered at everything. It is the attitude of youth. Once, as we sat by ourselves amid the confusion of tables laden with all the litter of writing and drawing tools, unwashed coffee-cups, newspaper drawings, tobacco, bread, pipes, while about us were crazy chairs, unkept beds, disorderly trunks and shelves, and room-long reach of quaking stovepipe—everything at war with everything else—he said to me:

"Confound their cheek; they even parody my verse!" Then he laughed and pointed to a pinned-up squib on the wall, with a caricature of himself above it. It *was* a parody, and clever, so like his style that he might have been its author.

"They make me ill—but they don't mean it, and I get my innings! They're a husky lot."

There were at least five of them, all on the war-path. More than once I was one of the roomful of "Indians" whose vision of things was distorted in the dim haze of smoke.

Something of this life of his is reflected in Third Violet.

We knew all the Cheap-John restaurants together. There was one to which many congenial spirits flitted on Saturday nights; where absolute liberty of emotion was allowed, where a tableful could break out into song and wild gayety without annoying any one particularly, where there was much confusion of tongues, where bad wine took the place of "draw one," and where the waiters conjured the knives, forks and spoons from the depths of cavernous breeches' pockets and wiped them on their sleeves! There could be no etiquette in a place like that, except that of good humor. We Americanized its French name into the Buffalo Mode, and once each week we carried our troubles to its murky atmosphere and joyous company. The life of our table—always the middle one of the room—was Crane, and the cheeriest sallies were from his lips.

I had almost forgotten the "towel painting." During that camping summer in the Ramapo backwoods, I had my only two yards of painting canvas slung on a line over my hammock like a roof, to shed the rain, and the next best thing was to make more. The only form of linen up there was in the shape of coarse towels, which I used singly, or sewed together, painting over a coating of glue. They did very well until one of them got rained on, when my hardly secured study flaked off in great spots. But my picture of that year ('94) in the Society was painted on one of those towels!

That summer we were sent to do the mines at Scranton. It was Crane's first assignment from one of the magazines, but he had not enough money to pay his fare from New York. Luckily, I had enough just then to see us through, and we undertook it joyfully. We were expecting after that to do the sea-divers, going down in diving rigs—but it did not happen.

After this, I saw less and less of him, for in '95 he made an extended tour through the West for a press syndicate, going into Mexico, and not returning for some months. A note or two only, from the West and New Orleans, were the only signs I had of his existence.

His Vivid Brilliancy in Talking

But he grew rich in material on this trip. He suddenly appeared one evening, and held me breathless and intent with tales of adventure. One of them I saw afterward in print, but his vivid telling was so much more effective than even his strenuous pen-picture, that the written story seemed to lose color as I contrasted the two in my memory. That his luminous phrasing was not a trick was never more evident than then. It was simply Crane.

His speech was free from the danger that his writing ran, of weakening with repetition. Each scintillation eclipsed the last, but left a complete impression of delight.

He brought back a half-dozen opals, some with the lambent flame of the sunset in their fiery depths. He freely gave me the choice of the lot. I took a little one that flashed at me with the gleam of a rainbow. Crane laughingly added a fine water opal to it. The next morning he said:

"It's a good thing you came in for a deal yesterday, for the newspaper Indians gave me a dinner last night, and they got my pretty pebbles!"

I frankly regretted that I had made no better use of my opportunity!

And now—'96—our meetings grew less frequent. He spent much time away from New York, and I also was absent some months abroad. Finally he sent for a box of manuscript that had been some time in my care, and soon after unexpectedly showed himself at my door, just before his departure for Athens and the Græco-Turkish war. He was full of his prospective trip. It was a new phase of life, actual war, and the excitement of it was upon him. It was late when we parted, and it was my final "good-by." Almost his last words were references to his almost native Sullivan County (New York) which was also my own, provoked by some inane remarks of men at a nearby table at dinner.

"If they only knew it as we do, eh," he said laconically, "they couldn't make such brilliant asses of themselves before old inhabitants."

After that, only occasional reports came, of his living in England, of his presence in Cuba. From a brother with the army at Santiago, I heard of him.

"I met your friend Crane at Santiago. He's going to Manila, he says. He's a hustler, isn't he?"

And then a long blank, until, living in Paris, I heard of his illness in England, and before I could realize his condition the news of his death came.

It is inevitable that there must exist a nipping regret at the cutting off of a brilliant individuality in its early development. His was a cometlike career. And undeniably erratic and irresponsible in much as he was, he was lovable to a degree, daring and chivalrous, generous as the air, compelling a genuinely warm affection from those who best knew him; and for his genius I sometimes felt not a little awe, as for a power mysterious and unaccountable.

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THERE frequently appears in the printed reports of the proceedings of Congress the statement that "the Speaker ruled" this or that way on the parliamentary point under discussion. In order to be strictly correct these reports should read, "Mr. Hinds ruled," for very few of the parliamentary questions which rise in the course of debate in the National House of Representatives are decided by the Speaker. Asher C. Hinds settles the parliamentary point at issue and the Speaker merely repeats, parrotlike, what he has been prompted to say by the parliamentary authority of the House. Nine times out of ten, yes, ninety-nine times out of one hundred, the Speaker doesn't even try to improve upon the language used by Mr. Hinds, but with phonographic accuracy repeats to the House in a loud voice what Mr. Hinds has said to him *sotto voce*.

Mr. Hinds appears in the Congressional Directory as the clerk at the Speaker's table. In truth he is the parliamentary helmsman of the House of Representatives, and the presiding officer of the House would no more think of taking up the consideration of a bill upon which there is liable to be debate without Mr. Hinds standing at the side of his desk than would the captain of a vessel attempt to enter a dangerous harbor without first taking aboard an experienced pilot. Hinds is asserted to be the foremost parliamentarian in this country, if not in the entire world. Not only is he familiar with the rules and usages of our domestic deliberative bodies but he has an intimate acquaintance with those of the leading foreign nations, and when a point comes up for which there has been no precedent in the National Congress he generally is able to find some ground upon which to base his action out of the parliamentary history of the foreign governments.

Mr. Hinds is not on exhibition as one of the wonders of Congress, and, although he directs the Speaker, he never puts himself within the circle of the limelight which is constantly kept upon the presiding officer of the House. In fact, he stands just outside of its glare where the shadow is thickest. At the rap of the Speaker's gavel that calls the House to order at noon every legislative day during a session of Congress, Mr. Hinds quietly takes his place at the right of the Speaker's desk. There he stands throughout the proceedings, keeping an alert watch on every movement made on the floor. Usually before the Speaker has grasped the meaning of a motion or a point of order, Hinds has comprehended it, decided the procedure to be followed and told the Speaker what to do. He makes no show with all this. To the uninitiated it would appear that he is merely a member of the House, or an employee who for the time has nothing to do and is amusing himself by watching the debate. It takes a close scrutiny to catch him prompting the Speaker because he scarcely moves his lips in enunciating in his low, distinct voice what the Speaker shall say.

A Friend and Pupil of Tom Reed

Asher C. Hinds is a product of the same State which gave Thomas B. Reed, another famous parliamentarian, to Congress. In fact, it was Mr. Reed who was responsible for Hinds being there at present. In 1890 Mr. Reed brought him to Washington as his clerk. Mr. Hinds served with Mr. Reed's committee during the Fifty-first, Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses, and in the Fifty-fourth Congress was made clerk at the Speaker's desk. Mr. Reed, while Speaker, was very particular about the parliamentary proceedings of the House. It is said that there was not one Representative in the entire membership who could handle the gavel to his liking when he desired to leave the chair. Consequently it was a great relief to him to have at his right elbow the only man in

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Washington in whose parliamentary ability Mr. Reed had absolute confidence. Members who were called upon by the Speaker to preside over the House in his absence or over the committee of the whole House were instructed to accept Mr. Hinds' rulings on all parliamentary matters without question. The convenience of having a Speaker's prompter who was almost unerring was soon recognized by the leaders in Congress, and after Mr. Reed's resignation Mr. Henderson retained Mr. Hinds in his important position, and Mr. Cannon has already said that he will do likewise in the coming Congress over which he expects to preside.

Mr. Hinds is a natural parliamentarian. Just as some people have a knack for dealing with mathematics so he delights in parliamentary problems. It is as much pleasure for Mr. Hinds to unravel a complicated parliamentary situation as it is for the ordinary man to follow the plot of an interesting novel. He was born in the little town of Benton, Maine, February 6, 1863, and his first experience with a parliamentary body was twenty-one years later when he was sent to Augusta to report the proceedings of the Maine Legislature as a newspaper correspondent. He soon found that parliamentary situations that stumped the members of the Legislature were simple problems to him, so he began, at first for amusement, to devote his leisure time to following out whatever parliamentary tangles came up to their logical conclusions. Afterward he took up the subject seriously and all of his spare time was devoted to the study of parliamentary law and parliamentary history. Before he had finished his third, and last, session as a legislative correspondent he had acquired an enviable reputation as an authority on parliamentary law. Mr. Reed was a specialist on the same question and one day he engaged in a controversy with a friend over a parliamentary point. The friend finally suggested that the decision be left to young Hinds.

"Who's Hinds?" asked the man upon whom afterward devolved the duty of counting a quorum in the House of Representatives.

"He's a newspaper man who has made himself the best parliamentarian in Maine," rejoined the friend.

Mr. Reed sought out Hinds and soon after their meeting offered to take him to Washington as his clerk. Before their friendship ended Hinds had pursued his studies of parliamentary law so far that Mr. Reed frequently and frankly admitted himself to be outclassed by his clerk.

The True Importance of the Position

Mr. Hinds had been at his post at the Speaker's desk for nearly four years before the House became duly impressed with the importance of his position. It was just before the war with Spain was declared that this came about. Speaker Reed's aversion to the mere mention of the possibility of war was well known to the members. Many of his own party were ruffled by his obstinacy and only waited the time to join with the Democrats and, figuratively speaking, toss their presiding officer in a blanket. One day there was a hot debate. Senator Bailey, of Texas, who was then the Democratic leader on the floor, had engaged the House in a parliamentary puzzle which became more and more involved as the debate proceeded. The time seemed auspicious for the tossing to begin. Speaker Reed unexpectedly made a ruling which, if maintained, would put a stop to the disorder. It was questioned by Republicans and Democrats alike, but he cited precedents in such profusion that the House was forced to accept his ruling as good parliamentary law. Later it was discovered that Hinds had led the Speaker out of the darkness and that by his thorough system of indexing his store of precedents he had been able to supply Mr. Reed, at a moment's notice, with the authority for his seemingly arbitrary action. Congress immediately became possessed of a desire to have Mr. Hinds' precedents at its disposal, and a bill was passed appropriating $3500 as remuneration to Hinds for preparing them for publication. It was a short task for one so familiar with his subject and the same year Hinds' Precedents were placed on the desk of every Congressman. They are seldom used in debate, however, for the book treats the subject so completely that it would take the average Representative a lifetime to become sufficiently familiar with them to make use of them in the haste of debate. Consequently most of the members rely upon Mr. Hinds for their parliamentary pointers, and in this way he has become not only the Speaker's

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"Flinch is sweeping the country."—*Boston Globe.*

Telegrams by the score begging for Flinch have been received from dealers daily this season, but our factories could not supply one-half the demand. Flinch is now made in the largest card factories in the world, and we hope to be able to supply the demand henceforth. If your stationer cannot supply you, we will. 150 finest quality cards. Your money back if you want it.

Sample cards and instructions FREE.

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FLORA MACDONALD, and Scotch Presbyterians, settled about (now) Fayetteville, Pinehurst, Red Springs. Good people, healthful section, easily reached. Safe investments, lots, large country tracts, to desirable parties. Beautiful seedling pines shipped. **E. R. MacKethan, 3 MacKethan Bldg., Fayetteville, N.C.**

prompter but the prompter of every member who takes part in debate.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, who will be the next Speaker of the House of Representatives, does not pretend to be a skilled parliamentarian. His is a mind which has an aptitude for figures rather than points of order, but Mr. Hinds is in good health, and as the House has just raised his salary is content to remain in his present position, so Mr. Cannon has no misgivings regarding his ability to successfully preside during debate. The increase in salary which Mr. Hinds received this session was most deserved. He formerly received $2200 and the recent raise granted him raises it to $3600. In addition, he is paid $1000 a year for preparing the digest and the manual of the House of Representatives, so that he earns $4600 a year, nearly the salary paid to a member of Congress.

During the last years of the late Thomas B. Reed as Speaker the Maine statesman dearly loved to engage in a parliamentary dispute with his prompter. Mr. Reed would frequently go out of his way to question a ruling made by Mr. Hinds, and debate would be delayed while the two argued the point.

According to the House employees whose duties keep them close to the Speaker's desk, where they could listen to these arguments, the controversy generally ended by Mr. Reed accepting Mr. Hinds' position and in so ruling to the House.

In Lazy Man's Land

WHILE soil physicists sent out from Washington are studying the great possibilities of the hemp industry in the Philippines, an official in the office of the Supervisor of the Province of Albay has written to Professor F. Lamson-Scribner, at Manila, Chief of the Insular Bureau of Agriculture, calling his attention to an alleged agricultural phenomenon of a remarkable character.

When a plunger of Anislag wood is used to make holes for the planting of hemp, the quality produced is softer and of far more durable fibre than that obtained from plants grown in holes made by other instruments, particularly of iron.

"It may be thought," added the official correspondent, "that this is nothing but an incredible superstition, but the most successful planters in the Philippines certify to its correctness."

This curious statement bears the indorsement of Ladislens Szily, Supervisor of the Province of Albay, and of a number of old hemp buyers and planters of the islands.

The American soil experts in the Philippines are accepting nothing for granted, but are subjecting every detail of the hemp industry to scientific tests. Whatever virtues inhere in Anislag wood as a hole-digger for hemp plants remain to be determined. In the mean time the soil physicists hold out encouragement to Americans to start hemp farms in the Philippines. Although over 111,000,000 kilos of hemp were exported during the last fiscal year, the value of which to Manila shippers was $14,453,110, the industry has only begun. At present the crudest methods are employed in cultivating the plant, and, through the primitive methods of harvesting, Government experts say, more than twenty-five per cent. of hemp is wasted.

Notwithstanding that the sale of hemp constitutes the greatest source of wealth in many parts of the Archipelago, large tracts of hemp farms, particularly in Sorsogon and other provinces of Luzon, are left unharvested and, are fast reverting into jungles. Other sections where wild hemp grows could be readily converted into prosperous hemp farms, and in fact, vast areas not now under cultivation would afford fruitful fields for hemp culture.

Manila hemp, or abacá, as it is called almost exclusively in the Philippine trade, is not identical with the hemp grown in America and other parts of the world. The botanical name of the Manila hemp plant is *musa textilis*. It is a species of the banana family. It thrives best on Philippine mountains near the seacoast. Many Philippine hemp farmers do not find it necessary to cultivate the ground. Plows, hoes and spades are not needed. A man starting a hemp farm merely clears away the underbrush and the largest trees, the rest being left for shade.

Three years from the date of planting the quantity of hemp harvested is only a question of how many natives the planters can secure to cut the plants and extract the fibre.

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Men Who Do Things

"The great want of the day is the man who can put his ideas into practice."

This thought in an editorial of The Saturday Evening Post of February 28 is the basis of a series of articles on men who have learned how to put their ideas into practice.

HERE is a true story that will interest every ambitious man and woman.

A man of thirty-two (we'll call him John Smith for the present) had lived all his life in a New England city without making any special stir in the community. He had been an office man, and a good one, too. But he had about reached the limit of that profession when he began to draw a salary of $18 a week. He might have been drawing that salary yet, but he was always looking for something better, and a couple of years ago he made a contract with a carriage company and began to sell carriages. He made more money than he had ever made before. But of course he wasn't satisfied. He could only see a limited number of people and consequently his business was limited.

He sold lots of carriages but he felt that if he could only talk to more people he could do more business and earn more money.

How was he to manage it? Why couldn't he state his case on paper and reach thousands of people instead of scores?

But that would be advertising; and he did not know anything about advertising.

One day he read the following advertisement:

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ER THIS ADVERTISE-rely that we will teach by mail; thoroughly, ou will then know why hroughout the country man.' You will know why our graduates are earning $25 to $100 per week. You will know why you should entrust your advertising education in the hands of the oldest, largest and most substantial institution of its kind in the world. You will also know why the majority of our students are taking the instructions through the recommendations of friends who have previously taken the course. Write for our 64 page prospectus and bundle of affidavits SENT FREE."

He wrote to the institution asking for particulars.

When the literature came he examined it. He arranged to begin the study by mail. Every lesson he applied to his own business.

He soon saw that he was taught how to put his arguments on paper so that other people would understand them as he did. That was what he was looking for. Now he could reach out into a broader field. He became enthusiastic.

He had sold a carriage to a New York business man who lived in his own town. The man was a heavy advertiser. One day Smith went down to the depot to take the train for New York. The business man was there, too. Smith managed to get in the same seat with him. Pretty soon the business man began to make up an advertisement. Smith became interested. The business man said he had to make up his own advertisements because he had no one in his concern who knew how.

"That is just my business," said Smith; "why don't you let me do it?" The business man was skeptical. Smith was persistent. Before they left the train Smith had some of the literature relating to the man's business and the leading facts to be presented in the next advertisement. Smith also had the business man's promise that if he ran the advertisement Smith was to write he would pay him $15.00 for it.

That night was a busy one for Smith. He studied the literature and the field to be reached by the man's business. The next day he mailed the advertisement which he had prepared. The next Sunday it appeared in the New York papers.

A day or two later the two again met at the depot. Without a word the business man drew two ten dollar bills from his pocket and handed them to Smith. He told him to keep it all; "The advertisement was worth it."

Then he wanted to hire Smith to write his advertisements.

What salary would he take?

Fifty dollars a week.

All the way into the city they talked the matter over. Finally, it was arranged that Smith should take charge of writing his advertisements. He was to receive $50.00 a week. That was two years ago. Smith was soon advanced to the management of the New York Office.

Smith's real name is Frank R. Fuller, manager for L. E. Pike & Co., of New York City, one of the biggest concerns of its kind in the world.

NOTE—If the readers of The Saturday Evening Post write to the original school of advertising, PAGE-DAVIS CO., Suite 418—90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, they will receive, free, an interesting prospectus setting forth the advantage of an advertising education. A most profitable and fascinating business for ambitious men and women.

The Moving Wheels of Pulverhook

PERMANENTLY SETTLED

By Hayden Carruth

IT WAS one day reported about town that Mr. Milo Bush was ill. For two days he had not appeared at his accustomed haunts. Arriving at his domicile I was relieved by being met at the door by the worthy citizen himself, though the next moment I regretted to hear that he had been kept at home by sickness in the family. But even this new cause of concern was speedily mitigated, to a certain extent, by the further information that the member of his family who was indisposed was a pointer pup. I would then have taken my departure, but Mr. Bush refused to listen to the idea and dragged me in. I understood his object but too well. Without preface or apology he launched upon the following narrative:

There was old Pulverhook. *Colonel* Pulverhook we used to call him, 'cause he come from North Carolina, or thereabouts. *Said* he did, anyhow. Reckon he did, prob'bly. Too lazy to lie, old Pulverhook was. Remember the day well that he struck town. Walked over from the depot carrying a carpet-sack big's a blacksmith's bellows.

"Reckon the strange party sleeps in his carpet-bag nights," says Abner Blackmark, a-sizing him up. "It's all right, I s'pose, if he likes it, but give me a snug *single* room."

Well, he come into the Headquarters House and sot his carpet-sack down in one corner and backed up to the stove and sort o' went to sleep standing up. Then pretty soon he dragged open one eye by main strength, h'isted his chin a little and says he: "The wheels of the kyar of scientific progress move steadily on'ard, though deeply embedded in the yielding sands of conservertism"—just like that he says.

"Old man," says Abner, in a kind voice, "put the kyar in your grip and carry it acrost."

"Sah?" says the old party.

"Pry the kyar up with a rail and put snow-shoes on the wheels," says Abner in a gentle tone; "don't take on so—you're amongst friends."

The old man settled down in our midst and made himself right to home. Lived here three years and never done a stroke of work. Used to mainly set on a dry-goods box in front of Shanks's and drum his heels on the side with a holler sound, and think and draw pictures of flying machines and perpetual-motion dinguses on a shingle.

And all the time the old gent was living on tick, reg'lar. "Charge it!" was his word at all the stores.

And the storekeepers done it, though mostly they charged it to one of us good sure-pay customers. Bymeby we seen that his game was played out. We talked it over and decided that he was too expensive a luxury. So that evening we dropped round to where he was living, and says Jap Bingerford:

"Colonel Pulverhook, as Cheerman of the Committee on Local Incumbrances, it is my onfortunate dooty to inform you that it is the

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ABSOLUTE comfort for the feet, freedom from sore, aching, tired, perspiring feet and corns and bunions. Up-to-date and stylish as well as comfortable—a combination "devoutly to be wished." Sold in every large city, either at exclusive Dr. A. Reed shoe stores or at best shoe dealers. Illustrated catalogue sent free showing 50 correct styles of men's and women's shoes, also cross section of the sole showing materials and construction.

The well known leathers and materials of the following manufacturers are used in the construction of these shoes—the best obtainable:

"Rock Oak" Sole

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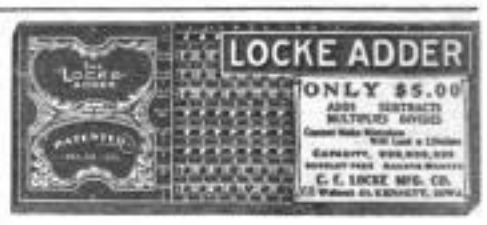

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sense of this yer community that you go out from us."

"Alars, I am not going to be oscarcized, am I?" says the old man.

"Fur from anything so crool," says Jap; "you must simply get out—that's all."

"But how?" goes on the old man.

"We have made it our pleasant priv'lege to provide the ve-hick-el," says Jap. "A oak rail, Colonel. Fetch on the rail, boys!"

"Alars, this is too much!" says the Colonel. "I thought to leave your hospiterable city in a flying machine for which I have drawred plans, and not on a rail, relic of them dark ages. But the wheels of the kyar of scientific progress move steadily on'ard though deeply embedded in the yielding sands of conservertism!"

Then we started acrost the prehayrie with him, we a-singing the pop'lar songs of the day. When we got out about two miles we sot him down and prepared to take our leave. The exercises were short and simple, as befitted the occasion. We then returned to town. Some said he would be back the next morning, but he wasn't.

"He has took the hint," says Jap. "He seen there was a sentiment in this town ag'in him, and he moved on. Clumb on to the kyar of scientific progress, mebby. How glad I am that we did not oscarcize him! Gentle measures are always best."

But that afternoon a settler come into town and said the old boy was still out on the prehayrie, drawing plans for some sort of contraption on the ground with a splinter off the rail.

"This won't never do," says Jap. "The open prehayrie with no protection ag'in the elerments except a rail is no place for a party of his age. We must not be crool. Let us go out and see what his plans for the future are." So after supper we took some grub in a noospaper and went out.

"Colonel," says Jap, "do you consider yourself permernently settled here on this knoll?" The old man sot up and says he:

"I am a martyr to scientific progress. I am ahead of my age. It is the old story. Do you know wot they done to Goliar when he invented the telescope and showed that the world buzzes round on its poles? Rid him on a rail out on to the prehayrie even as you done me."

"I recollect now reading 'bout it at the time in the noospapers," says Jap.

"And Goliar sot there even as I have sot here," says the old man. "History repeats herself. But the wheels of the kyar——"

"Yes, yes," says Jap, "we know about them wheels." Then we talked it over and concluded to leave him another night. We kept going out every evening, but he still hung on. On the third evening we found him more cheerful. He hopped up chipper as a spring lamb and says he: "Eurekar! Eurekar! I have solved it at last. I have found the missing link in my great invention. The Pulverhook Self-Sustaining Motor can now be perfected. The wheels of the kyar——"

"They move steadily on'ard," says Jap. "Let 'em move! Tell us about this yer motor." Then the old man talked without taking breath for twenty minutes, and we knowed less when he got through than when he begun. "But how am I to live?" he said in winding up. "I will tell you, gentlemen. I will issue stock in a motor company and for every dollar I receive in supplies or money I will give ten dollars in stock. It will take me six months to finish my model. In another six months my motor will be on the market and steam engines will rust in their tracks. Let me come back to your midst for six months while I finish my model. The wheels of the kyar——"

"Colonel," says Jap, "we'll hitch one of your motors to that kyar and make the yielding sand fly like a tornador. Boys, let's give him another chance." We talked it over and agreed to do so. "Come on," says we.

Then the old man clapped his hand on his back and says he: "Sleeping here on the prehayrie has give me a sort of a crick in my spiral colyum—reckon I'll have to go back as I come out." So we lifted him on to the rail and started back.

"Gents," says Jap, "I s'pose in a year from now you'll see even rails operated by his motor."

Well, the next day the old gent begun to tear around like a house afire. Got his stock printed at the Expositor office and paid for it in stock. Got a soap-box of groceries and paid for it in stock, and a ton of coal and paid in stock, and a lot of tools and lumber and iron and paid in stock, and a new soot of clothes and paid in stock, and borrowed fifty dollars and paid in stock, and then went

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OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY
239 Fifth Avenue, New York City

back to the printing-office and ordered more stock printed and told the boy to keep out what he jedged was right for the job.

Then he went to work, hammer and tongs, to make his motor. You could hear him hammering and bang-whacking and slam-banging away all day and half the night. He'd come tearing out every morning at half-past nine, like a setting hen coming off the nest, and go clucking round town on the dead run for 'bout a nour, selling stock, and then he'd go back and begin to lamjam things ag'in. This kept up all winter.

When we asked him to let us see his contraption, "No, no," he would say, "the time is not ripe. My motor is not yet perfected. Soon it will be and then you'ns shall see it. It is sure to succeed. Momentum and equilibr'um are at last going to work together. The Pulverhook Self-Sustaining Motor is about to reverlutionize the world. If you could take one or two more shares of stock it would put me through the week."

Well, it went on and on, him all the time selling us more stock and tearing round like a lunertic, till finally he said his model was done, and he invited everybody over to see it one afternoon. The room was 'bout full of stuff, and in the middle stood the critter, with wheels, and spiral tracks, and levers, and pipes, and dufunnies, and gilderflukes and everything you ever heard tell of.

"Gentlemen," says he, "you are now about to witness one of the greatest events which ever took place on this mungdane sp'ere. Would that some great painter like Michael Angell-oh was here to transfer the scene to canvas. Nothing can compare with it 'less when Columbus sailed out of the harbor of Peelhoss with his little fleet of the Niner, the Pinter and the Santa Claus. Columbus had his Iserheller—I have my faithful cit'zens of Sentinel Butte. Immejitly after the exhibition an opportunity will be give to all them who may wish to subscribe for a little more stock. Gentlemen, the wheels of the kyar——"

"Turn on the attraction of gravertation, old man, and let's see your contraption sagashiate," says Jap. Then the Colonel he pulled a lever, and says he:

"Behold, she moves! A new erar dawns! Out of darkness into light! The wheels of the kyar of——"

"Three cheers for the new erar!" yells Jap, and we give 'em, and all the time the thing was a-clanking and a-rumbling, and a lot of iron balls was a-going up around the spiral track and dropping into a kind of water-wheel, and going down and coming up again, and the old man was dancing first on one foot and then on the other, with a tear running off the end of his nose. Then at last he pushed back the lever and the thing stopped.

"That is one of its greatest beauties," says he; "it *can* be stopped. It would run on through the ages as long as the attraction of gravertation done its perfect work if we left it alone, but we *can* stop it if we wish, as you have seen. I propose to ship my model to Washington by express, and take the same train and there see about my patent. It is heavy to go by express, but time is money for all of us. This great invention must be got on to the market."

"Colonel Pulverhook," says Jap, "I think I voice the sentiments of this yer community when I say that we'd rather you'd ship on your model and then stay here yourself. We feel that we cannot part with you so sudden. Old man, you have twined yourself about our hearts, if I may so put it, and we cannot give you up. I think I speak for this yer little band of your loving friends," says Jap; which was the trooth, we having talked it over beforehand and decided that the old gent had got altogether too much of our money for us to afford to let him get out of our sight.

The Colonel bowed his head for a long time; then he raised it up and there was another tear on his nose, and says he: "Dear friends, I am touched. Not for many long years have I been so deeply moved. I am stirred to the innermost depths of my being. I *will* stay with you! It is not fitting that I should go. I will send on that model, though to part with it will tear my heart-strings, but I will stay in your midst. Here, and here alone, are my troo friends, them I love and respect, and them that love and I hope respect me. Excuse the tears of a weak old man, but this exhibition of your love is too much.

"A little more stock for the express," says the old man, and we each put up every last red cent we had. Then we went away, agreeing to call with a dray for the model early the next morning so's to get it off on

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the nine o'clock train. Till long past midnight we heard the old man hammering and pounding as he boxed the model. About eight o'clock the next morning we went around with the dray. The model stood by the door in a big box, all nailed up, and fastened with iron straps, and directed to the Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

"But where's the old man?" says somebody. Jap went over and peeked into the other room. "He's on the bed asleep," says he. "Worn out by the long strain he has throwed himself down and now slumbers peacefully as a baby. Poor old man, I reckon we oughter of treated him kinder. He's older than me, and I wasn't allus respectful. Boys," he goes on, turning to a passel of youngsters, "profit by my example. Yesterday I spoke harshly to Colonel Pulverhook and now I would that them words had never been spoke!"

"Wot about the box?" says Abner Blackmark. "We'll have to wake the Colonel for the express money if we are going to ship it."

"Never," says Jap. "Let us chip in and pay it. He'll give us more stock this afternoon." So we done so, and as we stood on the platform and watched the train speed away there were more wet eyes amongst us. "Gents," says Jap, "on this day we make history. Our names are not amongst them that are writ in water, as the feller said;" then he reg'larly breaks down and boohoos.

Well, we went back over town and set around feeling solemn and not saying much. It got along to four o'clock in the afternoon and still nothing was seen of the old man. "Perhaps he is sick," says somebody; "we oughter go up and see." So we went. Jap peeked into the bedroom and says he in a whisper: "He sleeps yet. Ought we to wake him?"

We decided we oughter, and Jap went in, tiptoeing along, carrying his hat in his hand. He touched the old man on the shoulder, then he sort o' started, then he grabbed him by the arm and yanked him off the bed and slung him up ag'in the ceiling, and when he come down jumped on him with both feet and begun to yell. "Beat, by thunder!" howls Jap, and we seen the hay busting out of the old man's clothes on the floor.

"Beat by a Tom-scatted fraud from North Carolina! Beat, great blazes!" and with every jump Jap's head struck the ceiling. "Beat by a Jim-snatched scoundrel from Buncombe County!" and the house shook as he jumped up and down and roared: "Beat! Beat! The heathen, the robber, the wolf in sheep's clothing! He was in that box we wet with our tears. Beat! Beat!" And he kept on jumping till he fell down, and crawled out into the other room unable to rise or yell but with his jaws still moving silently.

Then the rest of us made such remarks as seemed fitting to the occasion, after which we went through the booroo drawers and things without finding a cent. By this time Jap could stagger, and we started out. We heard a whine at the cellar door and opened it. Bill Purdy's big dorg which had been missing for a week come out. We went down in the cellar and found a tread-mill on which the dorg had stood and run the motor through a hole in the floor. In one corner laid the motor in a heap.

"Gentlemen," says Jap feebly, "the poet has said that some feelings lay too deep for words. This is them!" There was no sound as we filed out of the house save our solemn footfalls and the dorg wagging his tail.

Three days after we was in the post-office waiting sadly for the mail to be distributed. When it was about half done the postmaster put his head out of the winder and says he:

"Jap, here's a postal-card for you."

Jap takes it in a sort of weak way. "Read it, Jap," says we. He held it in the light and begun:

"Mr. Jap Bingerford: My Dear, Troo Friend: The wheels of the kyar of scientific progress move steadily on'ard though deeply embedded in the yielding sands of conservertism. Ever thine,

"GABRIEL PULVERHOOK,
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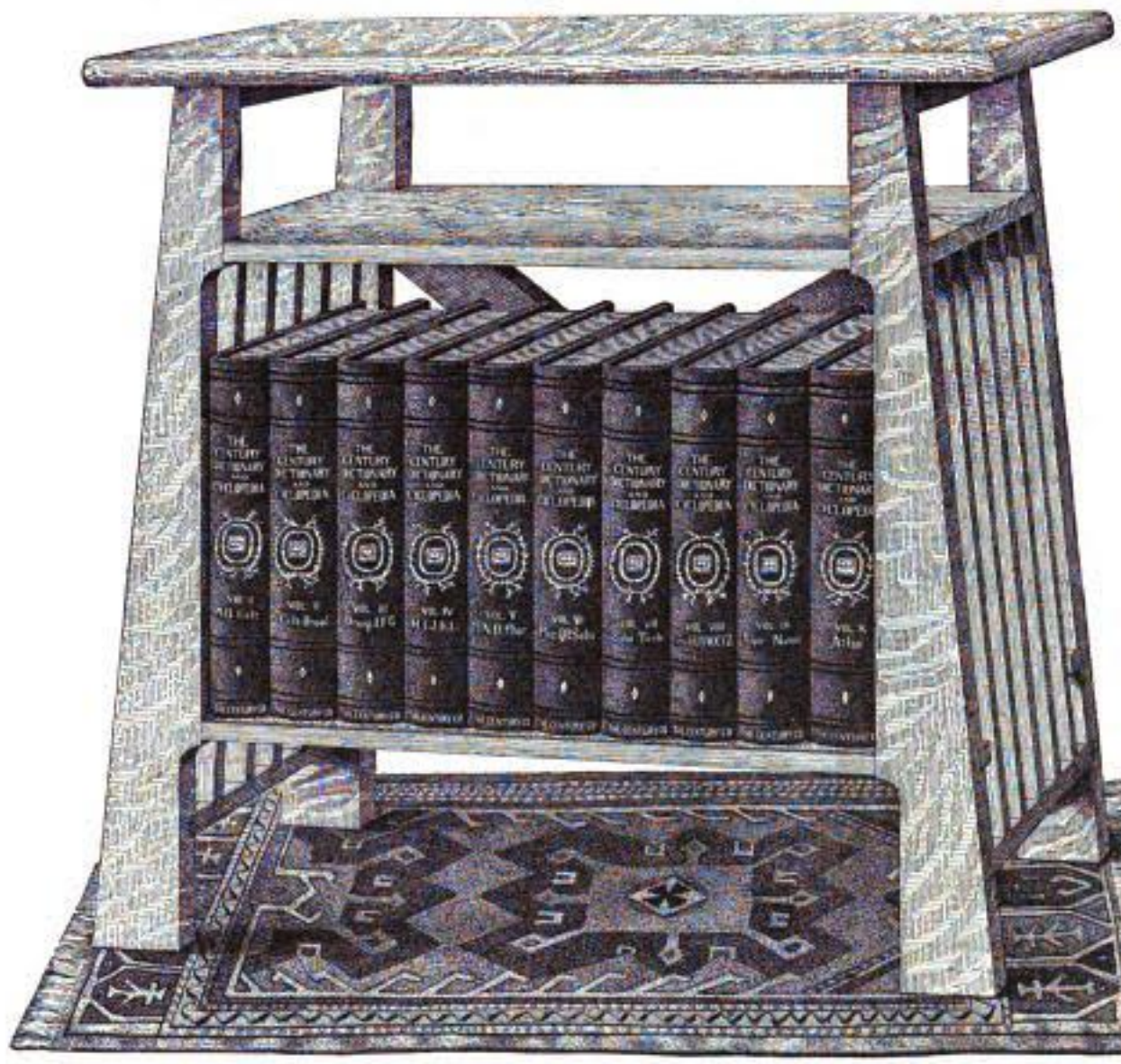

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Soul Sonnets of A Stenographer

BY S. E. KISER

XI

How handsome Teddy Roberts is! Last night,
When William had gone home and Ted and I
Were here alone, I heard him gently sigh,
As, standing with me in the fading light,
He took my hand, not asking if he might,
And, pointing out the window at the sky
All colored as with some soft, crimson dye,
Asked if I ever saw a lovelier sight.

How sweet the moment was! It seemed to me
As if we gently floated off in space,
Or out upon some smooth, enchanted sea:
The town was lost below us, and his face
Was very close to mine — regretfully
I drew away, evading his embrace.

XII

I wonder if it's best for me to wait
Till Death and she decide to turn him loose?
But fudge! I'll not seek trouble; what's the use?
Success waits not upon, but governs Fate:
I'll keep dear Teddy nibbling at the bait —
When William isn't watching, dear old goose —
And, if he presses, find some fair excuse
To make him hope that Time will set things straight.

Then, if the doctors pull her through at last,
And all my happy dreams are spoiled, and all
The splendid castles that I've built must fall,
I need not sit defeated nor downcast,
But, giving Love his victory, install
Ted in my heart, forgetting all the past.

XIII

Last Sunday afternoon I walked along
The splendid avenue where they reside:
I saw the house and thought of her inside,
And, half-oblivious of the passing throng,
Without once wishing anybody wrong,
I seemed to see myself there as his bride,
And, throwing all the doors of fancy wide,
I lightly hummed a happy little song.

How beautiful it was! How proud I'll be
When all the busy servants there are mine:
I'll have my breakfast brought to me at Nine
And make the butler dress in livery,
And, best of all, I'll have a chance to shine
O'er snobbish ones who now look down on me.

XIV

I met Nell Brackett last night in the street:
I'd hate to wear the new hat that she's got.
Poor thing, she thinks that she has Teddy caught,
And fancies that I'll occupy a seat
Away back near the door. Ah me! how sweet
'Twill be when I am Mrs. Worthalot
To nod at her sometimes and show I'm not
Too proud to see the old friends that I meet.

How sorry I should be to have to pad
The way she does to fill her clothes; they say
Her figure's something frightful. It's too bad
That girls should try to fool the men that way:
When I am William's I will make him glad
By wearing something low-necked every day.

XV

Poor Nell! She's said mean things concerning me:
But I forgive her. Goodness, what's the use
Of being angry at the little goose?
She's half beside herself with jealousy!
If everything turns out all right I'll be
Her dearest friend: I'll hoist a flag of truce
And help her get dear Teddy in the noose,
And show her that she's judged me wrongfully.

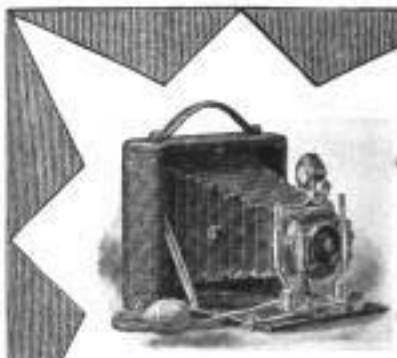
And when they're married I can fix it so
That Ted will be discharged, and then, when Nell
Comes humbly pleading for him, I will tell
Her how I pity her, poor thing, although
I'm very, very high and she is low,
And tell her to trust me — 'twill all be well.

XVI

I thought I'd see a fortune-teller who
Has told some wondrous things for friends of mine:
She told me that my horoscope was fine:
"You'll marry wealth," she said, "but only through
A charm I'll give can he be brought to you:
When he this lozenge eats for you he'll pine."
And over it she made a mystic sign —
The old hag charged three dollars for it, too.

The next day William said his throat was sore;
And when I'd given him the charm he bit
A little chunk and sat there chewing it,
Then suddenly jumped up and raved and tore
And knocked the dictionary on the floor —
I thought the dear old man would have a fit.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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READ THIS PAGE

We tell you here of methods that are new — practical methods proven so by actual test.

These systems have helped other bright business and professional men. They will just so surely help you.

To get the most work from yourself or from your employees you must have the proper tools for every purpose.

There are desks that save time, and chairs that save backache. They are all a part of system.

Old fashioned bound books for accounts are impractical and expensive. Loose leaf books allow of arrangement, rearrangement and expansion. They save time, for the yearly or semi-yearly opening of new books is done away with. They are self indexing. No outside index is required. The JONES LOOSE LEAF BOOKS have every advantage of any loose leaf book and more — absolute alignment of the leaves — a strong binder in which the leaves cannot move a hair's breadth. Every progressive business man should read Catalog I. It explains JONES LOOSE LEAF LEDGERS and how you can use them in your business. And there isn't a mercantile house in the country where they cannot be used to advantage.

Some business men are prejudiced against fountain pens. And that same prejudice has kept them from knowing how great a saving WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS would make in their office work. Continuous writing without dipping and blotting saves so much of a man's own time — and the time of his stenographers and clerks — that a pen pays for itself in a short time. But the fountain pen must be a "Waterman," else the bother and leaks and breaks might offset the saving. Catalog 5 tells all about Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, and of special pens made for modern office work. Write for catalog. If you are specially interested in manifold work, tell us.

The PROTECTOGRAPH will absolutely secure the integrity of your checks. It impresses a line like this:

NOT OVER FIVE DOLLARS 5

in strictly indelible ink upon any preferred part of the check so deeply as to make the line a part of the document itself and absolutely unalterable and ineffaceable. It is used by the U. S. Treasury and more than 10,000 financial and industrial institutions. The machine is a model of mechanical beauty, simplicity and efficiency. Write for Catalog 15 which tells some things about check raising and check protection that you may not know. A postal card will bring it.

The little things in an office sometimes save the most time, labor and money. RUBBER STAMPS, NUMBERING MACHINES, ETC., suited to your business, will aid you in a countless number of ways, and at little cost considering the valuable service they can render. There is system in using stamps, too, that you ought to know about. An ingenious little holder called "Rex" keeps them in order, clean and handy. The best ideas on Rubber Stamps and kindred articles are described in Catalog 12. New ideas for Rubber Stamps are being discovered almost daily. If you send for this catalog you will receive not only the latest and most practical ideas discovered up to date, but will be kept informed of new schemes that are being constantly originated in the leading mercantile houses.

Every man who conducts correspondence is interested in the question "Which is the best typewriter?" There are twenty-five substantial reasons why the OLIVER TYPEWRITER is the best machine the world has produced. So phenomenally successful has this machine become that it has proven its unqualified right to the title, "The Standard Visible Writer," and the business world has decided that its adoption increases quantity, improves quality and reduces expense. Strong claims — but easily proven. The wide range of the Oliver Typewriter's usefulness makes it easy to adopt systems heretofore impracticable except with the pen. Catalog 2 explains in detail.

The ADDRESSOGRAPH is as necessary to a modern office as steam is to an engine. With it an office boy can do in one hour what it formerly took ten clerks two hours to do. It not only addresses envelopes in exact imitation of typewriting, but also fills in names on duplicate letters, prints names and addresses on shipping tags, pay envelopes, time tickets, monthly statements and loose leaf systems. Thousands of business houses now have their lists of names arranged for the Addressograph and kept by States or Territories so that printed matter can be speedily sent to any special list. There is at least one place in your business for the Addressograph. Learn now what it will do. Catalog 7 describes it, and illustrates its many uses. Write for it to-day.

Modern business methods presuppose a convenient and orderly arrangement of papers. By the most approved system all orders, forms and records are spread on punched loose sheets, which are filed and classified according to the varying needs of each business. While in active use these loose sheets are kept in Holders if there be few, and in Binders if there be many; and when old the sheets are consecutively filed away in Transfer Binders as permanent records. The TATUM HOLDERS and BINDERS comprise 3 styles and 78 stock sizes. With them any one can easily start and maintain a loose-sheet system. These and other office devices are described in our printed matter. Ask for Catalog No. 16.

No office is considered complete without an EDISON MIMEOGRAPH. In these days of commercial competition there is no surer, quicker or cheaper way of quickening business than by employing the many means offered by this valuable machine. There is a place in almost any business where an Edison Mimeograph will save time and money. Perhaps you see no use for it in *your* office. You probably will after you read Catalog 6 and understand what a Mimeograph will do. It will pay you well to read it. Simply cut out and sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement, or better still write us a letter stating your business, and we can suggest methods to meet your requirements.

Time is money. This is particularly true in the commercial world. BAIRD'S No. 12 TIME STAMP makes an absolutely accurate record for every purpose where time counts. The receipt of correspondence, job time, the arrival and departure of employees and in countless other cases time is measured to the minute by this — the only durable time stamp. It is made of the finest materials, with finely polished steel bearings. The clock movement, being in an entirely separate compartment from the stamping mechanism, is unaffected by the hammer action. The price is remarkably low. Catalog 3 describes and illustrates the Baird Time Stamp.

For many years methods of accounting did not change materially, but when the BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE was placed on the market this branch of office work was revolutionized. To-day there are 12,500 of these great time savers in banks, mercantile houses, factories, wholesale and retail stores, etc. Wherever this machine is not part of an office equipment it is because its merits are not understood. The Burroughs Adding Machine bears the same relation to figures that the typewriter does to correspondence. It adds figures with ten times the speed of the quickest clerk and it is mechanically impossible for it to make a mistake. Described in Catalog 13. Write for it.

A postal scale is not a luxury — it is a necessity. The greater the amount of mail, the more actual necessity it becomes. The owner of a PELOUZE "MAIL & EXPRESS" SCALE will save its cost in a short time, and the heavier and larger his mail is the shorter the time will be. It tells the exact cost of postage on all mail matter. It weighs express packages up to 16 lbs. — every scale is warranted. Whether your mail list is large or small, it will help you to cut down your stamp bill. Catalog 10 will give you useful information about Reliable Postal Scales. Ask for it on the coupon.

No matter what you want to file — information, papers, samples, documents — there is a Shaw-Walker way to do it. And that way is the best way because it is the most simple. Shaw-Walker card systems are better than books — Shaw-Walker vertical letter files better than flat sheet cabinets — Shaw-Walker sectional bookcases better than solid ones. All are built in sections so they will grow as your business grows. Send to-day for Catalog 19. It tells all about SHAW-WALKER SYSTEMS. The book is concise, terse, yet complete. Costs the Shaw-Walker Company 38c. to send it, but they will do so gladly if you simply sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement.

AN ERICSSON INTERIOR TELEPHONE SYSTEM shortens office work, saves actual time, saves confusion. To some men such a system seems a luxury. All who have installed the system know it is an economy. Cheap interior 'phones soon get out of order. That's worse than no system at all. But the Ericsson is built to last — the same quality and style used on long distance lines. No other concern anywhere has studied the telephone system so thoroughly, or devised so many special instruments and attachments to save time and bother in office communication. The Ericsson system contains all the best features of other 'phones and some features found in no other 'phones. Ask now for Catalog 4.

There was a time when any old chair would do for the office. Business and comfort were not partners. But times have changed and ideas of business comfort have changed with them. MCCLOUD'S NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY ADJUSTED SPRING BACK CHAIRS have been important factors in the improvement. "Back Resters" they call them — because they give complete back rest while at work, thereby enabling the man at the desk or woman at the typewriter to accomplish more work with greater comfort. Catalog 14 describes the McCloud Chairs and shows the adjustment which fits the back.

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Mistaking the Person

By Dr. William Mathews

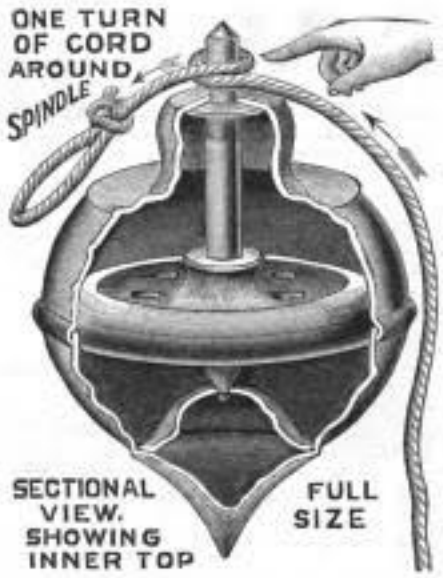
THERE is a capital story of a clergyman in England who was driving in a dog-cart near a railway station in the country, and overtook a gentleman who was walking toward a village that was at a long distance therefrom. Learning that the stranger was going to the village, he offered to drive him there. "Have you seen the papers to-day?" asked the parson when the stranger had accepted and taken a seat. "Yes; what is in them?" "Why, that rascal, John Bright, has been making another speech." "What was it about?" asked the stranger. The clergyman explained. "Well," said the stranger, "perhaps Mr. Bright was only expressing his honest convictions; perhaps, even, he may be right." "Oh, no," said the irate parson; "if I had him here I should just feel like shooting him." Before the men separated the stranger had promised to go to his new acquaintance's church on the morrow. The subject of the discourse was Mr. Bright's speech, and at the conclusion the gentleman whom he had invited to church thanked him for his able sermon. As the delighted rector was going home to dinner, a friend met him and said: "You have been preaching under distinguished patronage this morning." "No," said the parson. "Oh, yes, you have," replied the friend; "you had John Bright for a hearer."

How many of our readers have ever heard of Joseph Dennie, a native of Boston, one of the most polished writers of America a century ago? He was editor successively of the Tablet, the Farmers' Weekly Museum, a very popular paper at Walpole, New Hampshire, and the Portfolio, a literary periodical published in Philadelphia. To these he contributed a series of elegant and delightful papers under the pen-name of Oliver Old School, which won for him the title of "the Addison of America." He wrote with great rapidity, and put off the preparation of his "copy" till the last moment. It is said that one of the best of his lay-sermons was written in the tavern at Walpole when he and his friends were engaged in a game at cards. It was delivered to the printer's devil by piecemeal at four or five different times; and, if he chanced to be engaged in a game, he would ask some one to play his hand for him while he "gave the devil his due." One of the most remarkable incidents of his too brief career — for he was born in 1768 and died in 1812 — was his introduction to the great American theologian and educator, Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College.

It chanced that Doctor Dwight, at a time when his fame was at its height, was traveling in New Jersey and stopped for the night at a hotel in one of its large towns. At a late hour of the same night arrived also Mr. Dennie, who had the ill luck to learn from the landlord that all his beds were filled with two lodgers each, except one, which was occupied by the giant of theology, the celebrated Doctor Dwight. "Please show me to his apartment," said Dennie; "although I am a stranger to the Reverend Doctor, perhaps I can bargain with him for a lodging." With some hesitation and objection the landlord escorted Dennie to the Doctor's room, and there left him to introduce himself. The Doctor, who had just got ready his night-gown, cap and slippers, preparatory to divesting himself of his clothing for the night, courteously shook hands with the visitor and begged him to be seated. Struck with the intellectual physiognomy of his companion, he relaxed his usual severity of aspect, and, after the interchange of some words about the occasion of their interview, the two began a lively literary chat.

The characters of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, Brockden Brown, and scores of other eminent Americans were freely and brilliantly discussed, and each of the newly-made acquaintances was delighted with the other, when Doctor Dwight began to speak of Dennie. "Dennie, the editor of the Portfolio," said he earnestly, "is the Addison of this country, the father of American *belles-lettres*. In the purity and elegance of his style he has no superior. But is it not

Editor's Note — This is the second paper by Doctor Mathews on famous blunders published under the title "Mistaking the Person."



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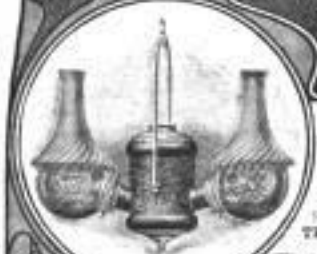

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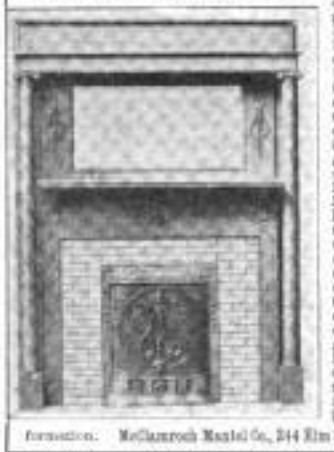

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Circulation Department of Outing, 225 Fifth Ave N. Y.

astonishing that a man of such genius should abandon himself to the inebriating bowl and to bacchanalian revels?" "Sir," said Dennie, "you are grossly mistaken. I have been intimately acquainted with that gentleman for years, and I never once have known him to be intoxicated." "Sir," protested the Doctor, "you err. I have my information from an intimate friend of that writer, and I am confident that you are wrong."

Dennie now ingeniously turned the conversation into another channel, and said: "I consider Dr. Timothy Dwight, the President of Yale College, as beyond all question the most learned theologian, the first logician, and the finest poet that America has yet produced. But, sir, I am sorry to add that there are traits in his character not only amazing in so great and wise a man, but absolutely repulsive. He is the greatest bigot and dogmatist of the age!"

"Sir," cried the man thus praised and defamed, "allow me to say that you are grossly mistaken. I have been long and intimately acquainted with Doctor Dwight, and I know most positively that your statement is untrue." "Sir," rejoined Dennie, "I beg your pardon, but it is you who are misinformed. I have the facts from one who knows the Doctor thoroughly, who is unprejudiced, and who, I am confident, could not be deceived." "No more slander!" cried the Doctor, springing from his chair and gesticulating with great earnestness. "I am Doctor Dwight, of whom you speak!" "And I," cried the other with equal earnestness, "am Mr. Dennie, of whom you spoke!" The astonishment of the great divine may be more easily conceived than described. The result of the stormy interview was that they shook hands and laughed heartily, and became for the rest of their days fast friends.

An amusing anecdote, worthy to rank with the foregoing, is told of William H. Seward when he was Governor of New York. It relates to the days when he, Weed and Hastings were a triumvirate that ruled the State—Weed being the head. Seward was one day journeying by stage to the northern part of the State—the backwoods—and sitting outside next the driver, who, not knowing who he was, chatted familiarly and frankly. Enjoying his incognito, the Governor thought it might be a good time to pick up some local political information that might one day be serviceable. Partly for this purpose, and partly to make the driver think he was a citizen of another State, he asked: "Who is Governor of New York now?" Quick as flash came the reply: "It is *Thurlow Weed*."

The danger of making a parade of scholarship when one has but a small stock of classic lore is well illustrated in a story of a young Oxonian, fresh from the University, who was one day making a display of his acquisitions in a stage-coach. Among the marks of learning with which he sought to garnish his conversation were some lines of Greek verse which, he said, were from Sophocles. Among the travelers in the coach was the famous classical scholar, Doctor Porson, who, roused from his slumbers in a corner of the coach by the Greek quotation, said to the student, as he rubbed his eyes: "You observed that the lines you quoted were from Sophocles. I do not happen to recollect them as his." "Oh, sir," replied the youth, "the quotation is word for word as I have given it." Upon this the Doctor, drawing out from a pocket of his greatcoat a small copy of Sophocles, quietly handed it to the young man, and asked him if he would be so kind as to point out the passage in question in that little book. After turning over the leaves of the volume for some time the Oxonian said: "Upon second thought, I now remember that the passage is in Euripides." "Then, perhaps, sir," said the Doctor, thrusting his hand into his pocket, and handing to the youth therefrom a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book." Again the Oxonian searched for the passage, but with no better success, muttering: "Curse me, if ever I quote Greek again!"

The tittering of the ladies increased his discomfort, but at last, "Bless me, sir," he exclaimed; "how dull I am to-day! I recollect now—yes—yes, I perfectly remember that the passage is in Æschylus." Once more the inexorable Doctor returned to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him a copy of Æschylus, when the astonished collegian vociferated: "Stop the coach! Halloa, coachman, *let me out, I say, instantly!* There's a fellow here that has got the whole Bodleian library in his pocket. Let me out, I say, let me out! *He must be Porson or the devil!*"

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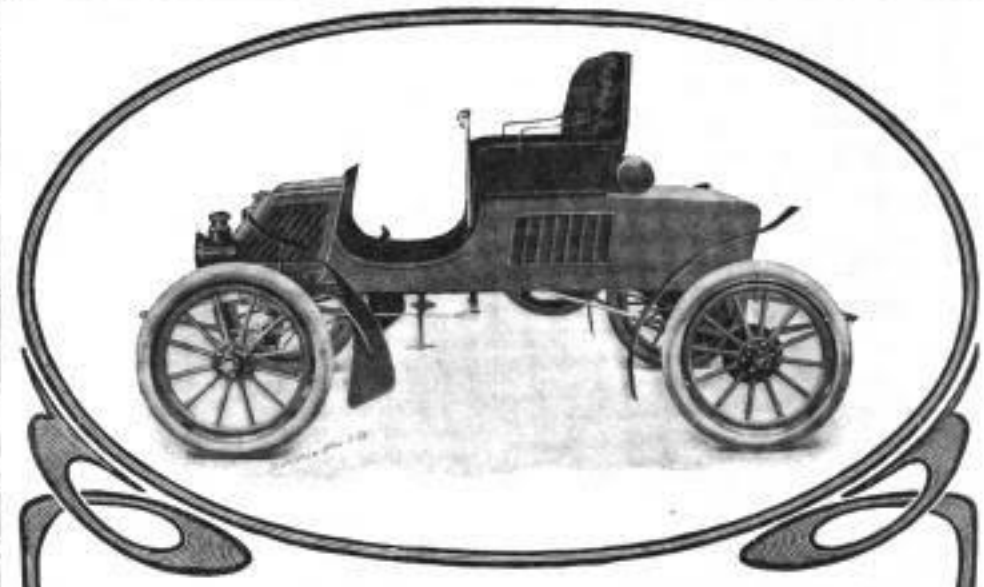

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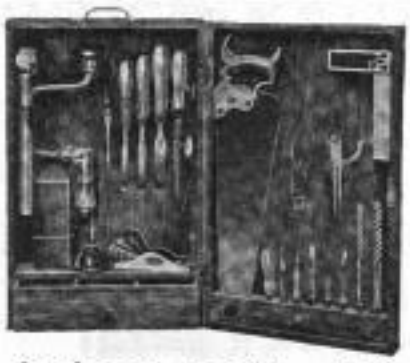

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A Woman's Washington

By The Congressman's Wife

SOMEHOW the coming together of the new Senate has been wonderfully suggestive of the coming together, in the old Biblical tale, of all the animate things of the earth, when they marched before Noah to be ticketed for the Ark. Not that the florally bedecked Senate Chamber and the clamorous galleries, which for once in a way Mr. Frye did not threaten to clear, bore much resemblance to the flood-time of Noah, but the assembling of Senators, arm in arm and two by two as they marched solemnly down the middle aisle and stood before Mr. Frye for their swearing in, did bring to mind very forcibly the old words of the Bible, "They, and every beast after his kind, went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh."

And these legislators, after the manner of Noah's animate creatures when they buzzed about for their places in the Ark, also buzzed around in the Senate Chamber for their seats.

I said to the new Member, whose own legislative hall had adjourned the day before *sine die*, and who was sitting beside me, an interested spectator:

"This grand scramble for seats reminds me of the old game of 'stage-coach,' where everybody at a word gets up to change seats." I leaned over the railing to scan the chamber. "How jovial everybody looks. Observe the monster slap that Senator Hanna has just bestowed upon Senator Foraker's back. And see, Senator Nelson has taken a fellow-Senator by the ear and tweaked him up from the sofa at the back of the chamber, and note the elaborate would-be polite exchange between Senator Gorman and Senator McComas, the twin Senators from Maryland. And Senator Tillman has not only just pulled down his own vest, but he's smoothing down Senator Spooner's as well. I am thankful that Mr. Slocum is to get away from Cherokee Strip at last. He and Senator Foraker are both to go over on the Republican side this session."

"I notice," said the new Member, "that each desk is supplied with the Red Book and each man will know the biography of every other man. And the two new Delaware men, Ball and Allee, will have to take their turn at Cherokee Strip. Smoot gets a seat way back on the Republican side, and Gorman gets his old seat. By the way, it is fifty years since Gorman entered the Senate."

"Fifty years!" I echoed incredulously.

"Yes; he entered the Senate exactly fifty years ago — as a page."

I swept my eyes over the row of boy pages clustered around on the steps at the foot of the President's desk, then across at Senator Gorman, half-hidden behind a mass of flowers. I was trying to realize that he had ever been one of these mischievous, shrewd, blasé youngsters, who can size up a statesman or play a prank with equal dexterity.

"Well," said I, "it is a far cry from a page on the steps to a Senator in his seat, but I have always heard that a determined man and a waterfall can be relied on to channel their own path. I wonder," said I, my mind on the Senate pages, "whether these youngsters have been made happy this spring by their usual can of maple syrup? You know, perhaps, that Senator Proctor has a famous maple grove up in Vermont, and every spring he gives each page a can of his best syrup, and such a *sugaring-off* as there is among them! I met a whole procession of these boys once filing out of the Capitol each with a can of maple syrup hugged to his breast."

Just here I saw that Robert and Senator P—— from the floor below were beckoning us to come down. We soon joined them. Robert said:

"We're going to take a recess. After recess the Senate is likely to break out into an epidemic of fight, so let us fortify with some luncheon."

"What's up?" asked the new Member.

"Oh," said Senator P—— dryly, "our Senatorial feelings are hurt. Your esteemed 'Uncle Joe' Cannon, before you adjourned yesterday in the House, hurled the word 'blackmail' at the Senate, and Hale has his dander up and is going to reply. We fear we are in for a regular *gabfest*."

"Goodness!" said I, "how in the world, then, if Mr. Cannon and Senator Hale are at

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daggers drawn, will they meet aboard the Dolphin in a day or two? For I hear they are both to be of the party that is going off with Secretary Moody on a cruise."

"Oh, they only fight in public," laughed all three men. "When they meet on the deck of the Dolphin Hale will extend the glad hand with his unfailing courtesy and with a twinkle, 'Uncle Joe' will take it with a corresponding twinkle, then 'Uncle Joe' will produce a stick of gum, which is his pipe of peace, and it will be all over."

"Do you mean to say," I asked of the new Member in surprise, "that Mr. Cannon, the future Speaker of the House, chews gum?"

"To be sure," said the new Member. "'Uncle Joe' can outdo any schoolgirl in the United States. He only likes a bit of gum while the sweet taste lasts, and can make a package of gum disappear in no time. We have joked him all winter about it over in the House."

"It is about like the taste in books that prevails in our body," said Senator P——. "Some of my colleagues have been reading incessantly lately, particularly while Morgan was holding forth in executive session. One of my friends sent over to the Library for a book, and he was so absorbed by it that I tiptoed over to see what he was reading. It bore the highly instructive title, Shadowed by Three."

"Another book," broke in the new Member, "that would make mighty interesting reading in the manuscript would be the private social register of one of these much-discussed social secretaries of smart dames. This social secretary is new to me. Do explain why and wherefore she exists, Mrs. Slocum."

"Oh, well," said I, taking up the vexed question, "the social secretary is a fashion, a fad, with smart dames. She is a necessity in some cases—but in very few cases, I must say. There are secretaries and secretaries in Washington. There is the young woman who takes it up professionally and who is willing to efface herself socially. She works at it systematically, and does not permit her own prejudices or animosities or ambitions to appear in anything she does. Then there is the sweet young woman who only desires to 'help Pa,' and who incidentally thereby keeps some part of Pa's perquisites in the family which otherwise would go to an outsider. Then there is the really truly social secretary, who only goes into the smartest, highest establishments. She is usually the scion of some old family whose social greatness does not match its fortunes. This young woman knows everybody. She is ambitious and she is a real power. She dispenses dinner invitations, tea and snubs impartially, and——"

"Then she does exist? She does snub?" asked the new Member.

"Yes," said I, "she does exist. She does snub, and it is more important to be in her good graces than in her employer's. She has to work like a galley-slave, for she keeps three sets of books—the dinner book, the luncheon book and the book with the visiting list, which she weeds out zealously every few weeks. She pours tea at afternoon receptions and keeps her eye upon every visitor who enters the doors of her patroness. If there is any snubbing to be done she does it, not only for her patroness but often upon her own account. If she is serving an official family she divides her patroness' list of friends and acquaintances into lots, sort of job-lots. She separates the sheep from the goats, of course, and oddly enough there are some people in Washington who resent being put in the category of the latter——"

"Whew!" ejaculated the new Member with so much vim that Robert and Senator P—— both laughed. Then he asked:

"How many social secretaries does the town boast of? and are these young women well paid?"

"Oh," said I, thinking a minute, "I only know of two or three who are in any way autocratic, and their pay is——"

"Is about proportioned," interrupted Senator P—— cynically, "to what they are able to accomplish, I imagine. It's about like what Audley, the famous annuity monger, once said was the value of a certain office in his time. 'Some hundreds to any one who wishes to get to Heaven soon, twice as much to him who does not mind being in purgatory, and nobody knows what to him who is not afraid of the Old Harry.'"

"By the way," said Robert, mentioning some gossip that was about town, "I hear that Secretary Hay is going to become a Marylander—that he is to become Lord Proprietary of the old Lord Baltimore estate, just over the border of the District, in Maryland."

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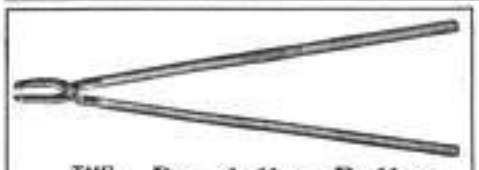

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"Yes," said Senator P——, "it is true. Hay has just bought eight hundred acres and the old manor house, Mt. Airy, better known among real old Marylanders as 'His Lordship's Kindness.' This old manor is part of an original grant from Charles the First to Cecilius Calvert, second Lord Baltimore. The present house, low-roofed, two-storied and rambling, was built in 1666, and has never passed away from the Calverts until now. Cecilius Calvert and his father before him, George Calvert, were two of the most magnificent specimens of lofty, high-minded men that ever came to this or any other country to settle. It was nip and tuck, though, that the whole grant of Maryland was not called Crescentia, as that was the name the King had set his heart upon, and we should have been writing 'Baltimore, Crescentia,' instead of 'Baltimore, Maryland.' But Lord Baltimore diplomatically reminded the King that as Virginia had been named for the great Tudor Queen, it would be a compliment to his own fair Stuart spouse to call the new land for her. As Charles was rather partial to his Queen, Henrietta Maria, he took up with the notion, and the grant was made out for 'Terra Maria,' the Land of Mary. Lord Baltimore's own wife's name, Anne Arundel, was given to one of the counties afterward in the new State. Mt. Airy as it stands to-day is picturesque and entirely Colonial."

"I hope, then," said I, "that he will keep the place with its history and its traditions intact, and above all that he will keep the old name, 'His Lordship's Kindness.'"

"That is a very pretty bit of sentiment," commented Robert, "but history and traditions were never yet known to keep out the rain when the roof leaked. It would be like what I heard a Southern man style, 'Cultivating ruffles to the neglect of the shirt.'"

"Ah," chuckled the new Member, "have you heard the apt saying or story of a Southern man lately, in answer to General Basil Duke, apropos of the President's Southern policy? Well, it was at the alumni dinner of the University of Virginia and General Basil Duke, as you all know, stood by the President's negro policy in a taking, clever speech, and then Walton Moore, former State Senator of Virginia, got up and quite brought down the house. He said:

"'I can only say, gentlemen, in reply to General Duke's attitude and that of our President in this matter, that I once knew a clever old negro named Rastus who determined to buy his freedom. He found that he was valued at sixteen hundred dollars, but that his easy-going master was willing to take eight hundred dollars for him; so Rastus went to work. He had various small trades at his command and in due time had raised six hundred out of the eight hundred dollars, which he took to his master and deposited on account. Then he was so jubilant he thought he would celebrate the event with a coon hunt, and asked two negroes from a neighboring plantation to join in it. When the hunt was over and the coon was safely bestowed in a gunny-sack it was just daybreak and the three negroes sat down on the railroad track to rest, when without any warning of whistle a train came along and before you could say Jack Robinson all but Rastus were run over and killed. Rastus took to his heels and tore home. Early as it was, he awakened his master.

"'Master, Master! Is you done got dat six hund'ed dolla's I giv you?'

"'Why, Rastus, of course I've got it.'

"'I want it back, Master.'

"'But, Rastus, in a few months you'll be free. Why do you want the bargain off?'

"'I's jus' don' learnt, Master, dat darkeys is mighty pe'ilous prope'ty, an' I jus' wants de money back.'"

"I suppose he got it?" I inquired when the laugh had died down.

"Oh, of course," returned the new Member, "but that story did not stop there; it kept on till it got up to the White House."

"There are more good stories that travel to and from the White House than I have ever heard before in all my forty years in Washington," said Senator P——, "and not least among them was what the sheriff of Deadwood said to the President the other night at the musicale up there. Madame Schumann-Heink had just sung one of those big things that run up the scale, and the President, anxious to know how it impressed his old friend from the West, said enthusiastically:

"'Well, Sheriff, what do you think of that?'

"'Oh, Mr. President, I don't know what to think. I never got that high up the gulch!'"

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By A. Maurice Low

MR. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

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The man to whom this offer of a comfortable fortune had been made did not hesitate.

"Impossible that I should consider the offer at this time," he said.

This conversation took place the day after the burial of President McKinley. Mr. George Bruce Cortelyou, the former President's secretary, and not only his secretary but his intimate friend and trusted adviser, between whom and his late chief existed a bond as close as that between father and son, returned to Washington with a heart bowed down with sorrow. After the long strain and vigil of Buffalo, where hope wrestled with fear, there followed the even more agonizing days of the funeral in Washington and the last ceremony in Canton. Physically wearied from all that he had undergone during those tragic days, depressed in spirit, he returned to his home late that evening and found waiting there the representative of one of the most prominent publishing houses in the world. I do not pretend to give a verbatim account of the conversation that followed, but in substance it is accurate.

The $100,000 Contract

Mr. Cortelyou's caller introduced himself and stated that his house wanted Mr. Cortelyou to write a life of President McKinley, which was to be the only official and authentic biography. Because of his intimacy with the late President, because of his knowledge of the secret history of all the events leading up to the Spanish war and the diplomacy that followed it, because he possessed original letters and other material that no one else had, because of his literary ability and the confidence that the country had in him as an impartial biographer and historian, he had been selected for the task. Mr. Cortelyou could take his own time about furnishing the manuscript; all that the publishers wanted at that time was his signature to the contract.

This alluring offer was placed before Mr. Cortelyou with all the impressiveness that a skillful advocate, strong in the commanding position of his house in the publishing world, knows how to employ. As the climax, the agent told Mr. Cortelyou that his fee would be $100,000, to be paid to him so soon as he affixed his signature to the contract and it was accepted by the firm.

Mr. Cortelyou is not a rich man, he has a family of young children to provide for, and one hundred thousand dollars in a lump sum is a thing not to be despised by a sensible man who can make it honorably, and yet the offer, magnificent as it was, did not cause him to hesitate for a moment. He told his visitor that he could not entertain it for the simple reason that the thought of turning his intimacy with the late President and the confidence and trust that he reposed in him into money was abhorrent to him and nothing

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would induce him to do it. The life of President McKinley will be written at the proper time, said Mr. Cortelyou in substance, but that time has not yet arrived. Whoever writes it must do so as a labor of love and duty, as an historian who would give to the American people facts in connection with one of the most interesting periods in their national existence, and not because of the money that he may make from it; he must wait until time has softened some things and developed the proper perspective; until, in short, he can approach his subject in the attitude of the historian rather than the partisan.

The agent made a feeble attempt to induce Mr. Cortelyou to reconsider his decision, but saw that he was inflexible.

That ended the negotiations.

This incident is the epitome of Mr. Cortelyou's character. Equally characteristic of the man is his surrender of $50,000 a year for $5000 because again he believed that it was his duty both to the living and to the dead to make the sacrifice, and it assumes all the greater proportions when one remembers that Mr. Cortelyou, being a sensible man, has a proper appreciation of money and all that money means. After the death of President McKinley three great corporations were anxious to secure Mr. Cortelyou's services, and one of them offered him a salary of $50,000 a year. They had gauged his executive ability and were willing to pay for it. But Mr. Cortelyou had in mind the mass of loose threads left hanging at McKinley's death which he alone could properly knit together. Had Mr. Cortelyou retired at that time almost endless confusion would have been caused, and designing men, taking advantage of the new President's ignorance, would have profited by it to the ultimate disadvantage of the Republican party. Mr. Cortelyou, realizing this, and deeply sensible of the obligations he owed to the man who was dead as well as those men living who had always been his friends, determined that even at his own cost he would remain with the new President, and what added to his determination was the request at once made by Mr. Roosevelt that he continue to fill the office of Secretary to the President.

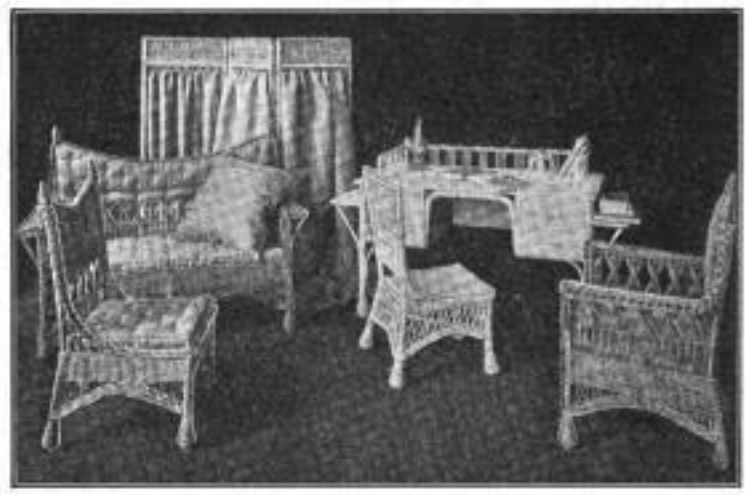
Musician, Teacher, Stenographer, Secretary

This is one side of his character. There is another side—a side which few people except his most intimate friends know, and which shows that his intense practicality is tempered by idealism. After a term of study on Long Island—and parenthetically it may be remarked that there he met the girl who was later to become his wife; she was then merely a child, but with that steadfastness which has always characterized him he never forgot her, and when the proper time came he married the love of his boyhood days—he graduated from the State Normal School at Westfield, Massachusetts, and decided to make music his life-work. His love for music is inherited and has been transmitted. His father, though not a professional musician, was a distinguished amateur, and Mr. Cortelyou's children, although they are still quite young, have shown a marked talent for music. Mr. Cortelyou went to Boston and while still studying and earning a living devoted all his spare time to music, and as a student of a Boston conservatory applied himself diligently to acquire a musical education. After a year of hard work it dawned on him that the life was rather a narrow one, and that though it was a good thing for a man to have a knowledge of and a love for music, it was perhaps not the best profession to which he could devote himself. He felt then that he needed a wider field for his activities, and although the temptation was strong to be an artist he put it behind him and went to New York to get into the thick of the fight. In New York, after teaching in a stenographic school, he took the civil service examination and was then appointed stenographer to a post-office inspector.

He had no influence behind him; he was not appointed because some politician in high standing had asked for the appointment, but simply on his merits. As a stenographer he did so well that later he was transferred to a more remunerative place in the Post-Office Department in Washington, and here he remained until the second Cleveland Administration came in, when Mr. Maxwell was appointed Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, and Mr. Cortelyou in the ordinary routine found himself assigned as the new assistant's stenographer.

Mr. Maxwell was a Democrat and Mr. Cortelyou was a Republican, and in the

W. & J. Sloane



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circumstances Mr. Cortelyou had no idea of permanently retaining his place; in fact, it was his belief that inside of a month or so, when Mr. Maxwell had learned the run of his office, he would select a Democrat for his confidential man, and Mr. Cortelyou would be transferred to some other place. But Mr. Maxwell soon saw that in Mr. Cortelyou he had a most competent and efficient assistant. He made the discovery that other men have made since, that Mr. Cortelyou was almost invaluable to him, and that it would be extremely difficult to find another stenographer who displayed such ability and could so intelligently anticipate the thoughts of his chief. So Mr. Cortelyou remained with Mr. Maxwell, and soon Mr. Maxwell began to tell Postmaster-General Bissel of the great prize he had in his office. In that way Postmaster-General Bissel became interested in Mr. Cortelyou, and when a stenographer attached to the White House force resigned and President Cleveland mentioned at a Cabinet meeting that he wanted a good man to fill the vacancy, Mr. Bissel suggested Maxwell's prize stenographer and Mr. Cortelyou won another promotion.

The first time that Mr. Cortelyou was called in to take the President's dictation he considered it was proper for him to say to Mr. Cleveland that he was a Republican.

"Never trouble about a man's politics in a confidential position," was the reply. Mr. Cleveland was a good judge of men, and knew in whom to repose confidence. Mr. Cortelyou remained at the White House during the Cleveland Administration, and there, as everywhere else, won not only the respect of his superiors but impressed them with his ability and quick grasp of things. When Mr. McKinley entered the White House and appointed John Addison Porter his secretary Mr. Cortelyou was again promoted to the post of assistant secretary, and after the death of Mr. Porter he was made Secretary to the President.

To Young Men Beginning Business

Mr. Cortelyou speaks as follows to young men beginning business:

"If men spent as much time in doing their work and perfecting themselves in trying to do it still better as they do in endeavoring to secure political influence, and promotion on the strength of that influence, it would be much better for them, and their success would be more rapid." He added that his experience had taught him that in the Government service, as everywhere else, in the long run merit tells. Here and there, of course, luck or favoritism helps a man and for the time being he pushes rapidly to the front, but it is the old story of the hare and the tortoise. The man who wins in the race of life is the man who has staying qualities and who uses his brains. "The trouble with so many men," Mr. Cortelyou continued, "is that they are lacking in the essential qualities. For instance, you find a stenographer who may be a good stenographer in so far as he can take down the words you utter and accurately reproduce them, but who is simply a machine. If, for example, you should make an obvious mistake, or if, as so often happens in dictation, you use a plural where manifestly the singular is intended, the stenographer will transcribe it without having either the intelligence or the desire to make the correction or to call your attention to it. Again you find a good stenographer who has absolutely no initiative or no imagination. Give him the exact words to write and he will write them, but give him merely a skeleton and trust to him to dress it up, and the chances are that he will be unable to do it. Then there are the men who never appear to get into close touch with their superiors or to understand their idiosyncrasies, so to speak, who every day must be told the same thing and who only do just exactly what they have to do. Another class is composed of intelligent men who begrudge their work, and who think that when they are employed to do certain things they must not be asked to do any more. These are the men who show in various ways that they regard it as a hardship, and in fact as an imposition, to be asked to work half an hour overtime. Now, when you find a man who combines all the qualifications that are requisite he is bound to succeed. Men may think at times that their work is unappreciated, but good men are always in demand and the employer recognizes ability when he finds it."

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is not 33 per cent better than others. My superior location on Lake Erie, where iron, steel, coal, freights and skilled labor are cheaper and best, enables me to furnish a TOP NOTCH Steel Range at a clean saving of $10 to $25. Send for free catalogues of all styles and sizes, with or without reservoir, for city, town or country use.

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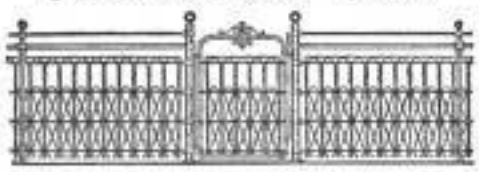

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The Reading Table

The American Way

MR. BOWEN has a way of assuming that others agree with him, that often gains him his point.

A staff photographer for a well-known journal sought audience with the Minister to Venezuela at the hour in Washington when several Ambassadors were to be in consultation with him on the question of preferential rights. The man wanted the photograph of all these distinguished persons sitting together. Foreign diplomats usually object to the American way of photographing important persons at important moments. This the photographer knew, and when Mr. Bowen told him to come right in and prepare his camera near the table and await the gathering of the men, the photographer hesitated, fearing to make an unpleasant scene.

"Do as I tell you," said Mr. Bowen, "and you will get the picture. Have everything ready for the final snap."

When Ambassador Herbert and Baron Speck von Sternberg had made the distinguished party complete, the Minister to Venezuela said as he waved his hand toward the camera: "This gentleman has asked to take a photograph of us. I told him that I had no objection to his doing so, and I assumed that you would not have any, either."

Snap went the button and the picture was taken and the camera down before the distinguished foreign Ministers thought it out.

A Case of Precedence

SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR, the venerable Senator from Massachusetts, who has played so serious a part in the Upper House, has moments of clever small talk that make his wit as much appreciated in the drawing-rooms as in debate.

One of the delightful things he said was at a large formal dinner at the White House. As the guests were leaving the receiving-room the Hon. Charles Emory Smith was just in front of Senator Hoar. The ex-Cabinet Minister at once stepped aside and insisted that the Senator from Massachusetts precede him. There was a moment's polite parleying while Mr. Smith argued that a man in the Senate should precede an ex-Cabinet Minister.

"Ah, no," said Senator Hoar, bowing. "The X's precede the Y's" (wise).

Webster and the Highwayman

IN THE ante-railroad time, Daniel Webster once rode by night from Baltimore to Washington. Having no other companion, the great statesman, it is said, contemplated the face of the holder of "the ribbons," which had a very forbidding aspect, with much uneasiness. Ashamed of his suspicious fears, he had nearly reasoned them away, when the men came to the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington, where he felt his courage oozing out at his fingers' ends as he thought what a fitting place it was for murder. Suddenly the driver turned toward him and gruffly demanded his name. It was given. Then followed the demand, "Where are you going?" "To Washington; I am a Senator," said Webster, thinking his worst fears were about to be confirmed.

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It is 54 inches long, made from extra quality **Black Coque Feathers.** Very stylish for spring and summer wear. Will be all the rage this season in all large cities. Nothing can add more to your appearance, nothing will set off a handsome dress or costume like one of these **Feather Boas,** and we give you the chance of a lifetime to earn one free. This is an extraordinary offer and will not be duplicated by any other reliable concern. We will guarantee to treat you right, and shall expect the same treatment in return. Your credit is good with us, we trust you for the jewelry until you sell it, taking back all you cannot sell and allowing you a cash commission on all sold. Send today and you will have this **Feather Boa** in a few days. Be the first to order in your locality. Address us this way

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"SENATOR LODGE," remarked one of his colleagues, "is naturally proud of Massachusetts, and is not disinclined to believe that children of that commonwealth have no superiors in any part of the country in the matter of mental equipment.

"Nevertheless he takes pleasure in telling a story of a Boston child who wrote to him asking him to procure a copy of 'The big volume of the Coast and Geodetic Report.'

"Senator Lodge was naturally pleased that a Boston child should make a request for a work which dealt in transcontinental triangulations and azimuths, but wishing to be certain in regard to the work desired he replied in a letter setting forth the contents of the various volumes of the latest report of this important branch of the Treasury Department, concluding his letter with the request that the applicant specify the particular book desired.

"'I don't care what reading matter the book contains,' came the naive reply; 'I want a big, fat book, good for pressing leaves.'"

The Columbus of China

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL, the eminent physician and novelist, has had many honors conferred upon him, but he probably cares most for those shown him by the Mikado of Japan. This intelligent and progressive ruler asked that Doctor Mitchell be presented to him. The story has leaked out, from Americans living in Japan, that much of the enthusiasm of the Mikado for the writer was due to an inspired speech made by Doctor Mitchell when he was presented at the splendid Japanese court. It was just at that moment when China was in the limelight of the nations. When Doctor Mitchell was presented with all the great formality due to the Emperor, he said:

"It is the happiest moment of my life to meet the man who discovered China to the world."

The Sweet-Fern Cigarette

By Joe Lincoln

Oh, the sweet-fern cigarette!
Them old smokes we use ter get
When the world was all ter-morrow
And there warn't no words like sorter,
Work or debt;
Barefoot youngsters, nine or ten,
Puffin' just like grown-up men,
And a feelin'—land, yes! feelin'
Twice or more as big again.

Oh, the sweet-fern cigarette!
Lawsy! I remember yet
How we use ter roll and stuff 'em,
How we use ter light and puff 'em.
Proud, you bet!
'Neath the bushes in a row,
Dreamin' dreams and talkin' low,
Hopin' we looked old as father,
And just wishin' it was so.

Oh, the sweet-fern cigarette!
Seems if I can see it yet;
Wrapper—well, 'twant reel Havanner—
Tote out of the Weekly Banner,
Gossip's pet,
With the fern leaves rolled inside,
Crinkled, twisted up and dried—
Mebbe 'twasn't Manuel Garcia,
But, by jings! it satisfied.

Oh, the sweet-fern cigarette!
My! how plain I smell it yet
Mixed up with the scent of grasses
And of green pine-needle masses,
Dewy wet,
And of medders all ablaze
In the sunny August haze,
And the bayb'ries hot and spicy,
Sleepin' through the summer days.

Oh, the sweet-fern cigarette!
Lawsy! how I'd like to get
Somethin' somewhere with its flavor,
With its reel old down-home savor!
Like ter set
There behind the pastur' wall,
Free from years and care and all,
And blow smoke dreams with the fellers
That I knew when I was small.

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We have remaining on hand only a few sets of our special half-price Club edition of the "World's Best Music," and these will be closed out at a bargain to those who order promptly. If you send us your order at once you will be in time to obtain a set at half-price and on the little-at-a-time payment plan. **Write us a letter today,** enclosing the coupon cut from this advertisement, and a set will be forwarded to you, **express prepaid,** for examination. It will cost you only a two-cent stamp to examine this musical library, and decide for yourself as to its merits. The set contains **2,200 pages** of the best sheet music—carefully selected by an experienced staff of music editors, headed by Reginald De Koven—and handsomely bound and indexed. If you were to buy it one piece at a time it would **cost you over $200.00.**

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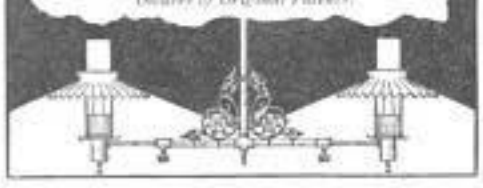

Getting On
Young Men and Old in Business

The Man Who Took Advice Backward

By Charles Battell Loomis

THERE was once a man who loved to make money. He toiled early and late, and at last, by patient persistence and unwearying efforts, he amassed a fortune so much greater than he could possibly spend upon himself that the editors of those journals that are self-constituted balance-wheels on the body politic told him that it was time for him to stop; that it was criminal for him to pursue the dollar any further; that he should give a chance to others.

Now there are some types of millionaires who are not moved one whit by the arguments or the mockery of editors, but this millionaire was an exception. He went home and said to his wife: "I perceive that my amassing of money has been in the nature of a crime against society and it would be wickedness for me to gather together even so small a sum as a thousand dollars more. I have spent fifty years—happy years—absorbing money; now I will sit under my vine and fig tree and think over my work which I had not supposed criminal until the editor of the Daily Howler opened my eyes. I plainly see that I have been selfish: I will be selfish no longer. Let others make what they will; for me, I am done."

So he called together his lieutenants and helpers to the number of five thousand and said:

"I am this day minded to stop my selfish pursuit of the mighty dollar. The Daily Howler has shown me that it is no less than criminal for me to seek to make further money when there are so many men who are waiting to become millionaires. Go to your homes and do what you will; for you no more will the whistle sound, the great wheels will no longer revolve, the smoke of the chimneys will go up no more forever. Forgive me in that I did not sooner see my duty. I cannot unmake what I have made, but from this day forth my mills shall be as ruins and you my helpers shall be free to live your lives in your own way."

And a babe and suckling of two summers who had the gift of speech rose and said:

"It seems to my limited understanding that you take a wrong view of the case entirely. If you were making your money by your own individual efforts, unaided by others, or if your ways were merely those of a clutcher who buys and sells on a margin and whose work benefits none save his brokers, then it would be well to heed the advice of the Daily Howler and the other papers whose editors work for love, and put a stop to your money getting; but your prosperity means the prosperity of this entire community that has grown up around your mills. When your machinery is running overtime to coin money for you it is also providing extra wages for your superintendents and machinists and their subordinates, and it is enabling their wives to buy not only food but some of the things that go to make life something more than drudgery. Cut off the stream at its fountain-head and you yourself stop drinking of its waters of increase, and you doom thousands to a drought."

And the millionaire said:

"I'm blest if I know where you learned that song and dance, but it is covered from end to end with horse-sense of the best quality and I am glad you tuned up.

"The Daily Howler may join the other jackals, but as for me I will keep the wheels running and the smoke pouring and the whistles blowing until I am too old to do any more work."

And he made a cooperative company of the concern and increased the plant; so the Daily Howler did some good after all, for its advice was taken backward, which is often the best way to take advice.

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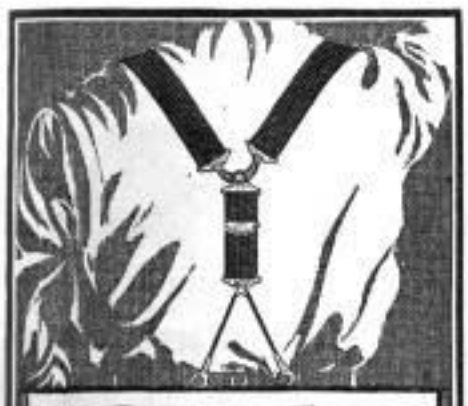

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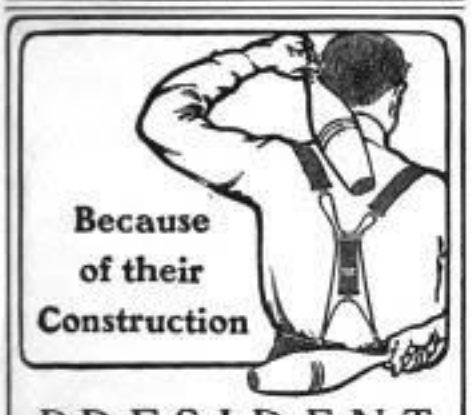

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How a Business was Saved

By Archibald W. Shaw

MANY a critical business situation has been brought to a successful issue because some employee refused to accept flattering "surface indications" as final and had the hardihood to question the desirability of certain lines of policy and practice which were held in high favor by his superiors and associates.

Repeated and insistent examples of this kind of a situation have been forced upon my attention, in the course of my experience as a professional business systematizer, until I have come to regard this inclination to reject surface appearances and dig deep into the basic situation of every department as one of the most valuable traits in any executive or employee.

About two years ago I encountered a striking example of this phase of business experience, showing how a good digger—and that means a good doubter—can save the day and turn practical failure into decided success if his advice is heeded by his employer.

A certain manufacturing concern in the West found itself doing a large business. It was very busy and apparently was making great strides in securing for its product a large place in public favor. Among those holding a subordinate executive position was a keen young man who was not easily satisfied by exterior appearances, but had the digging habit.

"You are doing lots of business," he told his superior. "Almost every week you are adding more help to the office force; your correspondence is steadily increasing, and apparently the business is right on the crest of the prosperity wave. But if you will overhaul everything and find out just where you stand, I'll miss my guess if you are really making substantial headway or satisfactory profits."

This rather startled the managers of the business, but the young man was so much in earnest that a careful and thorough examination into the affairs of the enterprise was made.

It verified every prophecy that the young "kicker" had made.

"Now," he continued, "I'm convinced that the leakage of profits is in the very department which is the pet and pride of the house—the one that brings the most correspondence, that calls for the most of the new help, that 'keeps things doing' and gives the place the busiest appearance."

"Nonsense!" replied the manager. "You were right on the general situation, but this time you are wrong. Why, that department is doing great stunts right along and any curtailment of its work would weaken the selling end of the establishment very much."

"But," insisted the digger, "I'll tell you right now that of the seven methods you are using to put your goods on the market the one which you think the best is the very one that is cutting down your profits. Call in an expert who is able to sift this matter right down to a finish and you'll find I'm right."

This was done with the result which verified to a letter the prediction of the young man. A careful analysis of the results of the seven means by which the goods of this house were placed on the market showed conclusively that the method held in highest esteem, and which made the most outward show of business, was the one which held the profits of the entire establishment down to an insignificant precentage.

Naturally this particular method of selling was at once dispensed with, and the final proof of the whole matter was found in the fact that many thousand dollars were, in the following year, added to the profits of the enterprise.

When any business house has in its employ a man who refuses to go "on the face of the returns" and insists that the establishment should have some method which will give it a simple, analytical and cumulative record of the actual results obtained by every department and line of effort employed, give that man a careful hearing.

His suspicions and "kicks" are worth being tested.

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Literary Folk
Their Ways and Their Work

THE KNIGHTE OF THE WOEFULLE COUNTENANCE — A serio-comic experience of Mr. Charles Battell Loomis.

¶ Charles Battell Loomis has a face which he describes as longer than an old-time Presbyterian parson's "fourthly." It makes the delight of his audiences when, with a true hired mourner's solemnity, he ties them up in tight kinks with some particularly deft turn of drollery. But not every one has the saving grace of humor.

When Mr. Loomis last lectured he was met by a very conscientious chairman who had been deputed to conduct him to the platform. The chairman looked at Mr. Loomis' long face and quaked in his shoes. The lecture was to be a humorous lecture—evidently Major Pond had shipped him the wrong bill of goods. Tremblingly the chairman assured himself of his guest's identity. Mr. Loomis "tumbled" at the first note of hesitation, but had the wickedness to rather enjoy the chairman's wriggles. Yes, he was to lecture that night—and he let out another reef in his solemnity.

"Will it—er—be funny?"

"I hope so," was the sad answer.

Mr. Loomis has recently taken on the duties and honors of a Justice of the Peace, it is laughingly asserted by his friends "on the make"—for "more copy."

A BROADWAY BRITON — What he thinks of us, together with a hint to the next conundrum novelist.

¶ A Southern gentleman once said, in criticism of the newcomers who are buying up old Virginia estates from reduced families, that the chief reason they don't get on better with the native-born is that they become "just a little more Southern than the Southerners"—we learn in Mr. Kipling's Jungle Book that the ape is never popular with the other animals. Now, if one were in any doubt of Mr. Justus Miles Forman's nationality it would be instructive to note that the English of his Englishman—"Young" Calthrop, the hero of Journey's End—is rather more English than anything one hears in England itself—by which one means that all the stock phrases now grown as familiar on this side the "pond" as the other, such as "shocking," "bounder," "jolly," "smart," "swagger," and the like, are rather more plentifully scattered through the soliloquies and dialogue than they would be in, say, the small talk of the Mayfair drawing-rooms where, it is supposed, Calthrop has the habit of them. And Mr. Forman makes his Englishman what an Englishman rarely is—however slangy—careless of his sequences and tenses—prejudices of which the well-bred Briton is jealously tenacious. "Young" Calthrop says: "I wonder if I were to go to you to-morrow and ask for tea—and things—if I'd get them. Oh, yes, you said I *would*" (the italics are ours) "whenever I should come; but *would* I?"—a double lapse of which we are sure his ear would never have permitted him to be guilty had he been born out of the Manhattan Island he so longed to leave for "home." The moment this suspicion steals across the mind it begins to dull the interest in what—were they genuine—a host of modest metropolitans would sagely nod over as his "clever," "observant," "profound" and "penetrating" criticisms of our manners—for whether the critic be all or none of these things he does not, cannot, if he approaches his subject from the inside, get the thing which is of interest to us the "critickees": the unspoiled, the outside viewpoint. It is too much like that tedious thing, the dread of all dinner-tables, what a man thinks of himself.

The plot of Journey's End is soon told. "Young" Calthrop at his father's death finds himself heir to an income which cannot support him. He comes to New York, gets a position at fifteen dollars the week in a photograph shop, and takes cheap lodgings. At the shop he falls in love with a picture of Miss Evelyn Berkeley, a young actress then starring in The Horse Guards, and the red-headed shop-girl falls in love with him. Inspired by Miss Berkeley's picture, he writes a play for her and shows it to a second-rate actor living in the same house with him. The actor takes it to "read," has it copied, carries it to Freehman, gets it accepted as his own and returns the first copy to Calthrop. Calthrop discovers the plot, establishes his identity

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Now does he marry Miss Berkeley—who it is perfectly plain is Miss Ethel Barrymore, just as The Horse Guards is her last year's play, Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines—or does he go back to Molly, "the girl he left behind him"? The Lady and the Tiger over again. Why could not such a plot be made just six times as interesting and just six times as original by having six times as many young women, all drawn from the life, to fall in love with? Think what an ingenious guessing contest a well-advised book-boomer could work up from such material as that! The Early Loves of an Earl, or Eny Meeny Miny Mo, Catch a Princess by the Toe, or A Baker-Baronet's Dozen—Who Got the Bun? Why, David Harum, The Crisis and all the other Big Sellers would be lost in the dust.

WHO SHALL EDIT THE EDITOR?—Some instances where, in his differences with authors, he has come off second best.

¶ How far shall the editor edit? is a question much vexed by publisher and author. The discerning editor is alive—if, as some authors will have it, not from sympathy, at least from the spur of sharp competition—to any spark of merit, any sign of promise in an unfamiliar manuscript. He accepts it and is ready for the thankless task of whipping it into shape. He then performs a service to publisher, reader and author alike. On the other hand, the author's judgment often has the better of the argument. There is on record—if not here on earth, at least in Heaven above—the case of an earnest and ambitious young American writer whose book was accepted by an American publisher, and then suppressed on the ground of immorality. The publisher had accepted it at the instance of his literary adviser, and found no evil in it himself; but his wife, who saw the proofs, cried out against it. The indignant author demanded to know how far such interference was to be carried, if the cousins to the third generation, the sisters and the aunts, were to be invoked in counsel; but the publisher was obdurate, and the book, though legally brought out according to contract, was never pushed, and fell dead on the market. Fortunately it found an English publisher and great favor with the English critics, but to this day the name on the title-page is little known in this country. Then there was the author who had the refusal of his short story (an excellent story it was, too) from every editor in the land, until in later years he became an editor himself and turned the tables on his colleagues by publishing his story, under the title of A Rejected Manuscript, in his own magazine. This recalls the unkind criticism once made of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder's poetry: that it owed its vogue to the fact that it was acceptable to the editors of the Century Magazine.

Mr. George Horton had an unusual experience of a rather more fortunate nature. His Like Another Helen was three times accepted. In the first two instances the publisher insisted on substantial alterations, and in both instances Mr. Horton was equally firm for the integrity of his text. The book finally came out as it was written and the results seem fully to have justified the author's judgment. Mr. Horton has followed letters from his first years. He wrote, when he was twelve years old, what he asserts was an exceedingly bad satire in verse on the ludicrous fashions of the hour in women's dress. Throughout his course at college he kept strictly to the humanities. When he received his appointment as United States Consul to Athens he directed his studies to modern Greek. Greek has shown itself one of the great, vital languages. The educated Greek of to-day reads the Greek classics almost as we read Shakespeare; and Homer, though he wrote in a highly artificial language of literary convention, is as intelligible to him as, say, Chaucer is to us. The cry of kindling wood heard in the streets to-day is essentially what it was in the time of Æschylus. In this flexible, virile language has grown up a body of popular balladry and *nouvelles*. It was a congenial field for a man of taste and scholarship. The rendering into English which followed instantly caught the ear of English-speaking Greeks; and to-day at any picnic of American Greeks where dancing and ballad singing are part of the entertainment, one is quite as likely to hear Mr. Horton's translation as the original. He is perhaps the only living American poet who shares with Poe and Whitman the honor of an equal affection in the hearts of a foreign audience.

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

HARD TO SWALLOW—Fruits that never grew on trees, and jellies that would make the fortune of a mining prospector.

GOVERNMENT chemists in the food laboratory at Washington have been subjecting American jams, jellies and preserved fruits to analysis. The discoveries made are astounding.

Of two hundred and fourteen samples of fruit products one hundred and four were found to be adulterated.

Crystals of acid tartrate of potash were discovered in plum jam. In many samples of jellies benzoic acid and salicylic acid had been used as preservatives. But that was not the worst feature. As permanent color is an important item in the sale of fruit products, some of the manufacturers had used poisonous dyes, and as a result small quantities of zinc, copper, tin, lead, arsenic and other dangerous impurities had been imparted to some very attractive looking jellies.

As stated, some of the samples were found to be pure, and the Government will circulate a list of the two hundred and fourteen brands examined, giving the name of the manufacturers, the claims of purity made for the product, and the disclosures of the Federal laboratory. Some of the jellies were found to contain scarcely any fruit substance at all, being composed of glucose, starch, coal-tar dye and other ingredients, with a mere flavoring of fruit.

It has long been generally suspected that fruit products contained many kinds of adulterants. The chemists in their search found in their jelly samples every alien substance that to their knowledge had been charged against jam and jelly, with one exception. The most careful tests failed to disclose agar-agar (dried seaweed), which it was thought was used as a gelatinizing agent.

In one sample benzoic acid was found in guava jam. The chemists were informed that it had not in that case been used as a preservative, but had come from a coal-tar dye which the manufacturers had purchased in good faith as a harmless vegetable coloring.

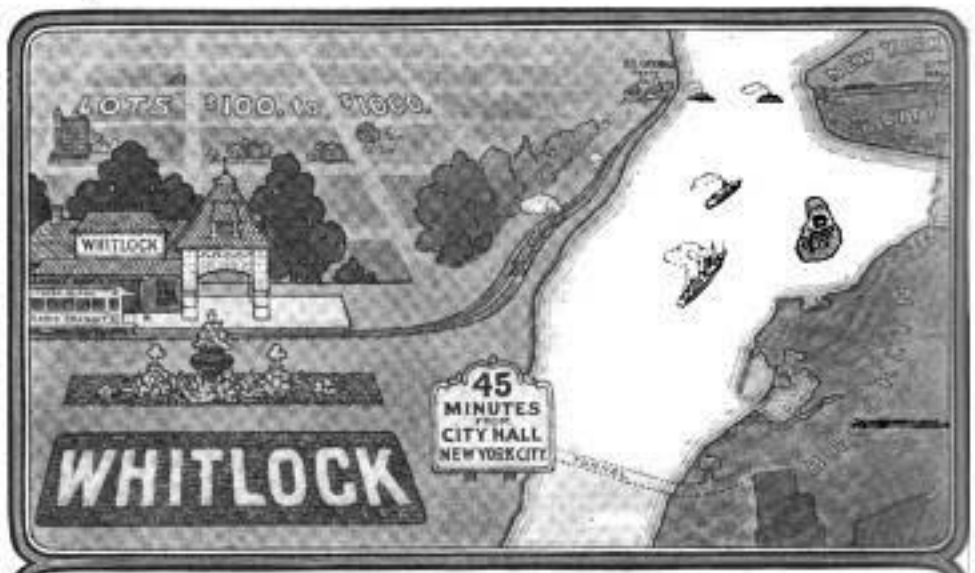
Twenty-five samples of jellies contained glucose, but were not so labeled. The labels of some of these not only disavowed the presence of glucose, or were silent in regard to it, but set forth that the product was packed from the choicest fruit. In addition to containing glucose, five had been dyed, and nine contained acid preservatives.

THE SERVICE OF HAWKS AND OWLS—They eat great quantities of gophers, rabbits, field mice and lesser vermin.

FOR years owls and hawks have been under the condemnation of the farmer. Now scientists come forward in defense of these birds of prey, asserting, after years of field experiment and investigation, that the activity of owls and hawks is of very great service to husbandry. Special encomiums are heaped upon the great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*). But for its vigilance, say the ornithologists, the depredations of the cottontail rabbit would know no limit. The Biological Survey deplores the fact that the rabbit, which is held to be a great nuisance, is protected by law, whereas bounties are offered in many States for the extermination of owls and hawks, now declared to be among the farmer's real friends. In counties of Scotland, England and other countries where owls and hawks have been practically exterminated in the supposed interests of game preservation, it frequently happens that meadow mice devastate crops and destroy young fruit trees by girdling them. To avert a similar tendency in America the Government scientists will attempt to convince the various State authorities that most of the species of owls and hawks in this country are beneficial.

An object-lesson was presented on a farm near Washington. In a nursery of four thousand apple trees near farm buildings which hawks and owls do not dare approach, rabbits destroyed two thousand trees. In a newly-planted orchard distant from the buildings and surrounded by woods, hawks and owls afforded such complete protection that scarcely a tree was touched.

The occasional descent of hawks upon barnyards is a slight offense, the scientists say, when their great service is considered. There are seventy-three species and subspecies of owls and hawks in the United States, and a recent examination of the stomachs of about three thousand of these showed that only six of the seventy-three species are to be classed as more harmful than beneficial. Mice, rabbits, gophers and ground squirrels



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comprise the chief diet of the larger species, while insects injurious to agriculture are devoured by the smaller.

The rough-legged hawk *(Archibuteo lagopus sancti-johannis)* seems to have earned its imposing title, for it is declared to be an uncompromising enemy of weasels and shrews, and of every rodent and insect which makes war on husbandry. This bird is among the largest and most beneficent of hawks.

As if in its wisdom the owl had known that it would ultimately be defended by science, a pair of barn owls *(Strix pratincola)* for years have had their eyrie in the tower of the Smithsonian Institution. Scientists have on repeated occasions climbed to the place of banquet of these sapient birds, and up to date have gathered there skeletons of about two thousand mammals, most of them of meadow mice, one of the most destructive enemies with which farmers have to compete.

TO SAVE THE TERRAPIN — Sixty years ago terrapin sold for five cents apiece, now they are almost extinct.

IN THE interests of the United States Government Dr. Hugh M. Smith, an eminent ichthyologist, is now on his way to Japan to learn the secret of the artificial propagation of terrapin which expert fishermen in the Sunrise Kingdom have long practiced. When Doctor Smith returns the Japanese method will be adopted on the Atlantic seaboard to save the diamond-backed terrapin *(Malaclemmys palustris)* from extinction.

Sixty years ago this species of chelonian was so numerous that apprentices, when signing articles of employment in various industries along the Chesapeake coasts, stipulated that they were not to be fed on terrapin more than three times a week. Now if they could get that dish three times a year they would consider themselves fortunate. In the days of the terrapin's abundance they could be seen in vast numbers sunning themselves on various Atlantic tide lands. Until 1849 they were caught only for local consumption and were not highly esteemed by farmers and fishermen who could capture them with little effort. In the year mentioned a captain who happened to know their gastronomic value caught over four thousand and succeeded in selling them for $750. When this news reached the tide lands there ensued a mighty scramble for terrapin, and a new industry leaped into persistent activity. In winter, when the terrapin lay torpid in their mud burrows, dredges towed by vessels harvested them by the thousands. In summer, when they moved about in search of food, they were trapped by the wholesale. When they became too wary for traps they were hunted down by hounds on the marsh lands.

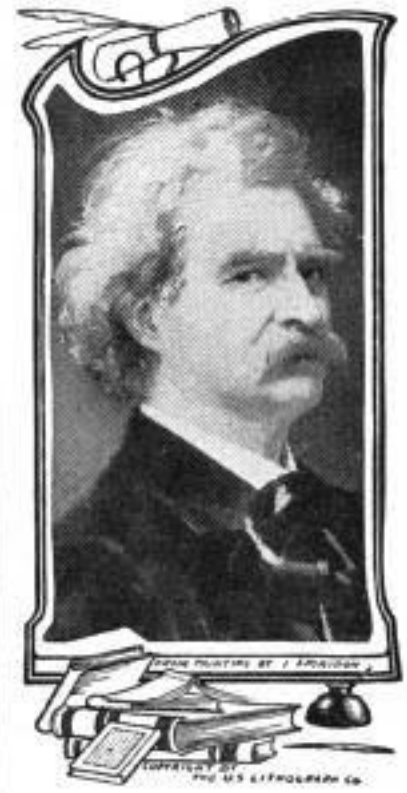
The result is that the diamond-backed terrapin is approaching extermination. To-day the best specimens are sold by the fishermen at $120 a dozen. State laws against their capture out of season are not rigidly enforced, and as the safeguarding of the species is not in the hands of the Federal Government, the one hope of preserving the terrapin lies in propagating them artificially.

Doctor Smith says that the species varies greatly in external appearance and in flavor. The best are found in the Chesapeake. Curiously, though most of the terrapins further south are much inferior, there is a strip of sand bar near Biloxi, Mississippi, where the terrapins are almost equal in flavor and value to those of the Chesapeake.

A factor which has contributed to the alarming decrease of terrapin is their slow growth. The rate is estimated to be about one inch a year, fully ten years elapsing before maturity. Just what food the terrapins eat in their natural state is not known. When penned they are fed on crabs, oysters and fish, and just before they are marketed celery is added to the diet to impart a choice flavor. Doctor Smith says that altogether little is known scientifically in regard to the species, and that there is no instance on record of a diamond-backed terrapin being raised by artificial methods from the egg.

In Japanese waters there is a terrapin closely allied, it is believed, to the American snapping turtle. It is deliciously edible, and as the Japanese were confronted by its threatened extinction they have managed to master the science of its cultivation. Scientists in America are looking forward with much interest to the information Doctor Smith will bring back. It is one of the few instances of Anglo-Saxon learning going to the far East for scientific instruction.

Mark Twain's Writings



Mark Twain's permanent place in literature has long been assured. Such critics as Professor Brander Matthews and W. D. Howells place him in the company of Chaucer and Fielding, of Molière, Cervantes and Le Sage. His Mississippi River tales alone stamp him as a master. And he has not only pictured for us forever the great Southwest, but he has given us a full spectrum of the Union with accurate and fascinating glimpses of Europe and the far East. He is acknowledged to have the largest audience of any author now using the English language. He is, in a word, a writer of world-wide celebrity, as instructive as he is interesting and entertaining, and there is a great and growing demand for his works in complete and enduring form.

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EARLY LIFE

(Continued from Page 5)

The stone façades of houses, picture galleries, the sculpture of public buildings and monuments, the clever arrangement of gardens, all these things have very rarely captured my attention. That which appeals to me, and which I am always searching for, is the soul which is concealed behind the silent immobility of things; it is life and movement which interest me. I have spent hours contemplating a crowd, studying its agitation, taking note of its continual motion. And what life, what movement, what a crowd there was there before me in this Paris, which is the brain of one of the leading countries of the world and toward which came ebbing all the passions, all the anger, all the aspirations of a whole race and of a whole nation. . . .

Count Kolowrath did not abandon me, but introduced me to some of the influential French persons with whom he was on friendly terms. Among the number was M. de Falloux, who, later, was to have such an admirable career as a statesman and who was the veritable organizer of Public Instruction in France. M. de Falloux was very curious about men and things in foreign lands; he always talked willingly with me, and he invited me to private literary gatherings, at which lectures were given on the most varied subjects. One day I received from M. de Falloux an invitation card, on which were the following words: "M.——(a name which I have forgotten) will speak on literature in Germany and Provence." I went to this soirée and, on arriving, I found M. de Falloux, usually so calm and so reserved, in a great state of excitement and nervousness.

I inquired what was the matter.

M. de Falloux told me that his lecturer had not yet arrived and that he feared he would not now come.

"I am very much annoyed," he said, "as several of my guests have been looking forward to hearing him discuss this question, and I fear they will be disappointed."

An idea flashed through my mind.

"Why not get some one immediately to take the lecturer's place?" I suggested.

"That would not be very easy," replied M. de Falloux.

"Will you let me try?" I asked. "I know very little about Provence, or, to speak frankly, I don't know anything at all, but I am very well up in German literature, and I would do my utmost not to bore your guests."

M. de Falloux smiled. He was very much amused.

"Agreed," he said; "and I am very much obliged."

I Become Professor of Foreign Literature

Five minutes later, with plenty of assurance, I was discussing German literature and its connection with the literature of Provence. I compared, quoted and analyzed examples. I was witty, evidently, for my audience laughed a great deal; and I was even eloquent, for I was applauded.

When I had finished a lady approached me and in the most affected way said: "Oh! Monsieur, there are perhaps several things to find fault with in what you say about German literature, but all that you said about the literature of Provence was perfect, absolutely perfect. . . . One can see how thoroughly you know that country!"

Monsieur de Falloux, who was standing near, burst out laughing and then, shaking hands, thanked me heartily and drawing me aside said:

"What an admirable lecturer on foreign literature you would make!"

"If ever you become Minister," I answered, "I'll take you at your word, and ask you for a professorship."

"Agreed," he said: "yours shall be the first appointment I make."

And it happened as he had said, for M. de Falloux, on becoming Minister of Public Instruction, appointed the young man who had been seen having his pipe mended in one of the shops of Angiers to a professorship of foreign languages and literature in that very city.

I was not destined to stay very long in Angiers, though, nor in the University. In 1856 I was appointed to the chair of foreign literature at Marseilles. It was there that I met the lady who became my wife, and who, as the companion of my life for thirty-five years, was with me always through good and through evil days. She was French, and her father, M. Arnaud d'Agnel, had been paymaster in the Navy; her uncle, on her

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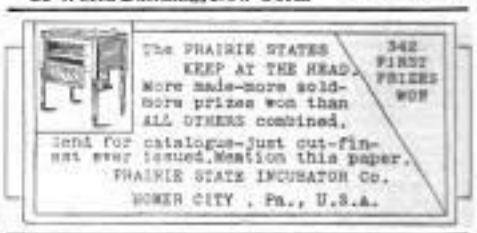

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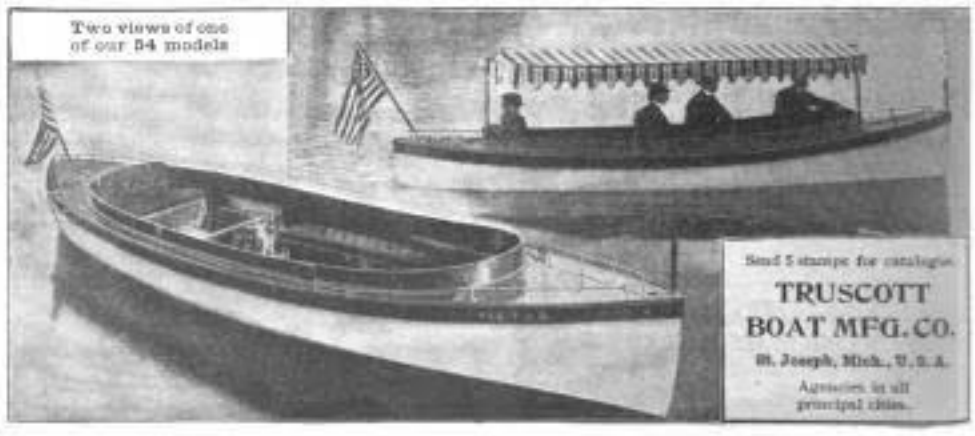

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father's side, had been a Brigadier-General. Her mother belonged to an old aristocratic family of the Var, and her maternal uncle was connected with the Bourbon family.

Our marriage took place in 1858, and it was not until twelve years later that I embraced the career which was to be the veritable passion of my life.

Some of these twelve years were spent in commercial affairs, for I had always had the mania of believing myself very clever in mechanics. I had invented a machine for combing flax at great speed. I began by buying a workshop large enough to hold the machine, and the next thing I did was to have the said machine constructed at great expense.

When everything was ready I gave a big fête in order to celebrate the success of my invention. Every one came from miles round, and more than a thousand persons were present. They all congratulated me, drank champagne, looked at the machine, and admired it.

When the reception was over, the guests gone, and the champagne glasses empty I thought the moment had arrived for trying the machine and setting it in motion.

As everything was ready and the steam up, I said to the engineer: "Go!" and I, myself, turned the tap which was to set it in motion. There was immediately a most formidable detonation. Everything blew up in the air, the window-panes were all broken, and I was thrown violently down whilst a great iron bolt struck my forehead.

I was picked up for dead and it was thanks to my wife's nursing that I was able to get about again three weeks later, cured of my wound and still more effectually cured of my industrial inventions. Never from that time forth have I attempted to set any machinery in motion.

It is with this incident that my reminiscences of early youth come to an end. It has required a certain effort on my part to recall them, first because I do not care to dwell on those far-off days of the past, and, secondly, because I have been obliged to put myself constantly in the foreground instead of speaking about the events with which I have been connected and the men with whom I have come in contact.

But, such as they are, without order and without cohesion, the few lines I have written may at least have a certain philosophical value. They will show that great results may sometimes spring from very slight causes, and that, in order to become a journalist of note in the world, very little is often all that is required . . . just a pipe to break at the right moment on a journey.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in the series of M. de Blowitz's Recollections. The final installment will appear in an early number.

Americans of Today & Tomorrow

(Continued from Page 2)

in their relation to the whole body of our laws and the established order into which they must go, if enacted into law, and work in unison and harmony. They are the product of men who come here determined 'to do something'—men who want to create the sensation of achievement. But achievement is mischievous unless it is effective—unless it works for the good of the great body of our people and the general betterment of the whole assemblage of our laws. So all of the brain power and nervous energy spent in concocting these impracticable measures is lost both to the man who conceives them and to the people he serves. If such men would only patiently wait and carefully study, and then after consultation work with others, contributing all of their energy to a common effort for the enactment of wise measures or the prevention of unsound policies the nation would be served and the usefulness of these men who now waste their talents would be increased quite beyond calculation." This talk of one of the sages of the Senate is worth reproduction here; and it is worth, too, the thoughtful

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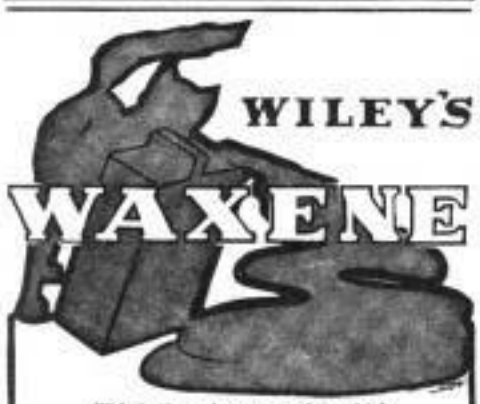

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meditation of every young American who would grasp that truth most needed at this hour and in the future by all Americans. After all, it was only a diluted form of that wisest pronouncement of that wise man, Paul—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

I am not counseling timidity either of plan or of action on the part of Americans of to-day; I am pointing out merely how absolutely essential it is that the American of the twentieth century shall regulate his vigor and make himself the master of his own masterfulness. I would have him the director of his energies and not their slave. Let the American pour the tremendous power of his strength and his resources toward the accomplishment of great and worthy purposes. Let him not waste and dissipate his noble advantages, which, well conserved, well used and well directed, render him the very monarch of the world's destinies, now and far into a future so brilliant that it is dazzling.

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Whatever an Englishman says a Russian will always say the reverse; and whatever a Russian says an Englishman will say is quite the contrary of the truth. Yet here were two eminent and observant men making a common statement in almost the same terms.

A certain great ethnologist, now deservedly prominent in one of the best of American universities, delivered a lecture some years ago in which he sought to demonstrate that our climate produced abnormal perception and electric execution. Another American of age and reflection, now an ambassador to one of the great courts, declares that our phenomenal activity is due to our political institutions which give to every man boundless opportunity (and therefore alluring invitation) to make the most of his chances and endowments. It is not worth speculating as to the cause, but the fact is important. We have the impetuosity of impatience, and yet nothing is surer than that all of the cards which Nature has placed in our hands might as well be thrown away unless we play them with skill and design. Steady then, young American! Prudence! Thoughtfulness! Conservatism! Repeat these words to yourselves at the hour of rising and then repeat them at the hour of retiring, and measure your conduct during the day by them, and all the while know that the glory of our nation and your own success depends upon the degree to which your daily conduct measures up to those standards of truth and wisdom.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A² D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

APRIL 18, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

Beginning a New Serial

Despotism and Democracy

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Despotism and Democracy

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THE SCENE: Washington. THE CHARACTERS: Julian Crane, the new Member, and Geoffrey Thorndyke, his adviser; Senators Standiford and Bicknell, party bosses; the Secretary of State; Mrs. Hill-Smith, his daughter; Constance Maitland, much admired by Crane and Thorndyke; members of the diplomatic corps, and others. TIME: The Present.

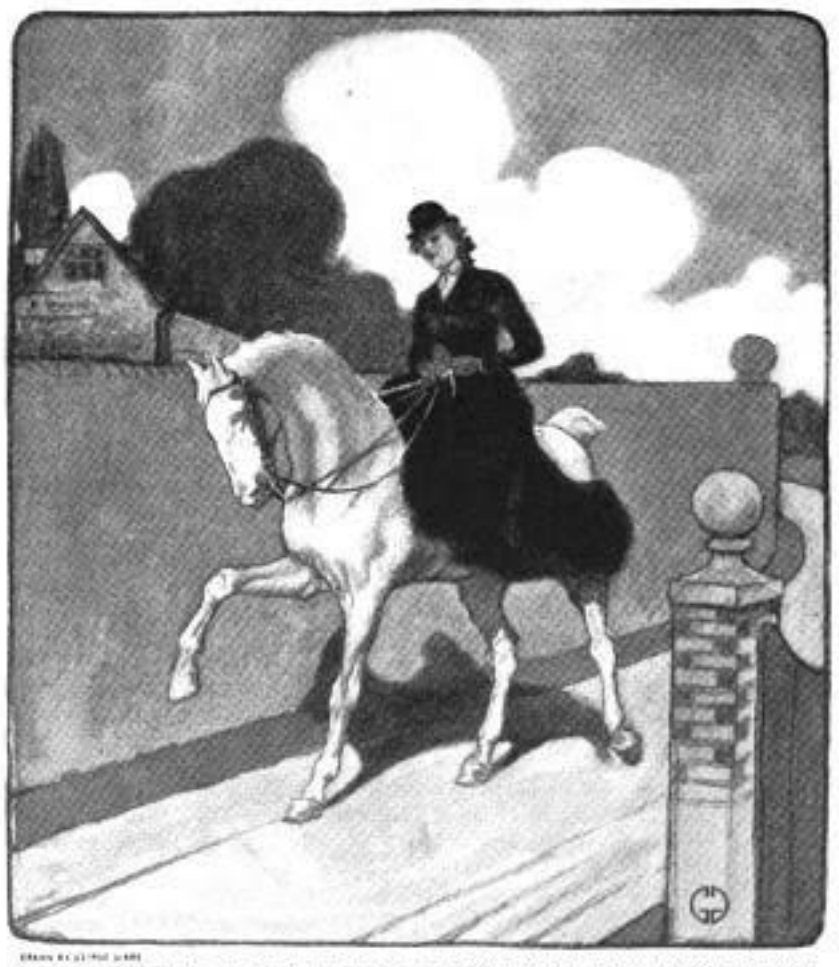
CHAPTER I

CERTAIN aspects of Washington, both outward and inward, are like Paris. Especially is this true of the outward aspect on a wet night, when the circles of yellow-flaring gas lamps are reflected in the shining expanse of asphalt, when the keen-flashing electric lights blaze upon the white façades of great buildings, and the numerous groups of statuary against a black background of shrubbery, and when some convention or other brings crowds of people to swarm upon the usually dull streets. The Honorable Geoffrey Thorndyke, M. C., spoke of this Parisian resemblance to his friend, the Honorable Julian Crane, M. C., as they sat together on a warm, rainy April night in the bay window of Thorndyke's apartment. The rooms were lofty, wide and dark, according to the style of forty years ago, and overlooked one of those circular parks in Washington which fashion seemed only to have patronized briefly in order to desert permanently. But the rooms and the situation suited Thorndyke perfectly, and he had spent there all of the five terms of Congress which he had served. Thorndyke's remaining in that locality secretly surprised Crane, a man from the Middle West. He himself had an apartment in a modish hotel, which cost him more than he could afford and was not half so comfortable as Thorndyke's. But then Thorndyke was born to that which Crane was toilsomely achieving—for this vigorous product of the Middle West was sent into the world with enormous ambitions of all sorts, and not the least of these was social ambition. And combined with this social ambition was a primitive social enjoyment such as the Indian gets out of his powwows with unlimited tobacco and firewater. Crane, although bred on the prairie, cared nothing for fields and woods and the skies of night and the skies of morning. Men, women and their affairs alone interested him. Thorndyke, on the contrary, although town-bred, cared for the God-made things, and at that very moment was studying with interest the great tulip tree, dark and dank before his window. When he made the remark about Washington having sometimes a look of Paris, he added:

"And I expected to be in Paris at this very moment but for this"—here he interjected an impolite adjective—"extra session. However," he added good-humoredly, "I hardly expect you to agree with me, considering your late streak of luck—or rather, your well-deserved promotion, as I shall call it on the floor of the House."

Crane acknowledged this with a smile and a request for another cigar, if possible, not so bad as the last. He was tall and well made, and had a head and face like the bust of the young Augustus in the Vatican gallery. He was elaborately groomed, manicured and all, judging that time spent on beauty like his was not thrown away. In contrast to this classic beauty was Thorndyke—below, rather than above, the middle height, with scanty hair and light blue eyes, and who could not be called handsome by the mother that bore him. But when women were about, Geoffrey Thorndyke could always put the handsomest man in the room behind the door.

And he had a peculiarly soft and musical voice which made everything he said sound pleasant, even when he proceeded to make uncomfortable remarks about the late turn in national affairs which had sent Crane's fortunes upward with a bound.



"NO DAUGHTER OF THE CAESARS WAS EVER MORE CONSCIOUS OF THE GULF BETWEEN HER AND THE COMMON PEOPLE"

"For my part," he said, knocking the ash off his cigar, "I have lived long enough and read enough to know that such a stupendous opportunity as your party has now is generally fatal to that party before the next Presidential election. See—in the middle of a Presidential term—you carry the Congressional elections by a close shave. The new Congress is not expected to meet for thirteen months afterward. The Brazilian matter reaches an acute stage, and the President is forced to call an extra session in April instead of the regular meeting in December. Of course, the Brazilian matter will come out all right. Any party, at any time, in any civilized country, is capable of managing a foreign affair in which all the people think the same way. But when it comes to domestic affairs—my dear fellow, when the President saw how things were going and that he really could invite you to make fools of yourselves for the next fourteen months before the Presidential convention, it was beer and skittles to him."

Crane turned in his chair and sighed. The intricacies of national politics, the wheels within wheels, the way of putting out a pawn to be taken, puzzled and confused him. It had seemed to him the most unmixed political good to him when his party had secured control of the House at an international crisis. It could vote supplies with splendid profusion, it could shout for the flag, it could claim the credit for everything done, while the Senate and the Administration being in opposition, very little real responsibility attached to anything the House might leave undone. And when the man who was certain to be the caucus nominee for Speaker had sent for Crane at one o'clock in the morning and had offered him the chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee to succeed Thorndyke, Crane had felt his cup of joy to be overflowing. Everything was in his favor. Without the least doubt about his powers, which were considerable, he had some diffidence on the score of experience—but Thorndyke, who would be the ranking member of the minority on the committee, would help him out, quietly and generously. In the midst of his elation Crane remembered that Thorndyke had not been wholly satisfied with the chairmanship of that great committee—and Thorndyke had been suffered to exercise a degree of power far greater than Crane felt would be permitted him. On most Congressional committees there are two or three men who have come into the world booted and spurred, while the remainder were born saddled and bridled. Thorndyke was one of those who got into the saddle early, and yet the saddle had not seemed to suit him. Crane spoke of this, and bluntly asked the reason.

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"Because," replied Thorndyke coolly, "there was no more promotion for me—and I was made to accept it whether I wanted it or not. You see, although the Constitution guarantees every State a republican form of government, all the States don't have it. Mine hasn't, nor has yours. My boss, however, is a good deal more astute than your boss. Mine never lets any man have what he wants. Unluckily, when I was a Congressional tenderfoot I wanted the earth and the fullness thereof, and I worked for it as well as I knew how. When the next nominating convention was held I was left out in the cold world. I waited two years. Then, being still green, with all the courage of inexperience, I went to my boss. I said to him that I wished to get back in public life, and to stay there—and he said——"

Thorndyke paused and blushed a little.

"Out with it," said Crane encouragingly.

"My boss has some extraordinary virtues—all real bosses have—among them a very engaging frankness. He said, without beating about the bush a moment, that it wasn't his policy to promote men who might—who might one day get a little too big for him. That was about what he said. He told me if I would be satisfied with a seat in Congress and the chairmanship of a good committee, I could have it as long as I kept out of State politics, and didn't make myself offensively prominent at national conventions. Then he proceeded to advise me as Cardinal Wolsey advised Thomas Cromwell. He charged me to fling away ambition, and reminded me that by that sin the angels fell, and likewise a number of very imprudent young politicians—I don't use the word statesman any more—all over the State. I squirmed, and the old fellow grinned and told me if at any time I hankered after a foreign mission I could get it. I thanked him and told him I had no fancy to be buried until I was dead, and at last we compromised on his first proposition. I like the life—God knows why. The salary is enough for me to live on and support an invalid sister—all I have in the world. I have sense enough to see that I am better off than if I gave a loose rein to my ambition and was forever chasing rainbows. A man without fortune, who lives upon the hopes of an office which will beggar him if he gets it——"

"That's it!" cried Crane, suddenly interrupting, his eyes lighting up with anxiety. "That's it, Thorndyke. I know all about it. I'll tell you the whole story—the story I never even told my wife——"

There is something touching and appealing when a man lays bare his wounds and bruises. Thorndyke, without saying a word, gave a look, a slight movement of the head that brought out Crane's story. He told it readily enough—he had the mobile mouth and quick imagination of the orator, and he was always eloquent when talking about himself.

"You see, when I got the nomination to Congress it was that or bankruptcy. For two months before the convention was held I'd walk the floor half the night, and the other half I'd pretend to be asleep, to keep my wife from breaking her heart with anxiety. Annette is a good woman—too good for me. I had neglected my law practice for politics until I had no practice left, and then I was transported to Congress and Heaven and five thousand dollars a year. I determined to do two things—cut a wide swath in Washington and save one-third of my salary."

"Great fool—you," murmured Thorndyke sympathetically.

"But—I didn't know what a wide swath was. I didn't know anything about it. I came to Washington and brought my wife and the two children. We went to a boarding-house on Eleventh Street—you called to see us there."

"Yes—I remember thinking Mrs. Crane the prettiest, sweetest woman I had seen that season."

This was true, for Annette Crane had the beauty of form, of color, of sweetness and gentleness to an extraordinary degree. She was no Perdita—no one would have taken her for a princess stolen in infancy. But not Ruth in the harvest field was more natural, more sweetly graceful than this lady from Circleville, somewhere in the Middle West.

"Annette admired you tremendously," continued Crane, in the easy tone of a man who knows his wife is desperately in love with him, and thinks her fully justified. "She said it was kind of you to call. Like me, she thought we were going to do wonderful things—I believe she used to pray that our hearts might not be hardened by our social triumphs. Well, you know all about it. We were asked to the President's receptions, and my wife called on the Cabinet officers' families, and at the houses of the Senators and the Representatives from our own State. We were asked to dinner at our junior Senator's house. I thought it would be grand. It was, in a way—the old man is pretty well heeled—but it was exactly like one of those banquets a Chamber of Commerce gives to a distinguished citizen. Annette was the prettiest woman there—but she didn't wear a low-necked gown like the other women, and that embarrassed her. In the end she found out more things than I did. She said to me before the season was over:

"'Julian, it's not being rich that makes people in Washington. If it were we shouldn't mind not being in it. But there are plenty of people, like the Senator, who have the money and the wish to make a stir socially—but they can't, while a plenty of poor ones do. Look at Mr. Thorndyke'—she hit upon you the first man—'he's asked everywhere, and he says he is as poor as a church mouse. No, Julian; to be as you would wish to be here needs not only the money we haven't got, but something else we haven't got and can't acquire; so let's give it up. Another winter I'll stay in Circleville—it will be better for the children, better for me, better for you'—for I own up to having been deuced surly all that winter. So we adopted that plan, and Annette has never been to Washington since. But—I'll confess this, too—I had from the beginning a fancy to see the inside of those houses where the people lived who make up this world of Washington. It wasn't merely idle curiosity. I was convinced, and I am so still, that the number and variety of people in Washington must make these Washington parlors—drawing-rooms you call them—the most interesting of their kind in the world. Well—I've got into some of them. It's a good deal easier for a man without his wife than with her—and Thorndyke, I own up, I am bewitched. Oh, it's not so much to you—you've known it too long, and seen too much of it all over the world to know how it strikes a man born and brought up until he is thirty-eight years old in Circleville. I swear, when I get a dinner invitation I am like the girls out our way, who will drive twenty miles in a sleigh to go to a dance. The

"IT'S A GOOD DEAL EASIER FOR A MAN WITHOUT HIS WIFE THAN WITH HER"

mere look of the table—the glass, the silver, the flowers—goes to my head. And the conversation! They let me talk all I want."

"You are a vastly entertaining fellow in your own mental bailiwick," interjected Thorndyke.

"And the women! So unaffected—so unconscious of their clothes! And such listeners! I have never been to a stupid dinner in Washington. And the clubs—I never knew a man of leisure in my life until I came to Washington. I dare say you think me a fool." Crane paused, with a feeling rare to him that he could not express half what was in him—but Thorndyke's knowledge supplied the rest.

"No, I don't. It is quite as you say—but you are taking it all too seriously."

"Circleville," murmured Crane.

"Well, three-fourths of these people you admire so came from Circlevilles. Forty years ago, how many of them, do you think, had a servant to answer the doorbell? Just consider, my dear young friend, that, except in the South, servants were unknown to a large proportion of the American people until a short time ago. The parents of these people you see here, with eighteen-horse-power automobiles, and with crests upon their writing-paper, their carriages, their footmen's buttons, thought themselves in clover when they could afford a maid and a cook. So far, they are merely at the imitative stage. Their grandparents were pioneers and lived mostly in log cabins, and although the three generations are divided by only fifty years, it is as if æons were between them! It is one of the most astounding things in American life!"

"That's so," replied Crane. "It is said that one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives, but in these United States about nine-tenths of the society people have no more notion how their grandparents lived than they have of life on Mars or Saturn. I went to a wedding the other day. It was magnificent beyond words. The two young people had been brought up in——"

"Barbaric luxury," Thorndyke interrupted. "It's barbarous to bring children up as those two were—I know whom you mean. The girl had her own suite of rooms almost from her birth, her own maid, her own trap. Even when there was an affectation of simplicity it cost enough to have swamped her grandfather's general store at Meekins' Crossroads, where he laid the foundation of his fortune. When she came out in society it simply meant more of everything. No daughter of the Cæsars was ever more conscious of the gulf between her and the common people—I say common people with the deepest respect for the term—than this girl is conscious of the gulf between herself and the class to which her grandparents belonged. The young man's story was the same, *da capo*, except that he was given a boy's luxuries instead of a girl's. It has been carefully concealed from them by their parents that their grandparents swept, dusted, chopped wood, traded at country stores, and did all those plain but useful and respectable things which made their fortune. To hear them talk about 'grandmamma' and 'grandpapa' is the very essence of simplicity."

"And yet those people constitute the most exclusive set in Washington," said Crane angrily, as if thereby some wrong was inflicted on him.

"Naturally," replied Thorndyke. "Don't you see that the first result of their prosperity in their own community was to segregate them from their less fortunate friends and neighbors? Don't you see how inevitably it came about that their children were separated from their neighbors' children? And in the end they were driven from the Circlevilles and the Meekins' Crossroads by sheer necessity. They became fugitives, as it were, from their own class, and how natural it was for them to be afraid of their own and every other class except the recognized few, and to build up a wall around themselves and their children!"

"I wonder if you would dare to use that word class on the floor of the House?" asked Crane.

"I would dare to, but I shouldn't care to," answered Thorndyke. "One reason why I have so little to say on the floor of the House is because it involves many explanations to men who know just as well what you mean as you do, and agree with you thoroughly. But there's Buncombe County to be considered."

"At all events," said Crane, returning to himself as a subject of consideration, "this social side of life appeals to me powerfully—too powerfully, I am afraid. I feel an odd sort of kinship with those old ladies of seventy that I see going the rounds in Paris gowns and high-heeled shoes, with their scanty white hair crimped and curled within an inch of their lives. It's serious business with them—and, by George, it's serious with me, too. Of course, I am a blamed fool for acknowledging so much."

"Not in the least. But you must know that it can only be a pastime with you. There are Circleville, and Annette, and the babies——"

Thorndyke saw Crane's face grow a little pale, and he fell silent for a minute or two, and while Thorndyke was watching the current of his thought, as revealed by a singularly expressive and untrained countenance, Crane burst out:

"The best in the way of women I've seen yet is Constance Maitland—I wonder why she never married? She's nearer forty than thirty—that she told me herself."

It was now Thorndyke's turn to grow pale. Constance Maitland was responsible to a great degree for all that had happened to him for the last eighteen years, and in all that time he had not seen her once, but the mere mention of her name was enough to agitate him; and she was in Washington and he had not known it——

It was a minute or two before he recovered himself and began to pull at the cigar in his mouth. Then he saw by Crane's face that Constance Maitland was something to him, too. Had the poor devil fallen in love with her as he had with Washington dinners? Thorndyke was disgusted with his friend, and showed it by saying coldly:

"I knew Miss Maitland well some years ago. She is very charming. But, Crane, it's bad manners to call ladies by their first names." Thorndyke used the old-fashioned word "ladies" where the moderns say "women."

Crane colored furiously. He did not mind in the least being coached in legislative affairs, but he winced at being taught manners. However, he had the highest admiration for Thorndyke's manners, so he replied carelessly:

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"I accept the amendment. As you say, Con—Miss Maitland is very charming—and has been charming men for the past twenty years. Now, in Circleville she would have been called an old maid ten years ago."

Yes, of course, she had always had a train of men after her, and the fact that she remained unmarried showed either that she had no heart—or—sometimes a wild thought had crossed Thorndyke's mind—suppose Constance Maitland still remembered him? This thought, coming into his head, set his heart to pounding like a steam engine while Crane talked on.

"That woman epitomizes the charm of Washington to me. First, she is unlike any woman I ever saw before; that is in itself a charm. Then, she has an environment; that, too, is new to me. I went to see her four times last winter." Then he mentioned where she lived. "Her parlor—I mean drawing-room—was nothing compared with the others I'd been in here—but it was distinctive. It wasn't furnished from bric-A-brac shops and art-sale catalogues. All the antiques came from her own family—all the miniatures and portraits were her own kinsfolk. And, after having lived in Europe for twenty years as she told me—because she doesn't mind mentioning dates—and having seen more of European society than one American woman in ten thousand, she loves and admires her own country, and came back here to live the first minute she was free. That struck me all of a heap, because, though you wouldn't judge so from my Fourth of July speeches at Circleville, I should think that Europe would be something between Washington and Paradise."

"You haven't been there yet," was Thorndyke's response to this. And then Crane proceeded to tell a story which Thorndyke knew by heart.

"It seems—so I heard from other people—she was brought up by an old crank of a great-aunt who had married a Count Somebody-or-other in Germany. This old female party tried to make Constance marry some foreign guy, and when she wouldn't the old lady, in a rage, made a will, giving all she had to Constance on condition that she did not marry an American. It was thought the old lady wasn't exactly in earnest, but unluckily she died the week after, and so the will stands—and that's why Con—Miss Maitland never married, I guess."

Just then a band came blaring down the street, followed by the usual crowd of negroes, dancing, shouting and grimacing along the sidewalk, looking weird in the high lights and black shadows of the night. Crane, to whom the negroes had never ceased to be a raree-show, got up and went to the

"THAT WOMAN EPITOMIZES THE CHARM OF WASHINGTON"

window, whistling the air the band played; meanwhile Thorndyke lay back in his chair trying to get used to the knowledge that Constance Maitland had been in Washington for months and he had not known it. There was a prologue to the story just told him by Crane—and Crane had no suspicion of this prologue. A young American of good birth but slender fortune—himself, in fact—was the primary cause of the old Countess von Hesselt's remarkable will. It was he whom the old lady held responsible for Constance Maitland's flat refusal to marry the son of an imperial privy councilor with seven points to his coronet. Oh, those days at the Villa Flora on Lake Como—those days that come only in youth, when the whole world seems young! When from the terrace Constance and himself watched the sunset trembling in the blue lake and making another heaven there! And those starlit nights when Constance and himself were in a boat alone together, and she sang to him to her guitar, and he repeated verses from Childe Harold to her! They were both young and singularly innocent, and were deeply in love—of that Thorndyke could never doubt; and because they were young and innocent and in love with each other the old Countess thought them the wickedest and most designing creatures on earth. She had spent all her life in Europe, had frankly married for a title, and wished Constance to do the same. The old Count—a helpless invalid—was not reckoned in the equation.

The Countess von Hesselt had acquired what many Americans who live abroad acquire—a spite against her own country. She had also forgotten a good deal about it, and thought a very effective way to keep Constance from marrying Thorndyke or any other American was to cut her off from a fortune in that event. The will was made, and the old Countess proclaimed it loudly for a week. At the end of that time the gentleman on the pale horse unexpectedly summoned her. There was but one thing for any man to do in Geoffrey Thorndyke's circumstances, and that was, to go far away from Constance Maitland. No definite words or promises had passed between them, but unless eyes and tones of the voice, and all sweet, unutterable things are liars, they were pledged to one another.

Thorndyke, being in those days a very human youngster, hoped that Constance would send him a line—a word—and doubted not for a moment that his love would make up to her for a fortune. But no line or word ever came. As years went on Thorndyke reached the sad knowledge that modern life requires something more than bread and cheese and kisses, and felt a sense of relief that it had not been in his power to take Constance Maitland's fortune from her with only love to give in return. But this knowledge did not make him content. On the contrary, year by year had her memory become more poignant to him. It was that which had made him throw himself with all his being and equipment into public life. It was that which made him tender to all innocent, sweet women like Annette Crane—innocent, sweet

(Continued on Page 22)

The Castaway Brokers

"GENTLEMEN, PATRIOTS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS"

From the Almost Veracious Memoirs of Oliver Thumm

By George Randolph Chester

A RECORD OF THEIR ADVENTURES UPON NEW CHICAGO ISLAND, TOGETHER WITH SOME MENTION OF SILAS GREGG, T. JEFFERSON JACKSON AND A CURRENCY GOAT, ALSO SHOWING WHY THE REPUBLIC CAME TO BE A MONARCHY

TWELVE lives in all were saved from the wreck of the good ship Luzon. The captain, the gallant crew and the lady passengers all went down to very watery graves in the staunch new lifeboats. Silas Gregg, of Minnesota, nine members of the Chicago Board of Trade, and Thomas Jefferson Jackson, colored, came safely to land in the leaky old long boat the sailors would not trust.

Providence was probably interested in Silas Gregg.

The eleven men landed on a nameless island. It was Chicago Island thirty minutes later when the goat, the owner of the twelfth life to be saved, swam contentedly ashore with a cud of succulent sea thistles in its mouth.

It must not be supposed that the island had been named hastily or by any irregular method. On the contrary, the nine brokers, without waiting for their clothes to dry, had plunged into the great American diversion of moving, seconding and passing resolutions. When the goat arrived Jackson was serving the Committee of the Whole with refreshments from a breadfruit tree and had collected a dollar and ten cents in tips. Silas Gregg was not to be found.

By the middle of the afternoon Chicago Island was the home of a flourishing republic. Offices had been found for everybody present, including Thomas Jefferson Jackson, who was unanimously chosen as Sergeant-at-Arms. From that moment Mr. Jackson neither received nor expected any tips. He was content to do any and all the work if only addressed by his official title.

No republic was ever launched under more favorable conditions. From the reports of various committees it was gathered that the island was virtually an earthly Paradise, about five miles in diameter and uninhabited by savages, snakes or wild animals of a dangerous size. The character of the vegetation indicated a warm, equable temperature the year round, and there existed an abundance of nourishing food that needed only to be plucked, or picked from the ground as it fell. The geographical position could not be closely approximated, except that it lay somewhere in mid-Pacific, probably far south of the usual track of ocean travel.

II

SILAS GREGG emerged from the woods with a brace of wild turkeys for supper, just as the first Cabinet meeting was about to adjourn.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the Secretary of War, "we've clean overlooked Silas! We must elect him to something or other. There is no reason why every citizen of this republic should not be an office-holder."

"Never mind me," said Silas cheerfully. "I don't hanker after any office. I've found a natural clearing, out yonder in the woods a piece, and I calculate to do a bit of farming."

"Mr. Speaker," cried the Secretary of State, "I move that the President be requested to appoint Mr. Silas Gregg, of Minnesota, U. S. A., as Secretary of Agriculture!"

"I object!" interrupted Silas. "In the first place, nobody ever heard of a real farmer being made Secretary of Agriculture. In the second place, you've got to have somebody to govern, and if you'll just allow me to be the Sovereign People I'll be mighty well satisfied."

"DE GOAT'S DONE ETT UP ALL DAT MONEY!"

It was an inspiration! Visions of coming campaigns, of urgent and impassioned appeals to the agricultural vote, and of close and exciting election returns filled the minds of every office-holder there. The motion to make the gentleman from Minnesota a member of the Cabinet was not even seconded.

III

"I SUPPOSE you've made a fair division of labor," remarked Silas as they sat down to the evening meal which had been skillfully prepared by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

"Labor!" ejaculated the chorus of brokers.

"The Sergeant-at-Arms," said the Secretary of the Interior with impressive dignity, "is the only man on the island officially entitled to work." He waved his hand with a flourish toward that official, who beamed with pleasure until all his teeth could be counted.

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"Except the Sovereign People," suggested Silas, as he appropriated a turkey leg. "The Sovereign People is always entitled to work."

"There's no real need for you to farm, though," observed the chairman of the Committee on Food Supply, who was also Secretary of the Navy. "The natural food supply here can never give out."

"That's all right," replied Silas, "but I've got a sample package of prime Minnesota wheat that I was taking to my nephew in the Philippines, and I calculate to sow it and see what it does in this climate."

The Secretary of the Interior nearly choked on a wishbone in his haste.

"I bid sixty-two for one thousand bushels of September wheat!" he cried.

"Taken!" shouted eight excited brokers in unison.

"But look here," protested Silas, "I don't intend to put in more than an acre of wheat. The whole crop can't be more than about fifty bushels."

"It's a fact, though, that you intend to raise some wheat, isn't it?" asked the President anxiously.

"Yes," admitted Silas.

"Well, that's all right, then. You attend to the visible supply and we'll have the Sergeant-at-Arms begin the erection of a Board of Trade shed to-morrow."

Before the citizens of the new republic had retired to their beds of fragrant boughs that night nearly fifty thousand bushels of wheat had been sold for September delivery.

IV

BRIGHT and early the next morning Silas Gregg arose, pulled his breakfast off a tree and went out to his clearing. This show of energy on the part of the agricultural population influenced curbstone trading to a certain extent that morning, lowering September wheat two points by reason of the probability of a full crop. The prospects of the community seemed so bright, indeed, that a Cabinet meeting was called immediately after breakfast for the purpose of passing resolutions.

"Gentlemen," said the President in his eloquent address, "the Republic of Chicago Island is fairly launched and is entering upon an unexampled era of prosperity, due to that wise and efficient management displayed by the capable citizens who hold the reins of government." (Great applause.) "Honorable men, actuated only by the most noble of sentiments, have sacrificed their private inclination for the common weal and have been elected to their high offices absolutely without a hint or suspicion of bribery or corruption. Owing to the excellent policy that has been inaugurated, no member of this glorious commonwealth need suffer one moment for any of the creature comforts of life.

"Our agricultural interests are in a flourishing condition; the Sovereign People is happy and content under the prevailing administration; an abundant food supply has been provided by an all-wise Providence, which is unquestionably in sympathy with the political party now happily in power, and the government is supplying, free of all charge, to every citizen of this home of freedom, a climate unequaled under the sun!" (Loud and continued applause.) "Our commerce is in a condition so healthy and so active that no review of its achievements is necessary. It is equally needless to point out that this enviable state of affairs is directly traceable to a conservative but energetic Board of Trade!" (Wild applause.)

"Gentlemen, patriots and fellow-citizens of the Republic of Chicago Island . . ."

Here the President launched into a glowing peroration in which he mentioned the Constitution, the glorious flag, the martyrdom of Abraham Lincoln, the principal battles of the world and the equal rights of man; he marshaled forth a bewildering and glittering array of metaphor and panoplied it with the most impassioned eloquence; he plead, he argued, he cajoled; his voice rang with determination, it vibrated with enthusiasm, it thrilled with earnestness and it became hoarse with emotion. At the end of three-quarters of an hour the President sat down, covered with glory and dripping with perspiration.

It was a magnificent effort! After wearing themselves out with applause the little colony of ex-Americans heaved a mighty sigh of content. A rousing speech had been the only thing needed to make them thoroughly at home. They had a genuine "spellbinder" among them, that most wonderful and indispensable product of the Land of the Free and Home of the Brave, where no undertaking, large or small, is ever planned or executed without the aid of oratory.

V

BUT the crowning stroke was still to come. When order had been restored the Secretary of the Treasury came forward with a Utopian project which was designed to make of the new republic a model for all the progressive governments of the world. This plan was nothing less than an equal division of all the money on the island! Receipts were to be given each man for the amount he turned into the common fund, and this amount was to be restored in case they left the island within one year. Actual currency, only, was to be turned into this fund, letters of credit, drafts, checks, and all forms of foreign exchange being accounted as of no value. The plan was adopted with a whirl, and a sum amounting to $1749 was placed in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury.

While this money was being counted and receipted the Secretary of the Interior made another suggestion which met with instant favor—that, before the Board of Trade convened, they adjourn in a body to the agricultural district, in order to start trading with equal opportunities for judgment. The Secretary of the Treasury found that $1749 in bills of average small denomination made a very awkward bundle, so he left them in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms. As there was no one on the island to steal them, the latter official placed the greenbacks in the hollow of a tree for safety, while he worked at the sheds which were to be erected.

A half-hour's search landed the Board of Trade on the edge of Silas Gregg's farm, and the members seated themselves comfortably in the low, gnarled branches of the surrounding trees. Silas was busy clearing his acre of ground of weeds. Whenever he pulled up a handful of the matted vegetation and shook it, the rich black loam was scattered in every direction, and, in view of this condition of the soil, a strong bear interest was developed, September wheat being steadily beaten down to forty-seven, with but few takers.

"I AM A RUINED MAN!"

VI

IT WAS nearing noon when the Sergeant-at-Arms crashed into the clearing, his face ashen and consternation written on every line of his features.

"Foh de Lawd's sake," he gasped, "de goat's done et up all dat money!"

The government was bankrupt!

It was a terrible moment, but, in the face of overwhelming disaster, the Secretary of the Treasury proved his fitness for his office.

"Gentlemen," said he calmly, "it would only be folly for us to open that goat with the hope of recovering our greenbacks. We should find them macerated beyond all recognition. You note that I have not called those greenbacks money. We do not need the actual banknotes. We must remember that money is only an artificial medium of exchange. Gentlemen, the monetary wealth of this island is merely inclosed within that goat, which has become our repository—our treasury vault, so to speak. We will make use of the animal in its new capacity; not as a medium of exchange, it being, as a live goat, indivisible, but as the basis of our currency system. This afternoon, with the consent of the Government, I will issue scrip, calling for fractional parts of the government goat to the amount of $1749."

Genius itself inspired that idea! By this masterstroke the Republic was saved and no one was the loser, with the exception of the goat. When it became, in a sense, collateral security, it had to be tied up and thus lost its liberty.

And this is but a sample of the wisdom with which Chicago Island was governed. With such brilliant minds at its helm the ship of state sailed majestically on and the colony flourished beyond all expectation. Within two weeks comfortable sleeping-quarters had been erected, a Board of Trade shed completed, a dining-hall built and an evening assembly-room put under way.

VII

SILAS Gregg's wheat peeped through the soil in an incredibly short space of time and the operations in the wheat pit, up to this time a mere matter of daily routine, at once nearly doubled in volume. Daily trips were made to the wheat belt and every minute indication was carefully watched. For example: a corner of the field was unduly shaded. The effect of this was instantly foreseen by the Secretary of War, and he bought heavily at the prevailing prices, knowing that the growth in this corner would be stunted, so affecting the total yield and forcing higher prices. The Secretary of State noticed that a small strip of the field was seemingly fed by a tiny underground stream and he sold right and left, perceiving that this strip would bring up the average of the crop and so lower prices.

Silas Gregg was an object of equal solicitude. He complained of a malarial indisposition one morning and did not go to work until noon. Wheat went up seven points that morning. At the midday meal Silas was very hungry and the quotations were down to normal by evening. He thrashed Thomas Jefferson Jackson one day for walking across his field and the market prices were depressed, a man of his strenuous nature being certain to raise an abundant crop. If he whistled or sang or joked wheat went down. If he looked glum or blue or cross wheat went up. Indeed, it would have been almost possible to conduct the entire business of the Board of Trade with quotations on Silas Gregg, only naming him Wheat for convenience.

VIII

A NAPOLEON of commerce was bound to arise in all this buying and selling, and the Secretary of the Navy proved to be the man. One morning, before the opening of the stock exchange, he went privately to Silas Gregg and the Sergeant-at-Arms and borrowed all their scrip. When business opened he jumped into the wheat pit and began selling September wheat wherever he could find a buyer. His action was a complete surprise, as only the day before he had been looked upon as a persistent bull. Now, however, he was the leader of the bears. Down, down, down he forced the price and still he sold. By the close of the day he had disposed of a staggering quantity of wheat for September delivery and the bulls were wild with perplexity. That night the Secretary of the Navy was besieged by eight brokers, singly, in pairs and collectively, but he merely looked wise and kept his own counsel. The next morning, however, he detained Silas Gregg until the opening of the exchange and brought him on the floor. The two were instantly the centre of an eager group.

"Silas," said the Secretary of the Navy, pulling something from his pocket, "what is this?"

"Why, it's oats!" exclaimed Silas, after a delighted examination of the specimen. He was as pleased as if he had just met an old and cherished friend. The stalk was passed around for inspection. It was undeniably oats! A light began to dawn upon the puzzled bulls.

"You've rather got us," admitted the President, "but, while an abundance of this cereal is bound to affect the quotations on wheat to a certain extent, I cannot see where it will account for the wide difference made by your manipulations of yesterday. As a matter of fact, old man, I rather think you overdid it."

"I'd like to sell fifty thousand more," answered the Secretary of the Navy, as he smilingly recovered the sample and once more passed it to Silas. "What peculiarity do you notice about that stalk of oats?" he asked of the man from Minnesota.

Silas studied it for a moment in perplexity and then suddenly brightened up.

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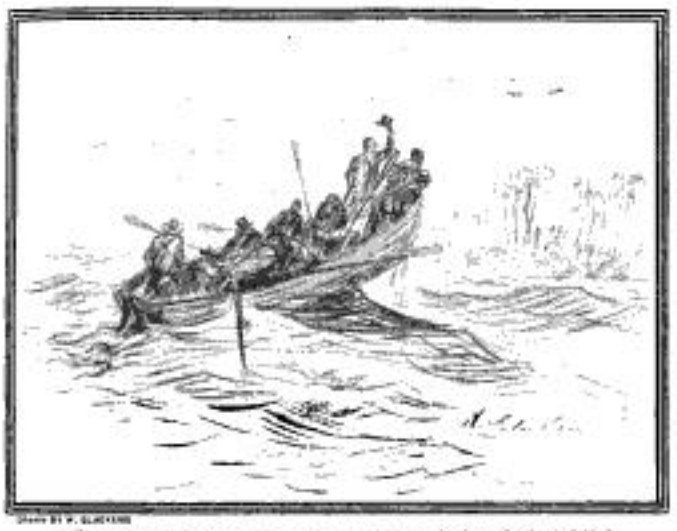

—CAME SAFELY TO LAND IN THE LEAKY OLD LONG BOAT THE SAILORS WOULD NOT TRUST

"Well," he said, "it's got about twice as many grains on it as any stalk of oats I ever saw."

"Exactly!" cried the Secretary of the Navy. "I found this stuff growing wild, and every stalk like this. Everything on the island bears in equal proportion, and when our wheat ripens——"

"I offer five thousand September at thirty-one!" shrieked the Vice-President.

Instantly a scene of the wildest pandemonium ensued. The bulls were panic-stricken and the bears gloated over them. The former frantically tried to rush to cover but the attempt was useless. Wheat slumped ten points in as many minutes. The Secretary of the Navy, by concealing his find for one day, had made a fortune at the expense of an over-confident bull market and he was correspondingly elated.

IX

SILAS GREGG was spellbound. He had been in the monkey-house at the Zoo just before feeding-time, but he had never witnessed a scene approaching this. By and by he moved to get a better view. His foot slipped on a banana peel. He came down with his full weight upon his arm and lay groaning with pain.

He had sprained his wrist.

They all rushed to pick him up. The President caught him by the shoulders and had his head raised from the floor when an idea struck him and he dropped the head with a thump. He foresaw the effect of this sprain on the wheat crop!

"I bid twenty-seven for five thousand September wheat!" he shrieked.

The effect was electrical. Within a dozen seconds only Thomas Jefferson Jackson was left to minister to Silas Gregg and the Secretary of the Navy was trying in vain to beat back the bull avalanche. In flying leaps of two and three points wheat had regained all that it had lost, and was still climbing upward toward the highest point that had yet been reached when the Secretary of the Navy, beaten and crushed, drew out of the maelstrom and crossed over to where Silas Gregg reclined with his eyes half-closed.

White to the lips the vanquished speculator bent over to examine the injured member. It was already swelling and gave Silas intense agony.

"There is no question but that his wrist is badly sprained," he said, in a voice that trembled slightly in spite of all his efforts at repression. "This accident has wrecked me! Every dollar I had in the world and all I could borrow was staked on this deal! I am a ruined man! Ruined! Disgraced! Dishonored!"

With a half-articulate cry he suddenly dashed out of the shed and disappeared in the woods. For two weeks he was missing, but, except at meal-times, it can scarcely be said that he was missed, for the business of buying and selling ungrown wheat is an absorbing occupation and leaves no room for minor considerations, such as life and death and disappearances.

His disastrous effort to corner the market made prominent, however, one radical defect in the commercial system of the island.

There were no lambs!

It was maddening to think that in all this colony of ex-Americans there was not one representative of the largest and most useful class of people in the United States. And it could not be remedied. None of the brokers would resign to occupy this important position, Silas Gregg obstinately refused to have anything to do with it, and Thomas Jefferson Jackson had no scrip left. They were forced, contrary to all their principles, to prey upon each other only. It seemed a shame, but they had to put up with it.

X

ONE morning, during a lull in the trading, a strange figure appeared in the wheat pit. It was the missing Secretary of the Navy, clad in a complete waterproof suit of dried grasses.

"Great idea!" he explained. "Saves your only suit for use in case a ship ever stops here and you decide to go back to the States. I've got an outfit here for each one of you. Twenty dollars apiece, if you want them."

Within half an hour one hundred and twenty dollars in scrip on the Government goat reposed in his pocket. Then he hunted up Silas Gregg, whose wrist was entirely recovered, to get an extension of time on his debt to that gentleman.

"I can't figure out where you owe me anything," said Silas, scratching his head. "Of course I like to have anything that's coming to me, and I'm mighty glad to have this suit, on account, as you put it. And if you owe me a hundred-odd dollars' worth of that goat you may pay it any time you get ready. So far as I'm concerned, though, they may cut off my share of the goat and cook it for supper. I've got my letter of credit on a Manila bank in my pocket now. All the money I had when I landed on the island was forty-five cents and I've got that yet. So don't worry yourself about the goat money. I don't see any good of it, anyhow."

Thomas Jefferson Jackson was not so complaisant. He was very severe in his greeting to the man who had borrowed and lost all his capital, and he had a vast amount of righteous indignation bottled up, ready for explosion the moment the prodigal speculator began to apologize or show any other signs of weakness. When, however, the Secretary of the Navy handed him a dried-grass suit of brown, with red stripes running through it, and a Sergeant-at-Arms suit of gray, with blue epaulettes and blue stripes on sleeves and trouser legs, Mr. Jackson was not only mollified but was delighted to accept this gay garb at a valuation of sixty dollars, and to make a generous extension of time on the balance of the debt.

XI

THE Secretary of the Navy resumed his place on the Board of Trade the next morning and began buying in a mild way. He had taken his place among the bulls again, and if he had any new plans for cornering the market he had learned a lesson of caution, for it was not till after three days had passed that it was found he had quietly invested every cent he had in very narrow margins on September wheat, buying a little here and a little there without exciting suspicion.

On the fourth day he called a meeting of the Cabinet on a matter of grave importance.

"I feel it my duty," he began, "not to the Board of Trade, but to the Republic of Chicago Island, to call your attention to the necessity of having a Secretary of Agriculture. A condition has come to my notice that could not, unreported, have existed had we elected so important an official."

Some uneasiness was apparent among the members of the Cabinet, particularly on the part of those who represented the bear interest on the Board of Trade, but he was not interrupted.

"As a private individual," he went on, "I have discovered that the entire wheat crop of the country is threatened by an insect which is already destroying the roots of the plants at the eastern edge of——"

The Secretary of the Navy did not finish his speech, for there was no one left to listen to him. With a supreme disregard for parliamentary usage, the entire body had adjourned informally, and had started at a gallop for Silas Gregg's wheat patch! The Secretary of the Navy, wearing a broad grin, followed them more at his leisure.

—CLOSELY PURSUED BY THE INFURIATED SILAS GREGG

XII

SILAS was found at the eastern edge of the "wheat belt" busily uprooting row after row of the tender young plants and heaping them in a huge pile to burn.

"Will you be able to save any of this crop?" breathlessly asked the President.

"Well," answered Silas, stopping to stroke his whiskers and make a leisurely survey of the field and the sky, "I reckon I'll save at least half of it; maybe a little more."

"How long have you known of this?"

"Oh, about three or four days, I guess."

"And why didn't you announce the fact to us?" The President's voice was very stern and his dilating nostrils betrayed signs of anger.

"I didn't see where it was anybody's business, in particular, except mine, and, to tell you the truth, I was too busy trying to figure out a way to save the crop without too much waste," answered Silas.

"Without too much waste of profits!" broke in the Vice-President, who was heavily on the short side of wheat. "Do you mean to deny that you suppressed this information until the Secretary of the Navy could cover the entire market? You're in league with him to——"

"Looky here!" exclaimed Silas, grabbing up a stake and, with his pale blue eyes snapping, advancing before the assembled Republic of Chicago Island. "I don't quite understand you fellows. If I'm lucky I expect to harvest about thirty-five or maybe forty bushels of wheat off this land, and I judge that you've already sold about a million bushels of it. Now I don't care what you do in that line, but I'll say this much: the next man that hints about me being mixed up in anything underhanded will get his head knocked off! Now skedaddle!"

There was no use in trying to make Silas Gregg understand commerce, so they left.

XIII

THE Board of Trade was convened in a hurry immediately on the return of the brokers to the town of New Chicago. On the way wheat had jumped up twenty points in "curbstone trading," made by brokers on the run, and now it speedily sprang to a dollar a bushel, carrying the fortunes of the calmly satisfied Secretary of the Navy along with it to the top notch of affluence.

Time after time the bears stubbornly rallied, but their efforts to break or to hold down the price were of no avail. The second day after this they were still attempting, in a feeble sort of a way, to save something from the wreck, and the Secretary of the Navy was lolling on the railing of the wheat pit, enjoying the situation, when a series of loud bleats interrupted the proceedings. The members hastily assembled in front of the shed in time to see the goat dart past, closely pursued by the infuriated Silas Gregg. In response to their shouts Silas halted long enough to explain.

"Why, that darn goat," he gasped, "broke loose and got into my patch last night, and ate up every last leaf of my wheat!"

Then he dashed on, leaving the Board of Trade stunned.

No wheat! They were all ruined! The entire commerce of Chicago Island had crumbled into dust—was destroyed at one

(*Concluded on Page 17*)

"AS SECRETARY OF THE NAVY," HE SAID, "I BID YOU WELCOME TO CHICAGO ISLAND!"

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MEN AND WOMEN

HIT A RESOUNDING THWACK

A Citizen of No Ideals

"I WAS in one of the mountain villages of Kentucky on county court day," said Senator McCreary of that State.

"The countrymen for miles around had come in to trade and talk politics. As I was standing in the public square a thrifty-looking young fellow rode by on horseback. He had a bolt of calico and a side of bacon lying across the pommel of his saddle.

"'There goes Bill Jones with caliker an' hog meat,' said one of the natives contemptuously. 'He don't think of nothin' but eatin' an' clothes. I'll bet he ain't got airy bottle of whisky, squirrel rifle or coon dog out to his house.'"

Out of the Mouths of Babes

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES is a golfer. Clad in his knickerbockers, his plaid stockings and his crimson coat he makes a gallant figure on the links of the Chevy Chase Club at Washington.

A day or two ago the General had a critical young person for a caddy. The General topped his drive off the fourth tee. The ball joggled along a few yards and then rolled into a depression. It was "cupped," as the golfers say.

There was nothing for it but a try with the lofter. General Miles spat on his hands, measured his distance carefully, tried to keep his eye on the ball and swung mightily. He hit the District of Columbia a resounding thwack. The ball did not move. He tried again and again and with the same results. The fourth prodigious effort moved the ball a few feet.

"See here, old chap," said the caddy, who was much bored by the exhibition, "you'll have to do better than that!"

A Narrow Escape for "Old Prob"

MR. JUSTICE HARLAN, of the United States Supreme Court, is one of the most persistent golfers at the National Capital. At dinner a few nights ago he was bemoaning the rainy weather that kept him from the links to a young man whose interest in appearing sympathetic with the woes of the great jurist was as great as his ignorance of the game.

"I have often thought," said the young man, "that these continued spells of rain must make you golfers feel like going up to the Weather Bureau and beating Mr. Moore about the head with a stymie."

Tardy Advice for the President

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT does not see one-quarter of the letters written to him, but he did see one a few days ago that gave him much amusement.

A member of the Union League Club in New York—the President says it would not be fair to tell his name—wrote in great haste to inform him that while coming from Europe to this country he met on the ship a German traveler. The German told the Union Leaguer that there is a great lake in the interior of Nicaragua, 103 miles long and 45 miles wide. The Union League man thought the President should know of this, inasmuch as there was some talk of digging an interoceanic canal in that part of the hemisphere. He thought the story of the German was well worth investigating as he seemed to be a truthful person.

The President thanked the writer for the information, but said the existence of the lake was known to some few people, as Gil Gonzales happened on it one January day in 1522.

The Odds Were Too Heavy

"PRIVATE" JOHN ALLEN, of Tupelo, Mississippi, now a United States Commissioner for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, was a valiant soldier in the Confederate Army.

"JOHN, LET'S QUIT"

He tells a story of a neighbor of his who enlisted with him. They became separated from their regiment during their first battle and sat down on a rail fence to talk it over.

A shell from a Yankee gun came screaming along while they were talking, and burst about a hundred yards from them.

"John," said the neighbor, "let's quit and go home. It ain't no use. We never can lick folks like them. There was enough in that shell to kill forty men, and they fired it at just you and me!"

A Sign of the Times

THE sure sign that a politician is the real boss of his State or city or ward is when his followers begin to call him "The Old Man." That is the highest term of endearment and loyalty.

Senator Platt is "The Old Man" to all New York State wheel-horse Republicans, as Senator Quay is to his people in Pennsylvania. Not a few Senators and Representatives speak of President Roosevelt as "The Old Man," although he is but forty-four. That means a great deal to the students of contemporaneous politics.

Still Loyal to the Lost Cause

THERE are several men on the Democratic side of the United States Senate who were officers in the Confederate Army.

Senator Bate, of Tennessee, was a major-general under the Stars and Bars. He is a powerful man and a good citizen, but he has never forgotten the Lost Cause.

"Clay," he said one day to the Senator from Georgia after a vote just before the close of the last session of Congress, "why on earth did you vote that way?"

Clay looked up in surprise. "My dear Senator Bate," he said, "I think my vote was right."

"Perhaps," sighed Senator Bate, "perhaps, but it was totally opposed to all Confederate principles."

The Office-Seeker's Philosophy

THE philosophy of the office-seeker is never understood, even in Washington, which is the headquarters of the clan.

On the morning after the first authentic news of the Martinique disaster was printed President Roosevelt received a letter from a man in Philadelphia. He wrote he had read in the papers that the American consul at Martinique had been killed and he applied for the place.

HE APPLIED FOR THE PLACE

He said he was eminently fitted for the position, was a life-long Republican, cited instances of his party fealty, expressed his warm admiration for the President, and concluded with this declaration: "I hasten to make this earnest application for the place in order that I may get in ahead of those loathsome and disgusting products of our political system, the office-seekers."

The Democratic Secretary of Commerce

THERE is a little lunch-room on Fifteenth Street in Washington where the hungry man goes in, helps himself to whatever he fancies, sits down in a big chair with wide arms, eats his food and then pays the cashier. There are no waiters. The menu is simple. There are three or four kinds of sandwiches, half a dozen kinds of pie, Maryland biscuits, crullers, cakes, tea and coffee.

Every afternoon, between two and three, a quiet, dignified man walks in, takes a sandwich, a piece of pie and gets a mug of coffee. He sits down and eats his luncheon in the most inconspicuous corner, pays his fifteen or twenty cents and leaves.

That man is the Honorable George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the newly-created Department of Commerce and Labor. When he was a $2000 stenographer at the White House he began going to this lunch-room, and now that he is a Cabinet Minister he remains true to the old place. High position has not changed Cortelyou. He is the most democratic, the most genial and the most approachable of men, and he does not believe in putting on frills because he is one of the President's official family.

How to Make Quay Mad

SENATOR MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY, of Pennsylvania, has been denounced in many newspapers for many years as the master manipulator of his time. The Senator has smiled at the attacks and continued imperturbably on his way.

The editorial thunderer who thinks to worry or chagrin or humiliate Senator Quay by charging him with high political crimes and misdemeanors would better save his space for other purposes. He cannot do it.

Yet when the humble political reporter, scenting deals and combinations, says Senator Quay "held a political conference on Sunday" he does more than any editorial writer ever did. That charge is the pet aversion of the Senator. He says he never does and never did hold political conferences on Sunday, and such a statement makes him furiously angry.

The Man-Eating Editor

DURING the last years of the life of W. F. Story, the famous editor of the old Chicago Times, he was irritable and nervous. Each morning when he arrived at the office he thought it his duty to discharge somebody. That done, he would go to luncheon and forget all about it.

"DISCHARGE HIM!"

The staff of the Times held many conferences. Clearly, it was incumbent on them to appease in some way the appetite of Mr. Story for sudden removals.

Some genius suggested that they feed their employer's wrath with elevator boys. They collected a large assortment of inexperienced lads. Each morning one was put in charge of the elevator. When Mr. Story came in the awkward boy would jolt him, stop at the wrong floor and commit all sorts of elevator sins.

"Who's that idiot running the elevator?" Story roared, morning after morning, when he finally reached his office.

"So-and-so," an editor replied.

"Discharge him!" commanded Story.

That saved some member of the staff and satisfied Mr. Story, although it was rather rough on the boys.

The Uses of Adversity

FRANK A. VANDERLIP, now one of the vice-presidents of the National City Bank of New York, the great Rockefeller stronghold, was financial editor of the Chicago Tribune in 1892 and 1893—a hardworking newspaper man, dependent on his salary.

Those were panic times. Banks were failing every day. Joseph Medill, the editor of the Tribune, was in Southern California. He was much exercised over the situation and was in close touch with the office, constantly advising conservatism and optimism in the newspaper reports.

Vanderlip, by close economy and some minor investments, had saved $800. It was all he had. One day the bank failed in which he had deposited his little nest egg. He went despondently to his desk. The world looked black to him. It was a hard blow.

A messenger boy came in with a telegram. Vanderlip signed for it mechanically—his thoughts were on his lost $800. He tore open the envelope. The telegram was from Mr. Medill. It read: "Take a cheerful view of the situation."

A Definition of Senatorial Frivolity

"GEORGE," said the gray-headed Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, to a friend—"George, you are too frivolous."

"Why, Senator," protested the young man, "I'm not frivolous. I am really very solemn."

"No, you're not," persisted the Senator. "You are frivolous. Don't be frivolous. It will ruin you. George," he continued earnestly, "I know what I am talking about. Frivolity ruined my career."

"Pshaw, Senator, I don't think your life has been ruined much. You have twice been Governor of your State, have been a justice of the Louisiana Supreme Court, have accumulated a fortune, and now you are in the United States Senate and can stay there as long as you wish."

"I know, George," said the Senator, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder, "I know about all those things. What do they amount to? Why, George, if I hadn't been so frivolous I might have been commanding-general of the Second Louisiana Brigade forty years ago."

"GEORGE, YOU ARE TOO FRIVOLOUS"

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A Model Charter for a Small City

By Thomas G. Hayes

Mayor of Baltimore

Author of A City Without Graft

AN EMINENT Englishman who had traveled extensively in this country, and who had studied our institutions practically as well as theoretically, said to me at a dinner recently:

"I can very well understand the value of your system which divides the functions of political government into the three great divisions — legislative, executive and judicial. In many respects it is ideal. I can see how it works well with the nation and with the state, which have the problems of political conditions and policies, but it is beyond my comprehension that you should feel obliged to apply such a system to running a municipality. That is so plainly a business proposition that to my mind the political scheme can have no real relation to it or to the problems which are involved in it. Why should you have three divisions in a matter which is so purely a business undertaking? It all seems to me a contradiction of the common-sense which is such a strong factor in your American methods."

My reply to him was: "There are many Americans who think as you do, and at times I have been inclined to agree with them, but the more I have studied public sentiment, which, after all, regulates government in this country, and have become acquainted with the real municipal conditions, the more I have found that the legislative and executive functions are really necessary even in municipal government. In the first place, our people are trained in that habit; they cannot separate themselves and their thoughts from it; there must be the feeling that they, through their legislators and executives, are the powers that rule, and they believe their affairs are safer when they place one function as a check upon the other. We have been slow in good municipal government mainly because we have given to the legislative function too much license, and have not placed upon the executive function that direct and unavoidable responsibility which it should have. You will observe that we are getting our common-sense to work and are doing better, and I believe that in the course of time the American method will produce larger and more economical results than the plan which you have in your country, and which is held up to us as a model."

I said nothing about the judicial function because that in some cities is provided for under the State Government, and has no special municipal existence. But we must deal with the legislative and executive: those are the two powers which must be harnessed to pull our cities to better progress, larger economy and fairer conditions. Letters have come to me by the hundreds from all parts of the world since the appearance of the last article, A City Without Graft, in this magazine, and in them two facts are very prominent. The first is the desire of good citizens to improve the city government which they have, and the other is the seeking on the part of the small and growing cities of charters that will enable them to start right and thus to avoid most of the evils that result from bad systems. It is for these that the present article is intended.

The Chief Weakness of City Government

FIRST of all, the chief danger and weakness of American municipal government is the city council, or the board of aldermen, or whatever name the municipal legislature may be called. The plan of electing representatives of wards, or precincts, or sections of a city is vicious. It brings together a lot of men whose political existence depends upon how much they can get for their respective localities. They lose sight of the greater good of the whole community and invariably there is a scramble for spoils and appropriations, for everything from lamplighters to asphalted streets and public buildings. There have been exceptions — and really splendid exceptions, too — to this rule, but in almost every case the men who sought to legislate for the whole city, irrespective of special localities, met either ridicule or quiet contempt. In the system of trading votes and working for favors their influence counted nothing. I need not dwell upon the notorious instances of bribery and corruption, of the giving away of franchises and the riots of extravagance. I prefer to take the city legislature at its best, and at its best it is bad. I say this without intending to reflect upon the exceptional men — and there are many of them — who are members of city councils, for a bad system would defeat the good intentions of angels themselves.

Therefore, in the model charter for the small city I should eliminate the city council as we know it, and I should substitute for it a board, say of five men, to be elected by the people at the same time that the mayor was elected. This election should be on a different day and at a different season from that of the state or national election so as to separate the municipal contest as absolutely as possible from political and partisan campaigns. These men should be chosen irrespective of locality so far as the provisions of the charter could control. Each man should, for two years preceding his election, have paid taxes on at least $2000 worth of freehold property. I should like to make it $5000. I say freehold particularly because it is tangible. Personal property has that elusiveness which makes it generally unsatisfactory in this connection. Under our system of taxation the maximum burden falls upon real estate. Therefore the man who pays taxes on freehold has that direct knowledge and interest valuable in the running of a city's affairs. He is apt to do better service because the fact is constantly before his mind that he must pay his part of the cost.

Pay City Officers Good Salaries

THE five men whom I have mentioned should be well paid for their services. A salary of $1000 or $2000 a year would not be too much. I am strongly opposed to unpaid municipal officers of any kind, however good and self-sacrificing they may be. The plan does not work well. As a rule men "average up." If they work without salary they naturally expect compensation in some direction, although they may scorn anything that seems wrong or illegitimate. Then, too, unpaid servants cannot be held to accountability as can those who receive a good salary for their work.

This board should be surrounded by rigid conditions and held close to its rules. In order to prevent hasty legislation the charter should provide that no measure could pass without a delay of at least three days. The board should have no power to override the veto of the mayor, and it should have the appointment of no officers except those necessary for its own operation.

Next, the mayor. He should be over twenty-five years of age, five years a resident of the city, assessed with freehold property to the amount of from $2000 to $5000; his term should be four years; his salary should be from $2000 to $5000, according to the size of the city; he should have the power of veto absolutely; he should have the appointment of the heads of all departments and the approval or disapproval of all appointments made in the departments.

The separation between the legislature of five and the mayor should be so complete that the mayor could have no excuse for shifting the blame for his own sins or derelictions upon others. All his appointments should be registered voters of the city except, of course, females. The purpose of the charter should be to fix upon the mayor rigidly the responsibility for the administration of the city's affairs, whether through his own acts or the acts of his appointees. The fact should never be lost sight of that he himself must be accountable for any extravagance or error of administration.

Next should be a board of awards consisting of (1) the mayor, (2) the head of the department of public safety, which should include the fire department and the police department, (3) the commissioner of health, (4) the city engineer or the chief of the department of public improvements, under which should come the water board, the harbor board, the inspector of buildings and the general city work, and (5) the head of the public school system. This board of awards should have the supervision of all the actual business of the city administration. It should advertise for bids on all city supplies and make its awards to the lowest responsible bidders.

That is to say, no department should have the power to purchase its own supplies. The whole matter should come under the board of awards excepting, of course, small items which may be needed in department emergencies.

What the Board of Awards Will Do

THIS board will do three things: it will place a check upon the expenditure of money; it will keep the expenses and appropriations of the city government within its means, and it will get for the city terms as advantageous as those which would be given to any other corporation or business concern.

It will be seen that this arrangement provides an accountability that reaches through every department to the head of the city, and that precludes the probability of jobbery or extravagance.

The successful bidder on any city contract should be compelled to execute a formal contract satisfactory to the board and also furnish a bond, to be approved by the mayor, for double the amount of the contract price. To all bids should be attached certified checks of the bidders as forfeitures if they fail to comply with the terms of their agreements.

It may seem a bold statement, but it cannot be contradicted, that the cities in this country have given away public franchises which if sold to-day at their value would wipe out all the municipal indebtedness. The older cities have paid dearly for the experience, and the younger cities, which in the near future will have many times the population they now possess, can profit from the lesson. Therefore the grant of franchises, or rights in the streets, or other public property should not be for a period of more than twenty-five years, and should be sold under the supervision of the board of awards, with the ironclad condition that the city shall not divest itself of the right or power to regulate the exercise of the franchise or right granted.

This is important, and I may explain it better. Suppose street-car companies want a certain franchise. First they would have to secure the necessary legislation from the board of five. Next, the mayor would have to sign the ordinance. Third, the board of awards would advertise the franchise in the daily papers, reserving an upset price and fixing the various conditions. Then after the sale was made to the highest responsible bidder, bond would be required fully to protect the city. The city shall have the option at the end of twenty-five years either to take and operate the property on its own account, provided the city pays, exclusive of the franchise, the cost of the plant; or to renew the grant for a period not exceeding twenty-five years on a revaluation, or to sell the same to the highest bidder at public sale. If necessary, it can operate the plant and property on its own account for five years, after which it may determine either to continue the operation or to lease the property.

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By protecting the purchases and expenditures of a city and retaining power over public franchises the city government escapes most of the old evils and becomes almost powerless to perpetrate any extensive fraud upon the taxpayers. The charter holds its officials with chains of iron.

In these days when the bonding business has been so well developed there is no difficulty whatever in fully providing for the financial responsibility of our city officials. I believe they should be bonded thoroughly. This also protects the care of city moneys and makes defalcations practically impossible. In the past, when city officials have stolen large sums, their bondsmen have often escaped payment through technicalities or through the action of the city councils. Under the new conditions it could not happen.

I believe implicitly in the value of publicity. If citizens have difficulty in getting a look at the finances of their municipalities it is a very sure sign that something is wrong. The books should always be open. There is no reason why the statement of the city's moneys should not be made as regularly as the statement of a bank or any business corporation.

I have said nothing here about minority representation, but I am a firm believer in the wisdom of it. It is a useful check, and it helps the public confidence. The great thing, however, is to get the right sort of men in office under rigid conditions, to pay them well for their services, and to exact from them the highest service. Public officials should be as regular in their hours and as attentive to their duties as any other class of men who receive salaries.

One department that should be unqualifiedly removed from partisanship is the public school system. Perhaps it is one exception in which leading citizens may be asked to serve as commissioners without remuneration, but I believe even in that it is best they should be paid. The main point is to get for superintendent of this system a progressive, energetic and up-to-date person—preferably a young man—and to pay him a first-rate salary for his work, and to leave him untrammeled. To secure such a superintendent there should be no restrictions or prohibitions as to residence or property qualifications. Get the best man even though you have to import him from the Philippines. Our experience in Baltimore illustrates the wisdom of this. We secured our superintendent from Denver, Colorado, against the loud protest of local prejudice, but so admirable have been his results that he has received offers of greater salaries to go to other cities, and we are holding on to him only by his interest in the work and by the hope of the rewards which we expect to give him. If you get your public schools in the right hands you will uplift the whole community, secure larger and better schoolhouses, increase the value of the rising generation, and put into the homes that finer stimulus which comes so potently through the interest of young folks.

I am aware that this broad sketch of a model charter contains radical innovations, but I know that they represent the best experience and enlightenment upon the subject. So effective is the improvement of city government and so complete its results that if you go to the meeting of the representatives of American municipalities you can, without knowing the names of the men or of the cities, select those delegates from the places which are making the greatest and best progress in the United States—it simply shines out. The cities which are doing things, which are reaching new standards and larger development are those which are purifying and strengthening their city governments.

Outside of the mere facts of handling the money honestly and of getting full value for franchises is the wonderful saving it signifies to the business life of the people. When you have bad government your citizens spend a large part of their time fretting over it, seeking new remedies and working themselves into ferments, which consume time and waste nervous energy. All this force is actually subtracted from the motive power of the population. The city with an honest and economical government has more time and more force for its business affairs. A bad government simply makes more difficult progress of any kind: it burdens not only the taxpayers but advancement itself. The smaller cities, therefore, have everything to gain by starting right, by avoiding the mistakes which have brought municipal government in America into such contempt. It can be done, and the first great step is to eliminate the city council as we now understand it, and at the same time to fix forever the system of direct responsibility upon the mayor.

Stage Managers' Woes

By Julian Mitchell

IN DECIDING on a light opera for performance one of three courses is followed: The piece may be one already written; again, it may be written "around" the singers—that is, the company is engaged before the composer or librettist had put pen to paper, and a special rôle must be prepared for each singer; or it may be written to order for the exploitation of a star, the supporting cast being subsequently chosen.

In the case of The Fortune Teller, which I staged for Miss Alice Neilson, the opera was written especially for the star by Mr. Harry B. Smith and Mr. Victor Herbert. They submitted the scenario to the manager with a list of solo voices required, and when these matters had been settled, and the principals engaged, came the selection of the chorus, always an important branch in light opera production. To secure these latter singers an agency is applied to or an advertisement inserted. They assemble at the theatre, where the musical director and stage manager form a jury of selection. The appearance they present is strangely different from the eventual one, for the day may be rainy, and dripping umbrellas and mackintoshes take the place of the glow and color of theatrical costumes that will later replace them. Seated at the piano, the musical director tests each voice by the singing of a scale or a song, and I take notes on personal appearance and ability in dancing. These points are entered in our books, and when the test is over we confer and make our choice accordingly. Thirty girls and from twenty to thirty men, the latter always a necessary evil in light opera, for they contribute little to the general attractiveness, are required. The men are selected mainly for their singing voices, although here, too, the matter of personal comeliness is an important one. The next morning they again assemble at the theatre, and from among the hundreds of applicants the fifty or sixty to be engaged are notified, while the remainder are told that the list is filled, a polite way of informing them that they will not do.

The musical director rehearses the chorus for a week before my labors as stage manager begin, but I make it a point always to be present in order to memorize the score and to get an idea of the tempo, pauses and possible effects for the action to be supplied. It takes a week for this preliminary study of each act, so that I begin on the first act with the chorus when the director has commenced on the second. With the music I have nothing to do, my sole charge being the action, and to get my ideas of it understood by the singers one number will very frequently have to be repeated twenty or thirty times.

Owing to the importance of the physical freshness of our vocalists, the musical director's rehearsals begin an hour or two before mine. Meanwhile, he is rehearsing the solo singers in another part of the same theatre, or at a different one.

As we progress our combined presence is required when music and action are first taken up together.

The principals are drilled separately in action, but I have found very few of them capable of inventing their business in numbers they sing with the chorus, and that it devolves upon the stage manager to invent it for them.

In these busy days the important matters of scenery and costumes have not been neglected. Every item of dress—boots, wigs and hats—is given to a different branch of stage furnishers. With the trying on comes a break in rehearsals, from ten to twenty singers being excused at a time for the necessary visits to costumers. When these things are finally completed comes one of the most tiring points of the whole preparation of a production—the dress review, when the entire costumes for each of the three acts are donned by every several individual, and passed upon as they pose for inspection on the stage. Sometimes every separate costume has to be made over, the fit, style or general ensemble not meeting full requirement, and tears and entreaties from the chorus girl, who is not oblivious to her appearance, make a part of the manager's burden. This great item of expense, the costuming, is generally met in its entirety for principals as well as chorus by the management, except in the case of gloves, boots, or some such item bought individually by soloists in the cast.

The last week before the production of the opera full-dress rehearsals with scenery, costumes and properties are held for three or four days. At these full rehearsals it may be found that the opera is too long; in that event, numbers have to be cut out that have required hours of study and preparation, but the inevitable must be met, the sole question being to meet it wisely by omitting that which can best be spared.

Five days before the first public performance the musical director and composer hold their rehearsals of the score alone with the orchestra, and immediately succeeding them singing rehearsals take place in which all action is omitted. Endurance is the thing at this point of preparation, and the different rehearsals beginning at ten o'clock in the morning end only at midnight, and then simply because of lack of human ability to respond to greater demand.

The Western Mortgage Lifter—By Philip Eastman

ALFALFA, THE PLANT THAT HAS REDEEMED THE WEST. IT YIELDS FOUR OR FIVE CROPS A YEAR IN THE DRYEST REGIONS

THREE-YEAR-OLD ALFALFA PLANT WITH ROOTS EIGHT FEET LONG

NEXT in importance to the divine profusion of water, light and air, those three great physical facts which render existence possible, may be reckoned the universal beneficence of grass," said Senator John J. Ingalls. Alfalfa, which came as an antidote for booms and drought in the Middle West, must be reckoned equally as lavish in beneficence as grass. It is the cornerstone upon which is being built the unfailing prosperity of the Western farmer. With its never-failing four and five crops a year; its tonnage greater than that of any other forage plant; its wonderful fattening qualities for cattle and swine; its value as a feed for bees and poultry; its perennity, covering a quarter of a century; its ability to withstand drought and hot winds because of its roots which bore down until they find water, it is the wonder of Western agriculture.

In the less productive regions of Western Kansas and Nebraska, Eastern Colorado, Wyoming and Arizona, land formerly thought to be suitable only for grazing has been given an agricultural value by reason of the large alfalfa yields. Already in many of the "short grass" counties of Western Kansas and Nebraska thousands of acres are being raised and fed to cattle, sheep and hogs with large profit. Many who have looked upon irrigation as the only means of putting such lands on a paying basis now say "alfalfa is the way out."

The rapid increase of alfalfa cultivation is probably unequaled by any other product of the soil. In less than half a century, and for the most part in the last decade, it has become a factor in agriculture and has been largely responsible for the upbuilding of the extensive dairy industry in the Middle West. In many localities the profits realized by turning alfalfa into beef and pork would read almost like the startling stories that came out of the Klondike a few years ago. Alfalfa butter is shipped to New York by the train-load; alfalfa-fed chickens and turkeys fill cars that go to Boston; the best chops on the breakfast-table of the Philadelphian are alfalfa-fed.

Nothing "New Fangled" About Alfalfa

AT FIRST farmers were disposed to look upon alfalfa as they had learned to look upon new-fangled "patent" windmills and lightning rods—a thing to be avoided. The general belief was that it was a new and untried product, but in reality it is older than the Christian era. It was grown in Greece as early as 450 B. C. Cincinnatus, the patrician farmer, may have been plowing for alfalfa, in his fields across the Tiber, when he was called upon to don his toga and become dictator. The horses of the Roman army were fed upon it and it is still cultivated in Italy. The Latin races at first had a monopoly on the cultivation of it. From Italy it was introduced into Spain, then Southern France. The Spaniards carried it to South America and to Mexico. It was grown in many of the Northern countries of Europe and was known in New York in 1820, but it did not gain a foothold in the United States until 1854, when it was introduced from Chili to California. Since then its march eastward across the country has been steady, until it is now grown, more or less extensively, in every State and Territory in the Union.

Alfalfa has been the text of agricultural revivals. It has been preached and taught at the Farmers' Grange meetings and at the agricultural colleges. Captain J. H. Churchill, of Dodge City, Kansas, was given the title of

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NINE MOWERS, EIGHT-FOOT CUT, AT WORK ON WATSON'S RANCH, KEARNEY, NEBRASKA

"The Alfalfa King" because of his untiring efforts in spreading the gospel of the new forage plant. He had been a sailor on the Atlantic seaboard and his experience as a farmer had been of a few years, yet he was one of the first to discover the adaptability of alfalfa to Kansas soil and to champion its cause among farmers with years of experience. He owns a ranch of 2000 acres and an extensive dairy, and his alfalfa-fed milch cows furnish the milk and cream used on a large part of the Santa Fe dining-car and eating-house system. When he was recently elected president of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, in recognition of his services to the farming interests of his State, Kansas had nearly 400,000 acres of alfalfa, an increase of 350,000 acres in a dozen years.

Some Alfalfa Statistics

IT WAS not until the taking of the census in 1900 that the statisticians recognized alfalfa. This census gives the total acreage as 2,094,011 and the tonnage of the product as 5,522,671. The tonnage per acre for all the States ranged from 1.0 to 3.4, the lowest being in Rhode Island, where but two acres were raised, and the greatest being in Washington, where 35,166 acres were grown. The general average was 2.5 per acre.

The census gave Colorado first place with 455,237 acres, California second with 298,898 acres, Utah third with 268,229 acres, Kansas fourth with 267,378 acres, Idaho fifth with 160,029 acres, Nebraska sixth with 115,142 acres, Nevada seventh with 96,725 acres, Wyoming eighth with 74,688 acres, Montana ninth with 68,959 acres, and Arizona tenth with 62,585 acres. Since the compiling of the census the acreage has been greatly enlarged, and in 1903 it is safe to say that Kansas will have 400,000 acres. In Nebraska the acreage has been increased annually by 10,000 to 12,000 acres, and in Colorado the demand for the hay as a winter feed for cattle and sheep has been an incentive for the sowing of many thousands of acres each year.

As a feed for the dairy cow it has no superior. Dairymen in the West say that in the future the alfalfa-fed cow will set the price for butter for the entire country. The quality of butter produced from it is superior. Herds of cattle cannot be turned into the fields to graze as there is danger of what the farmers call "bloat," and cattle, after eating the green, rank growth too freely have died in a few hours. It can be safely fed from the stack. The stock and dairy men have talked for years of the much-sought-after "balanced ration." Alfalfa solves the problem, for stock will eat just enough of it along with grain. Analyses of bran and alfalfa have shown that they have a composition nearly the same. Horses pastured on the fields in the spring and summer and fed the hay in the winter keep in the best of condition. Hogs thrive in the fields and experiments have shown a ton of the hay to make 868 pounds of pork. Lambs can be fattened for the market in less time and with greater profit on alfalfa than on any other feed. It is an excellent feed for beef cattle and adds weight quickly and cheaply.

At Kearney, the centre of the industry in Nebraska, Mr. H. D. Watson, one of the recognized authorities on the subject, owns an alfalfa farm of 2500 acres where the plant grows as rank as weeds. The roadsides are lined with it. Mr. Watson took ground which had been planted to corn for years and years until it was "worn out." He sowed it to alfalfa. He proved to the farmers that the value of the rotation of crops was not a theory but a fact. From land that had become worthless for corn he harvested three tons of alfalfa the second year. He had faith in alfalfa and he saved the farmers in the vicinity of Kearney, who had lost heart because their worn-out land would not yield corn. A Western boom had broken and left its effect. A half-dozen years ago a farmer, who was ready to give up, took Mr. Watson's advice. He sowed twenty-two and one-half acres to alfalfa. In 1902 he sold 1000 bushels of seed for $1000 and the hay for $350. At Kearney the people call alfalfa "the greatest income-producer, mortgage-lifter and debt-paying crop grown."

William Scully, of Washington, D. C., who owns 200,000 acres of farm land in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Illinois, requires in his leases that the tenants on his farms raise a fair acreage of alfalfa. He believes in the crop and feels certain that by raising it his tenants will not only improve his lands but that his rents will be forthcoming. Frank Rockefeller, the Cleveland millionaire, has 500 acres of alfalfa on his ranch in Kiowa County, Kansas.

Alfalfa, or lucern, is one of the plants belonging to the order of *Leguminosæ*. Botanically it is known as *Medicago sativa*. The same order includes peas, beans, clover and vetch. It has been demonstrated that in association with bacterial organisms, alfalfa has the power of utilizing the nitrogen of the air, a most important element in plant food, easily exhausted from the soil and difficult to replace. It requires three years for the plant to reach its prime, and twenty-five years, with three to five cuttings annually, have left the fields in excellent condition, although the decline may be expected in ten years.

Roots That Dig Their Own Wells

ALFALFA sends its roots to where there is no drought. An eight-year-old plant, in a stiff "hard-pan" subsoil, has been followed for a depth of ten feet without the end of the tap root being found. Many instances have been recorded of the roots penetrating thirty-eight feet and sixty-six feet. A mining tunnel was excavated in Nevada one hundred and twenty-nine feet below an alfalfa field and the roots of the plants were found in the roof of the opening. The searching roots not only obtain food far below the shallow feeding plants but when the large boring roots decay they leave their own fertilizing ingredients and openings for air and water to penetrate. Alfalfa thrives best in the sandy loams of the creek and river valleys in a warm climate with only a moderate rainfall, but it is grown successfully on the uplands and prairies. It grows in altitudes from 8000 feet down to sea level, but is seriously affected by cold, wet winters. A plant eighteen years old, with three hundred and thirty-four stems growing from one root, with a height of fifty-two inches above the ground, is the product of a Kansas field. During 1901, an extremely dry year, five cuttings were made on an eleven-acre field in Montgomery County, of the same State. The five cuttings aggregated fourteen feet two inches in height and the average yield was seven and three-fourths tons per acre. The cuttings yielded as follows: first, May 11, two and one-half tons; second, June 24, two tons; third, July 21, one ton; fourth, August 27, one and one-half tons; fifth, October 19, three-fourths of a ton. Cutting helps alfalfa the same as plucking the blossoms increases the flowering of sweet-pea vines.

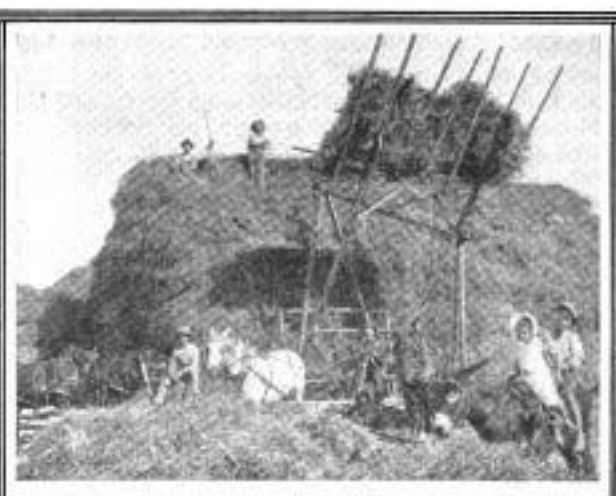
The First of Forage Plants

AN EXPERIMENT made by the Nebraska Experimental Station at Lincoln, to show the comparative yields of forage plants and tame grasses, proved that the yield of one cutting of alfalfa was from four to six times greater than the others. The experiment gave the yields per acre as follows: June clover, 2365 pounds; Mammoth clover, 2375 pounds; Alsike clover, 2065 pounds; alfalfa (first cutting), 4080 pounds; blue grass, 2875 pounds; orchard grass, 2390 pounds; timothy grass, 2800 pounds; red top grass, 2350 pounds; meadow fescue, 1875 pounds; tall meadow oat grass, 3000 pounds; timothy, blue grass and orchard grass together, 1015 pounds. This gave alfalfa first place by 1080 pounds over its nearest competitor, the oat grass, but this was only the first cutting for the alfalfa field and two cuttings followed, while the other fields were not cut the second time. With the three cuttings, and a fourth crop estimated at 1800 pounds, the alfalfa field yielded 12,720 pounds, or six and one-half tons per acre. The next best record was a ton and a half.

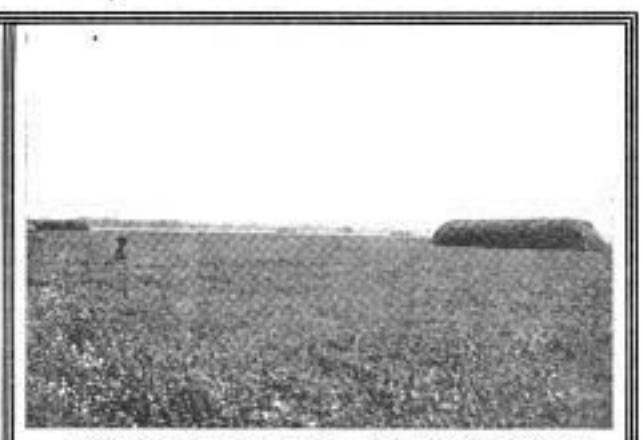
Bees make the best of honey from the nectar of the purple alfalfa blossoms. With the cultivation of the crop on the prairie farms came the apiaries. Bee-hives are now to be found where a few years ago bees were unthought of. Some place the qualities of the blossoms as a feed for bees above the buckwheat, and red and white clover blossoms. In a country where the crop is grown extensively bees have been known to have a continual feed from May 10 to October 16. The flow is normally from June to October. Alfalfa is also considered an excellent feed for poultry. The leaves are valuable to color the yolk of eggs in winter.

In California alfalfa has been cultivated extensively for many more years than in the Middle States. Many wonderful stories are told of profits made in that State from the fields under irrigation. One is of a field of twenty-five acres which yielded over $2000 worth of hay in one year. On the Pacific Coast the first crop is often harvested in April and the last in November. In the San Joaquin Valley the feeding of 350 cows on 500 acres has been claimed. California, Utah and Colorado are the only States where the crops are grown extensively under irrigation. In Colorado the winter feeding of sheep on alfalfa hay has become a gigantic industry.

STACKING ALFALFA AT KEARNEY, WHERE IT IS CALLED "THE GREATEST INCOME-PRODUCER, MORTGAGE-LIFTER AND DEBT-PAYING CROP"



STACKING ALFALFA IN COLORADO



A KANSAS ALFALFA FIELD—THE FIRST CROP IN STACK AND THE SECOND CROP READY FOR THE REAPERS FORTY DAYS AFTER THE FIRST CUTTING

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ALL THE MISERY AND LONGING OF MONTHS WENT OUT IN THAT LETTER

The Awakening of Georgé Raymond

By Lloyd Osbourne

CHAPTER III

RAYMOND saw a great deal of Miss Latimer in the month before they sailed. Quintan took him constantly to the house, where in his capacity of humble and devoted comrade the tall quartermaster was always welcome and made much of. Mrs. Quintan was alive to the value of this attached follower who might be trusted to guard her son in the perils that lay before him. She treated him as a sort of cross between a valet, a nurse and a poor relation, asking him all sorts of intimate questions about Howard's socks and underclothing and holding him altogether responsible for the boy's welfare. Her tone was one of anxious patronage, touching at times on a deeper emotion, when she often broke down and cried. The quartermaster was greatly moved by her trust in him. The tears would come to his own eyes and he would try in his awkward way to comfort her, promising that so far as it lay with him, Howard should return safe and sound. In his self-abnegation it never occurred to him that his own life was as valuable as Howard Quintan's. He acquiesced in the understanding that it was his business to get Howard through the war unscratched at whatever risk or peril to himself.

Those were wonderful days for him. To be an intimate of that splendid household, to drive behind spanking bays with Miss Latimer by his side, to take tea at the Waldorf with her and other semi-divine beings—what a dazzling experience for the ex-clerk whose lines so recently had lain in such different places. Innately a gentleman, he bore himself with dignity in this new position, with a fine simplicity and self-effacement that was not lost on some of his friends. His respect for them all was unbounded. For the mother, so majestic, so awe-inspiring; for Howard, that handsome boy whose exuberant Americanism was untouched by any feeling of caste; for Melton and Hubert Henry, his brothers, those lordly striplings of a lordly race; for Miss Latimer, who in his heart of hearts he dared call Christine, and who to him was the embodiment of everything adorable in women. Yes, he loved her; confessed to himself that he loved her; humbly and without hope, with no anticipation of anything more between them, overcome, indeed, that his presumption should go thus far.

He did not attempt to hide his feeling for her, and though too shy for any expression of it and withheld besides by the utter impossibility of such a suit, he betrayed himself to her in a thousand artless ways. He asked for no higher happiness than to sit by her side, looking into her face and listening to her mellow voice. He was thrice happy were he privileged to touch her hand in passing a teacup. Her gentleness and courtesy, her evident consideration, the little peeps she gave him into a nature gracious and refined beyond anything he had ever known, all transported him with unreasoning delight.

She, on her part, so accustomed to play a minor rôle herself in her sister's household, was yet too much a woman not to like an admirer of her own. She took more pains with her dress, looked at herself more often in the glass than she had done in years. It was laughable; it was absurd; and she joined as readily as any one in the mirth that Raymond's devotion excited in the family, but deep down within her she was pleased. At the least it showed she had not grown too old to make men love her; it was the vindication of the mounting years; the time, then, had not yet come when she had ceased altogether to count. She had lost her nephews, who were growing to be men; the love she put by so readily when it was in her reach seemed now more precious as she beheld her faded and diminished beauty, the crow's-feet about her eyes, her hair turning from brown to gray. A smothered voice within her said: "Why not?"

She analyzed Raymond narrowly in the long tête-à-têtes they had together. She drew him out, encouraging and pressing him to tell her everything about himself. She was always apprehending a jarring note, the inevitable sign of the man's coarser clay, of his commoner upbringing, the clash of his caste on hers. But she was struck instead by his inherent refinement, by his unformulated instincts of well-doing and honor. He was hazy about the use of oyster-forks, had never seen a finger-bowl, committed before her eyes a dozen little solecisms which he hastened to correct by frankly asking her assistance; but in the true essentials she never had to feel any shame for him. Clumsy, diffident, ignorant of all the social amenities, he was yet a gentleman.

The night before they were to sail he came to say good-by. The war had at last begun in earnest; men were falling; and the Spaniards were expected to make a desperate and bloody resistance. It was a sobering moment for every one, and in all voices, however hard they tried to make them brave and gay, there ran an undercurrent of solemnity. Howard and Raymond were to be actors in that terrible drama not yet played; stripped and powder-blackened at their guns they were perhaps doomed to go down with their ship and find their graves in the Caribbean Sea. Before them lay untold possibilities of wounds and mutilation, of disease, suffering and horror. What woman that knew them could look on unmoved at the sight of these men, so grave and earnest, so quietly resolute, so deprecatory of anything like braggadocio or overconfidence. It filled Christine Latimer with a fierce pride in herself and them; in a race that could breed men so gentle and so brave; in a country that was founded so surely on the devoted hearts of its citizens.

She was crying as Raymond came in to her later the same evening and found her sitting in the far end of the drawing-room with the lights turned low. They were alone together, for Howard was with his mother and his brothers gathered in a farewell group about the library fire. Miss Latimer took both of Raymond's hands, and with no attempt to disguise her sorrow, drew him close beside her on the divan. She was overflowing with pity for this poor fellow whose life had been so hard, in which until now there had been neither love nor friends, whose only human tie was to his mother and to her. Had he known it he might have put his arms about her, kissed her tear-swollen eyes and drawn her head against his breast.

She was filled with a pent-up tenderness for him; a word, and she would have discovered what was until then inarticulate in her bosom. But the tall quartermaster was withheld from such incredible presumption. Her beautiful gown against his common serge typified as it were the gulf between them. Her distress, her agitation were in his mind due to her concern for Howard Quintan; and he told her again and again, with manly sincerity, that he would take good care of her boy.

She knew he loved her. It had been plain to her for weeks past. She knew every thought in his head as he sat there beside her, thrilled with the touch of her hands and in the throes of a respectful rapture.

Again and again the avowal was on his lips; he longed to tell her how dear she was to him; it would be hard to die with that unsaid were he to be amongst those who never returned. It never occurred to him that she might return his love. A woman like her!

She could easily have helped him out. More than once she was on the point of doing so. But the woman in her rebelled at the thought of taking what was the man's place. She had something of the exaggerated delicacy of an old maid. It was for him to ask, for her to answer; and the precious moments slipped away. At last, greatly daring, he managed to blurt out the fact that he wanted to ask a favor.

Her hands tightened on his.

"A favor?" she said.

"Won't you give me something," he said timidly, "some little thing to take with me to remember you by?"

She replied she would with pleasure. She wanted him to remember her. What was it that he would like?

"There is nothing I could refuse you," she said, smiling.

Raymond was overcome with embarrassment. She saw him looking at her hair; her hair which was her greatest beauty, and which when undone was luxuriant enough to reach her waist. He had often expressed his admiration for it.

"What would you like?" she asked again.

"Oh, anything," he faltered. "A—a book!"

She could not restrain her laughter. A book! She laughed and laughed. She seemed carried away by an extraordinary merriment. Raymond thought he had never heard a woman laugh like that before. It made him feel very badly. He wondered what it was that had made his request so ridiculous. He thanked his stars he had held his tongue about the other thing. Ah, what a fool he had been. He could not have borne it had the other been received with the same derision.

"I shall give you my prayer-book," she said at last, wiping her eyes and looking less amused than he had expected. "I've had it many years and value it dearly. It is prettily bound in Russia, and if you carry it in the proper place romance will see that it stops a bullet—though a Bible, I believe, is the more correct."

Somehow her tone sounded less cordial. She had withdrawn her hands, and her humor, at such a moment, jarred on him. In spite of his good resolutions he had managed to put his foot into it, after all. Perhaps she had begun to suspect his secret and was displeased. He departed feeling utterly wretched and out of heart, and he got very scant comfort from his book, for it only reminded him of how seriously

—REPEATING: "AND VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH MY BOY"

Editor's Note—This is the second and concluding installment of this story.

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he had compromised himself. He was in two minds whether or not to send it back, but decided not to do so in fear lest he might give fresh offense. The next day at dawn the Casco sailed for the scene of war.

CHAPTER IV

THEN followed the animating days of the blockade; the first landing on Cuba; the suspense and triumph attending Cervera's capture; El Caney; San Juan Hill; Santiago; and the end of the war. Howard Quintan felt ill with fever and was early invalided home; but Raymond stayed to the finish, an obscure spectator, often an obscure actor, in that world-drama of fleets and armies. Tried in the fire his character underwent some noted changes. He developed unexpected aptitudes, became a marksman of big guns, showed resource and skill in boat-work, earned the repeated commendations of his superiors. He put his resolution to the test, and emerged surprised, thankful and satisfied to find that he was a brave man. He rose in his own esteem; it was borne in on him that he had qualities that others often lacked; it was inspiriting to win a reputation for daring, fearlessness and responsibility.

He wrote when he could to his mother and Miss Latimer, and at rare intervals was sometimes fortunate enough to hear in turn from them. His mother was ill; the strain of his absence and danger was telling on her enfeebled constitution; she said she could not have got along at all had it not been for Miss Latimer's great kindness. It seemed that the old maid was her constant visitor, bringing her flowers, taking her drives, comforting her in the dark hours when her courage was spent. "A good and noble woman," wrote the old lady, "and very much in love with my boy."

That line rang in Raymond's head long afterward. He read it again and again, bewildered, tempted and yet afraid to believe it true, moved to the depths of his nature, at once happy and unhappy in the gamut of his doubts. It could not be possible. No, it could not be possible. Standing at the breech of his gun, his eyes on a Spanish gunboat they had driven under the shelter of a fort, he found himself repeating: "*And very much in love with my boy. And very much in love with my boy.*" And then, suddenly becoming intent again on the matter in hand, he lent a twist to the breech-mechanism and gave the enemy a six-inch shell that tore him fore and aft.

Then there came the news of his mother's death. As much a victim of the war as any stricken soldier or sailor at the front, she was numbered on the roll of the fallen. The war had killed her as certainly, as surely, as any Mauser bullet sped from a tropic thicket. Raymond had only the consolation of knowing that Miss Latimer had been with her at the last and that she had followed his mother to the grave. Her letter, tender and pitiful, filled him with an inexpressible emotion. His little world now held but her.

This was the last letter he was destined to receive from her. The others, if there were others, all went astray in the chaotic confusion attendant on active service. The poor quartermaster, when his ship was so lucky as to take a mail aboard, grew accustomed to be told that there was nothing for him. He lost heart and stopped writing himself. What was the use? he asked. Had she not abandoned him? The critical days of the war were over; peace was assured; the victory won, the country was already growing forgetful of the victors. Such were his moody reflections as he paced the deck, hungry for the word that never came. Yes, he was forgotten. There could be no other explanation of that long silence. He was forgotten!

He returned in due course to New York and was paid off and mustered out of the service. It was dusk when he boarded an uptown car and stood holding to a strap, jostled and pushed about by the unheeding crowd. Already jealous of his uniform he felt a little bitterness to see it regarded with such scant respect. He looked out of the windows at the lighted streets and wondered whether any of those hurrying thousands cared a jot for the men who had fought and died for them. The air, so sharp and chill after the tropics, served still further to dispirit him and add the concluding note of depression to his home-coming. He got off the car and walked down to Fifth Avenue, holding his breath as he drew near the Quintans' house. He rang the bell. Waited and rang again. Then at last the door was unlocked and opened by an old woman.

"Is Miss—Mrs. Quintan at home?" he asked.

"Gone to Europe," said the old woman.

"But Miss Latimer?" he persisted.

"Gone to Europe," said the old woman.

"Mr. Howard Quintan?"

"Gone to Europe!"

He walked slowly down the steps, not even waiting to ask for their address abroad nor when they might be expected to return. They had faded into the immeasurable distance. What more was there to be said or hoped? And his dejected heart gave back the answer: Nothing. He slept that night in a cheap hotel. The next day he bought a suit of civilian clothes and sought the office of the auditor's department. Here he received something more like a welcome. Many of the clerks with whom he had scarcely been on nodding terms now came up and shook him warmly by the hand. The superintendent sent for him and told him that his place had been held open, hinting, in the exuberance of the moment, at a slight increase of salary. The assistant superintendent made much of him and invited him out to luncheon. The old darky doorkeeper greeted him like a long-lost parent. Raymond went back to his desk and resumed, with a sort of melancholy satisfaction, the interrupted routine of twenty years. In a week he could hardly believe he had ever quitted his desk. He would shut his eyes and wonder whether the war had not been all a dream. He looked at his hands and asked himself whether they indeed had pulled the lanyards of cannon, lifted loaded projectiles, had held the spokes of the leaping wheel. His eyes, now intent on figures, had they in truth ever searched the manned decks of the enemy or trained the sights that had blown Spanish blockhouses to the four winds of Heaven? Had it been he or his ghost who had stood behind the Nordenfeldt shields with the bullets pattering against the steel and stinging the air overhead? He or his ghost, barefoot in the sand that sopped the blood of fallen comrades, the ship shaking with the detonation of her guns, the hoarse cheering of her crew reëchoing in his half-deafened ears? A dream, yes—tragic and wonderful, filled with wild, bright pictures; incredible, yet true!

He was restless and lonely. He dreaded his evenings which he knew not how to spend; dreaded the recurring Sunday, interminable in duration, whose leaden hours seemed never to reach their end. His only solace was in his work, which took him out of himself and prevented him from thinking. He made a weekly pilgrimage past the Quintans' house. The blinds were always drawn. It was as dead as one of those Cuban mills, standing in the desolation of burned fields. Once, greatly daring, and impelled by a sudden impulse, he went to the door and requested the address of his friends.

"Grand Hotel, Vevey, Switzerland."

He repeated the words to himself as he went back to his boarding-house; repeated them again and again like a child going on an errand—*Grand Hotel, Vevey, Switzerland*—in a sort of panic lest he might forget them. He tossed that night in his bed in a torment of indecision. Ought he to write? Ought he to take the risk of a reply, courteous and cold, that he felt himself without the courage to endure? Or was it not better to put an end to it altogether and accept like a man the inevitable no of her decision?

He rose at dawn, and lighting the gas went back to bed with what paper he could lay his hands on. He had no pen, no ink, only the stub of a pencil he carried in his pocket. How it flew over the ragged sheets under the fevered spell of his determination! All the misery and longing of months went out in that letter. Withheld no longer, he found the expression of a passionate and despairing eloquence. He could not live without her; he loved her; he had always loved her; before he had been daunted by the inequality between them, but now he must speak or die. At the end he asked her, in set, old-fashioned terms, whether or not she would marry him.

He mailed it as it was, in odd sheets and under the cover of an official envelope of the railroad company. He dropped it into the box and walked away, wondering whether he wasn't the biggest fool on earth and the most audacious; and yet stirred and trembling with a strange satisfaction. After all, he was a man; he had lived as a man should, honorably and straightforwardly; he had the right to ask such a question of any woman and the right to an honest and considerate answer. Be it yes or no, he could reproach himself no longer with perhaps having let his happiness slip past him. The matter would be put beyond a doubt forever, and if it went against him, as in the bottom of his heart he felt assured it would, he should try to bear it with what fortitude he might. She would know that he loved her. There was always that to comfort him—she would know that he loved her.

He got a postal guide and studied out the mails. He learned the names of the various steamers, the date of their sailing and arriving, the distance of Vevey from the sea. Were she to write on the same day she received his letter he might hear from her by the Touraine. Were she to wait a day her answer would be delayed for the Normandie. All this, if the schedule was followed to the letter and bad weather or accident did not intervene. The shipping news became the only part of the newspaper he read. He scanned it daily with anxiety. Did it not tell him of his letter speeding overseas? For him no news was good news, warning him that all was well. He kept himself informed of the temperature of Paris; the temperature of Nice; and worried over the floods in Belgium.

Then came the time when his letter was calculated to arrive. In his mind's eye he saw the Grand Hotel at Vevey, a Waldorf-Astoria set in snowy mountains, with attendant Swiss yodelling on inaccessible summits, or getting marvels of melody out of little hand-bells, or making cuckoo clocks in top-swollen châlets. The letter would be brought to her on a silver salver, exciting perhaps the stately curiosity of Mrs. Quintan and questions embarrassing to answer. It was a pity he used that railroad envelope! Or would it lie beside her plate at breakfast, as clumsy and unrefined as himself, amid a heap of scented notes from members of the nobility. Ah, if he could but see her face and read his fate in her eyes!

When he returned home that night there was a singular-looking telegram awaiting him on the hall table. His hands shook as he took it up, for it suddenly came over him that it was a cable. It had never occurred to him that she might do this; that there was anything quicker than the mail.

Sailing by Touraine, arriving sixth.

"DID YOU REALLY WANT ME?" SHE SAID

CHRISTINE LATIMER.

(Concluded on Page 24)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Fast living makes a slow liver.

¶ Blind fools go into blind pools.

¶ Religion is of two kinds—deeds and creeds.

¶ Many persons mistake themselves for personages.

¶ The servant question: Will she stay a whole week?

¶ The keenest critic of the sculptor is the stone-cutter.

¶ The blind man's dog despises the frivolity of other dogs.

¶ A man never catches up with his good intentions for to-morrow.

¶ A man never brags about that of which he has good reason to be proud.

¶ None but the brave deserve the bear—and President Roosevelt has gone West.

¶ People will be illogical. The longer the day the shorter they like the sermon.

¶ Buying a new baby-grand for the music-room doesn't help solve the race suicide question.

¶ Practical philosophy is not to want anything enough to be disappointed when you don't get it.

¶ An anomaly, my son, is a newspaper that asks for advertisements and yet refuses to advertise itself.

¶ Venezuela must be advertised even if Castro has to resign for all the editions of the afternoon papers.

¶ Engaged young people should remember that of engagements only fifteen per cent. end in marriage.

¶ Fashion has decreed another shirtwaist season and sweltering man wonders when he will get woman's rights.

¶ Circumstances are the nails on which the weak hang their failures, but with which the strong clinch their successes.

¶ Manners improve. There is nothing in the records to show that the passengers on the ark adopted resolutions praising Noah's seamanship.

¶ When the House of Representatives has completed its plans for the taking of roll-calls by the use of electric buttons and annunciators, the Senate might keep up the good work by installing a phonograph to succeed Senator Morgan.

Doubling the Navy Without Cost

THE traveler who sat down by a river and waited for the water to flow by has been vindicated. The Senate sat down by the stream of Mr. Morgan's eloquence, and at last its patience has been rewarded by a miracle. The seemingly exhaustless flood has trickled to an end. The Panama Canal treaty is ratified.

That means, among many other far-reaching effects, a form of naval expansion to which neither the friends nor the opponents of great armaments can take exception. By enabling us to shift our fleets from the Atlantic to the Pacific at need it increases the strength of our navy by fifty per cent. without calling for a dollar for new ships. At the same time it is a productive investment, worth even more in peace than in war.

Even England, whose existence as a great Power depends upon her fleet, is beginning to take fright at the appalling expense of the new international race for mighty navies. In introducing the estimate of $180,000,000 for naval expenses for the coming year, the greatest ever known in peace or war, and equivalent to the entire cost of the Panama Canal, the Secretary of the Admiralty felt compelled to express the hope that some way might be found of keeping these gigantic unproductive expenses within limits.

One way of reaching that desirable end is to improve the efficiency of the fleets in existence. The Russians have revived their plan for connecting the Baltic and Black Seas by a ship canal, which at the moderate expense of less than a hundred million dollars will open a waterway twelve hundred miles long through the heart of the empire and double the efficiency of the Russian fleet. With such a thoroughfare in existence a Russian squadron blockaded before St. Petersburg could emerge in the Black Sea. It would be equivalent to a dozen new battleships, and yet its cost would not be an unproductive expenditure. It would be paying its way in time of peace.

The French have a similar plan for a ship canal from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, and what the Kiel Canal has done for the naval strength of Germany need not be repeated. But the best opportunity in the whole world for the reinforcement of national defense by inland waterways is right here on the Atlantic coast of the United States. The enlargement of the Delaware and Raritan and Delaware and Chesapeake Canals to ship-canal size would cost less than a single annual appropriation for new war-vessels, and it would be worth more to us strategically than twenty battleships. With such a passage open, a fleet in New York harbor would have four available exits—by Long Island Sound, by Sandy Hook, by the Delaware and by the Chesapeake—and the combined navies of the world could not blockade it. A little additional expense would open a fifth exit through Albemarle Sound. There are no engineering difficulties anywhere on the route, and such an inland waterway would pay for itself over and over again if no shot were ever fired. Think of being able to ship freight from New York to Philadelphia across New Jersey in an ocean steamer, and then by another short cut to Baltimore, Washington and Richmond.

Spring Chickens of the Thirties

IN THIS age of young men it is well to remember those who have carried their youth beyond threescore years and who are leaders and workers in the life and thought of the times. There are men who never grow old. They defeat age by the force of their activities.

Many of them are reaching new birthday anniversaries this spring. Take, for instance, two of the most remarkable: Grover Cleveland, sixty-six on the eighteenth of March, and J. Pierpont Morgan, sixty-six on the seventeenth of April. No one will question the right of each to preëminence, and they illustrate some very interesting phases of American life. Cleveland, owing to the circumstances that attend the work of a pastor as the breadwinner of the family, received only a preparatory school education. Morgan, the able son of a wealthy father, got the best that the schools of his own country and the universities of Germany could furnish. Speculating upon the future of the two young men, of almost equal age, the opinion would have been practically unanimous that the banker's son would reach higher in public life and the preacher's son of necessity would plod his way upward in business. But fortune has a way of reversing the guesses of mankind, and in this case the one became the astonishing financial figure of the century and the other was twice elected to the greatest office in the world.

There is another interesting fact. Some would suppose that Mr. Cleveland, in viewing what he had accomplished with a limited education, would be a champion of the early quitting of textbooks. And yet we find him one of the most powerful pleaders for the value of a college training that the country has ever known, and he has his largest happiness in the shadow of a great university to which he devotes much of his attention. There is no reversal of sentiment in the case of Mr. Morgan, so far as education goes, for it will be recalled that he has surrounded himself in his work with men of university experience. This agreement of view is another expression of the general conviction that the best asset of a young man nowadays is a college education.

In the springs of the thirties some charm seemed to have been at work among the new-born. We find in the list of those who are meeting new birthdays at this season such men as Chauncey M. Depew, sixty-nine on April 22; Wayne MacVeagh, seventy on April 19; President Eliot, sixty-nine on March 20; John Burroughs, sixty-six on April 3, Ambassador Horace Porter, sixty-six on April 15; Bishop Coleman, sixty-six on May 3; Bishop Potter, sixty-eight on May 25—and so on until a long and notable list might be given, including many women who might not like the statistics.

Depew, MacVeagh and Porter still tell funny stories, make delightful after-dinner speeches and rise to great occasions, and there is cheerfulness and boyishness in what they think and do. John Burroughs finds more joy in Nature than even in his boyhood days. Bishop Coleman takes his summer vacation by walking in rough garb hundreds of miles through a wilderness. Bishop Potter works harder than three average men and tells a new anecdote with the chuckle of a half-century ago. President Eliot keeps ahead of the swiftness of the day.

No one can accurately measure the influences that make a year or a decade fruitful of special greatness or usefulness. We only know that in the ten years from 1830 to 1840 there was an exceptional crop of babies from which came men who are making fine achievements in life, and who have in them wellsprings of cheerfulness and buoyancy. They show the advantages of a college education, but they illustrate still more forcibly the true value of work as an invigorator and renovator of the happy life. It doesn't seem at all aged to be sixty-six or seventy in these fortunate days. Thousands of our best men are that old and work long hours and do not need the doctors.

There is no reason why the decade from sixty to seventy should not be the golden span of active life. By sixty a man has had a reasonably good experience with the world; he knows its ups and downs personally or by observation; he has adequate time to test friendships, to see the fun of running for office, to change his dogmas several times, to get married more than once, and to find out that he himself does not represent the knowledge and wisdom of the whole world.

Is it Peace in Ireland?

IF IRELAND is really going to be pacified after seven hundred years the world will lose a picturesque element in literature and life. When the Irishman no longer has a hated Saxon at hand what will he do for a "scrap"?

The land bill that is to perform this miracle affects directly half a million tenants, who with their families represent a majority of the people of Ireland, and indirectly it affects the entire population. The disappearance of the landlords and the substitution of a system of peasant proprietors would transform the entire national life. If it can make Ireland a loyal member of the empire the $60,000,000 the British Government proposes to give to the enterprise will have been cheaply spent.

When the Liberals were dallying with Home Rule they always had an uneasy feeling that in the end the Tories might sneak in ahead of them, as they did in the matter of free trade. The outlook in that direction is very promising now. Of course, a land-purchase bill is not Home Rule, but if the land question can be settled the principal obstacle to Home Rule will have been removed. It was the fear that an Irish Parliament would not deal fairly with them that made the landlords fight Gladstone's scheme with the energy of desperation. It was the influence of the landlords that embittered the resistance of Ulster and stiffened the backbone of the English aristocracy. With the land question settled, Home Rule would be neither so ardently desired on one side nor so anxiously dreaded on the other.

If Saxon and Celt make up their differences in Ireland what will happen in America? It will be hard to recognize our politics without the "Irish vote" massed for the single purpose of making things uncomfortable for the British oppressor. If we should live to see several million Irish-Americans taking as much interest in keeping us on good terms with England as our other millions of German-Americans take in keeping us friends with Germany, what a queer state of things there would be! A politician of the O'Donovan Rossa and Finerty era would need a guide to help him find his way about.

Considering the strategic position of Ireland at the throat of their empire it would be well worth the while of the British authorities to pacify her at any reasonable cost, even if there were nothing more than the island itself to be taken into account. But only a quarter of the Irishmen in the world live in Ireland. The rest are in America and the British colonies. That multiplies the importance of the problem by about four.

Before the Phœnix Park murders the Tories were suspected of coquetting with Home Rule. It would not be surprising if they should take it up again, and "dish the Whigs" as they have done on more than one occasion before. But, of course, they will call it something else—"local self-government," perhaps. It is a long stride in that direction that in the preparation of their land bill they have even consented to consult Irish opinion.

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SINFUL PECK

By Morgan Robertson

THE SALVORS

THE captives were released from the staterooms, Sinful Peck ironed in the lazarette, the yards swung under the direction of the bewildered first mate, and the big ship, gathering way under the faintest of quartering airs, forged slowly ahead; then, as the mutineers trooped forward, Captain Jackson leaned over the taffrail and vented his pent-up rage in softly spoken, but intense, profanity. The mate approached him.

"They took charge, Mr. Becker," said the Captain hotly as he turned. "They had the pistol the second mate lost, and shot him with it; then they got the drop on me, and tied me down; then they tied you and the third mate in your bunks; then they raided the cabin and got everything in the shape of a firearm that I had aboard."

"They got my pistol, too," said the mate; "but—they've gone to work."

"Yes, on my promise to pay 'em off at Singapore, fit 'em out with clothes, and pay their passage home by steamer. Though they used to be sailors, they are now—that is, the fourteen who did the business—shipowners and skippers and business men from Cleveland. You see, Sinful Peck—he's a lawyer now—made a fool bet on Bryan with Seldom Helward—who's a Lake captain now—and lost the bet. It was ten thousand cash or a voyage with me, or you, or Benson—any of us who hammered 'em 'round the Horn thirty years back—and Peck chose the voyage, and waited for me to strike New York. Then the whole bunch came down to see Sinful off, and he paid the crimp that shipped him to shanghai 'em all. That's why they're so down on him. They've got him in irons now, ostensibly for shooting Mr. Brown, but really to keep him fast, so that he'll have to finish the voyage. They seem to be influential men at home."

"Yes, Capt'n," came a voice from the lazarette below, "and there's where the fun comes in. Just you put the bloody-minded mutineers in jail; we'll make 'em finish the voyage, too."

"Shut up, down there," said the mate; and the voice subsided. Then the third mate appeared, his watery eyes blinking in anxiety.

"Mr. Brown's in a bad way, sir," he said to the Captain. "It's risky, this hot weather. What's happened, sir? He can't talk straight."

"I forgot him!" exclaimed the Captain, hurrying away.

"Mutiny, Mr. Benson," said the first mate in answer to the other's query. "Had charge for a while, and the skipper made terms with 'em. But it's mutiny just the same, and that means jail."

The mate chuckled, and again the man at the wheel turned his reproving gaze around; then, putting his hands to his mouth, the man bawled:

"Big Pig, lay aft here; I want to talk to you."

"Here—here!" roared the first mate. "What's this——"

"That will do, now—*that will do!*" interrupted the helmsman, patting the air in Mr. Becker's direction. "I believe the time is past when loud language is needed from you."

The mate glared hard at him, but subsided. Then Big Pig Monahan lifted his giant frame up the poop-steps and lumbered aft by the weather alley—another insult to the traditions of the sea—and with his hand on the butt of a pistol in his trousers' pocket, and his distorted eye shifting curiously from one to the other, said to the helmsman: "What's up?"

"Just this, Monahan. I was at the wheel, here, and didn't take a hand; so I only know what you've bargained for by what these men say. They're going to jail us all for mutiny. Better have things down in black and white."

Big Pig mused a few moments, then answered: "Reckon that's so. He gave his word of honor, all right, but then—he's only a poor, ignorant, forgetful saltwater skipper."

The Captain emerged from the after companion at this juncture, and Big Pig said to him: "Hear you're going to jail us for mutiny. Now, no use talking"—he raised his voice as the Captain started to speak; "get out your official log and enter in it that we men are exempt from the charge of mutiny and piracy."

"If you doubt my given word," said Captain Jackson angrily, "let me inform you that such an entry will not hold good against your names on the articles and your being in my forecastle. Under the law you are sailors or passengers."

"We are passengers."

"Then if you are passengers you cannot collect wages for the passage out, and I save that much for my owners."

"To the devil with your wages," said Big Pig contemptuously. "Eighteen dollars a month! We wouldn't kick for clothes only to look decent while we are drawing on our home banks."

"Very well. Down it goes, and we'll all sign it."

The official log—excellent evidence in court—was produced, and in it was stated that thirteen of the ship's people, whose names were on the articles as sailors, were, to all intents and purposes, passengers assisting to take the ship into Singapore; that they were not punishable for mutiny, but were not entitled to collect wages, or other emoluments, from the ship; that Captain Jackson was to fit them out with good clothing at Singapore and pay their passage to San Francisco, and—this an afterthought of Big Pig's—pay their hotel bills and keep them supplied with moderate spending money while waiting for the banks to cash their drafts, in lieu of the wages which they relinquished. But at the suggestion of the skeptical Mr. Becker the Captain insisted on amending the last clause to read that his liability for board and spending money should cease if the banks should refuse to honor the drafts. To this Big Pig agreed, and when the Captain and the two mates had signed their names, the others came aft at his behest, and the fair white page was embellished with the following euphonious cognomens: Big Pig Monahan, Seldom Helward, General Lannigan, Yampaw Gallegher, Shiner O'Toole, Turkey Twain, Jump Black, Ghost O'Brien, Gunner Meagher, Moccassey Gill, Sorry Welch, Poop-Deck Cahill and Tosser Galvin.

"Now, send it down here and I'll sign," came the voice from below.

"Not much, my joker," said Big Pig, peering down on the speaker. "You're a signed man o' the crew, and you're not in it. All you get is the skipper's mere promise of immunity from prosecution."

"But I will say right here," said the Captain, looking around, "that the glass is falling and I expect a typhoon. If we do not get in soon Mr. Brown will die for lack of medical skill, and in that case my promise will not avail. Peck will hang, and it may go hard with you all."

Their faces fell; and Big Pig looked questioningly around the group. One uttered the name "Sinful," and their faces lightened.

"Sinful's the man," said Big Pig. "Get him up here."

"Doctor Sinful Peck," he said sternly a few moments later, when the released prisoner had scrambled up from the dark lazarette, "how long did you practice in the hospitals before you took up law?"

"Three years, if it's any o' your business," answered Sinful, stiffening his small frame to full height, and blinking his round eyes.

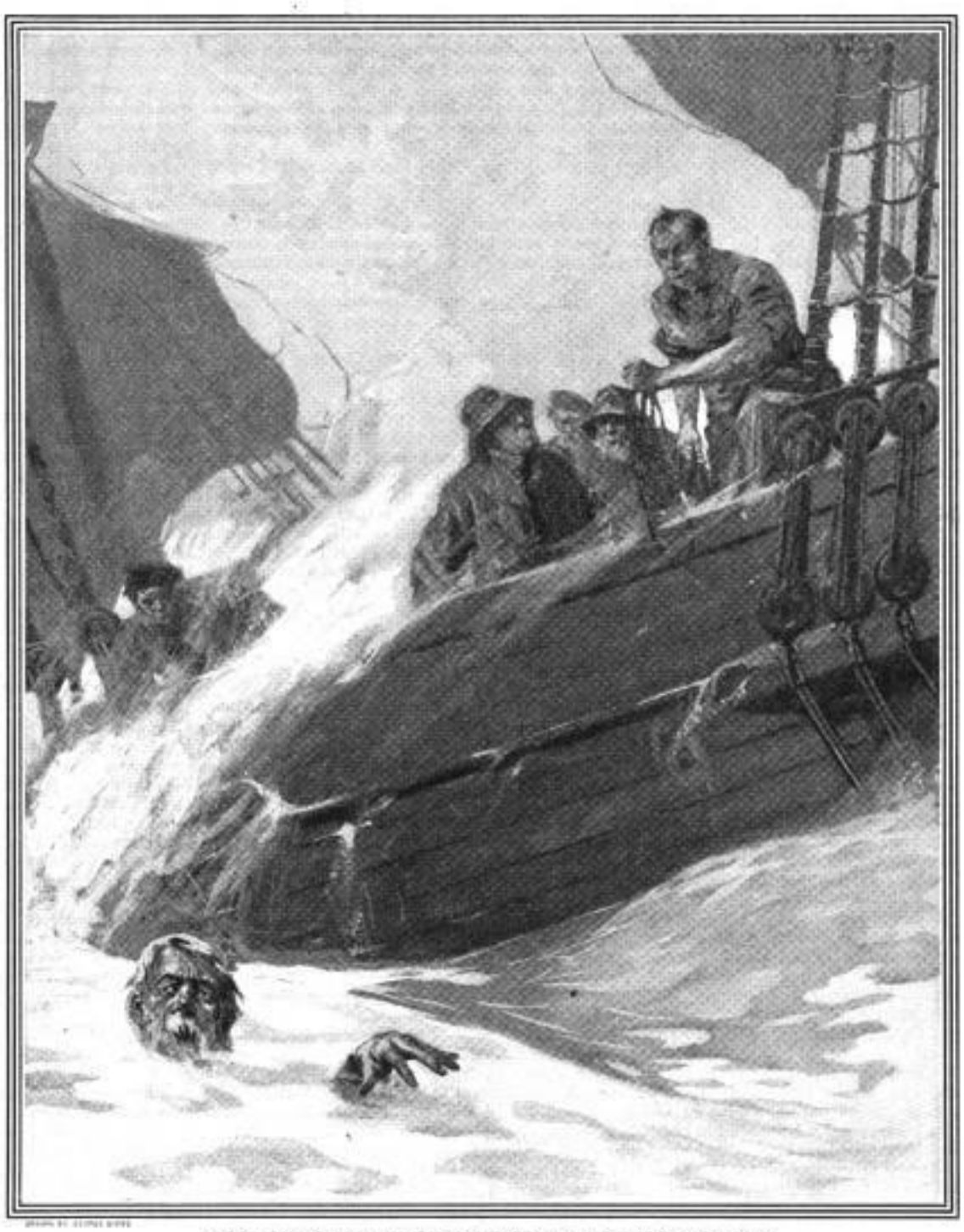
"Good enough. Go down to the second mate and save his life—or hang."

"Goodness me," murmured Sinful, squinting down the hatch. "And I was so comfortable down there. First prospect of rest this voyage, and now I must go to work again."

"No joking," said Captain Jackson. "I promised not to prosecute you, and you were only ironed on the demand of these men. But if Mr. Brown dies you are up against the gallows. I cannot save you. If you have been a doctor, go down to the second mate. There is a medicine chest."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Sinful, saluting in smiling mock respect. "Takes all trades nowadays——" But they bundled him off the poop.

He called on the steward's assistance, and two hours later soberly reported to Captain Jackson that the patient was



AROSE OUT OF THE WASHING WATER AND CLIMBED THE RAIL

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sleeping under opiates, that he had set the fracture, that the fever would probably be under control, but that the bullet could not be extracted with the appliances on board; it was a hospital job, and meanwhile Mr. Brown would need his undivided attention, though the steward could be spared to his duties. To which the Captain, anxious over his barometer, gave a wearied acquiescence. Then, procuring a stool and a book from Mr. Brown's room, Sinful seated himself in the shade near the forward companion door, his pipe in full blast, within sound of his patient's breathing.

The air, barely moving in the morning, was still at noon, the dead stagnation only relieved by the draft from the courses as they flapped with the heave of the ship. There was a yellowish-gray appearance overhead and around, and the native craft on the horizon, with the blue rising of land to the southward, distinct in each detail at daylight, were now hidden in an impalpable haze. But by four o'clock the yellow had left the sky, leaving the gray; and across this gray from west to east moved light, feathery, cirrus clouds, and the native craft were close-hauled to an offshore breeze that darkened the sea with short, breaking waves and increased in fitful puffs. Captain Jackson again consulted the barometer, and called the thirteen aft. They came and surrounded Sinful, who after dinner had resumed his stool.

"Men," he said, "there is a typhoon coming and we've got to get sea-room. You are passengers, but—will you work?"

"Most certainly, Capt'n," answered Big Pig. "Just give your orders."

"Count me out, gentlemen," said Sinful, arising from his stool, and turning toward the companion. "I am on special duty." He passed in, followed by withering looks.

"Very well," said the Captain. "Mr. Becker, take in the royals, and get gantlines and mast-ropes aloft to send down the upper spars, if necessary. We'll keep on this tack and shorten down only as we need."

All that night they tossed and labored. By midnight they had the ship under the three lower topsails, foresail, spencer, reefed spanker and foretopmast-staysail, and hove to, taking the short, vicious seas easily, but drifting northeast into the China Sea with the St. Esprit group a menace under the lee. And by this time there was an able man less; Mr. Becker had fallen down the slippery poop-steps, spraining one ankle, breaking the other. So, Sinful had another patient in the morning, but neglected none the less his pipe, his stool and his book.

At daylight sail had been further shortened by taking in the fore and mizzen topsails and reefing the foresail; and the menacing St. Esprit group, a blue blur through the spindrift, was well on the lee quarter, away from their line of drift.

"We've cleared 'em on this tack," said Captain Jackson to the third mate, as he turned his tired, salt-stained face to leeward; "but we'll have to wear soon. The Tambelaus are right in the way. Hello"—he peered through the glasses—"there's a steamer—caught right to windward o' the St. Esprits. Look. She's steaming into it."

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Benson after an inspection through the glasses. "I can range her. She's goin' ashore stern first."

"Well, we can't help her. We can't help ourselves if this don't change. Just look at that now." The Captain nodded to windward.

A squall, thick with rain and the spume from truncated combers, was rushing down upon them, pressing the heaving turmoil of sea to a level, and adding a louder note to the song of the storm. The ship reeled and shivered as a mighty sea boarded the weather bow.

"Man overboard!" gasped one—it was Big Pig, half-drowned. "It took Benson off the forecastle." Big Pig clung helplessly to the main fife-rail, too weak to do more than cough the water out of his lungs, and another demoralizing sea swept over the bow. Out of this deluge Captain Jackson mounted the lee rail at the main rigging and scanned the waste of gray water to leeward. A yellow sou'wester showed for a moment a hundred feet away, then sank; but there was no sign of the unfortunate third mate. Another sea—the last of the usual three, and the mightiest—lifted above them and dropped aboard. It was a Niagara; it crushed in the weather side of the forward house, but left it in place; it tore men from their grips on ropes and belaying-pins, and washed them about helplessly; it surged against the lee bulwarks and rose, a moving mountain, high over the Captain's head; and it wrenched him from the rigging and bore him away, struggling weakly in his tightly buttoned coat and long rubber boots.

A few saw him go, but only one was ready for action. Sinful Peck, in his shirt-sleeves, with the end of the fore brace tied in a long bowline over his shoulder, arose out of the washing water and climbed the rail. Whether or not he had prepared that bowline for the benefit of the third mate never appeared; but it was ready, and it was the salvation of Captain Jackson. With a ringing "Stand by to haul in!" he sprang overboard, and those who climbed the rail to watch saw him swimming bravely toward what seemed nothing more than a floating oil-skin coat. He reached it just as the men on deck had cleared away the last tangled coil of the forebrace, and they saw him slip the loop around the waist of the drowning Captain, and elevate his hand as a signal. The fourth and the following seas had not boarded the ship, and in the comparative tranquillity resulting they hauled them to the side, where Sinful caught the main chains and climbed aboard. Then they lifted the Captain up, weak, full of water, but conscious, and some assisted him aft, while Sinful, disdainfully avoiding the hearty words and claps on his back offered by the men, made his way to his patients. But the third mate was not seen again.

"Peck, you're a man," said the Captain a little later, as he visited him in the forward companion. "But what made you—for me?"

"Dunno, Capt'n. You needed a few coals of fire on your head, I think."

"Well, it's a pity there weren't more like you when the third mate went—poor devil. He's been a good man in his time, but he was old and weak. Now, I can't do much, nor say much, Peck, but I can save you some trouble. Want to be paid off, and go home with the rest?"

"Oh, no, sir. If I do I must give up ten thousand, and I can't afford it. It's a bet, you know."

"Then you'll go home in the cabin. I won't forget this in a hurry."

He offered his hand, which Sinful took, with a new and mischievous light in his eye. And when Seldom Helward, relieved from the wheel at eight bells, stopped on his way forward with an unfamiliar smile on his rugged face, and tendered him his hand in amnesty and absolution of indebtedness, Sinful declined all and waved him away.

"Want no truck with you," he declared airily. "*I'll* make good the bet."

At midday, the Tambelau Islands rising high to leeward, they wore ship, standing to the south on the starboard tack, and making sail as the wind moderated, until, as darkness closed down on the still troubled waters, the ship lay in nearly the same position as at daylight, with the St. Esprit group bearing on the opposite quarter. Captain Jackson had been scanning the nest of breakers to windward of the islands while the daylight lasted, and when he finally stowed the glasses in the companionway he remarked to himself, or the air, but loud enough to be heard by the ever-listening helmsman: "All gone but the bows and foremast; and they're raising the flag and lowering it."

Forward, men were climbing up and down the fore rigging, straining their eyes at the reef; and after supper one came aft. It was Big Pig Monahan, and he sauntered up to the Captain, who was again staring through the glasses, sacrilegiously smoking a clay pipe.

"Well," said the Captain as he faced him. There was indignation in the tone; for even passengers should respect shipboard etiquette.

"People over yonder, I hear," said Big Pig, pointing with his pipe.

"I suppose so."

"When Gunner came forrard he said you saw signals."

"I did; they were running the ensign up and down; they're showing a light now." The Captain again ranged his glasses.

"Well," said Big Pig after a moment's silence.

"Well, what?"

"What are you going to do?"

"What am I going to do?" asked the Captain angrily. "What can I do?"

"Run in and take 'em off."

"It can't be done."

"It can."

"I tell you it can't, and I want no argument. I'm as willing to save life as the next man, but I'm not going to wreck my ship fooling round a reef in the night-time. How'll you get a boat over, anyhow? How'll you take men off the weather side of a hulk in this sea? And how'll you get back to the ship in the teeth of it in case you got that far?"

"We can do it—all of it. You needn't do anything but show a light. Your own life was saved to-day, when by your reasoning it could not ha' been done. Sinful's been a Lake sailor. So have the rest of us."

The Captain was silent.

"We haven't talked it over," continued Big Pig. "We didn't expect opposition. I'll see what the rest say."

He went forward, and in five minutes was back, and at his heels were the dozen other troublesome malcontents—the helmsman now being one of the more expert of the landsmen.

"Is this so, Jackson," asked Poop-Deck Cahill, his smooth, distinct articulation adding weight to the scorn and contempt in his voice, "that you, just out of the jaws of death yourself, refuse to save those poor wretches down there?"

"I refuse to sanction insanity," sputtered the Captain. "I am duly grateful to those who pulled me in—more than grateful to the man who went after me. But it is quite another thing to attempt this. I know it is impossible."

"You know mighty little, when you're reduced to your lowest terms," said Seldom harshly. "You're smart enough with a crew under you that knows the work, and you're plucky enough with a handspike in your fist and a Dutchman under it. But you're the same coward who shot Monahan thirty years ago for tapping you on the nose. I've a good mind to knock your teeth down your throat on general principles, you —— educated rat." He advanced threateningly, one powerful fist clenched and drawn back.

"Steady, Helward," said Big Pig. "That's all off."

"You are all armed," said the Captain, shrinking back. "I am not."

"Armed be hanged!" said Tosser Galvin, sidling around to windward of the Captain. "We're not bucko mates. Take that for auld lang syne, you small-souled lobster." He struck Captain Jackson in the face. Then Seldom's fist shot out and he went down. Then, the example being set, they kicked him, struck him with fists as he attempted to rise and unmercifully mobbed him about his own quarter-deck, unmindful of the expostulations of Big Pig, and only desisted when he lay quiet between the lee quarter-bitt and the rail, with his hands shielding his face.

"Get up," said Poop-Deck sternly. "Consider, if it suits you better, that we are paying off scores thirty years old. We had become gentlemen since then, but in your ship have reverted to type."

"And that's entirely beside the point," said Seldom, as the Captain painfully arose to his feet. "Consider yourself again deprived of command, and ordered to stand back and forth while we go in for those poor devils on the reef. You won't shake us—you won't dare, much as you'd like to. You'll keep the riding light aloft, and wait for us."

The Captain stared around helplessly through half-closed eyes.

"You'll pay dearly for this," he said thickly. "I am master here under the law."

"And we are passengers," said Poop-Deck. "Don't forget it."

"If you change my ship's course against my wishes you are pirates."

"Now, that will do," said Big Pig. "We are life-savers, and we'll meet your charges in any court in the world. We're going to get two boats out and go in to that steamer; and you're to wait for us with a light up aloft. You've got a dozen other men besides the bosuns and carpenter. That's enough to wear ship. The wind's going down, and we'll be back by daylight; but you'd better not monkey with us. D'ye hear?"

The Captain heard, but made no answer, and Big Pig hailed down the companion, forcefully ordering the steward to fill, trim and light the riding light—the large white lantern used by ships at anchor—and hoist it to the main truck.

Then they all trooped forward to the boats, and two—Poop-Deck and Tosser—stopped on the way and interviewed Sinful Peck, working out problems in navigation on an old log slate in the second mate's room.

"Want me to go along, do you?" he said without looking up. "No; unless Captain Jackson orders me to I will not."

"All right, Sinful," said Poop-Deck; "but he won't order you. You've done well to-day, my boy, and it goes a long way toward squaring matters between you and this crowd. We thought you'd like to be with us."

"I don't. You are ingrates and blackguards. I refuse to mix with you."

"Why, you little shyster," answered Tosser angrily, "you only escaped the certainty of jail on our intercession with Jackson."

"Go away from me. I struck the first blow—which gave you the advantage. In return you consigned me to irons for fear I would swim ashore and escape paying my fool bet. Go away from me." They went, and he resumed his studies.

Forward, they were clearing away two of the boats on the house. When each was equipped and ready they marched aft in a body and, ignoring the Captain entirely, ordered the wheel put up, and conned the ship while she ran down, with yards still braced, about a mile nearer the reef. Then they again brought the ship to and, as the wind and sea were unquestionably milder, even dared to back the main yards, not only to stop headway, but to bring an overhead support for the after boat-tackles. In spite of the Captain's prophecy it was really an easy task to swing those two boats overboard, one at a time, with a man in each to unhook and to drop them back to the stern. It was done in ten minutes, and with a parting injunction to the Captain to "Keep the light lit" they swarmed down the painters, six to one boat, seven to the other, and drifted astern in the darkness.

Captain Jackson watched them off, then gave the order to swing the yards—not to leave them behind, but to bring his ship more under command; for, though the wind was moderating rapidly, there was still an ugly sea heaving out of the west, and he was not far from a ragged barrier reef. He kept an eye on the riding light at the main truck, and at one o'clock wore around and stood to the northward, enjoining upon the lookouts to watch for the boats. He was angry, exasperated and exhausted, yet bound by a human sympathy past his understanding not to desert those obstreperous men, weary as he, who had fought for the privilege of a night's boat work in a heavy sea and a half gale. And so, pacing the poop and watching, with one officer lost, the other two disabled, and Sinful Peck, the one man aboard able to help him, sleeping sweetly, the tired man passed the hours, and at daylight hearkened to a hail, faint as the voice of a telephone, coming up the wind from the gray blanket to leeward.

"Shift over the yardarm tackles, Jackson," said the hail, "and overhaul one and the midship tackle down to us. Got a heavy load."

"How many?" bawled the Captain.

"None. Give us the tackles."

The main yards were backed, and the ship being now on the other tack, the tackles were shifted and overhauled down to one of the boats, while the other pulled to the stern, and caught a line thrown by the Captain.

"Got there too late," said Big Pig as he climbed over the taffrail. "All washed off; but we found the purser's safe—hauled out on deck. Come on, you fellows."

They hurried past the Captain, who looked over the stern, made sure that the boat was secure and shipping no water, and then watched the work going on forward. They had already lifted a small safe by a yardarm tackle, and when it was high enough they tautened the midship tackle, slackened the other, and lowered it gently to the deck. Then they hooked on to the boat, the occupants swarmed up to the fore yard and inboard, and they lifted and stowed the boat in its place on the house as quickly and as skillfully as they had transferred the safe. By this time some had towed the second boat forward with a man in it, and when this was aboard they dragged the safe aft to the dry mizzen hatch, and Big Pig called up to the Captain: "Now, we're played out, Jackson, and mean to turn in after breakfast. You'll have to get along without us."

The Captain bowed gravely. "Go ahead," he said. "I will not call you unless the ship needs you." And then, to himself: "Helyons all, but—they're seamen."

They went below, and the Captain called Sinful Peck, who had come out to inspect the safe, up to him on the poop.

"Peck," he said, "I'm dead beat, and must have some sleep. Will you watch the ship, and call me if necessary?"

"Most certainly, Capt'n. Just give me the course. I'll make sail as she'll stand it, and steer the course when the wind hauls enough."

"Due west will answer until I wake up. By the way, what's their particular standing in Cleveland? Can they

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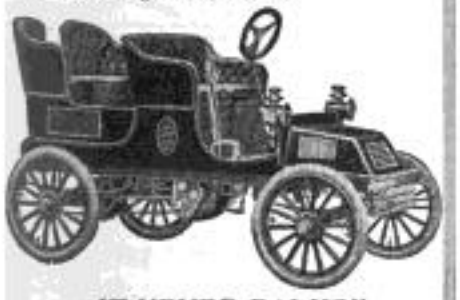

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make trouble for me in the courts? They mopped the deck with me last night, and I don't feel patient and resigned."

"They'll make no trouble, sir," said Sinful with a smile. "They'll want the whole thing hushed up, for shame's sake."

"Well, I'll keep my bargain. I'm to fit them out and send them home, you know, and also pay their expenses until they can draw on their banks. I doubt, though, that the banks will deal with them unless I speak for them, and I feel mean enough to queer the whole thing."

He went down, and Sinful paced the deck thoughtfully.

"Draw on their banks," he muttered at last. "And what a high old time they'll have in Singapore! And what high old yarns they'll spin at home!"

Through the day, as his new duties and occasional attentions to his patients would permit, he continued his pacing and thinking, with the result that when Captain Jackson appeared, late in the afternoon, he listened to a tale—infamous enough to have emanated from a more sinful mind than Sinful Peck's—concerning the character and local reputation of the thirteen fellow-travelers; and it thoroughly impressed him. Sinful told it earnestly, as a duty deferred. He would save Captain Jackson from further extortion and blackmail, and would have spoken before had he been in a position to do so. The slander need not be detailed. It was given with a fidelity to the probable which would have secured places in the Rogues' Galleries of the world for the photographs of all.

The Captain believed; and so believing sailed his ship into Singapore harbor, dropped anchor, and went ashore in a native sampan.

The slandered thirteen, having done their duty by the ship in assisting her into port, washed up, and scoured their grimy hands with sand and bath-brick. They borrowed the carpenter's razor, and shaved, giving their sunburned faces villainous expressions by reason of the white patches developed under the three months' growth. They swore volubly at the Captain's delay, and finally, talking of their prospective salvage, mustered around the safe on the mizzen hatch. A proposition to open it and forestall deception and robbery by counting its contents met with general acceptance. But it was a burglar-proof safe with a combination lock. They spoke of cold chisels, pinch bars, and the carpenter's broad-ax, but none would do. And there was no dynamite on board.

"Here," said Big Pig, spying the observant Sinful—"Here we have it."

He collared him and led him to the safe. "Open that lock," he commanded. "You're a jack-of-all-trades."

"How can I?" said Sinful, squirming under the grip on his collar. "I don't know the combination."

"Find out. You're an expert. Get to work now, or I'll drop you overboard."

With a protesting grimace, Sinful sat down before the safe and began experimenting with the movable knob. The rest drew back, watching, and in a short time he threw open the door and arose.

"Thought you could," said Big Pig. "How easy old trades come back to us, eh, Sinful!" But Sinful scorned reply.

Inside the safe were closely packed piles of English banknotes, tied up and numbered. They unloaded the whole, and counted the amounts on each wrapper as they returned it to its place. When all were packed away they stood erect with glistening eyes, and found the Captain observing them, with Sinful at his side.

"Four hundred thousand dollars if there's a cent," exclaimed Big Pig joyously, "and fully a third of it is salvage—our salvage; for I don't see how you or your crew can get any, Jackson. You forbade the job, and not a man of you did any work."

"On the contrary, Captain Monahan," said Sinful, folding his arms with all his scant stock of dignity, "any salvage which this ship has earned will be divided between her owners, her master and her crew. You are either mutineers with no standing in court, or passengers with no right to salvage."

"What!" answered Big Pig derisively, "do you mean to say that the men who manned the boats and saved this pile will be denied a share of it?"

"I do. Since planning this voyage I read up well on marine law for my own protection. Did you ever hear of a steamship towing a disabled ship into port and sharing the salvage with her passengers? Why, you fools, we saved a big steamer from the Diamond Shoals thirty years ago. Was our claim allowed? We had to dodge policemen for a year. We were mutineers, and not even passengers. Captain Jackson, myself, and the rest of the legitimate crew here will take what salvage the owners don't get."

"You!" exclaimed several at once. "You, who slept through it all!"

"I was on special duty, and have since been made acting first mate. I order you forrard. Go forrard, the pack of you!"

"Wait, though," said the Captain to the nonplused men. "I have just talked with the Consul. There is something in the log which bears on this." He entered the cabin and returned with the official log.

"Come around me here, and listen," he said, opening the book. "As you may know," he continued when they had flocked to his side, "an entry in this log, duly witnessed by an officer has the value of an affidavit. It is legal testimony. Here are all your signatures, my own, and two of my officers to the matter above it, which is to the effect that you are passengers, not sailors, and that you are not entitled to wages, or other emoluments. Read it, all of you—*other emoluments.* That means that you are not entitled to salvage."

They read the fatal entry with blank faces.

"Well," said Big Pig, clearing his throat, "we'll see what the courts say."

"Very well; I will fight you to the last ditch and win. Had you shown any consideration for my position as master of this ship, doing my duty by my owners in forbidding what, in my judgment at the time, was an insane risk of property, I would now consider yours. But you did not scruple to assault me—unarmed as I was, and helpless—and for this you shall suffer. I will keep my agreement with you to the letter. Unless you force me I will make no charge of mutiny against you. Here are orders on the best clothier and furnisher in Singapore"—he took a bundle of papers from his pocket—"for thirteen suits of business clothing, hats, shoes, shirts and underwear. And here are orders on the Hotel Flannigan for board, lodging and one English shilling a day spending-money for each of you until the banks have cashed your drafts or refused to honor them. And here are thirteen steamer tickets."

"A shilling a day?" said one; "why, that won't buy drinks!"

"There is no special amount specified—only 'moderate spending-money,' and that is moderate."

"Very," said Poop-Deck dryly; "as moderate as you are, Captain. And what kind of a hotel is the Hotel Flannigan?"

"A sailors' boarding-house; but it is a licensed hotel."

They looked at him with scowling faces, and an outbreak began; but Big Pig silenced it by raising his hand.

"All right, Jackson. We know you better now, and there's no use in any more talk. We'll take the whole thing into court, and show you up, if nothing more."

They went ashore in the same boats which took the safe and the injured mates, and disappeared from the knowledge of Sinful, who moved his goods into the first mate's room, and took up his duties in discharging cargo. A month later, when ballast had been taken in for Manila, the Captain came aboard one evening with an amused expression on his face, which also held a little of anxiety.

"They're in a tight hole," he explained to Sinful. "They were so sure of their salvage that they decided to wait and get it, not knowing that the case won't be settled for a year. Their shilling a day didn't last long, nor their welcome at Flannigan's; for the banks were suspicious—the Consul warned them, you see, telling them the pedigree you gave of them—and they sold their clothes and their guns and tickets to get money to eat. They've practically starved. Flannigan told me he would ha' kept 'em in the usual way against their advance money, only there are no ships in port. Everything has been corralled by the Government for transports and colliers. And for the same reason, there are no sailors—all jumped to the Philippines. Hot times there now. I can't find a man, and that's why I listened to 'em."

"Did you ship them?" asked Sinful.

"Be aboard in the morning. Signed 'em 'fore the Consul. Are you up on navigation?"

"Pretty much, now."

"Well, Mr. Brown and Mr. Becker won't be ready, and I'll have to leave 'em. I found a second mate ashore, and you can sign on first, if you like, for the run to Manila."

"Thank you, sir. I will with pleasure."

And the little man leaned back against the rail shaking with laughter, while tears of happiness streamed down his cheeks.

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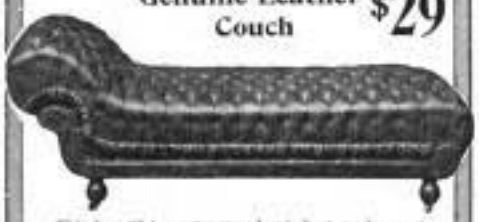

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By S. E. Kiser

XVII

I wonder if he fancies pink or blue?
  Although I'm rather dark I often think
  I'm foolish to wear nothing bright but pink,
For blue things are becoming to me, too:
I know that Teddy likes a lively hue—
  Dear Ted!—he even uses purple ink;
  But William's taste? Ah, gladly I would sink
My preference for his if I but knew.

I must contrive to always look my best,
  For men are won by looks, say what you will:
  The dear old bald-head going down the hill
Still has the little soft place in his breast,
  Still rather likes the beautiful, and still
Has eyes to notice how a girl is dressed.

XVIII

How vainly and how foolishly we plan:
  We think by subtle means to shape affairs,
  To lure the wily game within our snares,
And failure mocks us, as it only can,
Whether at Council Bluffs or Ispahan,
  Or in the orange grove or on the stairs
  We seek to play the game, she errs who dares
To fancy that she fully knows her man.

I thought, by seeming ill, to make him sad,
  And, moaning, on the office couch I fell:
  I hoped that he would smooth my brow and tell
Me something tender. Oh, the shock I had!
He spoke of "whining women" and was mad—
  In future he will always find me well.

XIX

Sweet patience like consistency's a jewel;
  But, oh, it's hard to wait, and time is pressing:
  Why will the foolish doctors keep us guessing
And putter on with nostrums and with gruel
When, after all, they but prolong the duel
  That Pain and Peace are fighting, while confessing
  Down in their hearts that death would be a blessing?
It may be scientific, but it's cruel.

Why can't they let the weary soul go winging
  Its way to where angelic bands are thronging?
  Ah, surely they must know that they are wronging
The pale, exhausted sufferer by bringing
  Back to its clay the half-freed soul, prolonging
The woe that ends where Heaven's hosts are singing.

XX

I'll give her clothes away; I wouldn't care
  To put on things that she had worn; I'll let
  Her relatives have what they want and get
New things made for myself: I couldn't wear
Her garments, anyway, for she's so spare
  And faded out, while I'm a deep brunette.
  And I can have her jewels all reset
When she is gone and I am mistress there.

He's been so glad and kind to-day: no doubt
  He sees the end approaching, sees beyond
The troubled bar a poor sail passing out,
  While in the placid offing there has dawned
Upon his gaze the graceful craft and trim
That comes with long-due happiness to him.

XXI

They've given Teddy dear a little raise:
  He may turn out to be a winner yet:
  Ah, well, I'll keep him fast within the net
And let him dream of coming joyful days,
For she, alas! may fool us all. It pays
  To have a shelter handy when it's wet—
  Why cannot Fate be kind enough to let
Us now and then peer down the future ways?

Last night I paused beside Ted where he sat
  And spoke about his mother: when he rose
I reached up and adjusted his cravat
And let my fingers touch his chin, whereat
  He caught my hand and started to propose—
Dear boy, I couldn't let it come to that

XXII

I hate the office boy. This morning when
  The world was seeming beautiful and bright
  The little imp came in and said: "Last night
I seen you fixin' Teddy's tie, and then
I watched you holdin' hands." I dropped my pen
  And longed to creep in somewhere out of sight:
  I'd like to wring his little neck for spite
And never look upon his like again.

I know that William heard him, too, although
  He didn't look around, for I could see
His shoulders shaking up and down, and, oh,
  I wonder if his heart beat jealously?
  If what I dream of ever comes to me
The office boy shall be the first to go.

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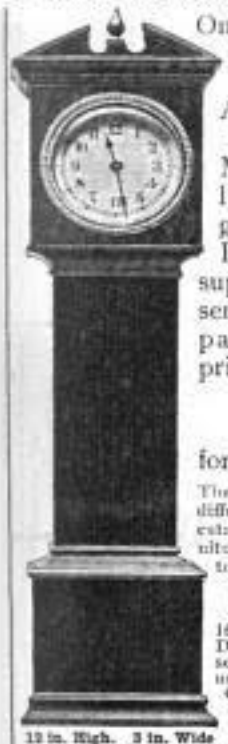

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The Castaway Brokers

(*Concluded from Page 5*)

fell swoop! The boasted prosperity of the republic had disappeared in a single night!

The catastrophe was so stupendous, so appalling, that for the moment they stood as if paralyzed. The President was the first one to recover the use of his stupefied mental faculties. He saw the entire financial system of the island about to be destroyed in the same calamity that had swept away its business interests.

"Stop him!" he cried. "Don't let him kill that goat! It represents the entire wealth of the republic!"

"Let him kill it!" broke in the calm voice of the Secretary of the Treasury, who was suddenly inspired with a great idea. "Let him kill it. We will then dry and cure the hide, cut it into convenient strips and store it away as collateral security for the scrip now in circulation!"

The downfall of their commerce was for the moment forgotten in their admiration for this new stroke of genius. Only one danger now beset them and this the Secretary of the Navy foresaw, in spite of the terrible blow that had fallen upon him in the loss of his second scarce-grasped fortune.

"We must follow Silas, then," he said, "and see that he does not throw the carcass into the sea!"

With this idea in mind they tore, in hot haste, through the strip of forest which separated New Chicago from the ocean.

XIV

ON THE beach a surprise awaited them. They found Silas looking intently out to sea and the forgotten goat browsing peacefully at the edge of the wood.

"My eyes are a little dim without my specs," said Silas, "but that looks mighty like a boat out there."

And it was a boat! A tiny boat with a bit of white cloth fluttering at its prow, and it was drifting straight for the island. Presently the solitary occupant stood up and wildly waved the bit of cloth in answer to their cheers.

It was a woman!

The cheers suddenly ceased and every man gave a hasty glance at his hands and his clothes. The boat came near enough for them to make out the features of the shipwrecked woman.

She was young and pretty!

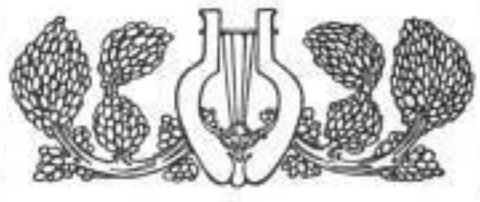
The cheers broke out afresh and with redoubled intensity. As the boat came nearer the men stepped out into the edge of the water, but, as it beached, the Secretary of the Navy suddenly stepped from the background, shouldered in front of the President, elbowed the Vice-President aside, brushed the others out of the way with his brawny arms and offered his hand to the fair castaway.

"As Secretary of the Navy," he said, as she stepped daintily ashore, "I bid you welcome to Chicago Island!"

The young woman mechanically slipped a half-munched ship's biscuit into the bosom of her dress as she looked up at the speaker, then smiled slowly around at the others. The assembled citizens suddenly noted a fact that had entirely escaped their attention up to this time. The Secretary of the Navy was taller, stronger and handsomer than any of them! After a brief inspection of the others the new citizen of the republic slightly, but very perceptibly, snuggled up closer to him.

XV

THREE months afterward, when the good ship Orient stopped at this out-of-the-way point to repair a slightly damaged rudder, the republic had ceased to exist and Chicago Island was governed by a king and queen. The king had formerly been Secretary of the Navy. Slavery flourished in the person of poor Thomas Jefferson Jackson, but the Spirit of Liberty still lived, for Silas Gregg and the goat had established a republic of their own on the extreme point of the island.



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"Having always been a great reader I frequently while at school missed my meals that I might devote the time to a favorite book, or else I hurried through the meal. This irregularity, omission and hurrying, together with the close application to study, finally told on my health until I was forced to leave school. I must have been in a truly pitiable condition from what my friends have since told me, although at the time I am sure I did not half realize the seriousness of my case. My parents decided to send me on a trip to Southern California.

"On the train I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Weissenger, a wholesale grocer of Chicago, who was interested in my case. He heard my story and advised me to try Grape-Nuts, a food greatly relished by his own family. From what he told me of the food I longed to try it, but I did not expect to find it beyond the Rocky Mountains. To my surprise on arriving at Los Angeles I noticed a box of Grape-Nuts on my aunt's sideboard. That marked the beginning of my health and comfort. Since then I have come to look upon the food Grape-Nuts as a synonym for good health and happiness." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

A STORY OF WARD POLITICS—Which seems to show that one man against the crowd stands no chance.

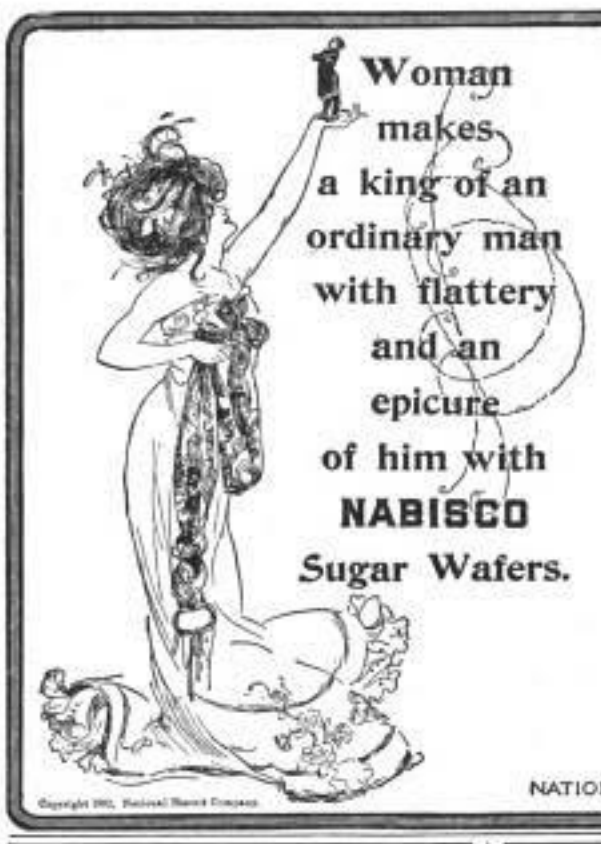
¶ To draw a moral from a story is often to do an offensive thing, and oftener to do a stupid one. The artist is perpetually astonished and delighted—or vexed—to find his words or his brush-marks telling secrets he never knew, but it is part of the privilege of beauty to be all things to all men and to no two men the same. However convinced a man may be of the truth, it will not be the truth as he knows it that he imparts to his listener or his disciple. So with the moral—it may be the last thing the unfortunate author had in mind, but a moral of some sort there will always be while there is a reader left to extort it.

The moral of The Spoilsmen, a political story by Elliott Flower, seems to be: "Keep out of politics; it's bad business for an honest man." Both the honest men in the book who try their hands at it get the worst of the bargain. Mason, who is a small hardware merchant with a decent business and a host of friends, is persuaded to run for alderman. He wins his campaign and comes out of his term with a clean record; but his business is ruined and his friends in the ward detest him almost to a man. That he finally got a good berth with a large wholesale house is in no sense a logical deduction from his political experience—in politics he is a failure—but rather a tribute to his strict honesty and painstaking care in details—qualities which were not wanted in politics. Darnell, the other honest man, and alderman from a "silk-stocking" ward, loses his friends and wins the girl he is in love with, but, though his record is a good one, indorsed by his ward, his father makes it pretty clear to him in the last chapters that while Darnell Junior has been getting the experience Darnell Senior has been paying for it in heightened assessments and all the other petty worriments and expenses to which the machine can subject a taxpayer. "Municipal politics," he concludes, "is even dirtier than I thought. If they can't reach a man in one way, they'll get revenge in another. I believe—I've had all the political experience I want."

The action runs briskly with plenty of incident and resourcefulness—though the criticism is to be made that the story is treated rather as a vehicle for the author's knowledge of ward politics than a problem in itself, subject to its own laws of development—and Casey, the saloon-keeper, who must be a cousin of Mr. Dooley, enlivens the conversation with shrewd sarcasms.

HENRY JAMES—Is he perverse, or are we lazy, and what is one to make of his undoubted "difficulty"?

¶ It can hardly be said of Mr. Henry James that he has an audience in this country; rather one would call it a following. It seems to be taken for granted that Mr. James is a man of great talent and equal waywardness whom it is really too much bother to read. He has not waited on the public, and the public will not wait on him. But difficult as Mr. James often is, nothing can be more certain than that his difficulty is no mere inadvertence, no unsettled thought, no inadequacy of command over the medium he works in. On the contrary, his is not a muddy mind and he has something better than a style; he has style. In other words, he does with language what he wishes, and what one recognizes is not a trick of handling, an affectation of speech, but a quality of thought—in short, personality. Mr. James has been a keen student of the French masters of the short story; he appreciates to the full the value of French limpidity and precision, its sanity and common-sense, and its knack of putting its finger plump on the spot. This quality has been elsewhere remarked. "American style," said Richard Whiteing in a recent address in London, "with its extreme precision, with its highly cultivated sense of the value of the phrase, is anything but English. It aims at delicacy, and not at the rugged vigor of our best men. *Henry James is as un-English as he can be.*" Pages of his work—take, for example, passages in a story called Flickerbridge, one of



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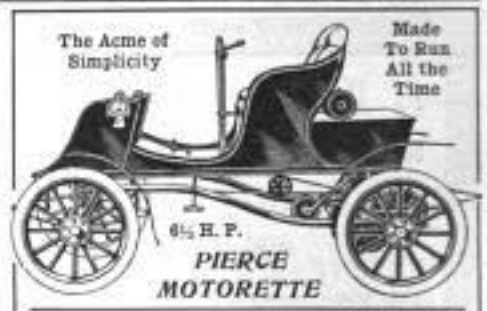

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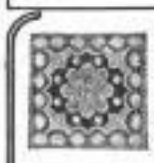

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those collected in his last volume, The Better Sort—run as smooth and as translucent as fair water. It is to be noticed, too, in his choice of words that he nowhere disdains the colloquial, the slangy even. His is never the effect of such a style as Stevenson's, rich with suggestion and memoried associations, a fretted frame of deeply colored glass through which the light comes changed and glorified; it is never oratorical nor lyrical; it is, as Mr. Whiteing says, precise—precise with a French delicacy; it goes wholly along with Maupassant's theory of the right word in the right place—not the poetic word, but the apt word.

What, then, is one to make of his undoubted "difficulty"? Just this: that Mr. James' "sense of life," as he calls it, is different from that of the plain tale. "Come with me into a drawing-room," says Mr. James. "What do you get? A phrase here, a hint there, an allusion, a smile, a stare—a confession of things relevant and irrelevant from which you piece together an impression. And a conversation—what can be more indirect? How much you have to supplement what your friend tells you by what you know and what you can guess at! It is true that I am an artist, not a camera, and that the details, the hints, I give you are all indicative of the something we together, you and I, are building; but these hints, these details, you must work up yourself. I shall not give you a story ready made. You are to construct your own story, under my somewhat nebulous guidance, it is true, and at the end I shall show you, I shall somehow impress upon you the significance of our experience. That, too, you will have to divine out of your own sufficiency. I am not a preceptor, but, like you, an observer and a thinker."

Such a method takes much for granted in a world and in an age for the most part neither observant nor thoughtful of the things which interest Mr. James, but let us grant, once for all, that it is not the method of freakishness nor perversity, and that if we do not read Mr. James it is not because he is either stupid or willful, but because we are too busy or too tired.

A BOOK OF TRAVELS—To countries the author has never seen—A whimsical twist to a familiar theme.

¶ "It isn't what the beggar said, but the nawsty way he said it!" was the complaint of the hero in the topical song, and it isn't so much what the writer sees as the quality of his eyes and the "way he says it" when he tells you about it that makes the book. There will soon be brought out a little book of essays by Bernard G. Richards which gives a quaint twist to a time-worn theme. We have had books of travel and comment before—and in sufficient numbers, Heaven knows!—but never a book of travels *In Countries I Have Never Seen*. Mr. Richards has hit on the whimsical idea that the man who visits the country in person is the last man really to learn to know it. He quarrels with the customs official, his cabman cheats him, or his landlady skimps the fare and fattens the bill, and presto! the face of the country will never be the same to him.

Could anything be fresher, more willfully, perversely true? For instance: Paris, to Mr. Richards, is a city where all the manual labor is done by realistic novelists in search of "experience"—and France a country where nobody but the peasants in Millet's paintings ever works; China is one huge steaming laundry—so it goes. The fact is always familiar—like the eternal love story—the charm is in the way it is seen. Did not Charles Lamb make a poem out of roast pig?

SHALL WE LEARN GAELIC?—Miss Eleanor Hoyt advances an argument that will appeal to many perturbed spirits.

¶ Miss Eleanor Hoyt, the author of The Misdemeanors of Miss Nancy, has had a bad winter with that arch fiend the grippe, which, for an importation from "effete" Europe, seems to be a remarkably long-winded, able-bodied critter. She had no sooner made her first convalescence than she was overtaken, at the end of a week's work, with an attack even more severe than the first, which left her eyes in such bad shape that she has been obliged to postpone much promised literary work.

Exasperated, she avers, is hardly the word for it.

"I'm reminded," she says, "of the old Scotchman whom I met in Inverness and who solemnly urged me to learn Gaelic.

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PROFESSOR W. H. HOLMES, Director of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, suggests two ways in which the world is more or less likely to wind up:

The waters on the surface of the globe, which already have been largely absorbed into the earth's crust, may sink deeper and deeper as the cooling of the interior goes on, until the outside is a desiccated desert, unfit for man or beast.

Or the waters may continue to act as they act to-day upon the land, cutting down the hills and mountains little by little, but nevertheless surely, until all the land is beneath the sea, save such artificial continents as man himself may raise.

As between these two possibilities, the former would seem to be more likely. Professor W. J. McGee says that the globe is certainly cooling and drying, much of the water being converted into solids. For example, plants consume water and convert them into solid compounds (plant tissues); but, when the plants decompose, they do not become water again.

Water is being steadily absorbed into the crust of the earth, and, owing to the progressive drying, the continents are getting bigger. On the other hand, we are learning how to utilize the available water more effectively, and some day we shall find out how to manufacture water by the electrolytic decomposition of minerals. Water is extracted every day from minerals in laboratories, and it is only a question of time, says Professor McGee, when the water for cities will be artificially made.

Though the globe is cooling, we are learning how to economize solar heat. We counterfeit the climatic conditions of the tropics by growing plants under cheesecloth, and by the use of glass we multiply the effect of the sun's rays. Where now we have hundreds of acres under glass in this country we shall have many square miles a century hence.

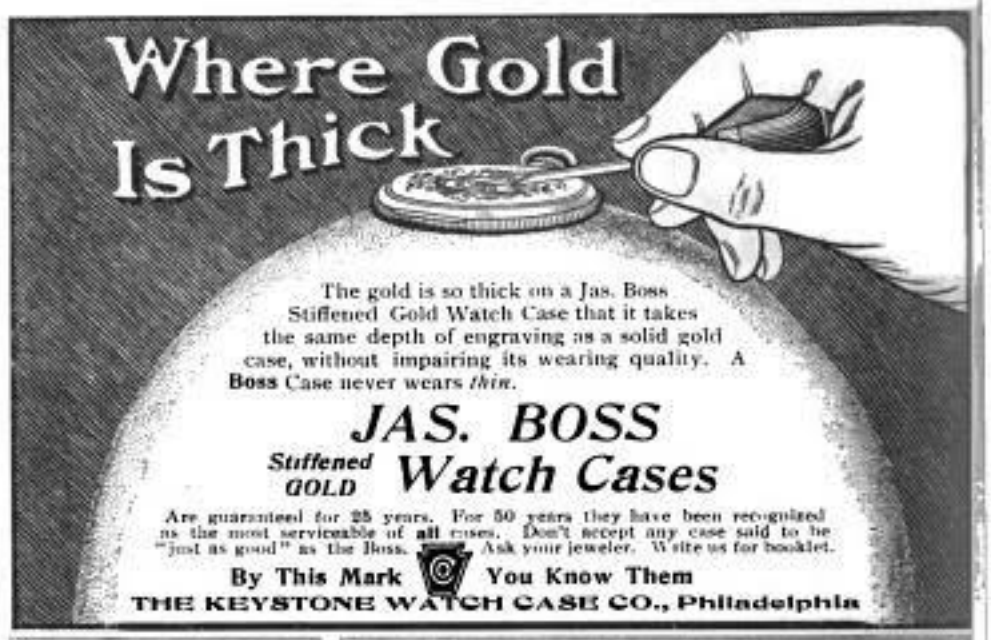
Thus does human ingenuity bid defiance to the cooling and drying processes that are going on. Nevertheless, as Professor Holmes remarks, there is "nothing surer than that there will come an end to the races that now are, to mankind as a whole, and to the world he inhabits." It is only a question of the manner in which this melancholy result is destined to be accomplished.

THE PAMPERED SARDINE—He promises to be soon eating American dainties—Some wonder who he really is.

UNIQUE in the American commercial invasion of Europe is the shipping of New England bait to capture sardines on the coast of Brittany.

That French sardines are unexcelled is admitted, but it is confidently predicted that American cod roe is destined to play a preeminent part in the famous fisheries of France. Along the Atlantic Coast from New Jersey northward the preparation of sardine bait from the eggs of the cod is entirely feasible, and promises very substantial increase in the revenues of cod fisheries. Moreover, America has awakened to the fact that inasmuch as cod eggs are an artificial food, they are not the only lure for sardines, and that the roe of the haddock, hake, pollock, cusk and other gadoid fishes yield a suitable bait. In fact, it is believed that all fish eggs not over one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter may ultimately be utilized.

For two hundred years Norwegian cod roe has monopolized this trade. The preference given the product from Norway has been due not so much to a superior quality of roe as to greater care in packing. American cod fishermen several years ago sought to secure a foothold in the French fish market, but unfortunately failed to bore holes in the sides of the barrels of packed roe for the escape of the brine. As a result, when the frugal sardine fishermen of Brittany unpacked the bait they encountered layers of undissolved salt, and a prejudice spread against the American product. "Salt is not good bait for sardines," was the laconic explanation of a dealer at Concarneau when questioned as to the popularity of American cod roe. Gradually, however, the product from the United States has been gaining headway, and



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COOKING CONTEST

Right in the Family Kitchens

The ladies have a champion interested in the betterment of family cooks.

$7,500.00 in cash has been donated by C. W. Post, Chairman of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., to be distributed between now and July next in 735 cash prizes to stimulate family cooks to better service.

Less burned and greasy meat, and potatoes; less soggy biscuits, cake, etc., and better coffee, Postum and tea is the motto.

The girls are to compete in the preparation of good, everyday dishes and in general cookery. Probably Grape-Nuts and Postum Coffee will come in for some attention incidentally, but the tests will be conducted under the daily direction of the housewife and 735 cooks will win varying cash prizes from $100.00 down to $5.00. No one is required to pay anything whatever to enter this contest and each winner will receive a large certificate or diploma with the big Postum seal in gilt, a badge of distinction much to be sought after. Particulars can be had by addressing Cookery Dept. No. 419, of Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

now the United States Government has become interested and is prepared to give scientific suggestions and information to persons who wish to prepare bait for the French sardine industry.

In making investigations in regard to the food of sardines the American ichthyologists took up the old question as to whether sardines are a distinct species. The term sardine is a general one, applied to various clupeoid fishes of small size in many parts of the world. California, the West Indies, Chili, India, Japan and New Zealand produce sardines. These are different varieties of fish, the California sardine being nearest akin to the French.

The latter, most of the scientists agree, is the young of the pilchard.

THE PNEUMATIC CHAMBERMAID—She raises no dust, never talks back, and never asks for a night out.

ONE of the most novel of current inventions gives promise of doing much toward solving the servant problem.

This new contrivance is, in reality, a mechanical servant, portable and readily managed, which removes every particle of dust from walls, furniture, carpets, tapestries, clothing and fabrics of any kind. With this device a woman delicately gowned could clean house without herself encountering any dust.

The cleaning is not effected by forcing air through a room. No dust is swirled about by the new process.

A portable engine, which may operate on the street or in the basement, is used to drive a powerful exhaust fan. From the exhaust box a hose, terminating in a nozzle of special design, runs to the dwelling or apartment where the housecleaning is to be done. At the tip of the nozzle and at right angles to it is screwed an attachment of brass or steel of any desired width, containing an aperture one-sixteenth of an inch across. To begin housecleaning the operator first turns a faucet which opens a valve and enables the vacuum below to draw air at a very rapid rate through the mouth of the nozzle terminal. By means of a long handle this metallic mouth, whose edges are round and smooth, is readily moved over any surface, whereupon a very strong suction causes every bit of dust in the path of the movement to pass through the nozzle and thence into the tube.

The dust is then drawn downward, and by a physical process is detached from the air and falls into a receptacle prepared for its lodgment.

The passing of the device once over a carpet cleans it far more effectively than a persistent beating. In the operation of the invention no dust is stirred about the room, so that but for a whirring noise caused by the inrush of air, and the exceedingly dustless area in the wake of the contrivance, there is nothing to indicate that housecleaning is in progress.

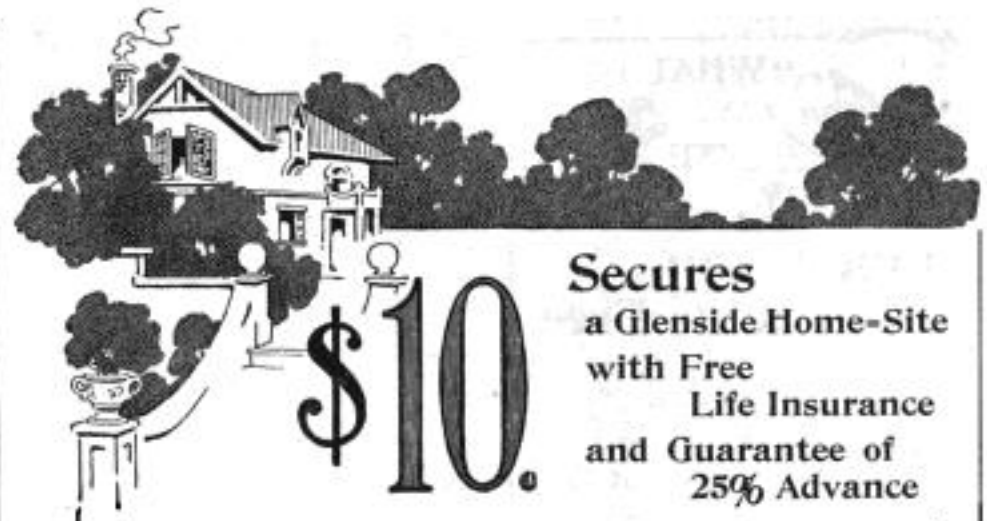
At first the cost of the housecleaning plant will limit its introduction as a fixed institution in small homes. As a permanent plant it is designed particularly for large residences, hotels and municipal and office buildings. That all classes, however, may enjoy the advantages of the system, arrangements will be made to mount the engines on automobiles and take them from street to street, sending up the connecting hose, and also an operator, if requested, to the flat or residence of any one desiring pneumatic housecleaning.

Or, if the demand for the mechanical servant warrants it, large engines will be constructed permanently in various sections of the city and rubber tubes will radiate therefrom to all houses within a given radius.

Various sizes of nozzle mouths are used. One is designed to be moved over the clothes a person is wearing. Not a vestige of dust is left behind. Through the small nozzle tip adapted for this purpose forty-two cubic inches of air are drawn every minute.

The process not only cleans a garment but freshens it, giving it the appearance of having been newly sponged and pressed.

The hygienic virtues as well as the noiselessness and the efficiency of the pneumatic chambermaid appeal to those who have witnessed experimental operations. Germ-laden dust has no chance when operated upon by this process to move about and thus spread contagion.



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But they choose their investments carefully; and, when they have made up their minds what is good, they **do it right away.**

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Philadelphia itself is the largest manufacturing city in America. It is, besides, the city of homes, and of homes in the suburbs. Valuable as land is in the center of Philadelphia—and it has been steadily going up—the increase in value has been shared by all the good land, well-situated, around Philadelphia.

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This beautiful country—the most beautiful around Philadelphia—we marked a few years ago for the greatest coming suburb of Philadelphia, and indeed, in the world. Land all around it was high, and still is high; but Glenside consisted of two large estates, that could not be bought in part. They could, however, be bought as a whole at a very low price, and this we did. We spent $900,000 improving this property—perfect macadam roads, granolithic side-walks, perfect drainage, pure water, gas, electricity, trees, shrubs, gradings—and have made Glenside more than beautiful country, more than beautiful park—a perfect suburb. Hundreds of houses have sprung up on the land that, but three years ago, had only two houses.

If land was worth one price before we began, it is worth four prices now; but we don't ask you to pay what the lots are worth.

Remember that we got this land for a great deal less than it is worth, and the present price of the lots is our cost plus the cost of improvements, plus a reasonable profit for our risk and our expert knowledge.

We are the largest real estate operators in or about Philadelphia. We have opened seventy-four different properties in this very region, and have been uniformly successful. Any Philadelphia business man can tell you about us—whether we keep our word and whether we know our business.

$10 secures one of the three hundred lots set aside for the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The prices of lots are $200 to $1700. They are worth already a great deal more. On March 14th, a rainy Saturday, we sold $14,000 worth. On March 21st, another rainy Saturday, we sold $20,000 worth—to Philadelphia people, who know Philadelphia, and Glenside, and W. T. B. Roberts & Son. These sales were made in sections adjoining the 300 lots offered THE POST readers. Only a small proportion of the 300 lots remain unsold.

Write To-day

Send us $10 if you want to be sure of a lot. Write us anyway and let us send you all the information, that you may judge for yourself. The above is, of course, not the whole story.

Upon Receipt of $10.00

we will reserve you one of these lots and send you a marked plan showing its location. We shall pick out for you the best unsold lot; but if, for any reason, you desire any other, we are glad to make the change. If you come to Glenside we will pay a proportionate part of your expenses, according to the size of your investment.

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We guarantee hereby, and will guarantee with your deed of sale, that the property will increase in value 25 per cent. within a year from purchase, based on prices at which the ground is then selling. If it fails to do this, we will refund your money at the end of twelve months with six per cent. interest added.

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These gentlemen have kindly consented to answer any question in regard to Glenside or its owner. Mr. Widener and Mr. Elkins, and also Hon. John Wanamaker, the merchant-prince, have magnificent homes in the immediate locality, and besides this, are large owners of real estate in the neighborhood. You may also refer to any reputable financial agency in Philadelphia.

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Despotism and Democracy

(*Continued from Page 3*)

women brought back to him something of his lost love. He knew she had never married, but all else concerning her was a blank to him. He was consumed with a desire to ask Crane something about her—all about her—but he had noted instantly that in Crane's eye and voice was a manner which revealed a dangerous interest in Constance Maitland; and so Thorndyke was held back and urged forward to speak of her.

The band passed on, the street once more grew quiet, and Crane returned to his seat. Thorndyke smoked savagely to keep from mentioning Constance Maitland's name. Crane did likewise, but having less self-control than Thorndyke he could not but hark back to the ticklish subject.

"So you say you knew Miss Maitland?"

"Yes. A long time ago."

"She's very old-fashioned—enough so to stay out of society when she is wearing mourning. She's been in mourning for her uncle by marriage ever since she's been in Washington—six months. The exclusives don't stay in mourning more than six months for husbands, wives or children. Parents and aunts and uncles don't count."

"The exclusives don't have any aunts and uncles," Thorndyke put in shortly. "They have nieces and nephews who are presentable after they have been washed and combed—but they can't go back as far as uncles and aunts."

"So they can't. Their uncles and aunts are just like *my* uncles and aunts. Well, I gather that the old Count for whom Miss Maitland has worn mourning wasn't a bad old party—better, perhaps, than his American wife."

"He was," said Thorndyke.

Crane looked at him suspiciously and then kept on.

"Miss Maitland is going out this spring. She says I'm quite right in thinking there is a delightful society attainable here in Washington, but she's so pleased to be back in her own country that she praises everything right and left. To see her flow of spirits you would think her the happiest woman in the world. Yet she told me once that she wasn't really happy."

"All women tell you that before you get through with them," growled Thorndyke.

"Annette never has," said Crane, rising and throwing away his cigar. "Some time, if you wish to call on Miss Maitland, I'll take you round."

Thorndyke restrained the temptation to brain Crane with the carafe on the table by him, partly out of regard for himself, partly out of regard to Crane.

"And as for my streak of luck, as you call it," Crane continued, "I intend to devote all my powers to my work, so that no matter what other committee makes a fool of itself, the Committee on Foreign Relations won't—at least through its chairman," Crane continued.

"It's easy enough to steer that committee when everything is peaceful," answered Thorndyke, meaning to take the new chairman down a peg. "And it's a great deal easier when we get into a continental mess as we are now. Wait until you get on the Ways and Means, or Committee on Elections, or Banking and Currency, if you want to have a little Gehenna of your own on earth. Good-night."

Thorndyke sat up smoking until after two o'clock. His thoughts were not concerned with Crane's political future, nor with his own either, nor with the continental mess. He was thinking about that dead and gone time, and how far away it was; the moderns did not make love through the medium of sentimental songs to the guitar and to stanzas from Childe Harold. They preferred ragtime on the mandolin, and the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám; and they no longer seemed to fall in love in the painful and whole-souled manner which had befallen him; and then he wandered off into thinking how a man's will could go so far and no farther, and how he should feel when he saw Constance Maitland, as he must eventually, and how she would look and speak. He concluded, before he went to bed, that he had experienced that unlucky accident, the breaking of heart, which would not mend, do what he could; for he was one of those rare and unfortunate men who can love but once.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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A Ballade of the Girl from Jersey City

By Carolyn Wells

Of many maidens men have sung,
  Full oft their trumpets blare,
For Philadelphia maidens young—
  New York girls debonnaire;
  But, though the Boston girl is rare,
The Southern girl is pretty;
  Of one none seems to be aware—
The Girl from Jersey City.

Though she may have a clever tongue,
  Dark eyes and golden hair,
Praise from the poets can't be rung—
  They neither know nor care
  Whether her name's Claudine or Clare,
Whether she's dull or witty,
  Whether she's robust, slim or spare—
The Girl from Jersey City.

From noble lines she may have sprung;
  To large estates be heir;
To fine traditions may have clung,
  And a great name may bear;
  Yet none to her his faith will swear,
None praise in song or ditty;
  No one is brave enough to dare
The Girl from Jersey City.

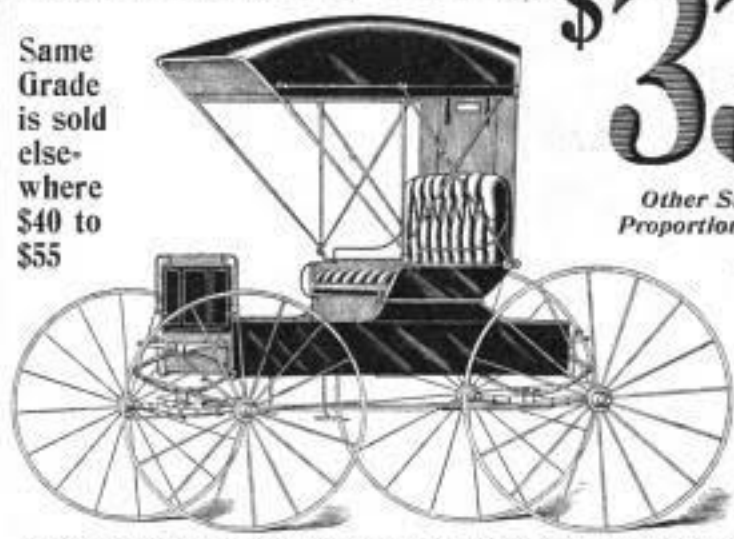
L'Envoi

Muses, it's none of my affair,
  And yet it seems a pity
To see her pining lonely there—
  The Girl from Jersey City.

Direct from Our Own Factory

A Good Leather Quarter Top Buggy **$33.90**

Same Grade is sold elsewhere $40 to $55



Other Styles at a Proportionate Saving

Send for Our **Vehicle Catalogue No. 1**

Free upon Request.

Our "Brown Beauty," $42.50; our "Premium Blue," $48.50; our "Diamond Special" Rubber Tired, $55.50; our "Peerless" A grade buggy, $69.85; our "Arlington," $90.00; Stanhopes, Phaetons, Surreys, etc., at our one-profit prices.

We Guarantee Satisfaction

and our well-known reputation for fair dealing, covering a period of 31 years of business, is an assurance that our guarantee means something. We never misrepresent. We gladly take back any unsatisfactory purchase, return your money and pay transportation charges both ways. You take absolutely no chances in sending us your orders. Our prices are lower, quality considered, than those of any other house in America. Try us and see. If you are thinking of buying a vehicle of any kind, your best interests demand that you

Send for Our Vehicle Catalogue No. 1. A postal request brings it. Write today.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. MICHIGAN AVE. and MADISON ST. **CHICAGO**

ALEXANDER & BAIRD,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
51 WARBURTON AVE YONKERS, N.Y.
JOHN W. ALEXANDER HENRY MARTYN BAIRD, JR.
WILLIAM ALFRED ALEXANDER

2nd March 1903.

Mr. N. V. Goodrich,

South Hanover, Mass.

Dear Mr. Goodrich:-

Not a small part of the pleasure derived from our recent trip to the Majestic Mines, Utah, is the friendships which we formed with the several members of our party. I am a great believer in the educational results produced by a trip abroad, that is--away from one's home locality, either in our own country or across the water. That which we see with our own eyes, and that which we hear by rubbing elbows with our fellows, always makes a lasting impression.

There were many episodes of our trip which we may recall with pleasure, but the solid satisfaction comes from the information and knowledge which it afforded along the lines of mining industry.

The three important requisites to the success of such a proposition as the Majestic, have been made very apparent to us, namely:-

(1) Ore in substantial quantity and quality.
(2) The necessary facilities for its conversion into a saleable product, having a market value.
(3) A management, at once honest and capable, having the welfare of all its stockholders at heart.

To me it is a source of pleasing gratification that the very excellent showing of Majestic proposition makes clear to my mind these requisites as indispensably necessary, while at the same time meeting each one fully and completely.

As to the first--our visit to the Vicksburg, Old Hickory and O. K., not to speak of the other mines, was a convincing argument. In regard to the facilities for conversion of this mountain ore into ready cash, the progress already made toward smeltering, and the adaptation of general situation of things easy and least expensive means and appliances necessary, meets this requirement.

Lastly, but yet vastly important, comes the question of efficient management guaranteed to turn a deaf ear to all scheming, and making the welfare of the stockholders its first and only consideration. In this last respect, I am glad to note that the present and so far as can see the future outlook for the Majestic is all that could be desired. After persistent and diligent inquiry made touching the good name and reputation of each and every of the officers and directors of Majestic, I have yet to hear the first word casting the shadow of a doubt upon the fitness of any of them.

And now, Mr. Goodrich, I have written to you at greater length than I intended, but the truth is that I have seen and heard so much of Majestic proposition that I feel in my bones it should and will succeed. However, notwithstanding my enthusiasm in this regard, on my own account, I have not lost the feeling of responsibility which one assumes in presenting an enterprise, however good it may appear, to others. At one time I felt that while I might risk an investment on my own account, I could not think of presenting it to a friend or client. The lines of investment to which I have been accustomed in the last quarter of a century have not been of this character. But I have overcome this feeling somewhat. The facts which have come to me have so thoroughly assured me that this is an investment pure and simple, with a most promising future, and the element of risk well nigh eliminated, that I have felt constrained to present the facts to certain friends, leaving them to determine from these facts, and without advice from me, whether or not they should go into it.

Thus far I have so presented the proposition to three friends, with the result that each one of them has expressed a desire to make the investment. As an earnest of my good intentions, I am trebling my holdings.

I trust you arrived home in good condition and that you are now enjoying the benefits of the trip in an increased measure of physical and mental vigor.

Very truly yours,

Dic. J. W. A.

John W. Alexander

In a recent advertisement we offered to *show* convincing proof of the great mineral wealth possessed by the

Majestic Copper Mining & Smelting Co.

We offered a limited amount of stock to careful investors at a very reasonable rate.

Here is a fac-simile of a letter written by a conservative man who joined one of our inspection parties.

Another special car leaves for the mines on April 24th. Correspondence invited from investors who wish to have positive proof concerning this wonderful group of mines.

We expect that a dividend will be earned and paid this year.

Full particulars and comprehensive book about the mines, "Above and Below the Surface," will be mailed to those interested. Treasury stock is nearly all sold.

Address all communications to the Fiscal Agents,

CHAPMAN, MUCKLOW & BOSSON, 78 Pearl St., Hartford, Conn.

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Our reputation of 31 years is back of our guarantee that all of our goods are of reliable quality, exactly as represented, and sold at wholesale prices direct to consumers.

"CHICAGO BEAUTY"

Folding Hand Camera

The only camera on the market having swing back that is sold at so low a price.

$5.50

Leather covering, beautiful mahogany finish, swing back, rising and falling front, rack and pinion, ground glass focusing screen, rapid rectilinear lens, automatic shutter for time, instantaneous and bulb exposures. Price includes camera complete, with lens shutter, double plate holder and carrying case with handle. Order No. K666. For 4x5 Pictures, $5.50; For 5x7 Pictures, $7.50

Photographic Supplies at Wholesale Prices

SEND FOR SPECIAL CATALOGUE KL

Here are a few quotations:

Developing and Printing Outfits	$ .90 up
Printing Frames	.08 up
Guaranteed Toning Trays	.08 up
Developing and Toning Powders	.10 up
All Chemicals at Lowest Prices.	
Printing Papers, all styles and sizes, per dozen	.10 up
Card Mounts	.04 up
Stereoscopes, all grades and styles	.20 up
Stereoscopic Views, different subjects	.05 up
Opera, Field and Spy Glasses	1.75 up
Telephones, with complete fittings	10.00 up
Magic Lanterns, (M. W. & Co's. Home Circle)	14.00 up

Also complete assortment of plain and colored Lantern Slides, Stereopticons, Kinetoscopes, Phonographs and all accessories and appliances. Electrical Apparatus and Devices of every description, etc.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

Michigan Ave., Madison & Washington Sts., CHICAGO

FROM FACTORY TO CONSUMER

$26.50 BUYS A BUGGY (with top $33.50)

superior quality, style and durability. Our entire output of two enormous factories sold direct to consumers only.

PRICES DEFY COMPETITION

We manufacture a full line of Buggies, Carriages and Harness, guarantee everything we sell and ship on approval. Money back if not satisfied.

SAVE DEALERS' PROFITS

Write immediately for our catalogue and special inducement, it will interest you.

UNION BUGGY CO., 482 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

TAUGHT

OPTICS BY MAIL

Write today for our free book and learn how to test eyes and fit glasses scientifically. We teach you by correspondence and furnish you optical goods as you need them at lowest wholesale prices, on which you make large profit. Diploma awarded when proficient. A splendid income easily earned. We can refer you to hundreds of pleased graduates who are making fine incomes—some at home, some traveling. Business adapted to both sexes. Take the first step toward independence by writing us today.

JACKSONIAN OPTICAL COLLEGE

(*Chartered*)

Dept. P 18, Jackson, Mich.

Battery Table Lamp, $3.00

Battery Hanging Lamp	$10.00
Telephone, complete, $2.50 and	5.00
Electric Door Bells	.30
Electric Carriage Lamps	5.00
Electric Hand Lanterns	2.00
$5.00 Batteries	3.00
Telegraph Outfits	3.25
Battery Motors	$1.00 to 12.00
Bicycle Electric Lights	2.00
Electric Railway	3.50
Pocket Flash Lights	1.50
Necktie Lights	75c to 3.00

Send for free book. Describes and illustrates many of the most useful electric devices, at wonderfully small prices. All practical. The best guide in the world on everything electrical. Agents can make handsome commissions and many sales. Write for complete information.

Ohio Electric Works, Cleveland, O.

If we would have the gentle spring
A buoyant "Next-to-Wing" time,
We should attach new rubber heels
That give us spring in Spring-time.

O'Sullivan Rubber Heels are now described as the missing link between wings and shoes. Their buoyancy is due to the elasticity of new rubber. 35 cents, and small sum for attaching. Buy of your dealer, or

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., LOWELL, MASS.

The Awakening of George Raymond

(*Concluded from Page 11*)

He read and re-read it until the type grew blurred. What did it mean? He asked himself that a thousand times. What did it mean? He sought his room and locked the door, striding up and down with agitation, the cablegram clenched in his hand. He was beside himself, triumphant, and yet in a fever of misgiving. Was it not perhaps a coincidence, not an answer to his own letter, but one of those extraordinary instances of what is called telepathy?

Her words would bear either interpretation. Possibly the whole family was returning with her. Possibly she had never seen his letter at all. Possibly it was following her back to America, unopened and undelivered.

"*Sailing by Touraine, arriving sixth.*" Was that an answer? Perhaps indeed it was. Perhaps it was a woman's way of saying yes; it might even be, in her surpassing kindness, that she was coming to break her refusal as gently as she might, too considerate of his feelings to write it baldly on paper. At least, amid all these doubts, it assured him of one thing, her regard; that he was not forgotten; that he had been mistaken in thinking himself ignored.

He spent the next eight days in a cruel and heart-breaking suspense. He could hardly eat or sleep. He grew thin, and started at a sound. He paid a dollar to have the Touraine's arrival telegraphed to the office; another dollar to have it telegraphed to the boarding-house; he was fearful that one or the other might miscarry, and repeatedly warned the landlady of a possible message for him in the middle of the night.

"It means a great deal to me," he said. "It means everything to me. I don't know what I'd do if I missed the Touraine!"

Of course he did not miss the Touraine. He was on the wharf hours before her coming. He exasperated every one with his questions. He was turned out of all kinds of barriers; he earned the distrust of the detectives; he became a marked man. He was certainly there for no good, that tall guy in the slouch hat, his lean hands fidgeting for a surreptitious pearl necklace or an innocent-looking umbrella full of diamonds—one who, in their language, was a geezer that would bear watching.

The steamer came alongside, and Raymond gazed up at the tier upon tier of faces. At length, with a catch at his heart, he caught sight of Miss Latimer, who smiled and waved her hand to him. He scanned her narrowly for an answer to his doubts; and these increased the more he gazed at her. It seemed a bad sign to see her so calm, so composed; worse still to behold her occasionally in animated conversation with some of her fellow-passengers. He thought her smiles had even a perfunctory friendliness, and he had to share them besides with others. It was plain she had never received his letter. No woman could bear herself like that who had received such a letter. Then, too, she appeared so handsome, so high-bred, so charming and noticeable a figure in the little company about her that Raymond felt a crushing sense of his own humbleness, and of the impassable void between them. How had he ever dared aspire to this beautiful woman!—and the thought of his effrontery took him by the throat.

He stood at the gangway as the passengers came off, an interminable throng, slow-moving, teetering on the slats, a gush of funneled humanity, hampered and hampering, with bags, hat-boxes, rolls of rugs, dressing-cases, golf-sticks and children. At last Miss Latimer was carried into the eddy, her maid behind her laden with her things, lost to view save by the bright feather in her traveling hat. The seconds were like hours as Raymond waited. He had a peep of her, smiling and patient, talking over her shoulder to a big Englishman behind her. Then, as the human stream brought her down, she stepped lightly on the wharf, turned to Raymond, and before he could so much as stammer out a word, flung her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"Did you really want me?" she said. And then, "You gave me but two hours to catch the old Touraine!"

(THE END)

Why Ad. Writing Builds Great Businesses

Incomes from $100 to $500 a Month through Mail Instruction.

By GEORGE H. POWELL

I AM going to say something to the business men readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST regarding the marvelous possibilities of the right sort of advertising, because of the great interest manifested in this modern science from coast to coast.

The recent article in this magazine by Paul Latzke, entitled "Freaks and Fortunes in Advertising," was a fairly correct statement of conditions, particularly that portion which drew the deduction that advertising is a much better investment than a gold mine.

Never were truer words written, and yet the business world has hardly begun to realize results which have been responsible for millions of dollars in profits and dividends through modern publicity.

One reads about some bright man who has made a fortune advertising a specialty, and the mental impression is that it was, after all, some lucky accident, or freak, that may not again occur in twenty years—all because natural conditions are not understood or comprehended.

We hear of a "schemer" who began advertising for mail orders and getting rich within a very short time—and again the average mind is prone to attribute success to some fortunate combination of circumstances, rather than to the proper cause.

A few years ago a man sent out by express to hundreds of fictitious names gold-plated watches, accompanied by bills at about $15.00 each, with credits averaging $5.00 each, giving the impression that this was cash payment. When notified later by the express agents that the goods remained uncalled for, each agent was told to allow any one to pay balance and receive the full receipted bill. Thousands of dollars were realized, simply because a good many agents possessed enough Yankee in their make-ups to induce them to grasp the "bargains."

While cases of this sort have been numerous in times past, yet advertising has reached a higher plane and more legitimate methods are now known to be not only the most profitable, but what is better—lasting. It is worthy of note that the very man who worked the express agents is to-day the head of one of America's greatest mail order houses doing an annual business reaching into millions. $500,000.00 is probably a small estimate of the money he has spent for advertising articles of highest merit at genuine bargain prices.

My success as a teacher of advertising is due in no small degree to my fortunate experience in business promotion, and while I teach the young man or woman the art of writing and originating catchy, snappy advertising, so he or she can earn from $100.00 to $500.00 a month, yet this is only a part of my present work.

As conditions exist to-day, with an ever-increasing demand for competent advertising writers, and with an unsupplied call from business men, especially in the smaller places, it is obvious that some provision must be made whereby these merchants and manufacturers can themselves acquire that skill now so essential for making every dollar spent for advertising count heavily. Competition demands better methods, better advertising ideas and copy, and better—results. More than that, the unploughed advertising field is as boundless as the ocean, and proper instruction will enable any aggressive business man to create fortunes in new, as well as in the old, lines.

It matters not whether one wishes to create a demand among retail stores, or to secure trade direct by mail, my system of instruction has been proven the salvation of more than one business. Not only do I teach the art of preparing advertising, but by examination of each requirement I am able to recommend improvements that may be vital to the existence of the business, apart from the advertising itself.

The advertiser who has but a small amount of money to begin with usually finds my advice worth several times the cost of my course of instruction. To quote a well-known mail order advertiser, who has an established and profitable business in Far Rockaway, N. Y.: "The Powell System of Advertising Instruction was worth more than its cost in one letter of detailed advice, to say nothing about the splendid instructions in ad-writing."

Well might he thus value my help, since I told him a new way to secure thousands of agents throughout the country at least expense.

Of course, students who are not in business for themselves are given special plans for promotion, if they wish them, the object being to perfect the student and make him or her a skillful advertising manager and writer.

While clear-cut, original advertisements are a crying need, yet business methods which act in harmony are also vitally essential. A number of years ago I accomplished what was at the time considered impossible—the establishment of a proprietary medicine business, on a profit-making basis, within one month. With well matured plans and $500.00 cash for advertising I sold the retail drug trade of Rhode Island over $1,700.00 net in three weeks, the bills for advertising actually footing up less than $400.00, and this great success was repeated city by city throughout New England. And when I state that it was all done during the first Bryan presidential campaign, when jobbers bought as gingerly as possible, and at a time when supposedly wise advertisers were using small space, the achievement in question appears doubly impressive. And yet I was merely utilizing known principles, plus particularly good advertisements. The "wise" advertisers who were scared into small space, or none at all, will always have my profoundest gratitude.

I merely mention this latter case to illustrate the value of daring in advertising. To coldly analyze each proposition and then strike hard at the opportune moment is important.

To all business men, as well as to all young men and women, who wish to make larger incomes, I shall be glad to mail my beautiful new prospectus, the most interesting work of its kind ever published. Merely address me George H. Powell, 185 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

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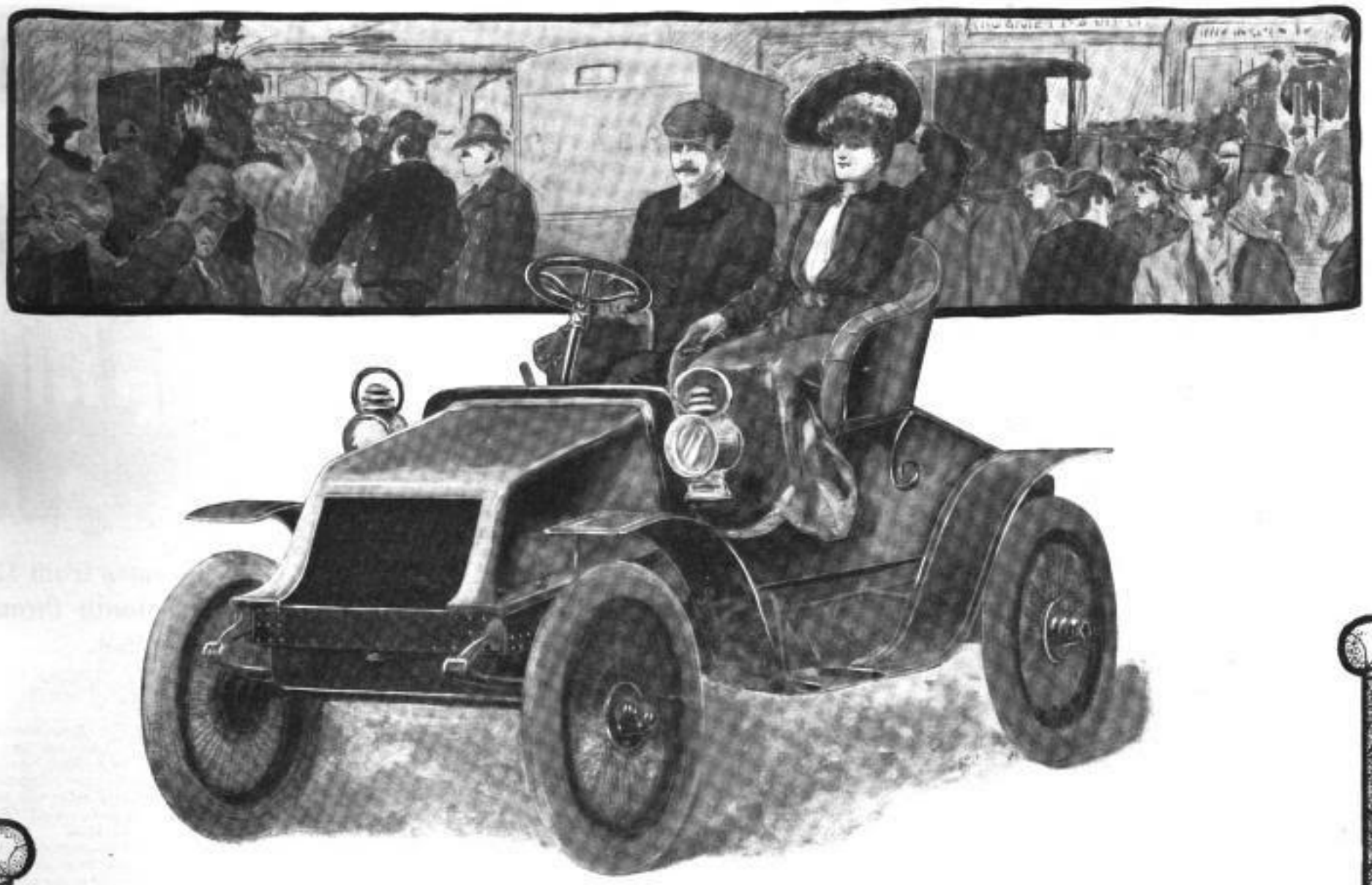

Through all the Crush with Perfect Ease

An accomplishment possible only in an automobile so simple and sensitive, in its control and steering mechanism, that it responds like a living thing to the driver's wishes. That automobile is the

Winton

Absolute control of the car is assured by the Winton method of motor government which is simplicity itself. A little spring button under the driver's right foot operates the air governor, which controls the speed of the motor. When the pressure upon this button is increased the motor speeds up and the car forges ahead. Release the pressure, the motor slows down and the car speed diminishes. You get any desired variation by the use of this throttle button. The method is so simple and effective that the driver increases or decreases speed of car without conscious effort. There is no automobile manufactured or sold in America which combines so many features of real excellence. The Winton is a practical result of long experience thoroughly tried out. It is of clever design, beautifully finished, and the entire correctness of our horizontal, double opposed cylinder motor is being demonstrated daily to the complete satisfaction of the very best mechanical minds.

The price of this superb 20 horse power car complete with detachable tonneau, full brass side lamps, tools, etc., is $2500.00.

Visit any of our branch or agency depots and the features of Winton excellence will be demonstrated.

Showing car with detachable tonneau.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES:

New York, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, 150-152 E. 58th Street, Percy Owen, Manager.
Chicago, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, 1400 Michigan Avenue, Chas. H. Tucker, Manager.
Philadelphia, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, 246-248 No. Broad Street, A. F. Maltby, Manager.
Boston, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, Berkley and Stanhope Streets, Harry Fosdick, Manager.
Cleveland, The Winton Motor Carriage Company, Euclid Avenue and Huron Street, Chas. B. Shanks, Manager.

Albany, N. Y., Jas. Lucey, 167 North Pearl Street.
Baltimore, Md., Cook & Greaney, 1310 Cathedral Street.
Binghamton, N. Y., R. W. Whipple & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y., W. C. Jaynes Automobile Co., 873-875 Main Street.
Cincinnati, O., The Hanauer Automobile Co.
Columbus, O., Avery & Davis, 1199-1201 Franklin Avenue.
Dayton, O., Kiser & Co.
Denver, Colo., Colorado Automobile Co., 521 16th Street.
Derby, Conn., N. L. Sievers.
Des Moines, Iowa, Hopkins-Sears Company.
Detroit, Mich., W. T. Metzger, 265-269 Jefferson Avenue.
Grand Rapids, Mich., Adams & Hart, 17 W. Bridge Street.
Hartford, Conn., Brown, Thomson & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind., Fishes Automobile Co., Cyclorama Place.
Keene, N. H., Wilkins Toy Co.
Los Angeles, Cal., The Locomobile Co., of the Pacific.
Louisville, Ky., Schidle & Co., 428-430 W. Main Street.
Milwaukee, Wis., The Bates-Odenhardt Automobile Co.
Minneapolis, Minn., A. C. Bennett, 24-26 Eighth Street, North.
New Haven, Conn., H. C. Holcomb, 105 Golfe Street.
Omaha, Neb., H. F. Fredrickson, 1502 Capitol Avenue.
Pittsburg, Pa., Seeley Manufacturing Co., East End.
Portland, Me., F. O. Bailey Carriage Co., 163 Middle Street.
Reading, Pa., Reading Automobile Co., 6 South Fifth Street.
Rochester, N. Y., Rochester Automobile Co., J. J. Maudery, Manager.
San Francisco, The Locomobile Co., of the Pacific.
Springfield, Mass., A. A. Gebel, 36 Dwight Street.
St. Louis, Halsey Automobile Co., 4259 Olive Street.
Syracuse, N. Y., Syracuse Automobile Co.
Toledo, O., Toledo Motor Carriage Co.
Toronto, Canada, Canada Cycle and Motor Co.
Troy, N. Y., Jas. Lucey, 354 Fulton Street.
Utica, N. Y., Miller-Mosely Motor Car Co.
Washington, D. C., Cook & Greaney, Stanton Court.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE COMPANY, Berea Road, Cleveland, U. S. A.

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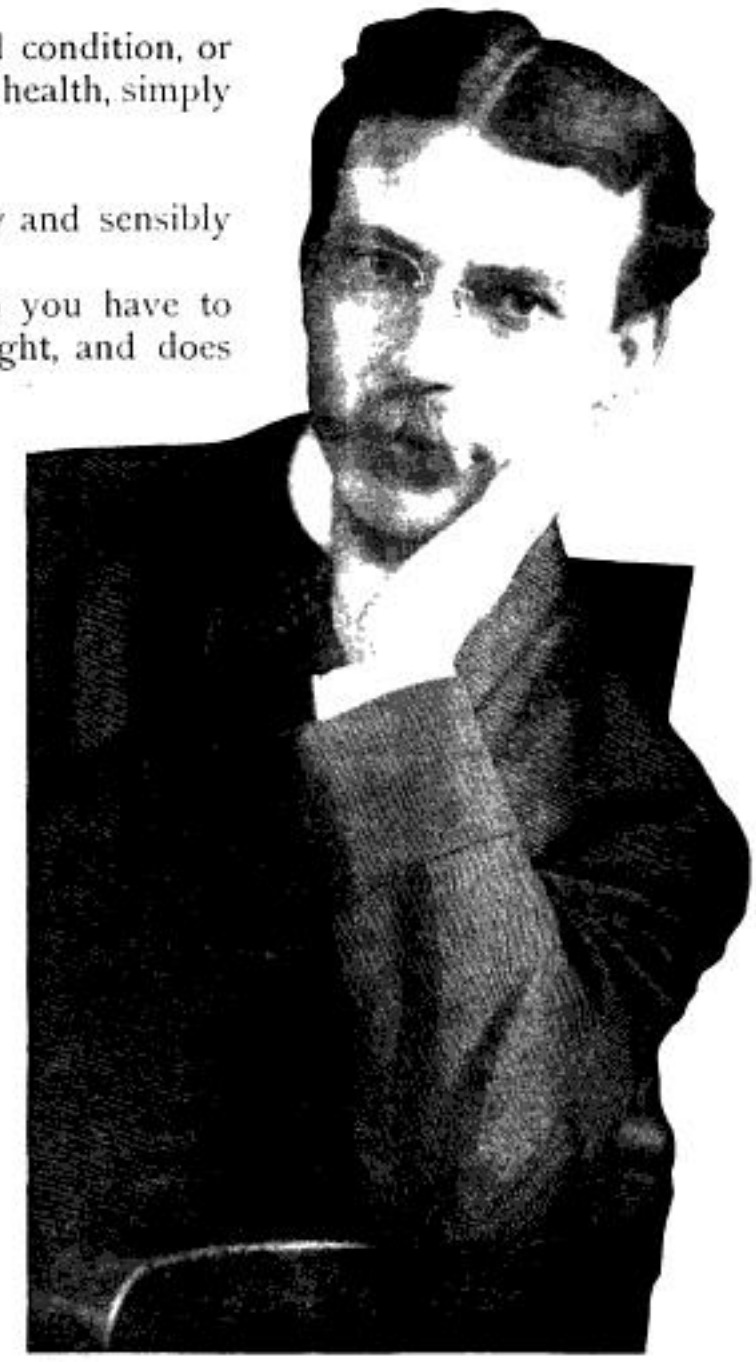
Freedom from sickness is not perfect health, as I understand it

I hate a liar. The man who has not the moral courage to face the truth about his physical and mental condition is just as repugnant to me as he who deliberately lies about his neighbor. Self deception is the worst form of falsehood.



This world is full of people who are afraid to examine into their real condition, or who are simply thoughtless and do not realize that they are not in perfect health, simply because they are not violently ill.

Take yourself, for instance.

Sit down and honestly face the facts of your real condition. Soberly and sensibly stop a moment and *think*. Are you as well as you might be?

Is your flesh firm and sound? Is your digestion perfect? Do you have to assist nature by recourse to salts and medicines? Are your eyes bright, and does your skin bear the rosy flush of perfect health? Are your nerves steady? Do you sleep well, and is your appetite that of healthy childhood? Is your blood pure and warm, and does each day's duty find you perfectly equipped for the fray?

These are only a few of the questions which you ought to ask yourself.

Comparative health is nothing more nor less than a mild form of illness.

I offer you superior health. I propose to aid you in securing that freedom from bodily ailments; that buoyancy of spirit; that bounding vitality which will banish worry and care and rob the exacting duties of life of their terrors.

I offer you strength and symmetry of body, grace and ease of carriage, and a strong, healthy brain and nervous system, unclouded by disease or weakness.

When I tell that my system replaces lassitude with energy, weakness with strength, stooped shoulders and a shuffling gait with dignity and ease of carriage; when I assert that my system gives sound, refreshing, dreamless sleep, reduces obesity and eradicates dyspepsia, and keeps every organ of your body up to nature's perfect standard, I am perfectly well aware that I am making big claims.

Measure me by my works, not by my words.

I offer the unprejudiced testimony, not of people so obscure that their word is valueless, but of men and women whose standing in the social and business world is such that they are above the breath of suspicion.

MR. ALOIS P. SWOBODA, Chicago, Illinois. Baltimore, February 11, 1903

DEAR SIR: Being fully aware that physical exercise is essential to the well-being of man, I have at all times taken good care to exercise my muscles sufficiently well. The result of it is that now at the age of 57 years I can tire out many a companion of half my age either in walking or wheeling, that I can be in the saddle for half a day without inconvenience and that I am in good physical condition all around. It was, therefore, simply an experiment when I placed myself under your care, and indeed I looked rather skeptically at the results to follow, but having now faithfully carried out your instructions for three months, I unhesitatingly say that I never before derived so much benefit from any other kind of exercise requiring the same length of time. Indeed the great advantage of your exercise is that one derives more benefit from the thirty minutes devoted to it daily than by spending several hours on other kinds of exercise. I sincerely hope that you may meet with the success that you so fully deserve.

Yours very truly, (Signed) W. SIMON, Ph. D., Professor of Chemistry in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore.

My system is as elastic as human need. I have no set rules — no ironclad methods of procedure. My instruction to you will be measured and guided by your necessity. It will be just as individual as though you were my only pupil.

I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, upon application. This information which I furnish free is very interesting and cannot be secured elsewhere at any price. Write at once.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 603 Unity, CHICAGO, ILL.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

APRIL 25, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

San Remo
By M. de Blowitz

A New Sinful Peck Story
By Morgan Robertson

Freaks and Fortunes in Advertising
By Paul Latzke

Wisset's Will
By Ian Maclaren

A Manipulated Market
By Elliott Flower

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

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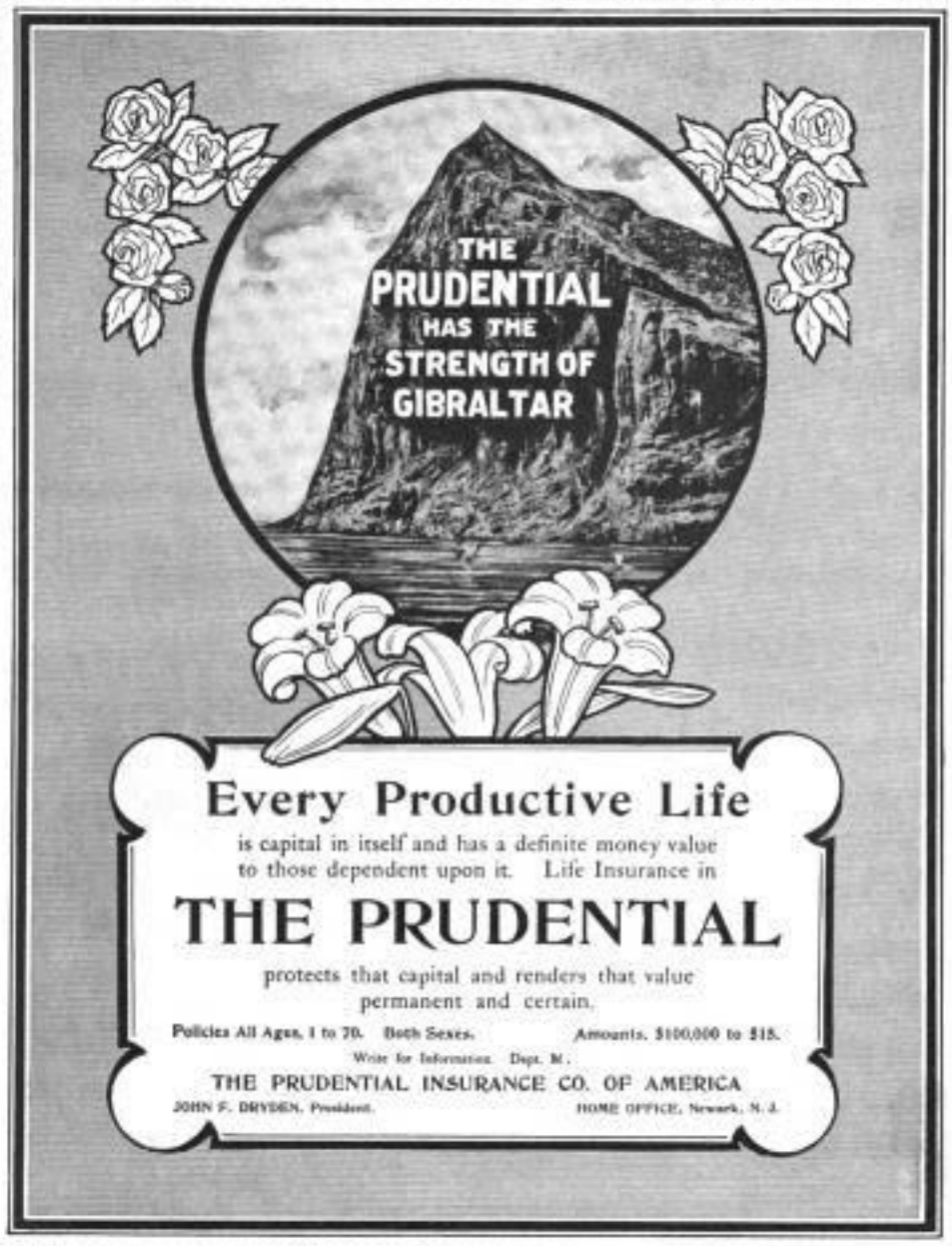

Every Productive Life

is capital in itself and has a definite money value to those dependent upon it. Life Insurance in

THE PRUDENTIAL

protects that capital and renders that value permanent and certain.

Policies All Ages, 1 to 70. Both Sexes. Amounts, $100,000 to $15.

Write for Information. Dept. M.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. HOME OFFICE, Newark, N. J.

COPYRIGHT 1903 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

"No perfume, but fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing," was Beau Brummel's sartorial code.

Certainly there is no more agreeable fragrance than clean linen, if it has been washed with pure soap. Any soap will remove the dirt. Ivory Soap does so without leaving a strong, rank odor. Its purity makes the linen snow white and sweet smelling. Try it!

It Costs 3/8 of a Cent a Mile to travel in the Oldsmobile

THE BEST THING ON WHEELS

The Oldsmobile is the cheapest *reliable* automobile in the world, as well as the most economical in operation. Its premier position has been won by inventive genius and is maintained by progressive methods of manufacture.

Price $650.00

The Oldsmobile is used in all civilized countries and agencies are established in all the larger cities. Write for illustrated book to Dept. G.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS

Offices Detroit, Mich. Factories Detroit and Lansing, Mich.

Statesmen, financiers, literary, professional and business men, and men in every walk in life, have for more than half a century found comfort and delight in **Williams Shaving Soap.**

For all kinds of faces, its pure, rich, cream-like lather is wonderfully grateful and satisfying. To the long, thin face, or the short and full, to the delicate and sensitive, or the rugged and sunburned, **Williams Shaving Soap** is equally comforting and refreshing.

Sold throughout the world, in the form of Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets and Shaving Cream.

Who Are They?

How many of the 24 distinguished men shown here can you name?

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Recollections of M. de Blowitz

SAN REMO

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I DOUBT if in modern times, or perhaps even in the past, a greater, more impressive, more really affectingly tragic episode has ever taken place than that of which the marvelous region of the Côte d'Azur, by the shore of the eternally blue Mediterranean, was the theatre during the winter of 1887–1888.

On the frontier which separates France and Italy, in the delicious little town of San Remo, among the palms and the orange trees in blossom, there in the sunlight and the fragrance which bathed the white city, a man whom suffering had vanquished was slowly dying. He was the son of the old Emperor, William I, the son-in-law of Queen Victoria. I refer to the Crown Prince Frederick William.

The whole world had its eyes fixed on this town and on this man. With anxious curiosity the whole world was watching the frightful struggle there being conducted in order to prolong the life of this doomed heir to a throne. Would he live long enough to become one day Emperor? Would he have the strength to traverse finally the little space separating him from one of the greatest thrones on earth? Who would be the first to die, the old Emperor, enfeebled by age, or the Crown Prince, enfeebled by sickness? Who first would be the King, the Crown Prince Frederick, or the young man, ardent, impetuous and impatient, known as Prince William? All about the planet these were the questions that people were asking themselves, and for which they were awaiting a reply.

San Remo had been, so to say, taken by storm by reporters from every country, immediately upon the arrival there of the Crown Prince. Opposite the Prince's villa was a hotel, the Hotel de la Méditerranée. People almost came to blows to secure a front room there. Certain American papers had sent out young ladies as reporters, counting on the fact of their sex to procure them certain privileges. These ladies, from morning to night, kept leveling their photographic apparatus at the villa, the garden, and above all, at the balcony where, in the afternoon, Frederick William was wont to come to cradle his suffering in the somewhat distant murmur of the sea. To protect him against this inquisitorial indiscretion a high wall of verdure had been constructed, and on the balcony had been placed a screen. But this was all so much time and trouble thrown away. The reporters, men and women alike, ascended to the roof of the hotel, and from that vantage point, plunging their vision beyond both screen and wall of verdure, photographed and gazed and listened to their hearts' content. . . .

Yet they obtained little enough. No one, at all events, had the slightest inkling of what was taking place in the interior of the villa, whither no outsider had been allowed to penetrate. The occupants—orderlies, doctors, *dames d'honneur*, servants, were all of an extraordinary discretion. Not the slightest echo escaped by the windows; not the slightest piece of gossip issued by the door. Reporters and journalists remained in an ignorance anything but blissful, and telegraphed nothing of importance. As one of them, a Frenchman, said:

"So little is known as to what is going on about the Crown Prince that it is impossible even to embroider [*sic*] and to give play to one's imagination."

I myself, happening to be at Monte Carlo, had gone over to San Remo, and had striven to penetrate a little the mystery, to raise a corner of the veil, to bring back a few echoes of the tragedy which was evidently taking place, which I felt certainly was going on, behind the walls of verdure. But I had completely failed and had left San Remo disappointed, irritated, but haunted by the image of this villa, picturesquely suspended in its garden of verdure, but tantalizingly mute and enigmatic as a sphinx.

—I FOUND AMONG MY LETTERS A MAUVE ENVELOPE

One morning in the first week in March, 1888, I found, however, among my letters a mauve envelope. I recall vividly even now its very form and color. The letter was in a large and fine feminine hand. It contained only four lines, as follows:

"If you wish to know the tragedy of San Remo, why do you not try to find Madame Zirio?"

More than once—let me say this here—more than once during my long and adventurous existence I have received just such mysterious and anonymous suggestions. They were not always written on mauve letter-paper, and they did not always emanate from a feminine hand; but according to my mood at the moment, according to the feeling of presentiment which agitated my soul, according to the sensations aroused in me by them at the time, I either flung them into the waste-basket or religiously heeded their contents. And when I had adopted the latter resolution I uniformly did not regret it.

I recalled quite well the name of Madame Zirio, whom I had met once in the South of France. She was a tall, handsome woman, with bright, honest eyes, brilliant black hair—in which she often wore, like the women of Catalonia, a large fantastic comb—with a delicate yet energetic mouth, and in general an air due to her Marseillaise extraction, which betrayed the suppleness of the Phocians and the wavy motion of the Greeks. She was married to an Italian who was always ill, M. Baptiste Zirio, and I was unable to make out what possible connection there could be between her and the dying heir of the German Empire. Yet I felt a presentiment bidding me "Go!" and I went. In a word, that very evening I packed my bag and boarded the Mediterranean Express for San Remo.

—RELATED TO ME WHAT WAS CALLED "THE TRAGEDY OF SAN REMO"

Once there I discovered without difficulty the little house occupied by Madame Zirio. I rang the doorbell, was ushered in, and it was only after I found myself seated in this lady's drawing-room that the whole humor of the situation came over me, and I asked myself how I was going to explain my position to my hostess.

I concluded that the simplest means were the best, and when Madame Zirio appeared and we had exchanged the preliminary compliments, I merely showed her the mauve letter.

She blushed a little, then became pale. "It is really strange," said she. "I, too, received a letter yesterday almost identical with this one. The handwriting was very like this and the color of the paper was the same. Mine also contained four lines: 'If you receive the visit of a celebrated journalist, why not tell him the truth of the tragedy of San Remo?'"

The coincidence was, to say the least, odd. I hasten to add that the mysterious person who had sent these two letters knew certainly what she was about, for Madame Zirio, whose name hitherto had been pronounced by no one in the world, whose very existence was unsuspected by any journalist, was in reality the proprietor of the white villa occupied by the Crown Prince Frederick. It was she who had presided over all the preparations; she who, having only five weeks allotted her, had engaged and trained the admirably discreet *personnel*, from whom no one at San Remo had been able to extract the slightest information; she who had daily access to the interior of the princely habitation; she who was consulted hourly, by night as well as by day, as to what had to be done; she to whom Prince William had paid a visit during his forty-eight hours' stay at San Remo, and to whom even, in token of his gratitude and friendship, he had offered his photograph with a dedication.

Madame Zirio herself had arranged the apartments. The ground floor was set apart as a general drawing-room and

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dining-room. The first floor was occupied by the Crown Prince and his wife. A large bedroom, with two small beds exactly alike, communicated by a large dressing-room and by a small corridor with the apartment of the *dame d'honneur*, the Countess of Brüchl.

On the second floor were the apartments of the Princesses—Princess Victoria, then *fiancée* to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and who, displaying her hands which were interminably long, said with a laugh, in French: "*Moi, j'ai des Hohenzollern les mains, les pieds et les oreilles; c'est énorme!*" and Princess Sophie, who on the eve of her return to Berlin said: "I am pleased to leave, for I was almost forgetting here that I am a Royal Princess."

Indeed, the house had so delighted the Crown Prince that when he first entered it, lifting almost joyously his traveling-cap and flinging off the long brown ulster, he said to Madame Zirio: "I am touched by the attentive way in which our stay here has been arranged. You feel that it is a woman's eye, and the eye of a woman of this Côte d'Azur, which must have presided over everything."

. . . And, seated there in Madame Zirio's drawing-room, only a few steps from the white villa and near the blue sea, my hostess, following the best of the mysterious letter on the mauve paper, related to me what was called "The Tragedy of San Remo."

It was, indeed, a veritable tragedy, and behind the peaceful walls of the sunlit house there were some terrible struggles, certain frightful rivalries. The sick man had brought with him German doctors, among whom was Professor Bergmann, and English doctors, notably Sir Morell Mackenzie; and between these doctors the struggle was almost dramatic in its intensity. At the outset the Germans held their peace, relatively speaking; but later they expressed their opinions on Sir Morell Mackenzie with a brutal want of self-control, even going so far as to say that he furnished information to the press, and that, on this information, he speculated on the Bourse. The *personnel* was entirely German or English, and reflected the dissensions of the doctors. Count von Seckendorff, who had taken up his abode in a dark room, without sun, on the ground floor, was the inflexible partisan of the Royal Princess, while Count Radolinski took the German side.

Between the two parties there was not one single moment of truce. The struggle was sombre and silent, but it was visible on any and every occasion. The two camps attacked each other bitterly. When the moment arrived to perform the operation of tracheotomy, the wretched battle continued even around the tube which was to prolong the agony of Frederick III. The German doctors wanted a German tube; the English doctors an English one. Finally, under the direction of the famous American, Dr. Thomas Evans, a goldsmith constructed the model which was adopted.

On November 9, 1887, at 6:30 P. M., another element of tragedy came to heighten the dramatic character of the situation. Prince William of Prussia arrived at San Remo. The local authorities, his brother, Prince Henry, and the aides-de-camp awaited him. With that spontaneity characteristic of him, Prince Henry ran to meet his elder brother, in order to fling himself into his arms. Prince William interrupted this brotherly movement with a haughtiness that was remarked. His features wore a look of gravity, measured and hierarchic. The smiles vanished from the faces of the lookers-on and heavier fell the veil of sadness.

During the forty-eight hours of his stay Prince William saw his father very little, or perhaps not at all. But he had long talks with the German doctors, displaying toward the English doctors either disdain or utter indifference.

"My mother," said he textually, "is really very short-sighted in substituting English science for German science, which Bismarck, who never makes a mistake, considers superior to all the others."

He made also with his brother and sisters a few excursions on the sea, spending the afternoon thus, and displaying real gayety, as if he had nothing whatever on his mind.

"Voyez-vous," said he, "it is better to have only boys, for when you have a girl it becomes immediately much more embarrassing and a good deal more expensive. You immediately have to have a governess, a *dame d'honneur*, and a whole complicated household. Whereas with boys you can dress them all alike in uniform. A single piece of stuff serves for them all."

On the very morrow of his arrival Prince William announced his departure.

"Ah, all the better," said Madame Zirio, who chanced to be there. "For the Crown Prince is better, and the last consultation was reassuring. . . ."

"Oh, no," replied Prince William, "on the contrary, my father, as was foreseen when I left Berlin, is given up. He is suffering, without the slightest doubt, from cancer. It's a matter of only a certain number of days, perhaps of weeks. I am going, because in staying on there is no longer anything to hope for. My grandfather is much enfeebled. The Czar is coming, and my presence at Berlin is indispensable. I think I shall still have time to return here."

There were a few moments of silence when Madame Zirio said laughingly:

"Will you allow me to say *Au revoir*, Emperor to be?"

"Willingly," replied the Prince, and he took leave.

On the morrow he quitted San Remo for Berlin, absolutely convinced that his father's case was hopeless.

On February 7, 1888—just four weeks before I myself arrived at San Remo—at eleven A. M., the Crown Prince and his wife took an open carriage for a drive on the Corniche. Doctor Mackenzie and Doctor Bramann, Doctor Bergmann's assistant, were at the door of the villa awaiting the departure of the carriage. Just as the driver was about to give the rein to his impatient horses a breeze sprang up on the coast. Mackenzie made a sign to the driver, who pulled back his team.

He came up to Bramann. The Prince, with a sad look in his eyes, turned his head toward them.

THE EMPEROR WROTE FOR HIM
A FEW WORDS OF THANKS

"This promenade is imprudent," said Doctor Mackenzie to Doctor Bramann. "The respiration is becoming difficult. Within two hours it will perhaps be too late and Bergmann will not be here before two days. We must come to a decision."

"Never," replied Doctor Bramann, "shall I have the courage to assume the responsibility of this operation."

And the Prince, who kept looking at them both, saw that Bramann was becoming pale.

"At all events," replied Mackenzie, "before letting him go out we must make a fresh examination."

And he made to the future Emperor an affectionate sign to invite him to get out of the carriage.

The Crown Prince flung off the furs that covered his knees, and, turning toward the Princess as if to ask her to pardon him for having spoiled her outing, stepped down, and entered the house. The doctors then examined once more the throat.

"I will wait an hour," said Doctor Mackenzie. "If there is no change you will operate."

An iron bedstead was sent for, and the head-rail was broken so that the doctors should not be embarrassed. The bed was placed in the middle of the room, a red cushion was placed on the pillows and they waited.

At one o'clock there was a fresh examination.

Doctor Mackenzie, after a rapid glance, merely turned to Doctor Bramann and said:

"Are you ready?"

"Yes," was the latter's reply.

The Prince lay down on the little iron bed. He was calm.

"Is chloroform indispensable?" he asked.

"Yes, Prince," replied the doctors. The anæsthetic then began its work. The operation began. . . .

Two hours later it was over and the Crown Princess Frederick, entering the apartment of her *dame d'honneur*, the Countess of Brüchl, exclaimed with sobs:

"Fritz has the tube in his throat."

All this, I need hardly say, is history, and even now as I am writing these lines for my American readers I recall vividly the scene there at San Remo, when Madame Zirio related to me, as the shadows fell, the whole story of this tragedy in which she herself had been so absorbed a spectator.

This interview, as I have said, occurred on March 8, 1888. I sat there drinking in every word that fell from the lips of my interlocutrice, fixing them faithfully in my memory, when a *coup de théâtre*, more unexpected still, took place.

The drawing-room door was suddenly burst open and a servant appeared, quite out of breath, on the sill.

"Madame, Madame," she cried, "you don't know the news?"

"No, what is it?"

"It has just come from the White Villa. It appears that the old Emperor has just died at Berlin."

A moment later we were on our way to the White Villa.

In the garden of the Crown Prince a pall of sorrow seemed to hang like an atmosphere. Officers, major-domos, sentinels and servants were hurrying hither and thither in strange confusion. The large downstairs drawing-room was brilliantly lighted and through the windows we beheld the scene as if we were at the play.

The household had assembled there and was ranged in a circle. The talk was in undertones. All seemed to feel the strangeness, the really stupefying character of the sudden elevation of the Prince, whose death already had been discounted and deplored.

Suddenly the door opened and the "Emperor" appeared.

He had become handsome again as in the radiant days of his youth. His beard, with a few silver streaks, glowed in the brilliant light of the chandelier. Tall and well built, he dominated the entire company. His blue eyes were slightly veiled. His delicate complexion, now heightened with a little color, seemed to show the real tranquillity which now invaded his soul, and his mouth fell into that seductive smile which characterized him.

With a firm step he walked straight to a small table in the middle of the drawing-room and wrote—for the tube prevented him from speaking—a few lines which he signed. An officer read out the paper aloud. It was the announcement of the death of the Emperor William I and of his own accession as Frederick III.

This done, the Emperor went up to the Empress, made a long and reverent bow, putting into the act all the homage due to his wife's valiant courage, and with a grave and tender gesture passed round her neck the ribbon of the Black Eagle.

The Empress, her eyes filled with tears, flung herself into the arms of Frederick III, and holding one another close they gave at last full vent to their sobs which they had so long and so heroically restrained.

All present then defiled before the new Emperor. Doctor Morell Mackenzie, who had performed the operation, stopped somewhat longer than the others. Frederick III had seized his two hands, clasping them warmly. At a writing-table the Emperor wrote for him a few words of thanks:

"I thank you for having made me live long enough to recompense the valiant courage of my wife!"

Then the drawing-room became empty. The Emperor ascended with the Empress to his apartments on the second floor. The lights gradually went out. Once more the White Villa was plunged in shadow and silence.

On the morrow I left San Remo for Paris. I have never since seen Madame Zirio, and I cannot say whether she still preserves the mysterious mauve letter. Nor have I any inkling even now as to the author of the extraordinary contents.

During my journalistic career I have been aided by many a chance; I have met on my route many a strange incident. But no chance and no strange incident was ever more marvelous than those which led me to San Remo to witness the *dénouement* of an historical tragedy.

And I felt it my duty, in these my Memoirs, to devote to this episode of my career an entire chapter, for it will show every one the extraordinary rôle, in the success of a journalist, played by that inscrutable goddess whom we call Destiny.

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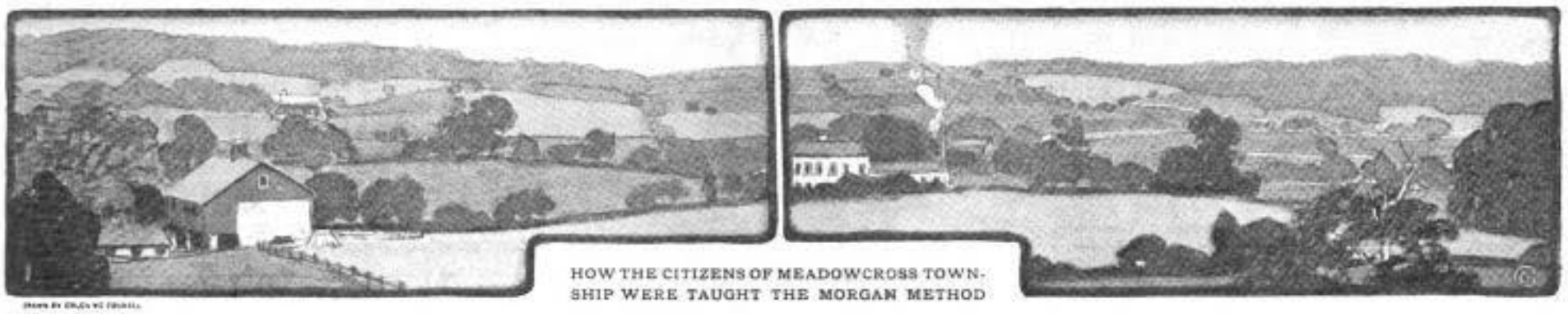

HOW THE CITIZENS OF MEADOWCROSS TOWNSHIP WERE TAUGHT THE MORGAN METHOD

By Elliott Flower

Author of Policeman Flynn, The Spoilsmen, etc.

WHEN Jack Bentley came back to Meadowcross Township he was received with the most distinguished consideration by the good, but unsophisticated, people. Jack had been away for seven or eight years, and the rumors now circulated made him a financier of surpassing ability. Some of these rumors might have been traced to Jack himself, but that is a matter of no great importance. He talked freely and with such assurance of J. P. Morgan's methods that many of the good people gained the idea that he must have represented that financier in some of his big deals. Furthermore, his ideas were so progressive and his theories so startling that soon he was regarded as nothing short of a genius.

"Every one," he asserted, "has the same opportunities that Morgan had. Morgan began in a small way and gradually broadened the field of his activities, because he had the right idea—consolidation. At the beginning he couldn't have swung that steel trust or the ship combine any more than you could do such a thing now. His idea has been consolidation and organization, with a view to decreasing expenses and increasing profits, but he consolidated and organized on a minor scale first, and gradually his power grew."

At this the good people of Meadowcross Township could only look solemn, wag their heads, and "allow" that "by gum! that boy o' Bentley's has a big head on his shoulders, even if he did run away from the ol' man to git out o' workin' on the farm." For Jack had been something of a scapegrace son, although now he made amends by giving his father financial assistance.

Just why he had come back from the city, even temporarily, no one knew. Very likely it was a whim, a desire to see the old place again and to overwhelm the unimaginative and plodding farmers with his intimate knowledge of the ways of the great industrial and money kings. If so, that ambition was soon supplanted by another. He talked so much of opportunities that before long he began to see them in the most unexpected places.

"If you had brains and experience," he told some of the neighbors on one occasion, "you could make a mint of money. You can't do it by struggling along, each man for himself, but you can by consolidation. That's the secret of modern success. The capitalists combine, the workingmen combine, and the fellow who doesn't get into some sort of a combination is crowded out. It stands to reason that he should be, for he isn't strong enough to fight and he hasn't the facilities for cheapening production. He can't make what he possesses, whether it's brawn, brain or property, pay what it should. There is a waste of effort or a waste of material that handicaps him. He hasn't enough money properly to develop all the opportunities that lie open to him, and, in addition to that, he has to let others make money out of him that he might as well save. Look at the steel trust! Does it let the owners of iron mines make a profit out of it? Well, hardly. It owns its own mines. Before the combination the shipowners had a pretty good thing, but have they got it now? Not any. The steel trust owns its own ships that transport its ore from its own mines. And the packers! Why, they now own plants that make a profit out of what used to be waste. There is money for them in the by-products, but only unlimited capital enables them to get it out. The small concern can't do it. Instead, it has to hand over a profit to others, and, to that extent, it is dependent upon others who may make it trouble at any time."

The good people were impressed, but they could not see how such methods were to be made to apply to them. This idea of consolidation, or combination, was all right for men in a manufacturing line, but for farmers there would be no material benefit. True, they might operate their farms jointly, dividing the expenses and profits, but it would make little difference in the result.

Jack Bentley let them ponder the matter for a while—perhaps he needed the time to work the scheme out in his own mind—and then, after an interval of about a week, he took up the subject again.

"What do you do with your profits?" he asked. "You let the man who owns the steam thresher have some of them, don't you? And the flour-mill man gets some, and the elevator company, and the creamery man and half a dozen others. Well, that's all right, only it isn't good business sense. They provide certain things that you need, and they've got to be paid for it; but why don't you buy those things yourselves and keep your profits? You think you can't afford it, but that's because you're back numbers. I'll tell you how to do it—how J. P. Morgan would do it: Organize a stock company to take charge of all your farms, pay the appraised value of each farm in stock, levy a small assessment for operating expenses, and pretty soon you will be in a position to cut off the profit of the outsiders and take it yourselves. In addition to the usual officers, you can have a General Manager to supervise the cultivation of this consolidated farm under the direction and control of the Board of Directors. At first you will have to do the work yourselves, much as you do now, but after a little I don't see why this plan shouldn't enable you to hire laborers and devote your own time to the duties of directors."

The good, but unsophisticated, people of Meadowcross Township were aghast. Here was a stupendous scheme, but it sounded all right. Surely one great farm, embracing practically a whole township, could be operated for less than twenty farms that aggregated the same area. On some of the great farms of the Northwest the real owner was seldom seen, according to reports. He merely took the profits and enjoyed a life of leisure in the city, leaving his manager in control. But would the profits be sufficient to enable twenty families to do that?

Jack Bentley could not promise that all would become millionaires, but he was sure they could get rid of much of the hard work and live in greater comfort than ever before. They might at least move to the village, instead of remaining on the farm.

"You see," he explained, "this is only the beginning. There are other opportunities that naturally grow out of this one. Take the steam thresher, for instance. Individually you can't afford to own one, and certain enterprising men in the village are making a good profit out of you in consequence. They thresh your grain for a price. But there is no reason why the Consolidated Farms Company should rely on them, for it will be big enough and rich enough to have its own machine and thus save, or make, the profit that now goes to others. And there is no reason why the Consolidated Farms Company should not have its own creamery, its own cider mill, its own elevator and its own flour mill. This one big farm would furnish the raw material for all these and enable you to undersell individual farmers, if necessary, and still make a good profit. Then there is the summer-resort question. Most of you take summer boarders, and you don't make much out of them, either—hardly enough to pay for the trouble. Well, you have a pretty good river skirting the southern edge of your consolidated farm, and you could easily put up a hotel there and hire a man to run it. That's another thing that's possible by combination only.

"Now, it may be that all these enterprises are more than one company should attempt to handle. In that case you might organize a separate company for each, making them interdependent. In other words, the Meadowcross Creamery Company should have a monopoly of that business so far as the Consolidated Farms Company is concerned, and in the same way the Cooperative Elevator Company should have assurances that no grain will be diverted to other elevators. You catch the idea, don't you? One way or another you'd make all the money there is to be made. You would be working for yourselves, and if one company failed to show a profit the dividends from some other would be the higher in consequence. The cash couldn't get away from you, for you would have all the avenues choked up; it would have to stay right here in Meadowcross Township."

For two days the good people walked on air and had golden visions. At last they had learned the secret of Mr. Morgan's success. Not only that, but they saw how his methods could be of practical use to them. Consolidation gave his companies strength to do that which would be impossible otherwise, and, whenever necessary, they were made interdependent—lovely word!—by ironclad contracts. Meadowcross Township lived on "consolidation" and "interdependence," and lived high—in its mind. Then old Heber Dangley suddenly jarred the good people by asking about the money necessary to get all these enterprises started.

"We ain't got it," he said, "an' it's goin' to cost a lot at the beginnin'. I ain't sayin' thet the scheme is wrong, but we ain't got the money for all this here—not even if we took out every cent we all got in the bank."

"Oh, that's easily arranged," asserted Jack Bentley, when this objection was brought to his attention. "That's often the situation of men who have the great ideas and the great opportunities, and they have to make some concessions to capital. Some of the stock will have to go to the men who advance the money; that's all. I can fix it easily. There are lots of men who will be glad to buy in, and who will be of value to the company, too, because of their knowledge of how these big things are done."

This seemed reasonable, and Bentley went to the city to see about raising the necessary cash. He returned in about a week accompanied by two men, and, contrary to expectations, neither of them turned out to be J. P. Morgan. One was a lawyer, and the other was introduced as a financial agent. Both were sharp, direct and inquisitive, but they finally decided that the investment was a good one.

"It looks all right," asserted Dickman, the lawyer, at the conclusion of his investigation. "You're making a fair living out of your farms now, and, with the economy that will come with consolidation, you ought to make half again as much. If properly handled the profits should increase fifty per cent. Add to this what you will make out of the elevator, the thresher, the flour mill, the creamery, and the other allied industries, and I don't see why you can't treble or even quadruple your present incomes. There ought to be a big profit in the summer resort alone, if properly conducted. Of course, it will take considerable cash, but a favorable report from my friend, Delvarr, will bring all you want of that."

The good, but unsophisticated, people of Meadowcross Township immediately began to let their thoughts turn to automobiles and houses with steam heat; but Delvarr brought them back to the consideration of existing conditions.

"My principals," he said, "will put up whatever money is necessary, but they will naturally expect a twenty-five per cent. interest in each of the companies, and also the right to name the various managers needed. This will be necessary to protect their interests."

There was a painful pause, and then Heber Dangley inquired, "What's the matter with our interests? Ain't we puttin' up everything we got in the world?"

Dickman assured them that the terms were reasonable, but they were hard-headed men in some ways and they refused to be convinced.

"I reckon Jack'll want something fer puttin' the scheme through," suggested Moses Magee.

"Oh, ten per cent. will suit me," returned Jack Bentley.

"Makin' thirty-five per cent. we're handin' over," put in Dangley. "I reckon you kin count me out."

"Me, too," several others promptly added. It seemed to them too much like giving away more than a third of their farms.

Jack Bentley looked worried. It never would do to lose such a good thing as this promised to be, and when it became apparent that the farmers would not yield, he took the two city men aside for a conference.

"Might as well be modest in the beginning," he urged. "We'll get it all in the end." And much more to the same effect, as a result of which it was finally decided to accept fifteen per cent. of the stock of the Consolidated Farms Company in full for all services, including Jack's. For the money advanced notes were to be given, secured by mortgages; and the capitalists were to have the privilege for the first year of appointing the managers of everything except the

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consolidated farm. The big farm represented present tangible property, which the good people would not permit to pass from their control. At the expiration of a year the stockholders themselves would assume full charge.

Dickman drew up the various articles of incorporation, and also the contracts which made the companies interdependent. Some surprise was expressed that the name of J. P. Morgan did not appear anywhere in the contracts or mortgages, but the opinion prevailed that Mr. Morgan probably wished to remain in the background, fearing that the knowledge that he was risking so large a sum of money might hurt his financial standing.

After the preliminaries were arranged there was gratifying haste in perfecting the details and getting everything in working order. A certain small company owned half a dozen creameries, one of which was in Meadowcross Township. The situation was carefully explained, and the company agreed to sell this creamery, it being evident that no outsider could expect to get any business under the new conditions. If it did not sell a new creamery would be built. In the same way the elevator at the village of Meadowcross was secured, and also the flour mill. As a matter of fact, the circumstances made it easy to secure them cheap. There was no trouble about getting a new steam thresher, either, but the summer-hotel project took time. Still, the consolidation had been perfected in the fall, and by spring the hotel was ready for business and had been extensively advertised. It was not all that it should be, but it would do for a beginning, according to Jack Bentley, and later they would build a more pretentious one. Bentley himself took charge of the hotel.

Meanwhile the speculative fever got a grip on the good people of Meadowcross Township, and certain most extraordinary happenings served to strengthen it. One never could tell just which company was going to show a profit. The stock had been divided throughout according to the original land-holdings of the farmers, but they began to trade, each desiring to get that which paid the best. After a preliminary slump creamery stock went to a premium, and some of the farmers gave flour-mill stock, with a cash bonus, for it. The creamery was the only one of the concerns that declared monthly dividends, but the books of the elevator company showed that a profit was accumulating there. The consolidated farms did well, and one by one the farmers lightened their individual labors and left the work to hired help. It really took so much time to keep track of their investments that they could not give their attention to the details of farm cultivation. Furthermore, they could see that they were prospering, so they could afford to take life a little easier.

As a result of this trading the stock quotations began to fluctuate, and there were gains and losses—all on paper. But presently Jack Bentley and Delvarr began to buy quietly for cash. They never seemed to care for the high-priced stocks, but they were willing to take those that had depreciated. They said it was to steady the market and restore confidence, and that certainly had a nice sound. When John Canwood discovered that the cider mill would show a deficit at the end of the season, in spite of the fact that there were splendid orchards on the consolidated farm, Bentley reasoned with him gently.

"What's the use of frightening people and destroying confidence?" he asked. "If you're worried, I'll take the stock off your hands at—well, say sixty. Of course you can't expect more than that if the books show no profit." He got the stock for cash—somehow Bentley and Delvarr never sold, and seldom traded, any stock—and then he cautioned Canwood not to alarm people, but just to mention quietly to any one who was nervous that he could easily dispose of his stock. In a little time Bentley and Delvarr between them had about eighty per cent. of the cider-mill stock, and after that, strangely enough, the business began to show a slight improvement. At least, the manager's reports were no longer pessimistic. The cider mill was perhaps the least important of the enterprises, and control of it did not mean much, except as an indication of what could be done. The representatives of capital had begun with only a fifteen per cent. interest in the Consolidated Farms Company. They still had that, and in addition now absolutely controlled the cider mill and had acquired a minor interest in most of the other companies. At first, as explained, they would not trade, but in time they consented to do a little trading. This was when reports and fluctuations became most confusing. Every manager issued a monthly report, and the reports from the Cooperative Elevator Company became really alarming. The good, but unsophisticated, people studied them to see where the trouble lay, but they could only discover that the expenses were eating up the receipts.

"Never mind," said Jack Bentley, "the profit will show up somewhere else. Look at the Meadowcross Creamery Company."

Truly, that was making a wondrous showing, and there was a sudden strong desire to get rid of the elevator stock and secure the creamery stock. Bentley had acquired some creamery stock before it was in such demand, and, "just to steady the market," he was willing to trade a little of it for

"I LEARNED A FEW THINGS DOWN TO THE CITY"

elevator stock. Of course, as one was profitable, according to reports, and the other was not, it would be preposterous to expect an even trade, but he would accept elevator stock on a fifty per cent. basis.

"I'd rather have ten shares o' stock that pays than twenty that don't," asserted Len Riley, and he transferred his elevator stock to Bentley, receiving in exchange fifty per cent. of its face value in creamery stock. Others followed his example, some getting cash and some creamery stock, so that presently the representatives of capital controlled the elevator.

"And when the time comes," laughed Bentley, "we'll put that creamery stock down to a point where we can get it back cheap."

One man only—Moses Magee—did not seem to worry. But, then, he was very much of a back number, for he continued to work on the consolidated farm as hard as he had worked on his own little farm before. He was the manager of the consolidated farm—the one managership that the good people had refused to surrender to the representatives of capital—and he did not even find time to consult the monthly reports relating to the other enterprises.

"Somehow I don't seem to git the hang o' them things," he explained. "I can't rightly make out what they mean, so I don't bother with 'em. If there's anything comin' I git it; if there ain't I don't."

When, one by one, the good people moved to the village, Moses still stuck to the big farm; nor was he lured from it even when the summer hotel opened and a reduced rate was made to stockholders. However, as manager of the farm, it was perhaps necessary that he should stick to it.

One day, while Moses was at work, one of the other stockholders came to him.

"Mose," said the farmer, "got your elevator stock yet?"

"I reckon," answered Moses.

"Don't want to trade it fer creamery stock, do ye?"

"I don't mind," said Moses. "I ain't lookin' fer no trade, but I figger one kind's as good as another in the long run. If you're feelin' that you'll be happier with elevator stock, why, any on 'em suits me."

Now, at this time the city men, by their clever manipulation of the little market they had created, had secured practical control of everything except the consolidated farm and the creamery, and the first year of the experiment was drawing to a close. The good people were slow to part with their farm stock, and the creamery had been left to the last for trading purposes. As fast as the interdependent enterprises passed under the control of the schemers they began to prosper, and the farmers, beginning to understand that they had been outwitted in some way, were anxious to get back the stock they had sacrificed. Meanwhile, there had been a sudden terrific slump in creamery stock, the last report showing a sad condition of affairs. As a matter of fact, to use Bentley's expression, the time had come "to put on the screws," and the farmers saw their incomes dwindling. They had to sell to the interdependent companies, and those companies had forced down the price for the raw material on the plea that outside market conditions made it necessary. The rate for threshing had been boosted also, and now that the creamery had suddenly ceased paying dividends the outlook was dark indeed. The profit seemed to lie entirely in those companies in which they no longer had an interest.

"Of course," Bentley had explained suavely, "you made a serious mistake in disposing of your interests in these other companies, but we had to humor you in order to steady the market." Bentley could bring in this "steady the market" phrase in a way that was very impressive. "Now the only way to get this stock back," he went on, "is to trade consolidated farm stock for it. You can't get it all back that way, but we can let you have a little and we're willing to make it an even trade."

Bentley and Delvarr had put aside the surplus stock in the various companies, over and above the bare controlling interest, for this very purpose, and they now expected so to manage as to secure a controlling interest in the Consolidated Farms Company. But Moses unwittingly interfered with their plans. He made the trade requested, and the report was quickly circulated. Heber Dangley showed up promptly, and he also wanted to trade creamery for elevator stock.

"Like to oblige," said Moses, "but I can't do it. Only had a little of each kind, an' I jest traded my elevator stock."

"How about the flour mill?" asked Dangley. "Will you take creamery stock fer that?"

"I don't mind," answered Moses. "I reckon they'll all pay about the same in time."

Then came others with similar propositions, and to each Moses gave the same careless, "I don't mind." As a matter of fact, he really thought he was doing a good stroke of business. He had kept out of the trading previously, and did not seek it now, but through all the fluctuations creamery stock had been the steadiest and had paid the best. It had had one slump at the beginning, just to enable Bentley and Delvarr to get what they wanted for trading purposes, and then had rallied and paid regularly. Now was the time Bentley and Delvarr expected to get it back, but it failed to come.

"What in thunder is the matter with the yaps?" asked Delvarr.

"Give it up," answered Bentley. "Somehow the way they're acting doesn't look right, but they can't hold out long. We've got them in a corner."

"Just the same, it would ease my mind to have some of that creamery stock show up," said Delvarr. "I expected they'd hold off a little on the consolidated farms, but it isn't natural for creamery to keep out of sight."

At the first opportunity Delvarr suggested to Len Riley that, if the creamery slump worried him any, he'd take the stock off his hands.

"Ain't got any of it," answered Riley.

To the same suggestion Heber Dangley made the same reply, but he refused to say to whom he had sold it. His only reason for doing this was that Delvarr "seemed too pesky curious." Furthermore, as a result of what had happened, there was a feeling of resentment toward the city men.

Delvarr went back to Bentley, much disturbed.

"It looks bad," he said. "Somebody has been buying up that stock."

"Heard of any strangers being about?" asked Bentley.

"Not a one."

"Well, we've got to unearth that stock somehow. I'll see what Dad can tell me, and meanwhile you sound some of them on consolidated farms. I hope that stock hasn't disappeared, too."

The schemers were now really worried. Everything had happened according to expectations until now, and, so long as the farmers had the stock, they had no fear of results. Proper manipulation would force them to sell in order to live, for there would be no profit in the two companies to which they still clung. But if some worldly-wise and resourceful men had got wind of the scheme there might be trouble. The consolidated farm was the basis of all else, and the schemers had to get control of that. Then—well, then, the farmers would be holding the empty bag, and would have gained some costly experience in stock manipulation.

Bentley's father was distressed when his son came to see him. It looked to him as if some underhanded work were being done, and he did not hesitate to say so, although he admitted that he did not fully understand the details.

"Don't worry, Dad," said Bentley good-naturedly. "It's a J. P. Morgan game that we're playing, but you'll come out all right. I'll take care of that. When the right time comes we'll have a complete reorganization, and I'll see that you're properly represented in the new company. All you've got to do is to give me a proxy to vote your consolidated farms stock. But, meanwhile, do you know what's become of the creamery stock?"

Bentley, senior, shook his head doubtfully and asserted that it "didn't look right," but finally informed his son that Moses Magee had been acquiring creamery stock. Thereupon Jack Bentley breathed a sigh of relief. Moses knew all about farming, but that was all that he did know. They would give him a little time, for he was an obstinate fellow, but he would be unable to hold out long; he would be looking for ready cash shortly. Incidentally, while waiting, they could make

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it more and more apparent that consolidated farms would pay nothing, while the minor companies that they already controlled would declare good dividends, and thus they could gradually bring the farmers to the point of trading for the surplus stock put aside for that purpose.

Here was where they made their great mistake. Moses knew nothing of the frightful slump in creamery stock until his wife told him. Then he would have accepted almost any offer, but he was ashamed to make a proposition.

"I reckon," he said, "I'm eight kinds of a fool, but I got my salary as manager o' the farm yet, anyhow."

"You won't have it if them fellers git control," she returned, "an' s'long as it ain't makin' any money there's a mighty big temptation fer people to sell. Why ain't there profit in it any more?"

"We got to sell to these here other companies," he explained, "an' they won't pay fair prices. The conditions an' the market is bad, they say."

"What d'you s'pose that Morgan man would do?" she asked.

"Gosh-hang the Morgan man!" he retorted. "I been hearin' too much o' him."

"Well, s'posin' he owned the creamery," she persisted. "Couldn't he make it pay? They got to buy from it, ain't they? An' I reckon you must pretty near own it."

It took five minutes for this to percolate through the brain of Moses, and then he made a dive for an old trunk, from the bottom of which he took his creamery stock.

"By gum!" he cried, "I got 'most three-quarters of it all." He walked the floor excitedly for a few minutes, and then announced that he was going to the city. "I got an idee," he explained, "an' I got to talk it over with Cousin Jim. I reckon he kin set me right, fer he's in the law business himself. I'm goin' to git copies of all the contracts an' take 'em with me."

Moses returned from the city chuckling. "I got 'em," he told his wife, but more he would not say. Nor did he seem in any hurry to act, further than to advise all the farmers to hold on to whatever stock they had left, and to give him power to represent them. "Leave it to me," he said. And they did.

Bentley and Delvarr grew more and more anxious as time passed, and finally Delvarr came to him with an offer for his creamery stock.

"Ain't goin' to sell," was his reply.

"But there's no money in it," urged Delvarr.

"There's goin' to be money in it," retorted Moses.

"I don't see how you make that out."

"Well," said Moses, "you got your own manager in there now, but his year's most up, an' then the stockholders has the say. I got a good bit more'n half the stock, an' I'm goin' to put in my own manager. An' prices is goin' up."

"What?"

"They're goin' to be doubled, an' mebbe more, an' your blamed old summer hotel has got to buy from me or I'll git damages on that there interdependent contract. I reckon, with the butter an' milk an' cream an' things you'll need, I kin make that creamery pay big."

Delvarr reported to Bentley, and then they sent in haste for Dickman, the lawyer. He came up from the city, and the three had a session with Moses.

"Be reasonable," urged the lawyer. "We admit that you've got a little the best of us on this creamery deal, but we control everything else except the farm, and you can't afford to fight us."

"I wouldn't give shucks fer what you own," asserted Moses.

"Don't be foolish," persisted the lawyer. "The creamery can't be made to support all of you, and, under the various contracts, you can't make anything out of the farm until we're ready to let you. So far as the farm is concerned, you've got to sell to us at prices fixed by a committee of the managers of all the allied industries, and, as matters now stand, you never can get control of that committee. It may take a little time, but we can simply bust you all."

Moses leaned back in his chair and looked at them with a calm, superior smile.

"I learned a few things down to the city," he said. "I took them there contracts with me. We got to sell to your companies everything we raise that's in their line, but we ain't goin' to raise anything that's in their line. Then what happens? Hey? That there flour mill o' yourn has got to have the wheat from this township so's to make any money, ain't it? Well, there ain't goin' to be no wheat."

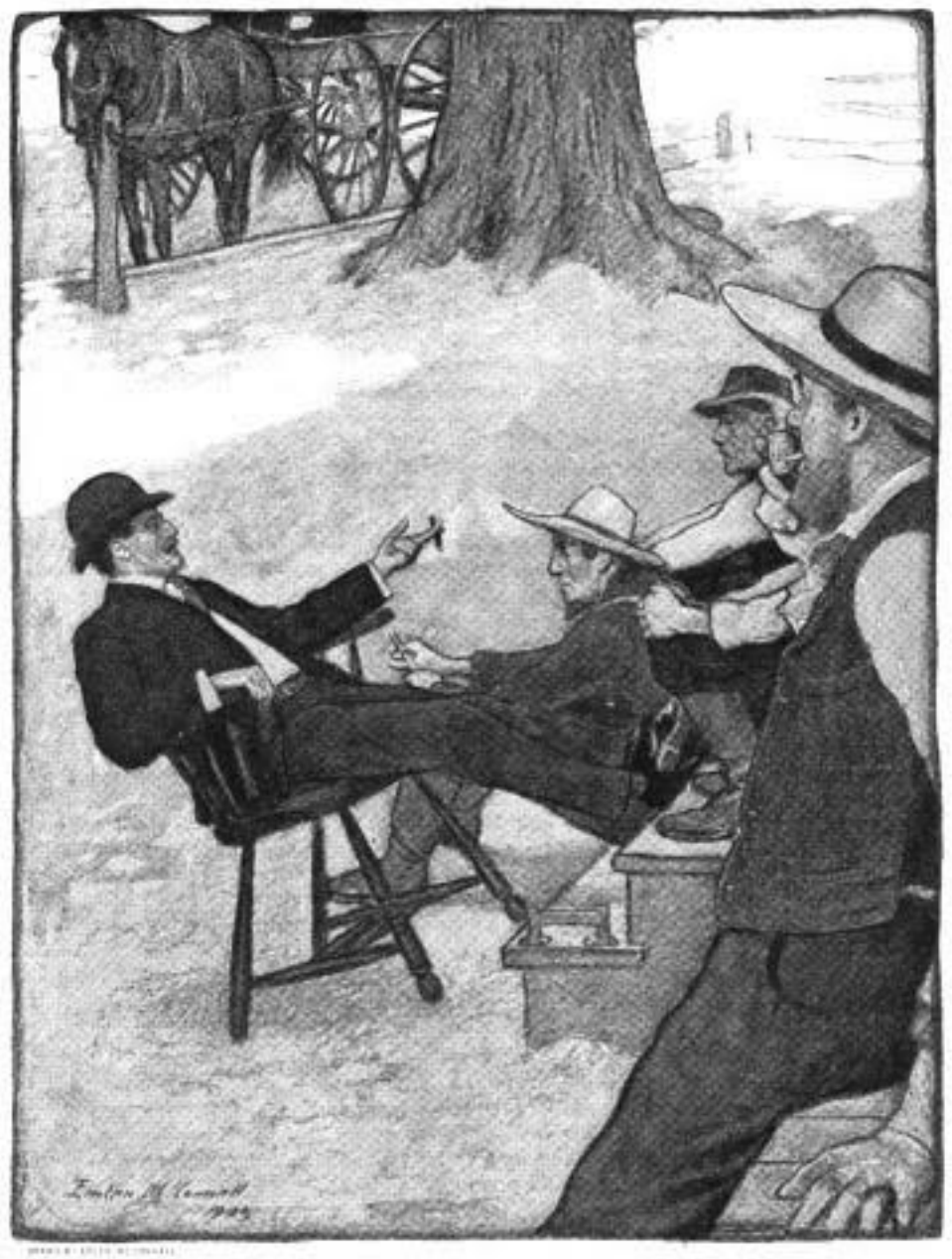
Dickman, Bentley and Delvarr looked at each other, and for a moment they had nothing to say.

"You been puttin' up prices fer threshin'," Moses went on, "but if we don't raise grain we don't need your old machine, an' you might as well put it in the scrap pile, fer over in the next township they got one. An' if we don't raise grain what you goin' to do with your elevator? 'Tain't placed right to git grain from nowhere else."

"Surely you're not serious," argued the lawyer.

"Who says so?" demanded Moses. "Jest you watch an' see. I got the run o' this thing now, an' I'm goin' to have you all up in the air, as Cousin Jim says. Only, gosh-hang it! we got to give you apples fer your cider mill, but I don't reckon you'll make a whole mint out o' that. Looks to me like you got some mighty bad investments on your hands. There ain't even goin' to be much money in the hotel after payin' the creamery prices."

The three went away, and a few days later they returned with two more men from the city, and the conversation indicated that these were two of the men who had really advanced the money. They were speculators who were not too particular as to how they got their money so long as the returns were big. In this deal they were part of a little syndicate that had been formed as a result of Bentley's glowing description of the magnificent opportunity to acquire practically a whole township, including the industries, for which they made the preliminary advances. Dickman introduced them.



JUST WHY HE HAD COME BACK FROM THE CITY NO ONE KNEW

"If you're going to be ugly," asserted Dickman, "we've decided that it will be necessary to foreclose the mortgages. You see, you haven't got things so much your own way as you thought. We wanted to be easy——"

"An' git everything in sight," broke in Moses; "but I ain't played my hand yet. I been holdin' back a right bower. Now, them mortgages was made to secure notes, an' the notes fall due one a year fer ten years. The first one ain't due for more'n another month, an' when it's due it's goin' to be paid. I got that fixed with Cousin Jim, an' he's middlin' well posted on what's what."

"Paid!"

"That's what I said."

"Can't we compromise this thing?" asked one of the strangers conciliatorily. "You can't make anything out of the farm if you don't raise grain, and we have you at our mercy if you do."

"Can't, hey?" ejaculated Moses.

"What will you raise?"

"Well," replied Moses, "I was thinkin' we could use a good bit of it fer a dairy farm, s'long as we got the creamery. An' the soil is more'n middlin' fair fer fruit, an' they do say there's a big call fer grape juice. It would take a bit o' time, but it looks to me like we might go in fer puttin' up our own grape juice. An' there's a chance fer live stock, too, with mebbe a bit o' tobacco off in one corner. Your committee o' managers kin fix the price fer what's in your line, but the manager settles what we'll raise, an' I'm the manager. Why, if we're put to it, we'll try raisin' alfalfa, by gum! Say! but wouldn't your ol' thresher an' elevator an' flour mill git rich on alfalfa!"

"I think," put in Dickman, "that we could go into court and force you to raise what we need."

"'Tain't in the contract," retorted Moses, "an' anyhow, Cousin Jim didn't think you'd be lookin' fer a chance to have your scheme showed up in court—not with him cross-examinin'."

"What do you want?" asked Delvarr.

"Everything," answered Moses promptly.

"Have you any plan to propose?"

"Well, I ain't much on plans, but I tell you what you do: you jest run down to the city an' see Cousin Jim. He's got some friends who think these here mortgages an' notes is good, if we kin git the whole thing under one head ag'in' an' everything goin' smoothly. I ain't sayin' he'll give you the top price, but, if you're good, I think mebbe he'll let you git out even or pretty near even. He says if we git all these here companies consolidated into one his friends think it will be pretty good security."

"We've got to turn over all the property, then?" suggested Delvarr.

"Looks like that."

"And if we refuse?"

"Well, after we've been raisin' alfalfa fer a bit I reckon we kin buy you out pretty cheap."

The party marched gloomily out, but paused at the gate, and all looked at Dickman, the lawyer.

"See Cousin Jim," said the latter with a sigh, "and be nice to him. You may get out whole and you may not, but you'll come closer to it that way than any other."

From the porch Moses called to Bentley to come back.

"Thought I'd tell you," he said, "that this here is the way that Morgan man does business. You didn't seem to rightly git the hang o' his methods. But we ain't goin' to store it up ag'in' your poor ol' Dad. He comes in on the reorganization, an' mebbe we'll give him an extra share to sort o' compensate him fer havin' sech a son."

Then he laughed, but there was no laughter in the party that drove away.

Bacon's Billet

A SOUTHERN Congressman tells a story in regard to the Honorable Augustus O. Bacon, United States Senator from Georgia. Senator Bacon is recognized as a very serious-minded statesman whose disinclination to resort to jest in debate has added to his force in national affairs.

"At the beginning of the present session," says the Congressman, "when the chairmanships of committees were being awarded, Senator Bacon's name was considered. As a Democrat he could not, of course, expect to capture any of the most coveted billets dispensed by the enemy. Nevertheless, the Senators having the matter in hand very graciously decided to give Senator Bacon substantial recognition.

"'Give the Senator from Georgia something worth while,' said one, 'for he is a mighty serious man.'

"Another Senator, at that, exclaimed:

"'I have it! As Senator Bacon has by nature been spared a sense of humor, let's make him chairman of the Committee on Woman Suffrage. Then we shall have a chairman who can maintain his gravity when the women come before the committee to make their annual arguments.'

"The appointment was unanimously made."

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Fortunes and Freaks in Advertising

By Paul Latzke

SOME STORIES OF FAMOUS SUCCESSES MADE BY MEN WHO HAVE USED PRINTERS' INK

BY SOME STRANGE WHIM OF RECKLESSNESS HE LEFT THE PAPER BEHIND

WHEN the January wind comes at a certain angle across Boston Common wise men keep indoors and animals seek the sheltered way. The air cuts through to the body like a knife. The heaviest overcoat is scant protection. Furs turn to feathery icicles. There is then comfort nowhere except indoors before a blazing fire. Those who must be abroad take the nearest way, and the street-car companies for once reap a harvest of "short riders."

Out of such conditions it requires rare favor of the gods to build success, but the story of a family from Lynn shows that it is possible. It happened that a rich man, having a directors' meeting to attend on such a January forenoon, jumped aboard the car on which the elder brother of this family—a *young* elder brother—was journeying to his home in Lynn. The rich man carried in his hand a copy of a Boston newspaper, and at the end of his short ride, by some strange whim of recklessness he left the paper behind. The elder brother, having a long, cold ride before him, and having no pennies to waste on newspapers, picked up the abandoned paper with eager satisfaction. And from this incident grew the making of millions out of an $84 check, and the beginning of an advertising romance that probably has no parallel.

This young man from Lynn was taking the $84 check home, and he had it very closely buttoned in his inside pocket. It represented the first substantial sum he and his family had had in their possession for several years. At the other end of the car line his mother and brothers and sisters were waiting hungrily for his appearance with the small fortune. They had been living on very thin provender for months, and looked to this check for a taste of good, strong food. The family originally had been among the most substantial people in Lynn. The father was a wealthy builder, and in 1874 had over one hundred houses, finished and under construction. Then a financial squeeze came, and he lost every dollar he had in the world. Fortunately, there remained the home, which was in the mother's name, and somehow the family managed for four years to keep from starving. Then in 1878 the elder brother had an idea. His mother, in the years of their prosperity, had brewed a certain medicinal compound, the recipe for which had been given her by an old German woman. Of this compound she had given away thousands of bottles, refusing pay even from strangers who asked the medicine of her. Her son's idea had to do with this medicine.

"Why not make up the compound and sell it?" he suggested.

The mother was doubtful.

"Who would buy it?"

"The people to whom you used to give it and lots of others when they hear of it. You've got nearly a thousand letters upstairs from the people who wrote to thank you for the medicine. We'll take some of these letters and have them printed; then we'll distribute them as advertisements."

With considerable misgiving, $2.65 was taken out of the slender family stock to pay for a thousand small, four-page circulars. The three brothers distributed these circulars from house to house. Next day they went over the same route, carrying in canvas bags a supply of the medicine which their mother had meanwhile brewed over the kitchen stove. Wherever a circular had been left they rang the doorbell and offered their wares. It was slow work, but it brought in enough money to keep the family from want. Here and there a drug store took several bottles, and circulars were left on the drug-store counters. Finally the demand reached a wholesale drug house in Boston and they ordered a gross. It was the payment for this first big sale, the $84 check, that the elder brother was carrying home when he happened to pick up the rich man's newspaper. He was too cold to take deep interest in the new "stories" spread out before him, but he finally lighted on a line that held his eye. It was printed on the editorial page in black type, and read:

Circulation, 54,000 Copies Daily.

The line fascinated him. It brought a wicked temptation to his mind.

"It takes us," he said to himself, "about three days to put out a thousand circulars, and they cost us $2.65 undelivered. At that rate 54,000 would take over half a year to put out, and the printing would come to $143. Now if we only had the money we could put them all out in one day through this newspaper, and the cost would probably be no greater."

Just then the car passed the newspaper office.

The young man ran to the door and jumped out.

"I'll just see what it *would* cost," he explained to himself.

Inside, he handed the man a copy of his circular.

"What would you charge to put that in to-morrow morning's paper?"

"All of it?"

"Yes."

Mechanically the man counted the lines.

"$63.40."

"On the front page?"

"We don't put 'ads' there."

"Then it would do me no good."

"Very well, I'll put it there so you can try the effect."

The young man drew his breath hard. He knew what the sum asked meant at home; but the fever was on him. So steadying his voice as best he could he said:

"All right, you may print it if you will take in payment a check for $84 and give me the change."

The advertising man was willing and five minutes afterward his customer was on his way to Lynn again, but his precious board had melted to $20.60. At the house he was met by the whole family.

"Did you get the check?"

"Yes," he answered sententiously.

"Where—where is it? Let's see it?"

The questions came from all sides. They were hungry, clamorous for a sight of the precious paper. They wanted to handle it, feel of it, look at the figures.

Panic suddenly seized the boy. His intoxication passed away, and he realized what he had done. For a few minutes longer he fenced. Then, in desperation, he blurted out the story, and a wail of anguish and accusation went up. It was the most terrible tragedy that had come to this family since the dark days of 1874. The storm of words wore itself out after a while. The mother and daughters settled to deep, bitter crying. His brothers sulked in angry, hopeless silence. The little business that had at last promised a livelihood was ruined. The money left out of the $84 was not enough to face the most pressing demands of the butcher and the grocer. To buy more bottles, to put up a fresh supply of the medicine, to pay the printer for more circulars, was out of the question. For forty-eight hours the family remained in black despair. Then something happened. A messenger boy came with a telegram. It was from another wholesale drug house and read:

"Ship at once five gross compound by express."

It took the messenger boy a long time to get over the impression that the family had all gone suddenly crazy. They hugged each other and laughed and cried, and carried on generally as properly brought up lunatics do on the stage.

With reflection came quiet. There were no bottles and no labels and no compound. But somehow the bottles and labels were forced from reluctant dealers and printers, and a big fire was made in the kitchen stove under the medicine kettle. All day and all night and all of the next day the family brewed and bottled, and then the "five gross" were ready for the express company.

During the nine years following, through H. P. Hubbard, of New Haven, then one of the great advertising agents of America, the family spent over one and a half million dollars for advertising. They began on $1000 worth of credit extended them by Mr. Hubbard on the strength of their sales in and around Boston. When the mother died she left a business valued at several million dollars.

"WHERE—WHERE IS IT? LET'S SEE IT?"

What the Woman Left with the Change

ANOTHER fine advertising story, almost as fascinating as that of the family from Lynn, had its inception on a hot summer's afternoon in the thriving Ohio town of Tiffin. Its final chapters cannot be written, but the action of the story has already carried to New York, and finds expression there in the finest building to be seen in the wholesale dry-goods district of that city. This building, only recently completed, is located on Mercer Street near Eighth. The street door leads into an outer office as spacious as an assembly hall, and here is generally to be seen the man out of whose idea the house grew—A. J. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart was a dry-goods clerk in Tiffin. On the summer day when his real life story started he had gone to work as usual, put his stock in order as usual, and waited on his customers as usual, without dreaming that he was at the turning point in his career. In the course of the afternoon there entered a woman who asked for two yards of black velveteen. After he had cut it off and wrapped it up for her and she had left the counter Stewart turned to one of his fellow-clerks, John U. May.

"John," he said, "did you see what that woman bought?"

"No."

"Two yards of velveteen for skirt-binding."

"Well, that's nothing remarkable," replied John.

"No," admitted Stewart. "It isn't. But it has given me an idea. Women are coming in here constantly for the same thing. After they get the velveteen they cut it into strips, sew it together and finally turn out a very inferior material with which to bind skirts. Now, why wouldn't it be a good thing to save them all that trouble?"

"And how would you do that?" inquired May.

"Why, get a machine that will cut the velveteen and sew the strips together. Then put it up in rolls and sell it ready for use."

May instantly saw the value of the idea. When business closed that evening and for many evenings after they talked the matter over, and finally concluded they would go into the business, then unknown, of manufacturing velveteen skirt-binding. They interested one of their friends named Potter, and organized the firm of Stewart, Potter & May. Stewart and May resigned their positions and moved to Cleveland, where they secured the services of a mechanic to work out Stewart's idea for a machine. With their machine finished they started into business and found a limited market for their wares. The dry-goods merchants were quite alive to the merits of ready-made skirt-binding, but the processes of introducing it to the customer was necessarily very slow. About this time there appeared in Cleveland a salesman for a Boston jobbing house, named L. F. Howe. Stewart and May made it their business to interest him in the new invention and succeeded so well that Howe bought Potter's interest, the firm being reorganized as Stewart, Howe & May, as it stands to-day. These three young men worked along until 1892, when, feeling the need of advanced methods, the firm was incorporated and moved to New York. Mr. May retired and George S. Curtis, of New York, an expert in financial matters, took his place.

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Mr. Curtis, even more than his associates, appreciated the field open to the new company if only the women of America could be educated to the use of ready-made velveteen skirt-binding. This seemed a difficult proposition, for at this time—only ten years ago—probably less than one per cent. of the dresses worn were bound with this material. Mr. Curtis had had no more experience in educational work of this kind than had his associates, but thinking the matter over he made up his mind that there was one certain way to achieve the end he was after.

"What we want to do," he said to the other members of the concern, "is to advertise. If we continue in the way we are it will take us forever to get the business on the basis it ought to be. We must continue to depend on the good will of the retailer to push our goods. As he's got other things to do, and skirt-binding is a small item with him, our progress will be slow. If we go directly to the women of the country, telling them of the great saving of time and money and labor that may be effected by buying skirt-binding ready made, we shall create a natural demand and our goods will sell themselves."

At first this proposition was received coldly, especially when Mr. Curtis announced that they ought to appropriate at least $5000 as a starter. Five thousand dollars was a very large sum of money to the firm at that time and to invest this in an unknown field was considered foolhardy.

But Mr. Curtis is a man who rarely lets go, and before he finished he had his $5000 appropriation. This was in the spring of 1894. Within five months the business had jumped twenty per cent. Even Mr. Curtis was amazed. As for the other members of the company they were fairly carried off their feet, and when Mr. Curtis asked for additional funds for advertising they told him he could have any amount he thought necessary. At his suggestion $100,000 was voted in a lump sum. In less than a year the business had doubled, and orders were coming in faster than they could be filled.

From one floor the business spread to two, then to three, then to four, and then to five. Finally the company bought the present site on Mercer Street, and erected there the building that stands a monument to the genius of advertising. The yearly output of the company is to-day sufficient to encircle the earth several times. Its wares are found in every hamlet in the land, and it is doubtful if there is a woman, even in the backwoods, who does not know their trademark.

The Necessity for "Sticking to It"

IT IS a characteristic of most conspicuous advertising campaigns that their success is generally to be traced, as in the case of Mr. Stewart's ready-made skirt-binding, to an underlying idea, but the failure to understand the necessity for perseverance has caused the ruin of some of the most promising properties that have ever been advertised into great success. An instructive example is that of a Philadelphia concern whose founder made millions out of the exploitation of an excellent laundry soap. For ten years his advertisements were the talk of the country.

At the outset of his career he called on the publisher of one of the great daily New York newspapers one day and asked the rate for a whole page. The price given him was satisfactory and then he said:

"Suppose I split my advertisement up and make two half-pages of it in different parts of the paper, would the price still be the same?"

The publisher told him it would.

"Well, then, suppose I split it up into quarter pages?"

"As long as you use the space of a page in one issue the price will be the same."

Before the soap-maker had finished he had an agreement from the unsuspecting publisher under the terms of which he was permitted to use the space of a page split up into inch advertisements to be scattered throughout the paper. Next morning the New York public was startled by the injunction: "Don't be a Clam," which appeared in big letters in 140 places throughout the paper. This was followed up in a few days with: "Don't be a Clam; a Clam Never Moves." Then: "A Clam is Not Progressive; a Clam Never Uses So-and-So's Soap; Don't be a Clam."

"HOW MUCH SPACE DO YOU WANT, MR. BONNER?"

This man spent enormous sums in advertising along this line. Nothing like it had ever been seen in the country. It was freely prophesied that no concern could stand the strain of such an expenditure; but a business was built up that was among the largest of its kind in America. Unfortunately this policy was not continued. The company concluded that printers' ink was no longer necessary to them—that the soap had been so enormously advertised that it would carry itself for the future. The sales began to drop off so slowly that they did not realize their mistake for a long while. Then they made a valiant effort to regain the lost ground. But the mischief had been done, and done irreparably. Even the most extravagant use of the art of publicity failed to bring back the lost sales.

Robert Bonner's Idea of a Small "Ad"

IT MAY be argued that what would apply to such an article as soap would not apply to a more important and serious institution. But that this is not true may be readily shown by any number of instances. One of the most instructive is that furnished by the career of Robert Bonner, in his day probably the most famous publisher in America. Mr. Bonner built up a paper that was known and read everywhere. It made him a millionaire many times over. His success was founded primarily on his bold advertising, and never before nor since has there been such a lavish outlay of money by any publisher. On one occasion he called on James Gordon Bennett, the elder, saying that he wanted to contract for a big advertisement the following day in the New York Herald.

"How much space do you want, Mr. Bonner?"

"As much as you'll sell."

"Oh, I guess not," replied Mr. Bennett with a smile. "We've got lots of space, you know, for our advertisers."

"YOUR RECKLESSNESS IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN"

"That's good," replied the other cheerfully. "Here's copy for one page, and here's copy for another, and here's copy for a third, and here's——"

"Hold on, there, hold on," cried the astonished publisher of the Herald. "Bless my heart, man, we can't give you the whole paper."

"Why," declared Bonner with an injured air, "you told me I could have all I wanted."

"Well, in Heaven's name, how much *do* you want?"

"Why, I figured on about six pages."

"I'm sorry, but there is a limit, you know, beyond which we can't go and get our paper out; and three pages about marks this limit."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Still if you can't, you can't, and I'll have to be satisfied with a little advertising. But I must say I'm very much disappointed."

A few days after this "little advertising" appeared Mr. Bonner received a call from Henry Ward Beecher, who was then writing for him the novel Norwood, which was appearing in serial form.

"I've come," said Mr. Beecher, "to remonstrate with you against the dreadful way in which you are throwing away your money."

"I? How?"

"Why, through your foolish extravagance in advertising. A dozen men of prominence, friends of yours and friends of mine, have come to me within the last few days, asking me to see you and stop you in your course. Your recklessness is the talk of the town. Everybody is prophesying that you'll be a bankrupt unless you stop."

"Good, good," chuckled Bonner. "That's the very thing. Don't you see that my advertising is a distinct success if it has the effect of making the whole town talk about me? The result will be that the whole town will buy my paper."

And it did. Mr. Beecher went away only half convinced. But it wasn't long before he admitted the wisdom of Mr.

IN THE COURSE OF THE AFTERNOON THERE ENTERED A WOMAN WHO ASKED FOR TWO YARDS OF BLACK VELVETEEN

Bonner's course, convinced by circulation figures that were stupendous for those days. Mr. Bonner retired some years before his death to devote himself to the enjoyment of the large fortune he had accumulated. His successors believed themselves in possession of a property that need no longer be advertised. They felt that, as it was known almost as well as New York itself, it would be "folly to waste money." Something like six or seven years ago the circulation of this great property had dwindled to such an extent that it was no longer deemed wise to continue it as a weekly publication. There were several bursts of tardy advertising, but they failed utterly to revivify this property that had made its founder one of the richest men in America.

The publishers learned by costly experience what is to-day impressed on all advertisers by experts—that you must "keep everlastingly at it" to win and hold success with printers' ink, and that it is a practical impossibility to revivify any property that has been once advertised into great success and then allowed to die down for want of persistent effort.

A Trackless Trolley

TROLLEY cars running independent of tracks, wandering freely over any part of a street or road, and all the time maintaining trolley wheels safely against overhead wires, are now a practical, realized innovation. The danger of the current-collecting attachment falling has been overcome. Moreover, it can be readily applied to the wires or removed at will, or switched from one line to another. Without changing the speed, a car can be guided to the right or left of any object with no more effort than that required in manipulating an auto-motor vehicle. As now constructed, the trackless trolley car can travel on any part of a road or street twenty-five feet in width.

As there are no tracks to construct and equip in this new system, the cost of street-car lines is reduced to a minimum. Two overhead parallel wires supply the current. A tension spring sustains the trolley pole substantially at the height of these wires. Grooved trolley wheels engage the wires laterally instead of perpendicularly, and these wheels are connected with a device constructed on the principle of lazy-tongs made of non-conducting material and provided with springs. The conductor operates the trolley contrivance by means of two pulley ropes. He can easily, by a pull on the ropes, control the movements of the lazy-tongs, and release springs which cause the trolley wheels to fly apart. This brings the trolley cords or ropes against the wires. The conductor then pulls downward, thereby drawing the trolley wheels toward the wires until the latter are brought into engagement with extension arms and thence readily to the grooves of the wheels.

Now the car is ready to proceed. The lazy-tongs are so adjusted that they maintain a necessary constant parallel with the transverse line of the car—in other words, remain at right angles to its course. The extensible character of the lazy-tongs, under the impulsion of springs, keeps the trolley wheels pressed against the wires. In fact, sufficient lateral divergence is provided for in this contrivance to keep the wheels in firm engagement with the wires when the latter are pressed farthest apart midway between their supports.

The conveyance may move along a line parallel with the trolley wires, and at such a distance that the trolley pole stands at an angle to the wires of from seventy-five to eighty degrees. Whatever angle the car takes is followed by the extensible dove-tailed contrivance between the trolley wires.

Street cars traveling at great speed can turn out to avert collisions, and may freely wander at either side of the street or roadway without interruption to the propelling current.

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UNSOLVED—By Ian Maclaren

WISSET'S WILL

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"IT IS right to explain," said the Doctor when it was his turn to confess, "that I seemed from childhood to have had a faculty for materializing an absent person of whom I am thinking, so that those who are present to my spirit are also present in their body. What the body may be in which they become visible I am not going to discuss at present, for that would lead us into one of the most difficult provinces of psychical investigation, and our idea is not conferences, but experiences. Perhaps two instances will be enough to show what I mean and may help to explain the incident I am afterward to tell.

"When I was about nine years old it was thought expedient for some reason or other to take me from the chamber where I slept with my younger brother and to send me to a lonely bedroom on the highest floor, where I had not only the room but the whole floor to myself. The room was large: it had two huge dark cupboards running under the slates, it had an opening by a trap-door to the roof, and I was terrified of the thought of the first night. Of course, I pretended that I was not afraid and that I was awfully glad to have such a jolly big room all to myself, and then, when our old nurse had bid me good-night and I was left alone, I simply sweated with fear for hours, and I longed, as a lad will, for his mother. If she would only come up! But then she would be in bed long ago. I would go down to her, but my father would laugh at me. If I could only let her know without any other person knowing. All this time my eyes were firmly closed for fear of what I might see, and my head buried deep in the pillow and almost covered with bedclothes for fear of what I might hear, when it seemed to me as if I knew that some one was in the room, and I opened my eyes to see my mother standing at the bedside looking at me very kindly. 'How did you know, mother,' I cried, sitting up in bed, 'that I was weary-ing for you?' And then, just as a lantern picture disappears from the sheet, she was gone. Within ten seconds I was out of that room and downstairs battering at the door of the bed-room where my father and mother were sound asleep.

"Twenty years after and when I had begun to practice, I was sitting in my study one Christmas Eve, and my thoughts turned to the dearest friend and the truest I have ever had. I went to medicine and he went into the army where he did splendid work and died gloriously in one of our Indian wars —Mappin, of the Irregular Horse. My mind fixed itself upon him, his look as he used to sit smoking in my room, as he slogged in cricket, as he bade me good-by when he left, and I longed with all my heart that distance were obliterated and that old Jack were beside me again. There was no noise in the room and nothing to make me look round; but I started to my feet as if some one had been announced, and there in the uniform of the Indian Horse, much browner than he used to be, and a little older, with a scar upon his cheek, but with the old gay and careless look, was Jack. 'Wherever did you come from, old man?' I cried joyfully; 'this is a trick to play . . .' But I was alone in the room. No, I know I was not dreaming, for while still standing there the telephone bell rang at my side. Perhaps I ought to add that I did not receive a letter a few weeks afterward saying that Jack had died at that very hour, for he was not killed for some years afterward. It is likely (if that throws any light upon it) that, like my mother, he was sleeping at the time when present to my thoughts he also materialized before my eyes. And now for my experience.

"It was only in his last illness that I attended Jeremiah Wisset, and Jeremiah used to boast that up to that time he had never paid one sixpence to the medical profession, which had secured to him, he explained, two advantages in life: more money and good health. When I saw him first, which was years before he died, he was so thin and dry—a skeleton with a parchment stretched over it—that I do not believe any respectable and enterprising microbe with a sound appetite would have landed on such a creature. He belonged to that class of lean old men who seem to be indefinitely preserved by a drying process, so that there is no reason that they should die any more than a mummy. His practical business in life was operating in lard, and his name on the produce market was a synonym for shrewdness, capacity, courage and hard-ness. By the cunning and daring of his speculations he had upset markets, ruined rivals and made great strokes of suc-cess. Every man has a lighter side, and Jeremiah allowed himself one recreation, and that was the Restoration of the Lost Ten Tribes. He had received, so he would explain when not occupied with lard, special revelations that the Ten Tribes were the Afghans, and he used to confirm this remark-able idea by photographs showing the likeness between the rulers of Afghanistan and distinguished Hebrews, and also by a collection of texts from the Old Testament in which he traced distinct prophetical allusions to the customs and habits of the Afghan people. It may seem incredible that the same man who kept the lard market in a state of perpetual commo-tion was the President of the Afghan Restoration Society; but really every person is mad on some points. You may play upon the instrument for a long time before you touch the false note, but sooner or later it will catch your ear. One of the richest men I know, and one of the most benevolent, thinks he has a glass leg; a very successful barrister believes that he has reached a state of spiritual perfection by the special assistance of Heaven; a clergyman I often meet is convinced that any disorder among his books or papers is brought about by the active interposition of Satan, and a respectable trades-man who has amassed a competency by remnant sales will tell you the date of the end of the world and show you the picture of the General who is to command at the battle of Armageddon. If you ask why gentlemen with such remarkable views are not locked up, I will only reply that most of them are clever enough to lock you up, and if you presume upon their weakness you are very likely to be undeceived. Any one who judged Jeremiah's mental capacity by his views on the Afghan question would have made a mistake, and one or two lard men who subscribed to the Restoration Society and then presumed upon the fact in the market were very badly hurt. Jeremiah kept his relaxation strictly within bounds, and out-side the Afghan he was a silent, reserved, determined, merciless man.

Any affection which he was capable of—and perhaps he had more heart than people knew—had been given to a nephew, of whom he sometimes spoke in moments of rare confidence to old Kinnish, his rival in lard. It was understood that if this lad had fallen in with Jeremiah's wishes he would have been brought into the office and have been made the old man's heir, but the foolish fellow persisted in going into the army, with only one hundred pounds of private income, and remaining in it, and Jeremiah declared to Kinnish that, although Robert was his natural heir, he should leave every penny to the Society for the Restoration of the Afghans. And Kinnish, who knew better than to talk with Jeremiah about the Afghans, took a very dark view of the nephew's chances. Kinnish declared to his cronies at the club that Jeremiah was much fonder of that nephew than he would allow, and that the refusal to join him in business had hit the old man hard. Certainly he began to age visibly and, although he could not get thinner, he got weaker, and when he was stricken down one evening in his room after an exciting day in the city I had no doubt when I saw him that it was the beginning of the end. He lived for about a month in what I may call a state of suspended animation both of mind and body. He could hardly speak, and he never seemed to think of busi-ness; he took as much food as was given him and fell in with any arrangement made for his comfort. The only thing he seemed to care for was to sit at the window of the room where he kept his papers and his books on the great Afghan ques-tion, and to look out of the window as if watching for some one's coming. I asked his nurse whether he ever expressed a wish to see any person, but she said no; and when old Kinnish called, Jeremiah did not seem to know who he was. His nephew was with Kitchener up the Nile, and, a week before Jeremiah's stroke, had been mentioned in the dispatches for a rather plucky action, and a lard man had seen Jeremiah going from paper to paper in the Exchange newsroom with much interest. I asked him whether he would like me to communicate with Lieutenant (now Captain) Stokes, but Jeremiah only looked at me and shook his head; then he resumed his watch at the window. His mind was dazed and I came to the conclusion that he had forgotten everything, but that through his dull consciousness there stirred some affection for his nephew, and that though he did not know it, and made no response if Stokes' name was mentioned, he was feeling after him.

"One night about ten o'clock I was summoned to come in haste, and was not surprised to find Jeremiah had had another shock and that he was dying. He was speechless and help-less, but it appeared as if his mind had wakened and that he desired to say something. His eyes appealed; but it was not for any bodily relief, since the nurse was attending to every want, and I knew that he had no pain. Following as far as one could the signal of his eyes we concluded that he desired something that was not in the room, and I went into his sitting-room and looked for any book which might satisfy him. I brought in turn and held up before him, naming it as I did so, a Bible, one of his Afghan books, a bound volume of produce reports, finally a daily newspaper, believing that in this way we might strike the thought that was in his mind. His desk was locked; but when we asked him if he wished it opened, there was no response in the eyes, and I doubted whether, being the man that he was, he would keep any-thing valuable in a place that could be opened so easily. We mentioned to him clergyman, lawyer, and Peter Kinnish, but the eyes said 'No'; then I said, 'Stokes, your nephew—Lieutenant Stokes,' and his eyes said 'Yes'; it was distinctly his nephew about whom he was thinking, and when I added, for I had forgotten his promotion, 'Captain Stokes,' I saw a flash of satisfaction. He knew that his nephew was in Egypt and could not be brought home in time; for I was now con-vinced that he was absolutely *compos mentis*. It was there-fore something to do with Stokes that was troubling his mind. Was it a message that he wanted to send? The eyes were not satisfied. Was it some paper that had to do with his nephew? Then I saw that we had struck upon the truth. But Jeremiah was weakening fast and the time was very short. Very likely he wished to make some change in his will: I did not know whether in that state he could legally do so, but at any rate if that was what he desired we ought to do what we could. Again I asked him whether he wanted a lawyer sent for, but that was not his desire. Whether he wished a paper brought? Yes, that was it. Having pro-cured his keys I opened his American desk and began to bring bundle after bundle into the room and lay them on the bed and his eyes looked at me in despair. Not these? No. Not there? No. Where? Then he seemed to make an effort to break the silence and tell us what he wanted and where it was, and the cord of life snapped. He was gone, carrying his secret with him.

"When the time came to settle Jeremiah's affairs his law-yers produced a will which he had made three years before and at the time when his nephew finally decided to remain in the army. By the provisions of this will Stokes received a thousand pounds, certain hospitals received five hundred each, generous provision was made for his clerks and servants, and the remainder of his estate was left to the benefit of the Society for the Restoration of the Lost Ten Tribes—that is to say, the Afghans—to their native country. And there was a special condition that under no circumstances was any portion of this money to go for the benefit of 'those persons calling themselves Anglo-Israelites and pretending that the English nation is the Lost Ten Tribes, which is a delusion.' The will was drawn up with great care, and notwithstanding the Afghan craze there seemed no chance of its being broken. Arrangements were made to realize the estate, and the Afghan Society at once began to look out for a staff of officials, so that if it were impossible to induce any of that turbulent peo-ple to settle in the Holy Land the money might be profitably used in supporting secretaries. No one was surprised at the

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of stories by Doctor Watson of unsolved experiences.

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conditions of the will, but every one was angry that so much good money should be wasted and a fine young soldier be deprived of his heritage. I felt so keenly about the matter myself that I told Kinnish, who was the trustee and who despised the job openly, about Jeremiah's last hour. Both of us searched through his drawers and in every corner of the house to find a more recent will. We both came to the conclusion that if he had changed his mind he would not go to the lawyers, but that he would leave some holograph will, and we were certain that if it revoked the Afghan legacy and left the money to his natural heir the law courts would do all they could to confirm it. But no such document could be found, and Kinnish raged furiously. 'Just think of it, that a man should have made such a pile in lard and have left two hundred and thirty thousand pounds to a gang of crazy cadgers.'

"A month after Wisset's death I had a bad case in his Drive that required me to make a visit every night between ten and eleven o'clock, and I passed Wisset's house as I returned home. The first night I was thinking about my patient and a new medicine which I proposed to try next morning, if there were no improvement during the night, and neither Wisset nor his house came into my mind. Next night I was somewhat relieved about the case and my thoughts were free to turn to Jeremiah. What an agony it must have been if he really had repented him of his anger and had actually restored Stokes to his heritage; if he had been thinking with pride of him during his last moments and had been trying to secure him his rights, and after all had failed, and had died knowing that his fortune would go to those Afghan thieves. It was in its way the most tragic thing that had happened in my practice, and my mind--this, of course, is an important point—was fixed on Wisset and his death. Again I saw him in imagination sitting at the window looking wistfully up the Drive, pleading with his eyes for what he wanted, and then dying at the critical moment. I was now approaching the house and looking at my watch I saw that it was about the time when Wisset died, ten minutes to eleven. His furniture had been sold, the house itself was lying empty till it also should be sold. The blinds were pulled down, the house had that dreary appearance which an empty dwelling always presents—the contrast between a corpse and a living person. One thinks of the fires that have died out, and the light that has been extinguished, and the face which will never look out of the window again, and the hand that will never bid you welcome at the door. No one could say that Jeremiah Wisset was an extremely vital person except in the lard market, or that his greeting as a host was likely to be very enthusiastic; but I had come to judge the old man by that last hour, and to weave a romance of repentance and affection round him. When I looked up at the house I did not expect to see anything except a forsaken house with blinded windows, but in my mind I was replacing Wisset there as I had seen him during the last month of his life.

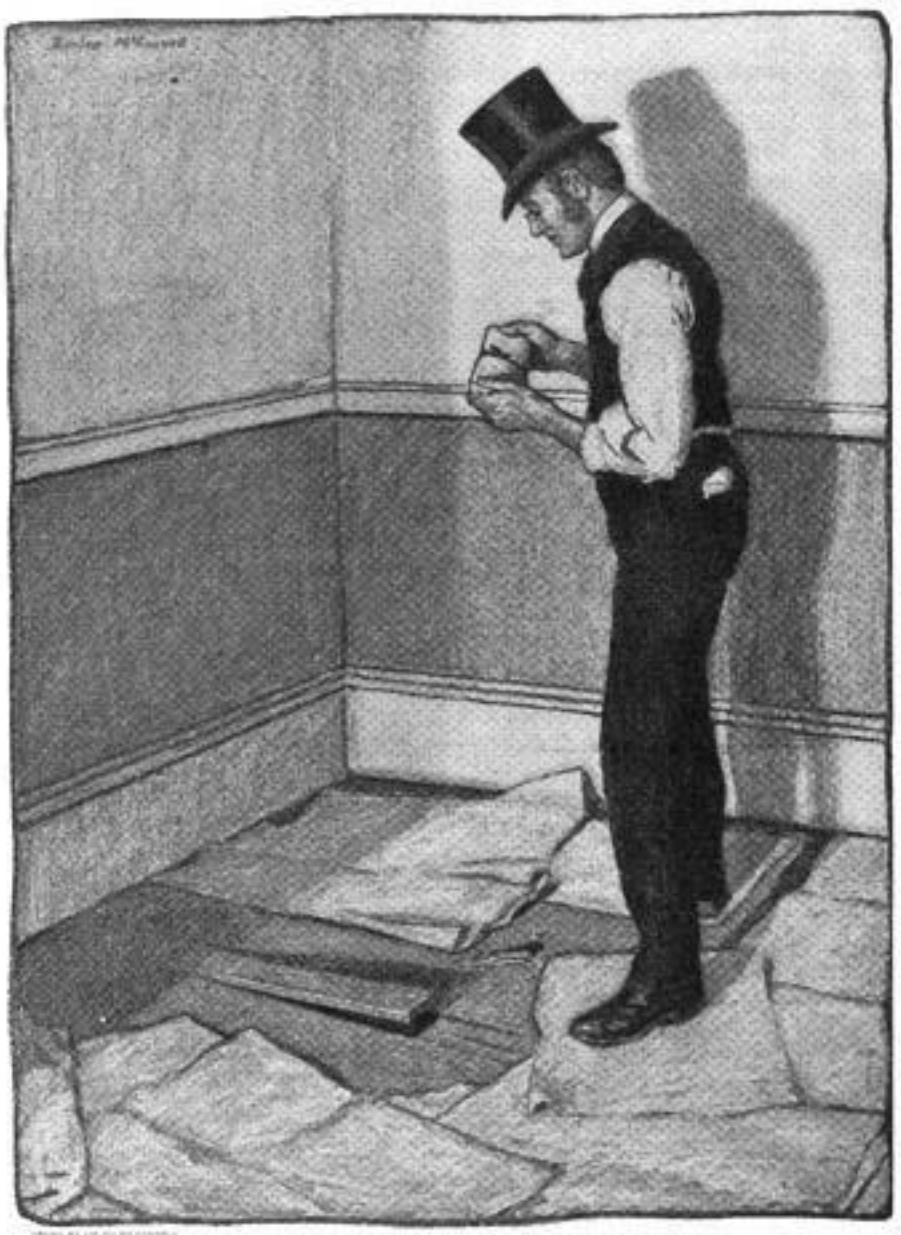
"Let me now explain that Wisset's house stood a little back from the road, with a small garden in front; that it had three floors, and the middle-floor windows were those of his bedroom and his sitting-room. And there was a dressing-room between, which opened both into the sitting-room and the bedroom, but which Jeremiah never used. On the other side of the road, directly opposite the sitting-room, there was a powerful lamp which lit up the Drive for a considerable distance and flung its light with special strength on the sitting-room window. The moon was under a cloud and there was not much natural light; but the atmosphere was clear, and in the gaslight one saw the sitting-room window, quite distinctly. I stopped and looked at my watch and then I looked up at the window. The whitey-brown blind hung straight and motionless, and then it seemed to me as if it were shaken backward and forward. I went closer to the gate, not that I really thought the blind was being moved, but merely to correct my eyesight. The blind appeared now to be pressed against the glass, and then released. I rubbed my eyes and watched closely, believing that this apparent motion of the blind was some effect of the gaslight; or it might also be a draft in the house, which was empty and all the doors of which were open. I noted, however, that everything was very distinct and that there was no appreciable wind. The blind, after lying quiet for a moment, was now, so far as I could judge—for we are only recording impressions, are we not?—jostled as if some one desired to see out, but could not work the blind. I remembered at that moment that, like many other blinds, that one had been very refractory, and that more than once when it refused to rise the nurse had to roll it up so that Jeremiah might secure his loved view. Of course it was nonsense, I said to myself, but if Jeremiah had been within I should have been certain that they were attempting to set the blind in motion. As it was, I noted in my memory how untrustworthy is our eyesight, how we have only to imagine a thing is moving and it moves, and to think how a thing used to be, and again it is the same.

"After another look at that upper window I was about to leave when . . . what was that? The blind swayed as if one were trying to get a hold of it, and then it was crumpled up at the edge. Where it was pressed together there was something white against the light brown. Could it be? Yes—so far as my eyes served me—and the light was wonderfully clear—it was a human hand, as if some one within, having struggled in vain to get the spring to work or the blind to rise, were now pressing it aside in order to look out. Perhaps you men may feel differently, and of course one could imagine anything more eerie, but personally I do not know anything that would affect my imagination more than what I saw. Consider! An empty house, blinds hanging low on the windows; then, as you are looking, a hand appears upon the blind, only a hand, white, distinct, active. The rest is left to your imagination. Whose hand is it? What is he, or it, doing there? What is going on behind? No doubt a simple explanation lay to hand: a caretaker had been placed in the house, and for some reason wished to pull up the blind. But the hand was not that of a working-woman; it was a man's hand—thin, bony, strong, and, above all, white, very white. Or it might be a burglar had forced an entrance to the house from behind and was ransacking it to find whether Wisset had hidden something away. But burglars don't waste their time on empty houses as a rule, and if they do they would not advertise their presence by pulling up a front window-blind even at eleven P. M. For a moment I thought of climbing over the gate and trying whether I could not get entrance to the house. I looked up at the window again; the hand was gone, the blind was motionless, and then the disappearance affected my imagination more even than the appearance. My courage weakened and I hastened home. As I left the Drive I looked back and saw from an angle Wisset's house with the light of the lamp on that middle floor, and I would have given much to know what was the secret within.

"Next evening I visited my patient as usual, but as I had to go to another case afterward I did not come down the Drive. The following evening I was determined to have another look from the outside at Wisset's house. I arranged to pass there about a quarter to eleven. It was full moon with an almost cloudless sky and the lamps were hardly needed. The Drive was quite still, many of the families were retiring to their bedrooms, and as I came down the road lights were being put out, for the men had to go early to business, and unless there was some social function they went early to bed. When I came to Wisset's gate the house was standing out clear in the moonlight, and there was neither sign of life nor motion. For a minute or two I watched and then began to question whether two nights ago I had not been dreaming dreams. I looked round the quiet and prosaic surroundings of trim villas, neatly-kept gardens, and comfortable middle-class life. In the house opposite the last light went out; it was now eleven o'clock and I turned from the gate on which I had been leaning to go home, when I gave one parting look at the mysterious window, and before my eye, as I stood there on the street in full possession of my senses and with the clear moonlight falling on the house, I saw the blind, after what seemed a brief struggle, go up and at the window in the place where he used to sit—and looking up the Drive—was, so far I as could judge, Jeremiah Wisset himself. Not as he used to sit there, confused and dull, but as he lay in bed before he died, white, wasted, but eager and longing and waiting for some one. None of us have spent much time in describing what we have felt in giving these experiences: we have kept ourselves to what has happened outside of us, but I frankly acknowledge that I gripped the gate-post and was glad of its support. I did not think of going into the house, and indeed at that moment I would not have gone in for a million sterling. My impulse, even though I was outside and safe from any power within that house, was to bolt; but the fascination of the window made me look again, and this time my fear seemed to pass into pity, for the face was so troubled; and then suddenly it disappeared as a person turns from a window to some duty in the room, and I was certain that duty was the quest for what had been lost. The blind came down again and the house was as before, and I went home with a deepened sense of mystery.

"Next morning I sent for the keys of the house under some excuse of looking through it to see whether it would suit a patient, and I determined to ransack it from basement to attic. One has read of the creepy feeling with which people have gone into a haunted house, and one associates anything supernatural with old castles and wainscoted walls and secret doors, and such like dramatic machinery. Nothing could be further removed from the conventional haunted house than Number 27, Albert Drive. It was a middle-class, semi-detached villa, renting for about eighty pounds a year, and containing, as advertisements said, three entertaining rooms, seven bedrooms, two dressing-rooms and necessary kitchen accommodation. It steadied my nerves to run over the house-agent's description as I stood on the doorstep and opened the front door. The interior was, of course, cheerless, dirty, as empty houses are apt to be; and one's footsteps echoed on the uncarpeted floors. The light was shining everywhere and there was nothing about such a house to suggest mystery. Amongst some ingenious Christmas literature I had read of thieves taking possession of an empty house, and then getting up ghost scenes to frighten away intending tenants, and it occurred to me that it was within the bounds of possibility that this had been done in Wisset's house. If so, the gang would be living in the cellars, which were reached by a steep, almost ladder, stair. I brought a serviceable stick with me, but I almost wished that I had added an operating knife as I went down into the semi-darkness of the cellars. There were three—coal cellar, washing-house and a box room, together with the wine cellar—but they were all empty. There was no sign of any squatters. I came upstairs and locked the door of the cellar stairs and went through the rooms on the ground floor, including the kitchen, and made no discovery. Next I made a survey of the third or highest floor, and found nothing there to remark, and then I came to what I may call Wisset's own ground. I looked into two rooms

(Continued on Page 35)



I RESOLVED TO KEEP THE PACKET INTACT, TO BE OPENED BY THE LAWYER

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Despotism and Democracy

A Study in Washington Society and Politics

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CHAPTER II

ON THE fifteenth of April Congress met for one of the most exciting sessions in the history of the country. There was excitement both for the members and for the public. Usually, when great economic questions have to be disposed of, which rack the intelligence of the strongest men in the House and Senate, which make and unmake Presidents and policies, at which men work like slaves toiling at the oar, by night as well as by day, and of which the harvest of death is grimly reckoned beforehand, the people go on quietly, reading with calm indifference the proceedings of Congress in the newspapers or skipping them because of their dullness. When questions arise affecting the honor and prestige of the country, the American people, justly described as "strong, resolute and ofttimes violent," become deeply agitated, are swayed all one way by the same mighty impulse, and force Congress to act as the people wish. The Congress at these times is calm. There is nothing to do but to comply with the mandates of the people. One party is as willing to vote supplies as another. All march together. The march would become a wild storming party but for a few cool heads who act as a brake, and keep the pace down to something reasonable and the policies in the middle of the road. But the brake is powerless to stop the march onward.

At this session, though, there were to be things to agitate both the people and the Congress. The question of peace or war had to be decided; and if it were peace, as the cooler heads foresaw, it would be peace on such stupendous terms of power and prestige to this country that it might be impossible to deal sanely with the great economic problems which were like the rumblings of an earthquake, and were liable to produce vast convulsions. For the present, economic questions were in the background; the Committee on Foreign Relations was the most prominent one in the House and in the Senate.

It almost cured Crane of his infatuation for Washington society to see how little it was impressed by the large events waiting to burst from under the great white dome on the hill. Himself in a fever heat of suppressed excitement, he felt aggrieved that dinners still went on unflaggingly, that the first long season of grand opera Washington had ever known was about to begin, and claimed much attention. None of these smart people seemed to care in the least that he was to present the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations in an unprecedentedly short time—a report which might mean war or peace, accordingly as it might sustain the Administration or not. He expressed his sense of personal injury to Thorndyke as the two sat hard at work in their committee-room one night, a week after the meeting of Congress.

They were quite alone, and it might be said that the report was theirs alone. There were other strong men on the committee, but they had got used to the autocratic rule of Thorndyke, and rather liked it. He consulted them attentively, but he was always the man who acted. The new chairman recognized this, and being ambitious to rule as Thorndyke had ruled, he consulted his predecessor somewhat ostentatiously—at which his colleagues smiled and let him alone. Crane had just experienced an instance of Thorndyke's good will, who was in the act of saving his chairman from making a ridiculous blunder which would have hindered his prospects very much as Oliver Goldsmith's unlucky red coat did for him with the Bishop. The Secretary of State, a very long-headed person in a small way, had previously got the length of the Honorable Julian Crane's foot, as the vulgar express it. He had asked Crane to play golf with him; he had invited the Member from Circleville to little dinners with him.

The Secretary's father had made money, and his daughters were replicas of Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Of his sons, one, a man of some brains and much perseverance, had reached the most highly ornamental position in the Government of the United States—the Secretaryship of State. He maintained it with dignity. He had been brought up in an auriferous atmosphere, totally denied the descendants of Cap'n Ebenezer Crane, who had lost his all in the steamboat business, and spent his last years keeping the Circleville tavern. Crane knew all about this, one of his grandfather's standing quarrels with Fate being that Josh Slater, a durned fool, and a rascal besides, in Cap'n Ebenezer's opinion, had made so much, where a better man—that is, himself—couldn't make a living. But Crane knew better than to refer to any of these matters before the Secretary, who was indeed only dimly acquainted with his father's profession. The Secretary, a polished, scholarly man, was a very good imitation of a statesman. He liked to be called the Premier, prided himself on his resemblance to Lord Salisbury, and dressed the part to perfection. During Thorndyke's chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, when the present international complication had been brewing, the Secretary had been a good deal annoyed by being summoned to the Capitol on what he considered flimsy pretexts. He determined when Crane succeeded Thorndyke to make a bold stroke, and have the chairman come to him occasionally, on the sly, as it were. To this end he had written Crane a little note beginning, "My dear Crane." In it the Secretary spoke pathetically of his gout, also of his age, and would Crane, on the score of old friendship and the Secretary's many infirmities, come to see him at a certain hour at the Department, and perhaps the necessity might be avoided of the Secretary taking a trip in the changeable weather to the Capitol, which otherwise would be inevitable?

Crane showed this note with ill-concealed pride, and was about to fall into the Secretary's little trap through the telephone, when Thorndyke hastily interposed.

"My dear fellow," said he, grinning, "you had better wait until the Secretary's gout gets better, rather than inaugurate the policy of running up to the State Department to see him, when it is his business to come here to see you. The old fellow tried that game on me, but, in return, I used to get the committee to invite him down here about once a week to give his views on something or other for which we didn't give a tinker's dam, as the Duke of Wellington used to say. But it cured him. He stopped inviting me cordially and informally to come to the State Department to see him."

Crane's face flushed.

"The old sneak!" he cried, and then dashed off a curt note to the Secretary. Thorndyke promptly confiscated this note, and dictated another which was, if anything, more affectionate in tone than the Secretary's. Crane would wish, above all things, to oblige the Secretary, but was himself under the weather, and so forth, and so forth.

"But I played golf with him at seven o'clock this morning!" cried Crane, throwing down his pen.

"So much the better," replied Thorndyke. "You are returning his own lie to him with interest. Go on—'Possibly by to-morrow you may be well enough to comply with the wish of the committee, and come to the Capitol. In any event, before a formal request is made for your attendance, your convenience will be consulted with regard to the hours and the weather.' And when you get him up here put him in the sweat-box and give him all that's coming to him—that's the way to get on with him."

"I see," said Crane, light breaking upon him; "and when you had the old fellow up here, and I thought you were so friendly and polite to him, you were just 'sweating' him."

"That's what I was doing. However, I reckon the present Secretary to be the ideal man for the place. He is highly ornamental, perfectly honest, and satisfied with the shadow of power. Occasionally he reaches out for something in the way of etiquette or attention—as in the present case—but when he doesn't get it he subsides quietly. The State Department has been steadily losing power and prestige from the foundation of the Government until now, when it is recognized as a mere clerical bureau and a useful social adjunct to the Administration. Do you think if Daniel Webster were alive to-day he would take the portfolio of State? He would see the Administration to the demnition bowwows first. Mr. Blaine took it twice under compulsion, and was the most wretched and restless man on earth while he had it. Both times he was so much too big for the place that he became exceedingly dangerous, and had to be forced out each time to save the Administration from total wreck. The lesson has not been lost on succeeding Presidents, and there will be no more Blaines and Websters in the Cabinet, anywhere at all. The trouble is, however, that foreign Chancelleries persist in taking the State Department seriously. They can't take in that you, as chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Relations, are of a good deal more consequence at present than the Secretary of State. You can send for him, but he can't send for you. You can call for information from him and practically force him to give it to you, but he can't make you tell the day of the week unless you want to."

Crane, who had signed and sealed his note while Thorndyke was speaking, glowed with pleasure at the last words. But he returned to his grievance about none of the smart set taking any interest in what was to happen on the morrow.

"The diplomatic people are taking the deepest interest in it," replied Thorndyke grimly, "and when this report is read to-morrow they will be up against a fierce proposition." Thorndyke was not above using slang when in the company of men alone.

They fell to work again at some last details, and it was not far from midnight when they left the great white building on the hill. In spite of the engrossing matters which had employed them both men had been haunted by the recollection of their conversation the night before, about Constance Maitland—but neither had spoken her name. Thorndyke said, as they came out on the deserted moonlit plaza:

"It's a pity Mrs. Crane can't be here to listen to you speak to-morrow."

"Yes," replied Crane promptly. "But I have written her about it, and I shall send her a dispatch as soon as I get through to-morrow. By the way, I sent Miss Maitland a ticket to the reserve gallery. I shall probably see her at the British Embassy, where I am going to take a look at the hall."

It was Crane's first invitation to the British Embassy, and he was slightly elated at it, and being unable to conceal anything Thorndyke saw his elation. His only reply to Crane's important communication was, "Good-night—here's my car." And he jumped aboard the trailer just passing.

When he reached his own door he turned away from it. The night was growing more enchantingly lovely every hour. A great white April moon was riding high in the heavens, and the soft freshness of the spring was in the air. Thorndyke made the beauty of the night an excuse to himself for remaining out-of-doors. In truth, he had felt a yearning ever since Crane had first told him that Constance Maitland was in Washington, to see her habitation—it was next to seeing her. He struggled against it for an hour or two, walking away from the street wherein she dwelt. He soon found himself in the poorer part of Washington, a long way from the gay quarters—a part of narrow brick or frame houses, cheap

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churches and many small shops. He was reminded of that saying, as old as Plato, who did not himself say it first: "In all cities there are two cities—the city of the poor and the city of the rich." The city of the poor in Washington, however, is the least disheartening of its sort in the world—for even the poorest house has air and space and sunlight about it and green trees to shelter it.

After having wandered about until he felt certain the West End was asleep, Thorndyke yielded to the overmastering impulse and set out for his goal at the other end of the town. He soon entered Massachusetts Avenue—that long and beautiful avenue, shaded with double rows of lindens, their pale green buds breaking out into their first delicate leaf, the vista broken by open spaces with statues, and closing with the rich foliage of Dupont Circle. All was quiet, silent and more and more brightly moonlit. No glaring gas lamps marred the light or darkness of the perfect night—for in Washington, when the moon shines, the gas lamps don't shine.

Thorndyke's soul, dragging his unwilling feet, brought him to one of the pretty side streets opening upon the splendid Avenue. It was here that Constance Maitland's house was.

Thorndyke believed—such is the folly of love—he would have known the house even if Crane had not mentioned the number. But the number was conclusive. It was an old-fashioned house, broad and low for a city house. It had been the advance-guard of fashion. There was a little strip of garden and shrubbery at the side, where clipped cedars were formally set, and three great lilac bushes were hastening into a bloom of purple splendor. The scent of the lilacs brought back the terrace on Lake Como, where lilacs also grew, and where he and Constance had spent those glowing and unforgotten hours—and by moonlight they had often sung together the old duet from Don Pasquale, *Oh, April Night!* Thorndyke, entranced and lost in visions, began to hum the old, old air. What strange power of restoring the past have old songs and the perfume of flowers long remembered! Thorndyke felt as in a dream—all the intervening years melted away—it was once more Como, with its moonlight, its flowers, its songs, its loves—and then, he looked up and saw Constance Maitland standing before him.

She had just returned from the ball—the carriage from which she had alighted was rolling off. As she met Thorndyke face to face on the sidewalk she started slightly, and her long white mantle slipped from her delicate bare shoulders to the ground. Her eyes met Thorndyke's—everything was in that gaze except surprise. When two people think of each other daily for many years the strangeness is not in their meeting, but in their separation. They had seen each other last on a moonlit night, and the sweet scent of lilacs was in the air—and now, after eighteen years, it was so alike!

The moonlight was merciful to them both. Neither saw all of Time's earmarks—Thorndyke saw none at all in Constance. Her girlish figure was quite unchanged. Her pale yellow ball gown, the pearls around her throat, were youthfulness itself. She had never been remarkable for beauty, but her face showed no lines, her silky black hair, simply arranged, revealed none of the silver strands that were visible by daylight. Thorndyke received a distinct shock at her youthfulness. It was his lost Constance of the Villa Flora.

She held her hand out to him without a word, and he clasped it. In that clasp Constance realized that she had all and more of her old power over him. Thorndyke could not have said a word at first to save his life, but Constance, with equal feeling, had a woman's glibness, and could have plunged into commonplaces on the spot. But she refrained, knowing that her silence was eloquent. She withdrew her hand lingeringly. Then Thorndyke saw the white cloak lying on the ground. He picked it up and held it wide for Constance, and when he enfolded her in the cloak she was enfolded for one thrilling, perilous instant in his arms. Another moment and she would be at his mercy. Constance, knowing this, suddenly remembering the maid waiting for her and possibly belated neighbors looking out of their windows, withdrew a little. This restored Thorndyke's vagrant senses, and after a moment or two he said:

"It does not seem—now—so long since we parted."

"It is very long—it is nearly eighteen years," Constance replied. Her voice was the sweet voice of the far South, for her young eyes had first opened upon the blue waters of another lake than Como—Lake Pontchartrain. In her speech there were continual traces of her Louisiana birth—Thorndyke had ever thought her voice and her little mannerisms of language among her greatest charms—and he was confirmed in his belief at the first word she uttered. He said to her:

"I did not know until yesterday that you were in Washington."

"I did not like to send you a card," Constance replied.

"You might have done so much."

"I don't know which of us is in the wrong," she said—said it so deliberately that it might convey a thousand meanings. "But if you are waiting for me to ask you—come. Of course, I can't ask you in now—if we were as young as we once were, it would be quite dreadful for us to be standing and talking as we are—but both being old enough to take care of ourselves, we have our liberty."

Love and hate are closely allied, and often reason alike from the same premises. As Thorndyke realized more and more that Constance Maitland still had power to disturb him mightily he resented her ease and tranquillity—and conscious of the lines in his face, conscious that he was growing bald, he felt injured at her continuing youth. Evidently, the recollections which had made him forswear love, forego wealth, and had turned him into a Congressional drudge had left no mark on her. He took, at once, her hint to leave her.

"If you will give me your key," he said stiffly.

Constance handed it to him; he went up the steps and opened the door. The gaslight fell full upon her, and it was as if with every glance they became more infatuated with each other and found it harder to part.

"To-morrow," said Thorndyke.

"Yes—to-morrow," Constance echoed dreamily.

Thorndyke banged the door to and literally ran down the street.

When he came to himself, as it were, he was in his own room, smoking. He kept on saying to himself, "To-morrow—to-morrow," and then called himself a fool—a purely academic proceeding, however, which never really influences any issue between a man and his will. When, at last, he went to bed the sky was opalescent with the coming dawn. After four hours of sleep he waked with the uncomfortable feeling which waits on excess in everything, especially excess in the emotions after one is forty years of age. The tumults of youth are killing after forty.

He got through with his breakfast and his mail under the disadvantages of seeing visions of Constance Maitland floating all about him—visions of Constance offering to give up her fortune and live with him on what he could save of his Congressional salary after supplying the wants of his crippled sister, Elizabeth. And in case he should lose the nomination at the hands of his boss, as he had once done—there would be nothing at all for Constance or Elizabeth, either, nor for himself that he could even foresee. What a strange infatuation was Congressional life! It was almost as strange as the infatuation for a woman forever barred from him—and by the worst luck in the world, he, Geoffrey Thorndyke, was the victim of both!

These unpleasant thoughts walked every step of the way with him to the Capitol on that bright April morning. When he reached the great white building, sitting majestically on the hill, he was one of a vast multitude of people surging toward the south wing. It still lacked half an hour of twelve, and the flag was not yet hoisted. Crowds were disembarking from the street cars, the plaza was black with carriages, and over all was that tension of feeling which communicates itself to thousands and tens of thousands of persons at once. Something was about to happen that day in the House of Representatives. As Crane said, the smart set cared nothing for it, but their majesties, the people, were deeply interested in it, and had every reason to be, and assembled in great crowds to see the first act. Thorndyke made his way to his committee-room. No one was there except Crane. The gentleman from Circleville was dressed for his first appearance as a star. Thorndyke, being in rather a savage humor, thought he had never seen Crane so overdressed, so full of elation and vain simplicity, and, in short, so nearly a fool. In this he did Crane great injustice, for Crane never was, at any time, in the category of fools, although he often did foolish things.

He spoke to Thorndyke affably, although with a slight air of superiority, holding in his hand the report of which Thorndyke had supplied the most effective part—the close reasoning, the conclusive logic, the historical precedents and the invincible moderation. Thorndyke might indeed have said of that report, "All of this I saw—most of this I was." And in the debate that might follow Thorndyke would be obliged to take care of Crane—for Crane, although a powerful and attractive speaker, was easily disconcerted when on his feet, and had a tendency to panic under the enfilading fire of debate. Thorndyke was not an orator in the popular sense, but when it came to having all his wits about him, to defending his position, to hold incursions into the enemy's territory, he was not surpassed by any man in the House.

As his colleagues said of him, he always went documented, and carried concealed parliamentary weapons about his person.

By way of revenge, Thorndyke began to chaff his colleague on the subject of his dress. Crane's shirt-bosom snapped like giant crackers, his cuffs rattled, his collar creaked. He was conscious of this, and glowered darkly at Thorndyke's jokes. Thorndyke's clothes, in contradistinction to Crane's, were the clothes of a clothes-wearing man. They were neither old nor new, neither out of the fashion nor conspicuously in the fashion—they were, in short, the clothes of a man whose father before him had worn clothes.

Both men were in their seats, which were near together, when the Speaker's gavel fell. The galleries were packed, the corridors jammed. In the diplomatic gallery every seat was occupied. The bright costumes of the Orientals and the flower-decked spring hats of the ladies made it gay. The gallery reserved for the President's family and the Cabinet families was also full. So great was the pressure that the motion was at once made to admit ladies to the floor of the House. They came fluttering in like a flock of pigeons, and soon filled all the space back of the desks. They were not, in general, of the smart set, who, as Crane complained, were like Gallio, and cared for none of these things—but were chiefly of official families.

As soon as the prayer and some routine business were over the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations was called for. The calling of the roll had been waived—it was easy enough to see that every member was present who could get there, as well as many Senators. When the report was handed to the reading clerk there was a deep pause. Thorndyke looked at Crane. He was very pale, but the veins in his neck were pulsating strongly. He glanced up at the reserved gallery at the side, and his face flushed deeply. Thorndyke followed his eye. It fell upon Constance Maitland sitting in the front row. She was dressed in a rich black toilette which contrasted strongly with the brilliant colors around her. A delicate black tulle hat sat upon her graceful head, and she fanned herself slowly with a large black fan.

Her distinction of appearance was extreme, and she showed her perfect knowledge of it by the simple but effective trick of wearing black when there was a riot of color around her. By means of a good figure and perfect dressing this seduced the world into thinking her far handsomer than she really was. Thorndyke recognized that when he saw how much more attention she attracted than much younger and more beautiful women.

But then the silence was broken by the great, bell-like voice of the reading clerk reading the report. As the clerk

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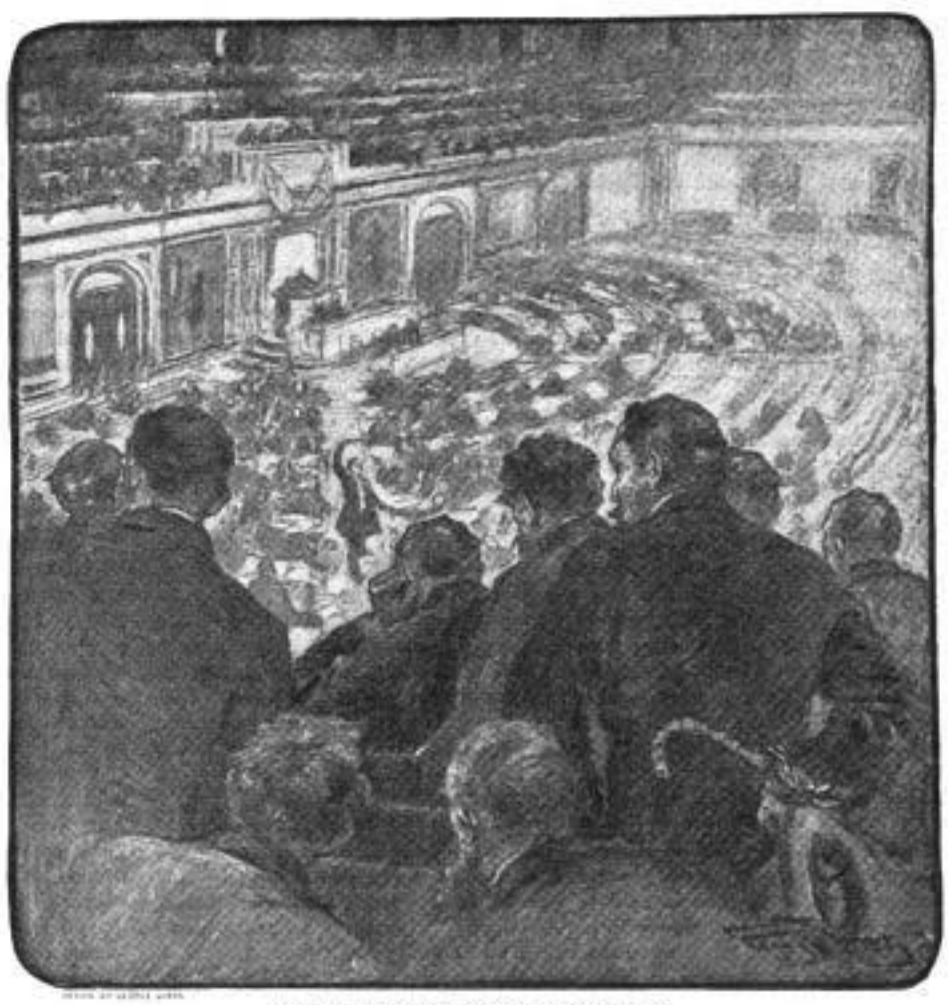

CRANE SPOKE FOR HALF AN HOUR

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The Absent-Minded Beggar

BETWEEN nine and ten o'clock the other morning a man had the following experiences:

He received a letter from an acquaintance about a rather important business matter—but the letter had been misdirected, and the delay cost him a considerable sum of money.

Two papers were delivered from a near-by news-stand—but they were not of the dates he had ordered.

His butler told him that a Mr. Wilson wished to see him, and as he did not wish to see the only Mr. Wilson he remembered knowing he told the butler to send Mr. Wilson away—but he afterward learned that by failing to see his caller he had missed something greatly to his advantage and that the name given to his butler was not Wilson but Winston.

He had asked for boiled eggs for breakfast and he got an omelette.

A suit of clothes arrived—and the tailor had cut the trousers three inches too short.

He himself sent off a note—and addressed it to the wrong number and the wrong street.

This is a slightly exaggerated picture of what is happening to everybody everywhere all the time. Wherever there are human beings there you will find a very large part—often more than half—of the routine of life taken up with making wholly avoidable mistakes and correcting them. And in this state of affairs lies another answer to the ever-recurring question, Why do some men get on so much better than others who seem to have just as good minds?

Why? Because the men who get on have *the power of giving attention* while the other men have not.

The power of giving attention is one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, powers of the human mind—next, of course, to the fundamental faculties which enable a man to be called sane. He who possesses it will outstrip any man, no matter how clever, who has it not. The lack of it explains almost all failures; the possession of it is the principal part of almost all—perhaps all—successes. Yet it is one of the humble faculties. It is one that began to develop away back there when the animal kingdom was just waking up to the fact that to get food there is a better plan than waiting for it to be drifted by the air or the ocean into the mouth. It is one that can be easily and quickly cultivated in almost any child.

It simply means to read carefully each and every report that is brought to one by his senses. If you are looking, see what your eyes reveal; if you are hearing, listen to what your ears relate; if you are feeling, tasting, smelling, give whichever it is the courtesy of your attention. Most people can remember—if they attend. The trouble is lack of attention.

Robert Houdin, probably the greatest prestidigitator of modern times, won a reputation for practicing the black art by cultivating this power. He became so expert at seeing what his eyes saw that from a glimpse into a crowded show window as he walked along the street he could name two-thirds of the articles in it. J. Pierpont Morgan has cultivated this power to such an extent that by glancing from page to page of a complex report he can lay his finger on the weak spot in the property which the report describes—or in the report itself. But illustrations and instances are innumerable. Every biography, every history is crowded with them. Every work of constructive genius in finance, commerce, politics or art is an illustration and an instance—and so is every well-ordered life, every well-kept shop, every competent servant.

To realize this power test yourself—or better still, your friend—for when one tests one's self vanity and self-excuse usually prevent results of much value. Begin an important statement or a promising story; let something interrupt you; note whether your friend, who ought to have been, and probably was interested, goes back to the point before the interruption and asks for the rest. Question him on some exciting story in the current news and see how far wrong he has read the newspaper reports of it—which he is probably denouncing for inaccuracy. Test him on large matters and small, and when you shall have done you will probably know why he is succeeding or failing in life.

No one is too old to begin to give attention, but the best time is in youth, in childhood. Not a school day should pass without the teacher cultivating this power in her pupils' minds by asking them to tell or write out what they saw on the way to school, or something of the kind. And no parent who wishes to do his or her duty by the children should neglect to develop and to encourage—in childhood it needs little more than encouragement—this power of accuracy and quickness, but especially accuracy, in reading the reports of the senses.

There are, beyond question, large differences between various human minds in strength and capacity. But the greater part of the width of the gap between bright and stupid is not in the height of the bright above the normal but in the depth of the stupid below it. Some day we may learn that mental sluggishness is as curable as physical sluggishness—if taken in time and treated intelligently.

It is the door carelessly left open, the watch or pocketbook carelessly exposed, that makes the opportunity for the thief. It is the business carelessly conducted, the railway carelessly managed that makes the opportunity for the "Captain of Industry." It is the government carelessly administered that makes the opportunity for—for the rascal that's out to oust the rascal that's in.

And every man who habitually makes a multitude of mistakes of carelessness began his career of alternate catastrophe when, a boy, he only half saw what was put before his eyes, only half heard what was put into his ears.

The Increase of the Well-to-Do

ONE of the interesting facts of the past year was the large number of estates yielding fortunes to new owners. Several hundred Americans died leaving millions to their heirs. More than a thousand left hundreds of thousands of dollars. In England more than two hundred left estates valued at over $300,000,000, or more than $500,000 each, five of them being over five millions each and seventy-six being over a million each.

It is always impossible correctly to find a man's wealth during his lifetime. He will not tell and others cannot guess. But when his money reaches the courts the amount is public property. Gradually legislation is getting a larger share of the big fortunes for public purposes. Thus in England last year the death duties aggregated $100,000,000. The duties in this country vary in the different States, but they gather in quite a sum and the disposition is to increase them. One American plutocrat paid taxes on $700,000 and when he died he left $70,000,000. It was only when his estate came into the courts that the State got a chance to get a share of it—and even then the heirs fought the tax bitterly.

In these enormous figures the main interest is the proof of the rapid multiplication of well-to-do families. We do not say rich, for in these days riches are comparative. One American is said to be worth a thousand millions; quite a number are worth hundreds of millions, and naturally these look down upon the man who has only a million. In fact, a millionaire in New York nowadays is something of a nonentity. And, of course, the many who have only hundreds of thousands are not worth mentioning when real wealth is being discussed. They do not even get their names in the papers.

But it is plain from the returns that there is in the English-speaking races of to-day a very large population of families whose regular incomes range from $25,000 to millions. There are enough of these to explain a great many things. We have been surprised of late by the remarkable prices brought by treasures in art, sculpture and old books. We sometimes express surprise that there is such a wide market and such quick buying for the finest products of artisanship. The demand for the highest and the best is booming. It seems easy to explain it by saying that rich persons are throwing their money away. But that is neither truth nor explanation.

In these new conditions are fruitful promises for excellence. Money cannot paint pictures, but it can make the rewards of the painter opulent beyond all precedent. It can support a higher grade of art, of literature, of bookmaking, of periodical production, of every kind of effort and enterprise which involve genius, talent, brains, skill and experience. In this respect the increase of the well-to-do opens prospects for the artistic that surpass anything the world has ever known. For these fortunate people will have beautiful homes and beautiful things to put in their homes and beautiful books to read. It is, indeed, the true golden age.

Score One for the Baby

AT LAST some one has come to the defense of the baby. In the past, millions of laws and ordinances, statutes and regulations have been enacted by various bodies of wiseacres covering every known field of human endeavor from bananas to Canada thistles, from drain pipes to gold mines, but not until the dawn of the twentieth century did the baby come into its own.

Cleveland has the honor of giving to a grateful world the children's champion. In that city, as in every other embryo metropolis of the country, the iron heel of landlordism was constructively fixed upon the tender neck of the rising generation—until a fortnight ago, when up rose an alderman in the city council with an ordinance which carried fines and imprisonments, pains and penalties, for any landlord or renting agent of any residence property who dared to debar a prospective tenant because the home-seeker had aided in his humble way to swell the national census. If that ordinance becomes a law the haughty landlord must haul in his "No Children" sign and lay in an extra supply of window-glass and varnish to repair expected ravages. The alderman explained to the amazed and admiring council that he has eight sturdy young Americans of his own, and is tired of hiding them from ferocious janitors and suspicious agents when he wants to revel in the great American prerogative of May moving.

Now that the first blow has been struck the battle for the baby should be carried on until it becomes a national movement that Congress may take cognizance of. On the one hand we have President Roosevelt painting pen pictures of race suicide and clamoring for the good old days when every family dinner-table had to have three leaves in it to accommodate the gathering. On the other hand are the owners and renting agents of the apartment houses, which are so rapidly supplanting single residences in the large cities, setting a determined face against the entry of families with children. They think far more of their paint and varnish than they do of "race suicide" or any kindred topic. For years this warfare has gone on while the luckless couple unfortunate enough to have a little treasure or two have been obliged to sneak their loved ones into the flat buildings in barrels and bundles when the janitor was not looking and take them out for brief airings under cover of the friendly darkness at night.

But now that the Cleveland alderman with the large and interesting family has fired the shot which will be heard around the world, aldermanic bodies all over the country may be expected to rally to the standard of the baby and overthrow the hosts of oppression wherever their black flag may be raised.

The Rage for Writing

THERE never has been a time when the young people of this country betook themselves to authorship with such zeal as now. The editor of every magazine between the seas can certify to the truth of this statement. They are overslaughed with tons of manuscript—poems, essays and stories, written by boys and sweet girl-graduates who do not write because they have anything to say but because they need money and are dazzled by the success of other young people who did have something to say. The enormous sales of one or two historical novels, especially, have bewildered them.

There is not an event in our short history that has not been misstated in their imitations of these fortunate books, nor an American hero, from Henty with the Iron Hand to Admiral Dewey, whom they have not apotheosized and bedecked with impossible virtues. The books as a rule have been failures.

We have a suggestion to make to these unlucky authors. They have found how difficult it is to describe a period and events of which they know nothing. The young man who undertakes to tell you of an incident in the Revolution or the Civil War, and of Washington or Lincoln, will unconsciously make a dozen mistakes. But nothing can be easier than to write of his own town and acquaintances. If he sets down from day to day what he sees, let us say of the doings of the trades unions, his picture will be correct and vivid, and forty years hence of great significance and value.

There is a drowsy old town in France in which is a dusty museum containing stuffed alligators and other worthless trash. But in one room is a long yellow strip of canvas stretched around a frame on which uncouth figures have been worked with infinite patience. It is the story of the conquest of England by the Normans, stitched into the cloth by the Norman women at the very time when the deed was being done. There are facts told there which never were kept for us in writing or tradition. The tapestry is of little value as a work of art. But it is true. The Norman Matilda could not write books. She took her needle and with her red and blue crewels made a picture of the things she saw, and the picture has remained, for nearly a thousand years, an invaluable history.

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SINFUL PECK

A WHOLE SECOND MATE

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON

HE WAS a huge, loose-jointed and big-fisted man-and-brother, with a countenance positively beautiful in its picturesque ugliness. It was a shade or two darker than coal, deeply pitted with pockmarks, and held a strange combination of good humor and ferocity. Over the gleaming eyes was a perpetual scowl, but the thick lips seldom hid the yellow teeth within, and his moist and expansive smile was nearly as fixed as his scowl. One front tooth was gone, and through the aperture, even when his smile was largest, he could whistle spirited music of quite a good quality, and as he whistled, his feet, large and heavily shod, would shuffle spasmodically, as though in repressed sympathy with the music. He came off to the ship in time for breakfast, and, carrying his dunnage in one hand, climbed a single rope and scrambled over the rail with an agility seldom displayed by men of his size; then, squinting aloft with seamanly scrutiny, he advanced to the Captain, who had emerged from the companion.

"I'se come aboard, Cappen Jackson," he said, smiling benignly.

"So I see, Mr. Johnson," answered the Captain; "and I see you've brought the Articles of War with you." He glanced at a pistol and pair of brass knuckles strapped to the outside of the heavy satchel in the hand of the other.

"Yes, sah; I allus pack 'em outside when I join a new ship, sah. Shows de men wha' dey gwine to get 'f dey don' watch out." His smile grew in dimensions.

"Well, that's all right — I need a good second mate; for I've got a crowd forrard that'll take 'em away from you and jam them down your throat if you don't watch out. But you might as well start right, as you only go to Manila with us. There's a new law passed this year which forbids all form of assault, and also makes me liable for damages in case I permit the escape of an officer who is liable to arrest. So, don't touch a man here unless in self-defense."

"Why — how, Cappen," asked the second mate in wonder — "how you gwine to keep men at work 'less you t'ump 'em round a bit?"

"The Lord knows," answered the Captain, a shade of anxiety clouding his face. "Twelve o' my men'll stand anything. They're dock-rats and hobos shanghaied out o' New York, and have just learned to get out o' their own way. The rest are a baker's dozen o' Lake sailors, old men now, but able and intelligent, seamen to the last man-jack o' them, and regular helyons if you rouse 'em. Mr. Peck was one o' them, but he saved my life outside, and I took him aft as acting mate until the other two get out o' the hospital.

"By the way, are you a navigator?" added the Captain as an afterthought.

"No, sah, but I'se a whole second mate."

"Well, we'll get along, no doubt — but I want to tell you about these men, so you'll know what you're up against. They took charge outside here, and tied us all down; then they threatened to sail the ship back to New York unless I agreed to pay them off at Singapore and send 'em home like gentlemen. Well, I agreed, and did my part; but they chose to wait around Singapore to get a salvage job settled in court, went broke, starved a while, and yesterday signed with me again as there were no other ships in port for them and no other sailors for me. So, there you are. They'll come aboard much disgruntled, I s'pose, but if you're a little careful with 'em there may be no trouble. Don't stir them up needlessly."

"No, sah, not 'less dey needs it," said the negro, beaming joyously. "Jess de same, sah, I nebber seen no crowd dat could down me."

"Well, I've warned you. Here's Mr. Peck — Sinful Peck they called him forrard. He's a rare little man in his way. He can show you your room, and I'll go ashore for the men."

Sinful Peck came out of the cabin, waddling a little in his walk from a growing rotundity due, no doubt, to late immunity from manual labor and to the excellence of the cabin fare, but rather unbecoming to one of his short stature. His round, cheerful face lit up in surprise as he viewed the negro; but he accepted the introduction gracefully, and when the Captain had descended the side to a waiting sampan he led him to his room, and then to breakfast. He watched him a few moments while he rolled up his shirt-sleeves, squared himself at the table, and began shoveling in the remnants of the breakfast with a tablespoon; then, with a grimace of disgust, he returned to the deck.

"Might as well be 'fore the mast with the crowd," he muttered, "as aft with that pig. 'Mister Johnson' — well, I'll be ——." He leaned against the rail and his face grew thoughtful. "And yet, what's wrong with him? Muscular, massive, ferocious — the incarnation of American buckoism, brute strength, seamanship, ignorance and stupidity. Great Scott, what development! He could shut his hand on any of the crowd — and they punched and kicked and insulted me all the way out. Let's think. What'd the skipper ship that brute for? Can I use 'Mistah Johnsing' in my business?"

"LE' GO," HE GASPED. "LE' GO O' ME!"

Long and earnestly he mused, looking abstractedly at the men forward enjoying their post-breakfast smoke, and when the tinkle of eight bells sounded from the cabin clock a smile had come to his face and a mischievous twinkle to his eye, but as he started forward to turn the men to he felt a grip on his collar; then, squirming and choking, he was lifted wriggling from the deck at the end of the negro's long, powerful arm.

"Le' go," he gasped. "Le' go o' me! What's this for?"

"Dat's all right, Misser Peck," said the negro. "I jess want to 'press you wi' my quality 'fore I turn to. I allus makes first mates understand at de beginning dat I'se a mons'ous strong man and won't stand no foolin'. So, you see? Dah." He gave Sinful a shake.

But Sinful, though fat, was agile. He twisted suddenly in midair, doubled one short leg, and planted his foot on the negro's face; then he exerted his strength and landed on his back a few feet away, while the astonished assailant staggered back, rubbing some deep scratches on his face. But he smiled approvingly at his angry superior.

"By golly, Misser Peck," he said, "but you's a smart man. Nobody nebber kicked me in de face before. Hol' on; don' shoot, Misser Peck."

Sinful, with blazing eyes, had arisen with a drawn revolver, and covered him.

"Don't you ever dare to lay your hands on me again," he stormed, "or I'll lay you dead on the deck. What do you mean by it?"

"It's all right, Misser Peck. Put de gun down. I'se got one in my pocket, too, but I don' want to use it. I shot a first mate in Savannah one time, an' I had to go to chokey. It took six p'licemen, by golly."

"It won't need but one and a wheelbarrow if you touch me again."

Sinful lowered the pistol.

"What did you do it for?"

"Jess to show you, Misser Peck, dat I'se de right kind of a second mate for you. De Cappen says dey's a mighty bad crowd o' men comin'!"

"Oh — yes — that's so." Sinful pocketed the pistol, but watched cautiously as he continued. "There are thirteen more — all scrappers. You'll have enough to do to protect yourself without impressing me with your strength. Big Pig Monahan can do you up in one round."

"He can?" said the negro, his eyes gleaming. "Did he say so?"

"No, but you'll know him. He's down on all colored men. He's got a cro'-jack eye and a mild way o' talking; but look out."

"Is he de wussest o' de gang, sah?"

"Almost. There's Seldom Helward — hooked nose, bicycle face, red hair turning gray. Look out for him. Tosser Galvin is another bad one. He's a big, beefy fellow — looks like a butcher. These three love a fight, but the others'll drop in when its started."

"Yay — yah-ya-ha," laughed the second mate, shuffling his feet and waving his long arms in the air. "Dat's de kind o' men I jess love. But say, Misser Peck, ain't dem funny names?"

"They've all got 'em. There's Poop-Deck Cahill, and there's Gunner Meagher, and Ghost O'Brien, Yampaw Gallegher, Turkey Twain, Sorry Welch, Shiner O'Toole, Senator Sands, Jump Black and Moccassey Gill. Now, go forward and start the men to work. Get that water-laid hawser out of the 'tween deck and coil it 'longside the fore hatch; and, by the way, those are good-tempered, willing men forward, there. They don't need thumping."

"Aye, aye, sah; I'll wait for de bad ones," answered the negro, turning away; "but say, Misser Peck," he added, coming back with doubt in his face, "de Cappen he say somethin' 'bout a new law dat you mus' not hit a sailor. How 'bout dat?"

"Oh, there's a fool law passed," said Sinful airily, "but it can't be enforced. Even though you should be arrested when you get to port, all you need is to demand a jury trial and get a change of venue; then by the time the case is called the witnesses 'll be all off to sea again. Can't convict you without witnesses, you know."

"Is dat so, now? By golly, you's a mighty smart man, Misser Peck. How you learn all dis?"

"I've been a lawyer in my time. Don't be alarmed. I'll see you clear of all proceedings, but I expect you to help me keep this crew down."

"Yes, sah. I'll do that, sah. I stand by you, and you stand by me."

"It begins to look," muttered Sinful, as his brother officer went forward, "like hot times for the crowd. Big Pig won't be a lunch for him. But I've got to keep the nigger clear. I'll read up a bit."

He went to his room, searched it well, and emerging with a puzzled face, went forward and searched an empty bunk in the forecastle. Then he directed the men to find and return to him a law book which he must have left behind when he moved his dunnage out of the forecastle.

"Haven't seen it," he said, "sin e the first o' the passage out. So it must be forward." The men promised to find it; but by the time the hawser was on deck a tug had steamed up to the quarter, and their services were required in making her fast. Then Captain Jackson climbed aboard, followed by thirteen gloomy-faced men in seedy disarray — their clothing wrinkled, soiled, and sprinkled with slivers, as though from sleeping too close to Mother Earth and undressed planking, and the interest aroused by their coming was enough to drive thought of the missing book from all minds, including Sinful's. None had any bedding or extra clothing, but each possessed a large and a lively sense of injury; for, as Sinful joined them with his dark confrère, they stared at him sullenly, hungrily and enviously, as though his sleek, well-fed little body was both an affront and a temptation.

"Muster up around me here," said the Captain sternly, as he stepped upon the mizzen hatch. "I want a few words with you." They flocked around him and he continued: "Before you join your shipmates forrard I want you to know that this ship will be run strictly in accordance to the new Seaman's Law. The ship is seaworthy; the forecastle has been repaired and is warm and dry; the complement of men is full; I have laid in full store of the provisions named in the scale, and a complete outfit of slop-clothing, on which you can draw unless under punishment; I have forbidden my officers to strike any of you, but if one of you strikes an officer that man may be shot dead as a mutineer. The law is unchanged in that regard. You may also be lawfully shot if you resist going in irons as a punishment for insubordination. Your working and sleeping hours are not prescribed by the law, and are left to the descretion of your officers, depending on your conduct. You will find me fair, in spite of the trouble you have made me; but I shall allow no pistols or sheath-knives among you. Turn your pockets inside out — all of you."

Silently and sullenly they obeyed the command. Every pocket in every garment was pulled out in plain sight. All were empty.

"That will do. Mr. Peck, have you anything to say to them?"

"Yes, sir — thank you, Captain — I have. I want to say to this gang of ruffians, who maltreated me while before the mast, that I am heart and soul in accord with the spirit of the new law — particularly as regards the shooting of mutineers. I want to call Mr. Johnson's attention to the four leading spirits, so that he will know them. Mr. Johnson" — he turned to the listening second mate, who stepped eagerly to his side — "see that big, wall-eyed hoodlum, squinting at me? That is Big Pig Monahan, who thinks he can fight." The negro smiled and nodded. "That hangdog tough behind him is Seldom Helward — a good citizen only when in

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jail. Beside him is Tosser Galvin, who can toss in more whisky without paying for it than any man in Cleveland. And the sneaky-looking scoundrel over here, with the look of a pickpocket in one eye and a barkeep in the other, is Poop-Deck Cahill. Look out for these four, Mr. Johnson."

Poop-Deck's fine features reddened in anger, and he said to the Captain: "May we say a word or two, unofficially, sir, to Mr. Peck, before we begin?" The Captain nodded.

"Sinful," said Poop-Deck, "when you drugged us, your guests at a parting supper, and shanghaied us aboard this ship in which you were bound to sail by the terms of your bet with Helward, you perpetrated what was a practical joke to you, but a wrong involving thousands of dollars loss to us. For this we hammered you well in the forecastle; but when clear of the ship at Singapore we were willing to call it square. You, however, chose to carry it on. You so prejudiced Captain Jackson with lies as to our standing at home that he in turn prejudiced the Consul, and we found every door, and every ear, in Singapore closed to us. The banks would not deal with us, and, unable to get our drafts honored, we suffered privation until compelled to sign in this ship of which fortune has made you first mate, with power of life and death under the law. We have resolved to do our work and obey the law, but if you abuse your power over us, remember that you have thirteen implacable enemies who will make no appeal to law, but will, when the time comes, punish you with physical pain that will make you wish for death."

"And I'll say," said Seldom Helward, hoarsely, when Poop-Deck had paused for breath, "that you needn't abuse your power to hear from me again. I've camped on your trail, my joker, and don't leave it till I hunt you out o' Cleveland, or into jail."

To the credit of Sinful's sensibilities be it said that he fidgeted visibly under Poop-Deck's denunciation and paled at Seldom's threat; but before he could reply the Captain spoke.

"This will do," he said firmly. "You are threatening. Go forward. Mr. Peck, man the windlass and pass the line to the tug."

"Wait a minute, Capt'n, if you please," said Big Pig Monahan, as the group separated. "Is this Senegambian going out second mate?"

"Mr. Johnson is second mate of this ship until Mr. Brown joins us at Manila. Mr. Peck is first mate until Mr. Becker comes."

"Very well, sir. Mr. Johnson has been looking at me like a dog at a bone for the last few minutes, and I think he's taken a fancy to me. Now, Seldom's all right, though a little outspoken, and I can answer for him and the rest of us that we'll do our work willingly, having signed willingly; but it's up to you, Captain, to keep your man Friday off our backs."

It may have been the epithets, or it may have been an encouraging nudge from Sinful's elbow that roused Mr. Johnson to action—or it may possibly have been his officerlike indignation at the Captain's complaisant manner toward these impudent men. He sprang into the air with an incoherent yell, arms and legs at all angles, and came down close to the startled Big Pig. But Big Pig was not too startled to parry the outshot fist of the negro and return with a crashing blow in the face which momentarily stopped him, but only increased his rage. Bellowing almost inarticulate profanity, the negro thrust his right hand into his pocket, drew it forth brass-shod, and again charged on Big Pig—as large a man as he, fully as skilled and courageous, but much older and slower in his movements. Then they fought furiously, Big Pig quiet and cool, the negro in a frenzy, while the men sprang to the rail and secured belaying-pins, and the Captain, with a drawn revolver, thundered at them to "Put them back." But he did not shoot, and they did not obey him; they circled about the giant antagonists, shouting words of encouragement to Big Pig and threatening curses to the negro, but before there was a chance to strike a blow, youth and brass knuckles prevailed over age and stiffness, and Big Pig went down senseless under a crashing blow on the forehead.

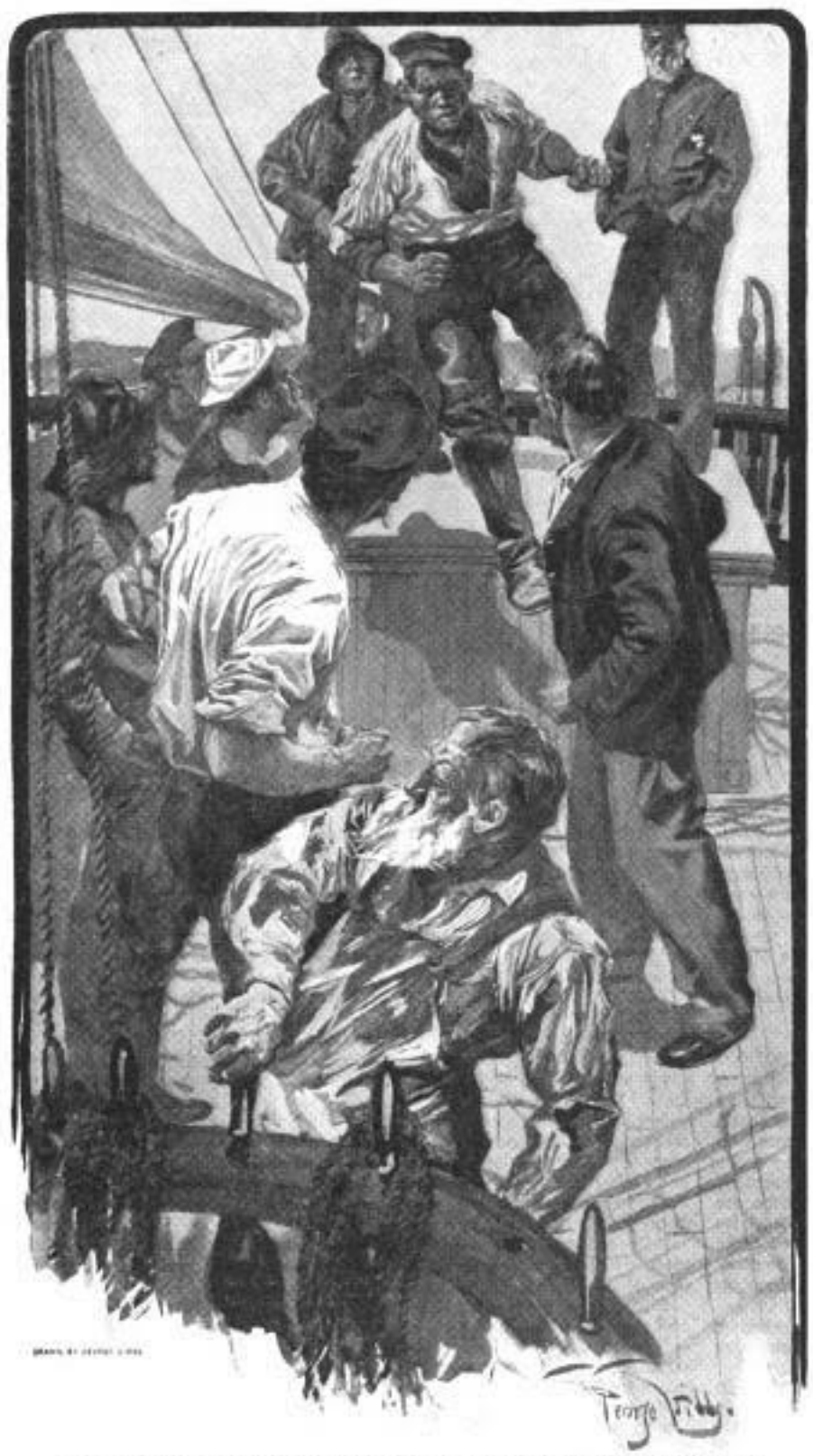
Sinful Peck, pale and anxious of face, had sprung up the poop-steps with his pistol ready, and the Captain now followed; for with Big Pig disposed of the infuriated negro turned to the others. None there could face him as long as had Big Pig, and few could remain within reach of those long, powerful arms for the second of time necessary to strike a blow. The negro sprang, dodged, whirled, struck—and when he struck a man went down—and as at last it became apparent to his excited faculties that he was actually winning against them all, his mouthings became intelligible.

"Forrard wi' you," he growled as he pursued them around the deck. "You heah what de Cappen say, you lazy, good-f'nothin' sogers. Go forrard, I tole you, and pass de towline. Wha' you t'ink, hey? You gwine to hab you' own way heah. Not much, I tole you."

Slowly they gave way, and with a man occasionally falling under his blows he fought them forward, until, dropping their useless belaying-pins, they grabbed the towline at his behest, with the frightened non-combatants of the crew, and passed the end up to the bows. He had "turned them to."

Flushed and jubilant, the victor came aft, passing two men still and bleeding on the deck, and four dazed ones zig-zagging painfully out of his path, and halted beside the unconscious Big Pig, over whom now stood the Captain and Sinful.

"You haven't killed him, Mr. Johnson," said the latter, "but better leave off your gloves next time."



IT MAY HAVE BEEN AN ENCOURAGING NUDGE FROM SINFUL'S ELBOW

"Give me those things," demanded the Captain sternly. Mr. Johnson, with surprise and doubt in his face, took off the brass knuckles and handed them to him. The Captain tossed them overboard.

"You can do all I require of you here," he said, "without manslaughter."

"Why, sah, he hit me fust," answered the negro in an injured tone; "an' den dey all jump on me, sah."

"Yes, I know—he hit you first. I saw that. But remember what I told you. Keep clear o' the law."

Sinful had slipped away to the other unconscious ones, and now reported: "All alike, sir. Broken skin, but nothing serious. They'll come to soon."

"Take them forrard, pass the towline, and man the windlass."

In passing the towline to the tug, and getting the anchor to the bows, Sinful, whose place was on the forecastle deck among the men, stood well up into the knight-heads with his hand continually in his pocket. The men must have known that that hand was closed on a pistol butt. They worked well in spite of their hurts, sullenly but respectfully, and only Seldom saw fit to forget his place. When he had climbed over the bow, and stood on the anchor-stock to pass the ring-stopper, he turned his battered visage upward to the diminutive first mate, and said slowly through still bleeding lips: "This counts heavily against you, you little viper. I saw you start the nigger a-going."

But Sinful ignored the speech entirely.

Mr. Johnson struck them no more that day, satisfying himself with jocular comments on their inferiority and with exasperating praise of himself, which the men listened to without answer. But in the long passage over to Manila, which, from the rather early breaking up of the southwest monsoon, the consequent gale, and succeeding baffling northeast monsoon, consumed nearly a month, he found many occasions in which forcibly to assert his dominion. What the Captain thought of this useless maltreating of willing men found no expression in his speech or manner. Discipline must be maintained, in spite of unwise legislation. What Sinful thought may be judged of by his merciless working of the men in their watch below, and frequent assurance of support and encouragement in answer to the negro's sometimes doubtful queries in regard to the power of the law; for he candidly conceded that he feared jail. But the moral influence of Sinful sufficed to keep alive his drooping courage, and when the anchor dropped in Manila Bay, every man forward—even the unoffending bosuns and the dozen landsmen—bore on face or body unhealed scars and blue contusions. And with the ship moored, the canvas furled, and a uniformed Health Officer come and gone; Big Pig Monahan came aft, with others at his heels, and respectfully asked the Captain for liberty.

"No," said the Captain, "you will get no liberty in this port."

"I demand it, sir, to make complaint against your second mate. I have a right to see the authorities."

"You have the right to demand to see the Consul in a foreign port, but this is now an American Colonial port, and I believe under martial law."

"The Revised Statutes give seamen the right to liberty and one-half their money at any port touched, Capt'n Jackson."

"On the ship's Articles there is a clause reading: 'No money or shore leave at Manila except at master's option.' You have signed away your right. Go to your work."

The Captain turned away, and Big Pig, almost black in the face, went forward. The Captain soon left the ship in a shore boat, and late in the day, just after the passing of a quartermaster's tug, towing a lighter out to the naval fleet at Cavite, Big Pig was missed. Neither returned to the ship that night, but in the morning the shore boat approached with the Captain; and with him in the stern-sheets were two other men whom Sinful examined carefully with the glasses.

"A good chance for complications here, Mr. Johnson," he said as he laid down the glasses. "Here are our predecessors."

"Our what, sah?"

"The two mates we left in the hospital at Manila—Mr. Becker and Mr. Brown. You get your discharge here, I believe, but the question is, who's mate of this ship."

"You is, sah, but I goes ashore. Is you sure, Misser Peck, what you say, dat I can't be 'rested fo' t'umpin' de men? Wha' you t'ink dat Big Pig's gone to?"

"Don't know, and don't care. I've troubles of my own."

"But you tole me, sah, dat you'd stan' by me, an' not let me be 'rested. Didn't you? You tole me dat." Sinful had turned away, and the negro was following him, but the little man only answered irritably: "Fight your own battles, and let me alone."

He went down the poop-steps to receive the party at the gangway, and the second mate followed slowly, the aggrieved look which had come to his face giving way to one of malevolent resentment.

The three climbed aboard, the visitors carrying their dunnage, as though they had come to stay, and the Captain said gayly: "Here we are again—all of us together. They're a little limpy yet, Mr. Peck, but still in the ring. How is everything?"

The two had stared disdainfully at Sinful, and he returned the stare with interest before answering the Captain. Then he said: "Big Pig Monahan has disappeared, sir. Don't know how."

"Why didn't you watch him? Now my hands are tied. Come up on the poop, all of you." They followed him up

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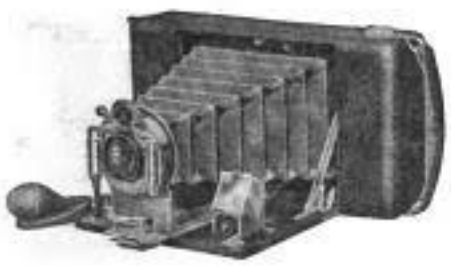

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the steps. "It's this way," he continued, when they had reached the open space abaft the cabin. "He openly demanded permission to complain to the authorities, and I heard his demand before witnesses. So, I am liable for the safe delivery of Mr. Johnson if he is wanted. I can't let you leave the ship, Mr. Johnson, until I am sure you are not wanted."

"Is I gwine to be 'rested, sah?" asked the negro anxiously.

"I don't know. If they want you I shall give you up, for I warned you to keep within the law, and I cannot stand civil damages on account of your escape."

"But Misser Peck," said the negro, turning to the sober-faced Sinful—"Misser Peck he tole me it was all right; didn't you, sah?"

"I told you that it would be difficult to convict. It is an after-consideration," said Sinful angrily. "Don't appeal to me; I can't prevent your arrest."

"Isn't this Monahan coming now, Mr. Becker?" said one of the newcomers softly to the other, pointing astern. Mr. Becker looked.

"That's him, sure enough. Look there, Capt'n Jackson."

They all looked. Big Pig was coming in state, seated under an awning in the after cockpit of a large, white steam launch, in the forward end of which were men dressed in the white working ducks of the American navy and the yellow khaki of the army. There were six of these last, and they carried rifles with murderous sword bayonets, and cartridge-belts supporting heavy revolvers. Beside Big Pig, chatting affably with him, was a portly, gray-mustached man dressed in immaculate white and gold—a naval officer. The launch steamed to the gangway, and the officer, Big Pig and the six soldiers climbed aboard. The party on the poop descended to receive them, and Mr. Johnson hurried into his room.

"Are you Captain Jackson?" asked the officer, after his eyes had wandered over the group and settled on the big skipper.

"I am, sir."

"Is this one of your crew?" he nodded toward Big Pig, who looked damp and disheveled, but happy, and the Captain affirmed that he was.

"He swam aboard the flagship from a passing lighter last night, and told a story of brutal treatment of seamen which aroused the Admiral's attention and interest. I am Captain of the Port, and he has ordered me to devote my personal service to this case. Have you a negro second mate named Johnson on board?"

"I will produce him," said the Captain, stepping to the companion. "Mr. Johnson," he called. "Come out. You are wanted."

Mr. Johnson came out with alacrity. His smile had become a ferocious grin, his scowl was deeper than usual, and his eyes held the desperate, murderous light of a fear-haunted animal. In his right hand was a long knife, and as he passed the Captain he buried this in his shoulder; then, as the Captain sank down groaning, he made for Sinful Peck. Sinful fled along the deck, and the men forward, who had dropped their tasks to watch the proceedings, scattered out of their way.

"Shoot him," roared the officer. "He has done murder. Aim—fire."

The six soldiers sank to one knee; six rifle-barrels were elevated and six bullets followed the frenzied negro, now roaring incoherent threats at Sinful for "gwine back on him."

He floundered heavily to the deck at Sinful's heels, and the outstretched knife slit a long gash in his right trouser leg. The bullets were just in time, but Sinful did not pause in his flight until he had circled the forward house; then spying the huge black form of his pursuer quiet on the deck he slowed down and approached with what dignity he could assume the group surrounding the wounded Captain.

"We must get him ashore at once," said the officer, "or he will bleed to death. Who is next in command here?"

"I am, sir," answered both Mr. Becker and Sinful.

"Two first mates? That's funny; but lift the Captain over quickly."

All the men had come aft now, and some, as the groaning and almost unconscious Captain was picked up, volunteered the information that the negro was dead.

"He deserved it," said the officer, "and under martial law it is the quickest solution of the trouble. Are you satisfied, Monahan?"

"Yes, sir," answered Big Pig soberly. "But there's another matter which you may be able to settle for us, sir. The question you just asked: Who is first mate of this ship?"

"Well, who is?" The officer looked at the two claimants, and then at the wounded Captain descending the side in the arms of the men.

"I am the signed first mate, sir," said Mr. Becker. "I came out to Singapore in this ship, and went to the hospital, with the understanding that I was to join the ship by steamer at Manila. I have done so."

"And you?" inquired the officer, turning to Sinful.

"I was promoted to be first mate in this man's place at Singapore," said Sinful, "and have been first mate since."

"I am still on the Articles as first mate," said Mr. Becker, "and I know that this man shipped as sailor out o' New York."

"Well, I don't know," said the puzzled officer. "As Captain of the Port I must leave some one in charge pending the Captain's recovery; but—I cannot replace you," he said to Mr. Becker, "without deposing this man. Can't you get along until the Captain can decide?"

"I am the lawful first mate, sir," said Mr. Becker doggedly, "and as such I will exercise my power if I stay here."

"But I am the last first mate," said Sinful doggedly. "I am in charge."

"Excuse me, sir," said Big Pig respectfully, "but the new Seaman's Law provides that all first mates of sailing crafts of over seven hundred tons register shall show certificates, as in English craft. Here is the law, sir—the latest Revised Statutes." He received a book handed him by Poop-Deck Cahill, who had drawn close to him, and opened it, pointing to a certain part of a page.

"My book!" exclaimed Sinful. "How did you get it?"

"Found it, my son," said Big Pig benignly, "in the forecastle."

"I know," said the officer, after a glance at the page. "I read up that new law lately. Are you certificated, sir?" he asked of Mr. Becker.

Mr. Becker triumphantly drew forth a pocketbook and displayed an engraved sheet of paper.

"Renewed last March, sir," he said; "and it's an ocean steamboat license—first class—twenty years old."

"That covers the ground," said the officer, after examining it. "And you?" he asked of Sinful.

"I have been master of Lake steamers. I am a first-class pilot on the Lakes, and I have a drawer full of those licenses at home."

"But they are of no use to you out here," said the officer, stiffening up. "I cannot wait longer, as the Captain is in danger. Your name, sir?" he asked of the rightful incumbent.

"John Becker, sir."

"I appoint you acting master of this ship until Captain Jackson recovers. Attention," he called to his soldiers. "Over the side—march."

He halted at the gangway to glance at the corpse of the negro. "Better box him up at once," he said, "and I'll send a lighter to take him ashore." Then he was gone.

"Steward," called Mr. Becker to this functionary, who stood in the cabin door. "Clean up my room, and if this man has any traps in it fire 'em out on deck. Go forrard out o' this," he said sternly to the white-faced Sinful.

"We'll take him, sir," said Big Pig with a joyous smile. "Come, Sinful, my boy." He hooked his big arm within Sinful's little one, Poop-Deck Cahill took the other one, and with Seldom Helward bringing up the rear and the whole crew flocking ahead the procession moved forward.

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Their Ways and Their Work

The Sudden Increase of Memoirs and Biographies

DURING the last ten years a curious new development has, almost unnoticed, taken place in our literature. It is the sudden increase of memoirs and autobiographies. A most lucky happening for coming generations of Americans! For these personal portraits, after all, are the only medium by which the real history of a people is preserved with veracity or force. To the student who seeks to know the inner story of a nation, what are the dull roll-calls of battles or of political tricks and counter-tricks in dignified histories compared to these vivid flash-light portraits of living men that show them to us with every detail of their daily lives, their clothes, their food, their amusements, their most petty idiosyncrasies of thought or of action?

For two reasons, however, our memoirs are inferior to those written by English or French men. One is, that they are written for the most part because the authors fancy they have seen something worth the telling—the Civil War, a great political crisis. These are not the stuff of which an autobiography valuable to the historian should be made. The more personal, the more minute its pictures of private life the better worth preserving is it for future students.

Again, the American is at heart a shy fellow. He is quite willing that his doings should be exploited in the papers—his big deals, his wife's balls. But he keeps his coat tightly buttoned over himself. The staring world has no business with *him*, his vices, his longings, or his failures. He tells it nothing about them. Hence American autobiographies are an assortment of facts hung on a lay figure like the garments in a tailor's window draped on a wire manikin.

An odd proof of this is found in the countless private histories of our families which fill the shelves of historical libraries. There is hardly an American family from the A's to the Z's which has not been immortalized in one of these records by some of its members. Turn over the pages of these histories and you will find interminable lists of descendants of the original emigrants with the dates of their births, marriages and deaths, and a careful record of every office or other honor conferred on them. But we know of but one in the many thousands of these books which gives a hint as to the character of the inherited traits which made these twigs of the genealogic tree human. What does it matter to any living being that "in 1795, John, son of Joseph 3rd, m. Mary, dau. of Rachel 4th"? But if we were shown the dominant family trait, the miserliness, the energy, the pious zeal, the murderous instinct creeping down in the blood of these people, uplifting or ruining them, how dull would all your novels be to us! But the American is too shy to lay bare his family secret, even to his family.

The one recent autobiography which is wholly bare of any such reserve is that of Augustus Hare, who died a few weeks ago in England. It is as destitute of decent reticence as that of Benvenuto Cellini, and will some day, for that reason, be as valuable to the student of history as is that incomparable photograph of a life.

Mr. Hare "was principally rich," he tells us, "in cousins." He was allied to the Stanleys, the Maurices and the more famous Hares, and to innumerable people of title from duchesses to lord mayors just knighted. His kinsfolk supplied him with material. He had keen eyes and a merciless tongue. From his boyhood he had an insatiate hunger for gossip and had a habit of setting down in his diary every choice bit which came to him. His business was to write notebooks dealing with the private history of continental towns and English shires. Most of them, as we all know, are delightful gossipy companions on a journey. His researches gave him access to most of the great houses of England, and while he was a guest in them he ran down any scandal or legend belonging to them. These, with dozens of ghost stories, form the bulk of the four large volumes of his Memorial of My Life. There is hardly a contemporary man or woman of any note in England of whom he does not leave a thumb-nail sketch, usually etched in by malice. They will be useful hereafter to the student of present English history. Even the fact that this envious, carping little man was everywhere entreated with such patience gives us a new view of the large good humor, the self-satisfied content of the Englishman. As to his accuracy one example will suffice. He tells us that he had met at dinner Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, an American, famous for a poem, The Battle-Hymn of the Republic, which she wrote and which was sung by the whole Federal Army after its defeat at the battle of Pittsburg.

A biography which also has the value of absolute lack of reticence is that of Mrs. Fanny Kemble. There was apparently in her opinion nothing which concerned her own personality too petty to be of interest to the public. If her picture of the social life of her time had been drawn with as vigorous a pencil as were her own feelings and doings, the book would have had value as a glimpse into our domestic history during the last century.

Joseph Jefferson's Autobiography, on the contrary, is a charming picture of the notable men of his time whom he has known, but Rip himself is not among them. For once the great actor is content to keep out of sight, to be the stage manager, and suffer other players to amuse the public while he remains behind the curtain.

A book by John S. Wise called The End of an Era will be of great value to the future historian of the Civil War.

In the fifties the old joke was current in the South: "In Virginia you find men and women, and Wises." Henry Wise and his sons represented a class of Americans now absolutely extinct—hospitable, kindly, sincere men, with a purblind, bigoted faith in their State and the old order of things. Improvement there was impossible; the man who hinted at it was a traitor, his neck cried out for the rope. All social difficulties were referred to a pair of pistols and an open field.

Governor Wise, however, was early awake to the signs of the times. Long before the John Brown raid he set all the young men of the Old Dominion to forming companies and drilling, and stumped the State from tidewater to the Ohio in person, making vehement appeals to the lethargic planters and directing confidential prayers to "the God of Virginia." The rest of the world, apparently, was left to the care of any deity it could find.

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His son's book of Recollections of the War is full of vitality, prejudices and mistakes. But compared to most American biographies it is like a live man with red blood in him among stuffed straw figures. We contradict him angrily and quarrel with him as we read all the way through. But when we close the book we wish we had lived before the war, neighbor to the fighting governor and his sons, down there in old Accomac. Such men and such times are not found nowadays, even in Virginia!

You will find an amusing and striking contrast to this book in the most important biography issued in this country during last year—the Memories of a Hundred Years, by Edward Everett Hale.

Mr. Hale is as direct a product of New England as the Wises were of Virginia. The book has been heralded for a long time as an inestimable contribution to American history. Mr. Hale himself calls it "a keyhole view of the century." But after all, it is chiefly notable as an exhibit of sectional character. Here we have the New Englander *per se*, by descent, by idiosyncrasy and above all, by blind, petty, ineradicable prejudice.

The keyhole through which he views the century is in a Boston door, and the range of vision through it is bounded by Milk Street and the Common. In his summary of our earlier history he attacks "the Virginian dynasty—its fuss and feathers and folderol"—with a fury which would be laughable in a younger man. He apparently cannot forgive Jefferson in that he and not some Harvard professor wrote the Declaration of Independence and moulded the character of the new-born nation.

In his summary of American literature, with the exception of a half-page given to Washington Irving, and one line to Joel Barlow, there is not a single author mentioned outside of the Boston clique.

This trait of the book will disappoint Mr. Hale's friends. He has many. No man among us who holds a pen is more kindly and genial at heart or is more widely beloved. But shrewd and keen-sighted as he is on every other point he seems entirely ignorant that he is a victim to this mental myopia. He complains that he has been accused of a certain arrogance and pleads guilty to it, but is apparently unconscious that it is his faith in Boston, not in himself, that gives him his aggressive bearing.

Had he no younger friends to tell him that the time for these petty sectional prejudices is gone by? The country has outgrown them. The man who sits by the wayside to sing of the sacred soil of Massachusetts or Virginia, or to pray to their separate gods, soon will be left to pipe alone.

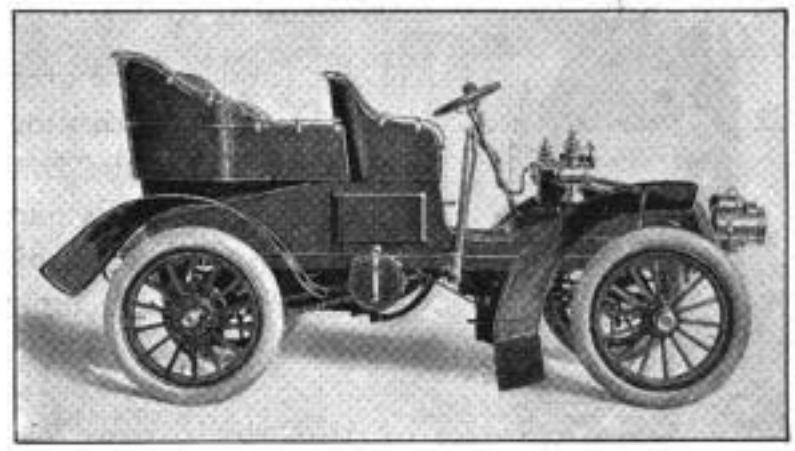
When the future American Macaulay shall begin his work of telling the story of the first two centuries of our national life he will find his best material in the individual books which depict but a single phase of it. There are many records of the separate immigrations of races which have accuracy and value. New England has kept a strict account of her first settlers, so has Virginia. Rupp's history of the German immigrants is correct and exhaustive. Mr. Charles A. Hanna has given a general sketch of the Scotch-Irish settlers in the great valleys of Pennsylvania and Virginia.

But only in personal biographies will the historian come face to face with these dead and gone tribes whose blood mingled to make up the modern American. Every State has its store of such private records, memoirs and lives of noted judges, ministers and lawyers. You will find a stray copy on the farmer's bookshelves issued probably from some local press soon after the death of the great man. They are roughly bound and poorly printed; the grammar may be faulty, the diction absurdly ornate. But the flavor of them! They smell of the earth in which they grew as does a root of bracken torn up in the woods.

There are, for example, one or two copies existing of the Life of Meshach Browning, a hunter in the Cheat Range when George Washington was a young man fighting at Fort Duquesne. There is no other record of the life of those days in that region than this story dictated by the old man to some one who could write, nor of the beginnings of many powerful families whose ancestors hunted bear and panthers with old Meshach.

There are scores of such books, forgotten, out of print, and of no value except that they are true and human. Some blood of our ancestors has gone into the lettering of them.

We already have good histories of our national progress—our laws, our politics and our wars. But when the story of the Making of the American Race is written such records as these will furnish the material.



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KUBELIK

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can now be heard, whene
own home. Those name
a few of those who have
THE VICTOR TAL

THE RED SEAL RECORD of Mme. Calvé's Habanera from "Carmen" called forth the following praise from Mme. Sara Bernhardt:

BERNHARDT *says*

"I thought I was listening, not to the echo of the voice of Calve, but to Calve herself."

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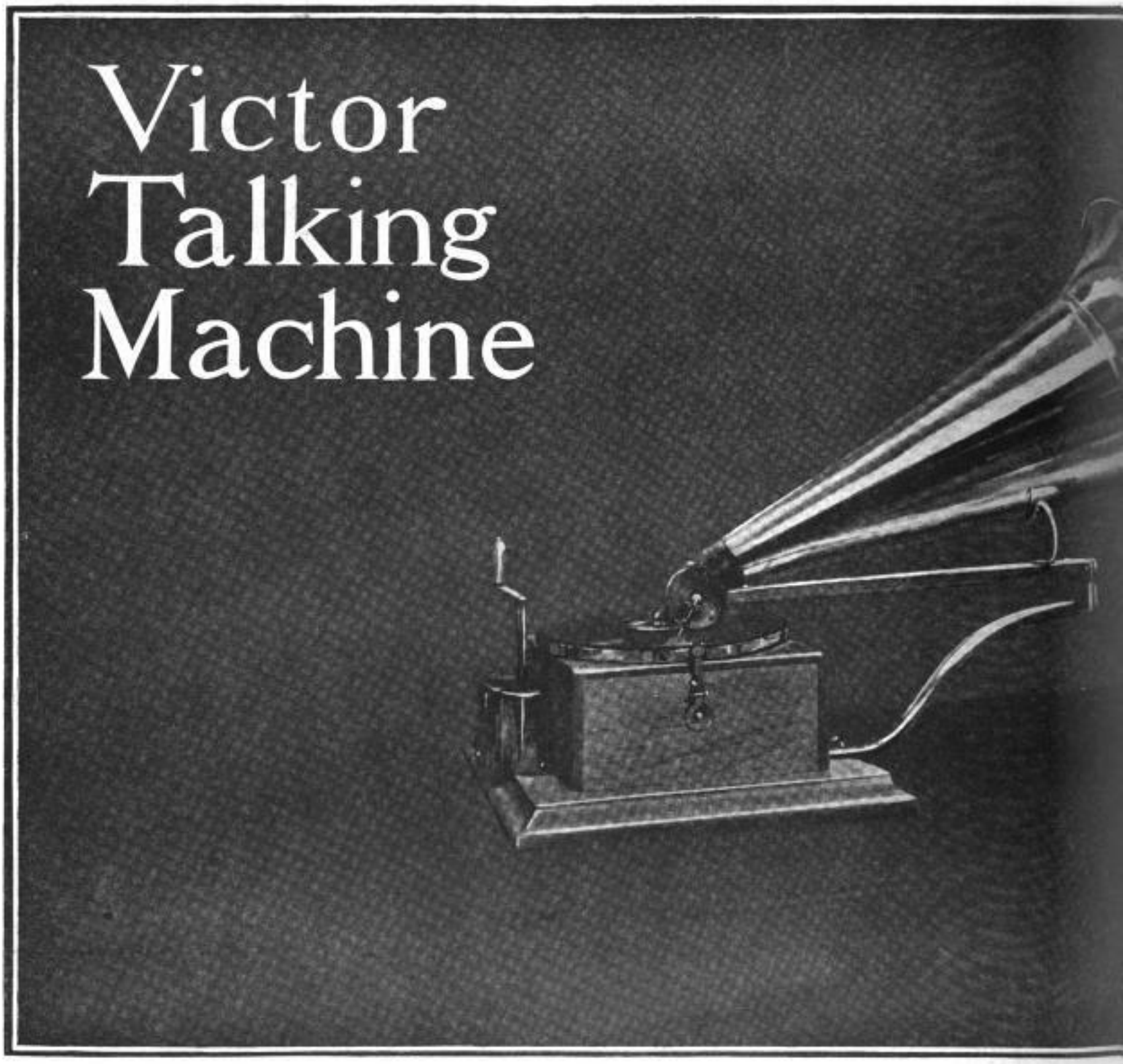

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The purity of the voices of these highly cultivated artists, and the perfect reproduction by the improved VICTOR TALKING MACHINE, leave no desire unsatisfied.

SCOTTI

At a reception given
ronage, in London, on
New York *Herald's* spec
thought that the great C
room. This is indeed a

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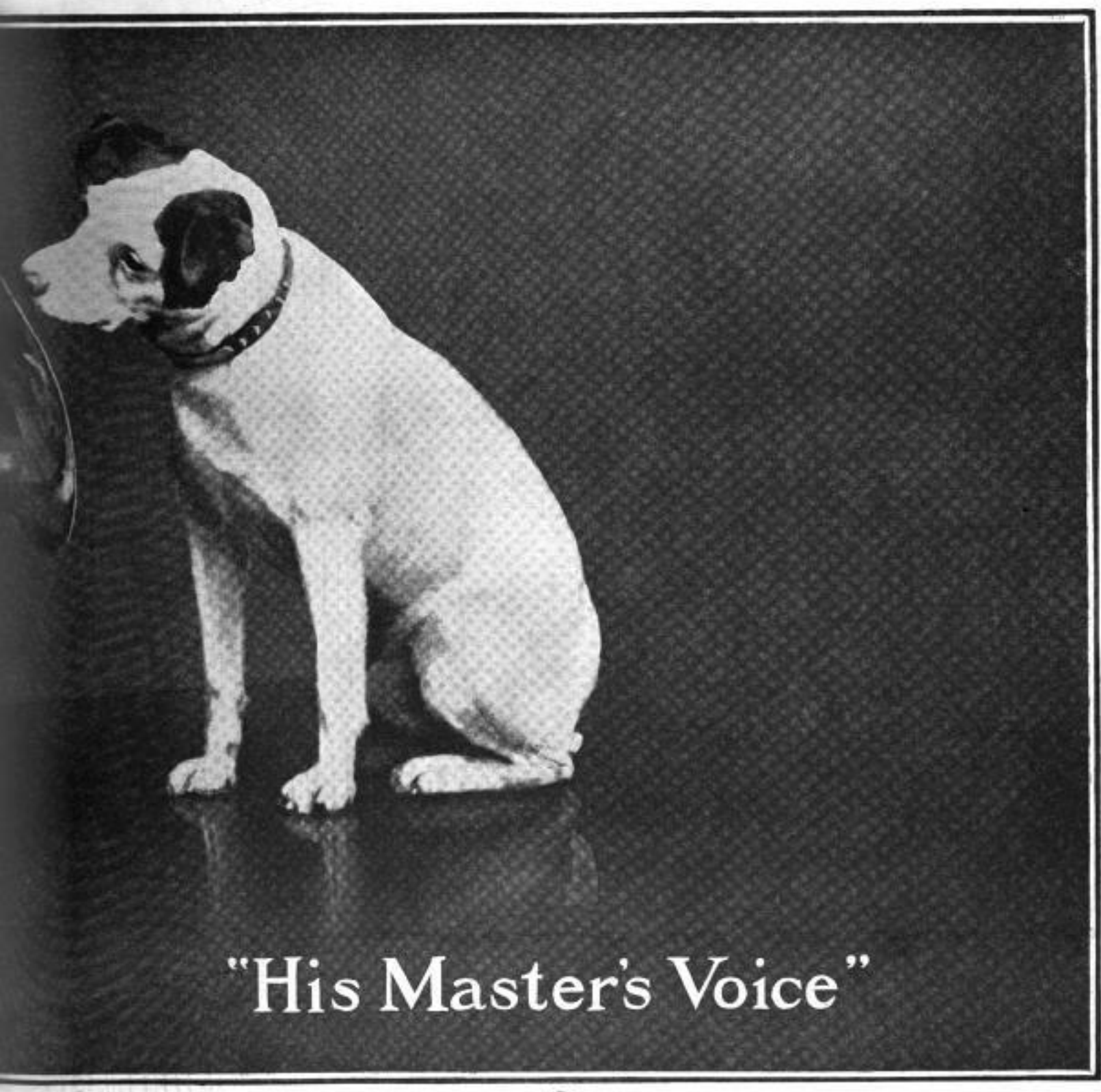
ld's greatest artists
ou choose, in your
this page are only
yed and sung for
MACHINE.

CARUSO

A year ago Caruso was almost unknown. To-day he is, perhaps, the greatest tenor in the world. He is singing in London this season — in New York this coming fall.

SUZANNE ADAMS



These famous artists have heretofore been heard only in crowded opera houses in the great cities of Europe and America.

PATTI *says*

"In listening to the records of Caruso, Plancon, etc., it seemed as if those artists were actually singing in my salons."

nder the Queen's pat-
New Year's Day (so the
l cable says), the guests
ruso was actually in the
age of wonders.

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Soul Sonnets of A Stenographer

BY S. E. KISER

XXIII

This morning as he sat there in his chair,
  Half tilted back and got the mail and read,
  I put a letter on his desk and said,
While standing at his side: "Why, I declare!"
And from his shoulder took a long, dark hair.
  He gurgled fondly as he turned his head,
  Reached for the hair, but caught my hand instead,
And for a happy moment held me there.

Ah, dear old soul, how red his gray cheeks went—
  He hadn't shaved, and so the stubble showed—
  His eyes, as I looked in them, fairly glowed;
Alas, he lost his balance as he bent,
And, reaching out, upset the ink and rent
  His watch-chain. Oh! I felt that I'd explode.

XXIV

I wonder what compels my heart to sink
  When I foresee myself as his—his own—
  Up there with him in that big pile of stone?
It seems as if I trembled on the brink
Of some deep, dark abyss. I often think
  Of Teddy's handsome face when I have thrown
  Myself upon the bed to lie alone
And toss and fret and never sleep a wink.

Ah, there are wattles under William's chin
  Like those old roosters always have; his eyes
Are rather watery, too; but, fudge! I'll grin
And stand what must be stood. Who hopes to win
  The prize of wealth—the dazzling, splendid prize—
  Must also take the husk in which it lies.

XXV

I'll not be selfish when my wish comes true;
  They say that she is closer than the paste
  Upon a four-cent postage stamp. I'll taste
The joy that comes from giving; I'll go through
Dear William's pockets every night or two
  And cheer the poor; the gaunt wolf shall be chased
  From many a widow's door when I am placed
Where I may do the things I long to do.

My father shall give up his job and rest—
  Poor man, he's had to toil so long and hard.
And I shall keep my dear old mother dressed
  In stuff that costs two dollars cash a yard.
And on my carriage door I'll have a crest
  When I go riding down the boulevard.

XXVI

What silly things men are! A girl may wind
  Them round her fingers if she only tries;
  They say big words, pretending to be wise,
But, oh, they're stupid and they're very blind.
I'll take good care that William dear shall find
  Some man to fill my place here when she dies;
  I'll blackball every woman who applies,
However old she is, when I've resigned.

If only Teddy were the master here,
  I'd coyly give him courage to be bold;
He's silly like them all, but when he's near
  I'm filled with all the joy that I can hold;
How gladly I would lead him by the ear
  If he had but a tenth of William's gold.

XXVII

There's something wrong. There's trouble in the air.
  Her sister came here yesterday. He sent
  Me from the private office; as I went
She gave me an unfriendly, nasty stare—
I wonder if the old frump thinks I care?
  Some day, perhaps, I'll ask her what she meant;
  When humbly she comes wanting to repent
I'll give her glances that will crimp her hair.

His face was clouded when she'd gone away,
  He sat and rubbed his chin and thought and thought,
  And when I stole up to his side and sought
To make him glad I noticed with dismay
  A bunch of violets that I had brought
All scattered where the scraps of paper lay.

XXVIII

The end has come! Oh! what a fool was I
  To think of giving up my soul for gold.
  Some busybody went to her and told
The wretched thing a monstrous, wicked lie—
Therefore she has decided not to die.
  The mad old wildcat says I'm bad and bold,
  And so I'm rudely turned out in the cold—
What shall I say when people ask me why?

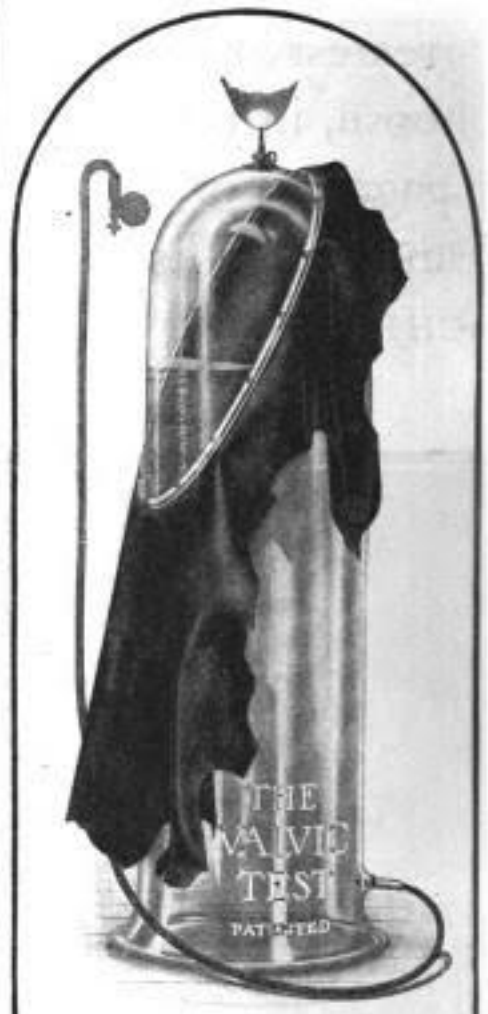
Ah, well! I'm glad it's done. Now I am free
  To give my love to Ted and claim the joy
  Ambition almost led me to destroy
The poor old fools, they've merely shown to me
The happy course I blindly failed to see—
  Oh, Teddy, thank your stars, you lucky boy.

XXIX

Now, if the tears were poison that I shed
  I'd weep a bucketful and find some way
  To make them drink. The joy that yesterday
I might have claimed as all my own has fled.
I wish that they and all of us were dead!
  Fate brings us here, not asking if she may—
  She grants us no protesting word to say—
It's just announced that Nell has married Ted!

Whether at Naishapur or Baltimore
  We leave loose screws, they wreck the plans we've made;
They sadly err who fancy that the score
  Is ever sure before the hand is played;
Unhappiness for her is still in store
  Who counts her goslings ere the eggs are laid.

(THE END)



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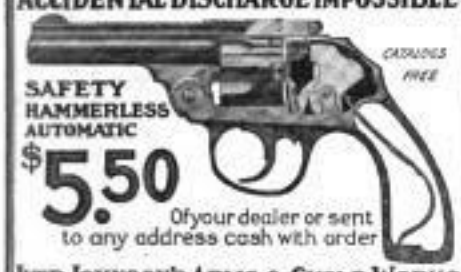

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Getting On

Bookkeeping Farmers

A GREAT many times in my life I have been asked the question, "Can farming, as a business, be made to pay?" The question is a very old one and I suppose will continue for some time to be asked. My answer has always been the same: "Yes, but it must be remembered that farming, as a business, is subject to the same general principles which govern any other business."

If a man were to start a cotton mill and keep no account of receipts and disbursements, take no care of his machinery and keep no lookout on the market, how long could he continue in business, or what bank or individual would think for a moment of advancing him credit to carry on his enterprise? And yet the same necessity for exact business methods exists in agriculture as in manufacturing.

"But," says some one (and, in fact, I heard this same argument only a few days ago), "a cotton mill is a big affair and a farm a comparatively small one; and the exact methods of the one are not necessary in the conduct of the other." Unquestionably the farm is usually—though by no means necessarily—a smaller affair, but a business conducted without system must of necessity be small.

I have purposely used the cotton mill as an illustration because, though great fortunes have been built up by it, the making of cotton cloth is not, in itself, a very profitable industry. There is a larger percentage of profit on many agricultural operations, and the comparison of the two industries illustrates the old truism that a bad business well managed will pay where a good business poorly managed will not.

It is true that the number of business failures among farmers is extremely small as compared with other classes, a fact that many agricultural journals dwell upon with insistence. But why are these failures so infrequent? Simply because, with a very large proportion of farmers, agriculture is not a business at all, but only a means of subsistence, which is a very different thing. A man who has no business cannot fail in it. But though farmers may not often be driven into bankruptcy, they sustain losses from neglect of business methods which they little suspect.

An illustration of this, which I think is worth giving, recently came to my notice.

An acquaintance of mine had one hundred and two cows on his dairy farm. The farm was not paying, and he asked me if I could find where the trouble lay and point out a remedy. After a careful examination of his farm and equipment I told him I doubted if all of his cows were paying him a profit.

He was surprised and said that though the cows varied in quality they were all good cows. The test, however, which consisted in milking each cow separately until her milking qualities were fully ascertained, disclosed the fact that eleven out of the one hundred and two were being kept at a loss, while several others were barely self-supporting!

The weeding out of these worthless animals made it possible to dispense with the services of one of the farm hands, and a further test proved that the cows would give just as much milk and keep in better health on a considerably less expensive ration—a thing their owner should have known long before.

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Usually they are made of fibre and hair mixed, and trimmed flat on the surface with a machine cutter, also two pieces of wood are glued or fastened together with metal pins. When water gets between the pieces of wood you know what happens.

Our Nail Brushes are made SOLID BACK (one piece of wood) and the pure bristle knots are made penetrating; the result is a brush that will clean the nails.

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The advantage to the farmer of knowing just "where he is at" in each and every department that he has in hand would seem to be so self-evident as to be beyond the realm of discussion. "But I don't need to keep books," said a country neighbor of mine; "I have a good livin' and I'm sure o' that much; then if I have, say, $500 to the good at the end o' the year, I don't need any book but my bank book to show me I've got it—and there's my profit, see?"

No, I didn't see, and I asked him at what figure he estimated the cost of his living. He had very vague ideas on this subject and was surprised when I told him that he ought to know, and that the figure should be added to his $500. I said I supposed he at least knew what he paid out during the year for groceries, flour and household supplies. But no, he didn't know even that. Further talk disclosed the fact that he never disbursed any cash for these luxuries, but "cal'lated" for his hens to pay the store bill, always trading eggs for groceries.

"Then you don't know how much to credit your hens with?" No, he didn't. But the critters done all he required of 'em; they paid the store bill.

My averment that an accurate knowledge of one's business was essential to obtaining the best results of which it was capable he admitted did sound kinder rash'nal; but he cal'lated to hit pretty nigh the mark without much cipherin', and concluded as follows: "We farmers hev got a vein o' luxuriousness in us that ain't always evident in our exteriors, and we're willin' to lose a few thousands o' dollars in a lifetime for the sake o' freedom from harassin' details—a sort o' livin' up to our ideals, as our parson says." The unquestioned philosophy of this reply excited my admiration, but I doubted its truth. I felt sure that he would not pay the price, nor anything like it, for that particular kind of freedom if he realized it in its full extent.

This man was by no means a fool; on the contrary he had much native sagacity and many sterling qualities, but his training from boyhood up had all been in the lines which he followed, and having attained a moderate success he placed the stamp of full approval upon himself and his manner of farming. He was doubtless honest in his judgment, but his success was not in a large enough way nor of a sufficiently attractive kind to justify it.

The Other Side of the Picture

The antipathy to bookkeeping existing among farmers is deep-rooted, and is probably born of the twofold nature of agriculture that I have already indicated—namely, that it may be, according to circumstances, either a means of subsistence or a business. Very many farmers are thus carrying on a hybrid sort of industry, which is neither the one thing nor the other; certainly much elevated above the means-of-subsistence kind of agriculture, but never approaching the dignity and symmetry of a well-developed and organized business. It is an industrial anomaly, with nothing exactly like it in the whole range of trades and callings. But omitting further criticism of what is perhaps the natural outcome of the conditions which first shaped the agriculture of a new continent, let us look at the other side of the picture and see what can be done where farming has been conducted on a strict business basis.

A gentleman in the West Indies with whom I am well acquainted, and at whose house I have spent many days, started in life with a small and much-worn-out coffee plantation, which was left him by his father. He now owns eight country properties, the smallest of which is a stock-farm on which he has 600 head of cattle and mules. He accumulated all this property by agriculture alone, never having been in any other business.

Not very far from him lives another, a coffee planter, who started a dozen years ago $20,000 in debt. His net profits now amount to over $30,000 a year.

These men, to be sure, are in the tropics where natural conditions are extremely favorable to agriculture. But they made money where others lost it; in fact, each and every property that they bought was in the market because its owner could not make it pay. Nature does a great deal for you in the tropics, but she will not run your business for you.

But we need not go outside of our own country to find agricultural successes equally great. Some twenty or twenty-five years ago a farmer went to a manufacturer of harvesting machines and asked for credit on the purchase of a single reaper. That farmer was not a genius, but he had an idea which, properly

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carried out, he believed would greatly increase his prosperity. It was simply to conduct his business, as nearly as its nature admitted, as any other industrial enterprise would be conducted; to reduce his labor to a regular system, having his men begin and leave off work at the sound of a whistle or bell; to care for his stock and machinery as a part of his investment, just as the cotton manufacturer cares for his engine and looms, and to keep a careful account of his business, so that by consulting his books he could always know just where he stood. The credit was granted. When I last heard of him he was using thirty self-binding reaping machines to harvest his wheat, and he was rich, even according to modern standards.

This great business was established in one of the Western States, where the soil is deep and rich. In direct contrast to it in this respect I may cite another instance here in the East. Quite recently (I do not recall the date, but I think within a dozen years) a few men formed a partnership and purchased six or eight Massachusetts farms, their idea, like that of the above-mentioned wheat-farmer, being to run them on strictly business principles. This was really a pretty daring experiment, as the land was rougher and poorer than it is ever advantageous to buy for farming purposes. There is enough good land in the world for all, and I have always held it a needless folly to choose, for farming, land that Nature never intended for it. Despite this drawback, however, it not only paid but paid handsomely. With better land it would, of course, have paid still better, but its owners are more than satisfied with the result, and as an object-lesson it is of more value as it is.

What System Will Do

But perhaps of greater value as an illustration than any other instance I could cite is that of a man in my native State of Rhode Island. He inherited from his father a very good farm, beautifully situated and of fertile soil, though rather far from market. For some reason or reasons it paid him very little and he became greatly dissatisfied. He finally decided to keep for one year a separate account of each feature of his farm in order to ascertain which was the most and which the least profitable. This brought to light some surprising facts. He found that he had been fattening steers at a loss, and that his dairy was barely self-sustaining. His sheep paid much better, but the one feature which paid far in excess of any other was his poultry. On this there was a net profit of a trifle over a dollar a head per annum.

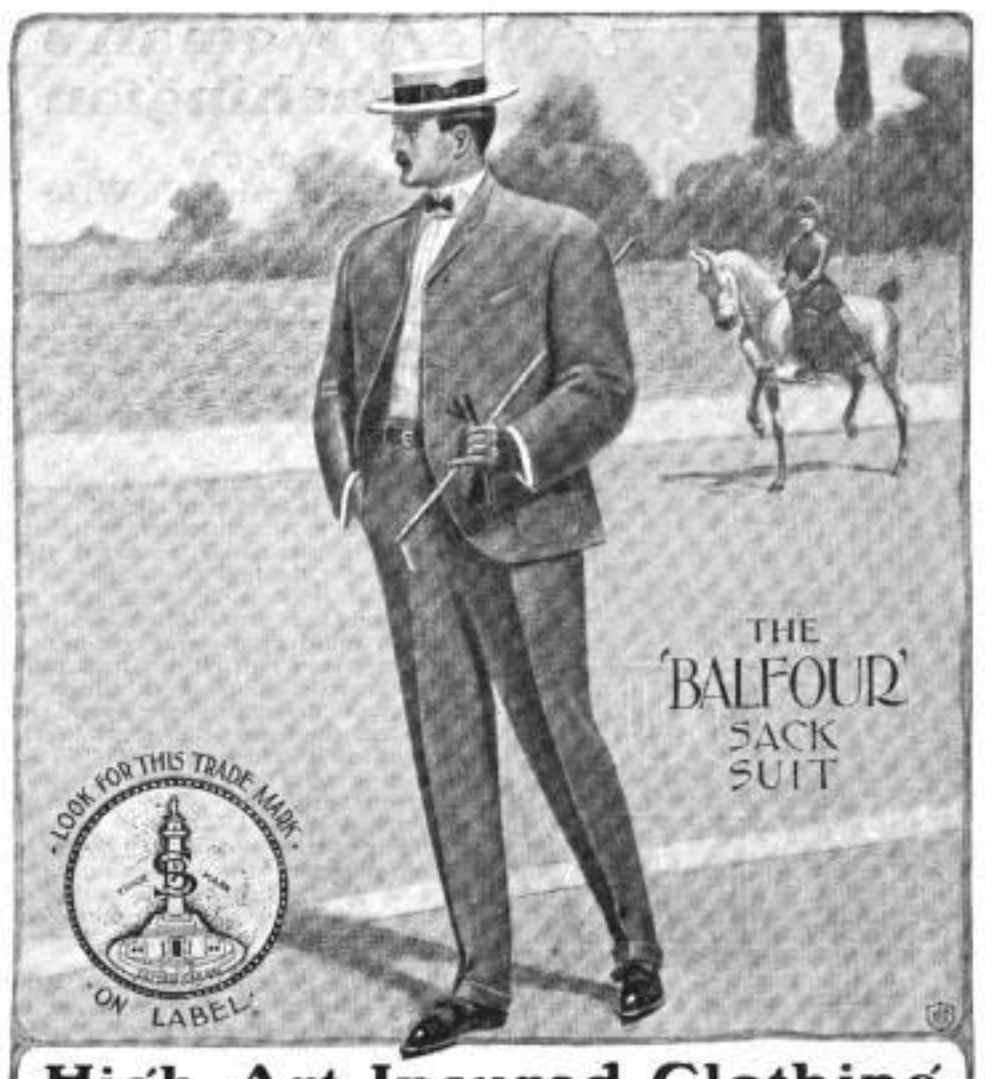
He now gradually disposed of his cattle, keeping more sheep, and increasing his poultry (which he kept on the "colony plan") till he had over seven thousand hens. Figured on the above basis, which is a safe one, the income from these alone is no mean figure, to say nothing of what he realizes from his sheep and other sources. I have personally examined (and admired) his farm a great many times and know that it is an exceedingly profitable one. And yet this is the same farm which formerly yielded only a meagre and unsatisfactory income.

I might cite other examples, but the above are probably sufficient. They cover very diverse conditions of soil and climate, and, I think, contain in pretty full measure the answer to our question.

The question may very naturally follow, "If agriculture can be made to pay so well as a business why have not more men gone into it as such?" The answer is simple. Young farmers have rarely been trained in exact business methods, and habit holds them to their manner of life; while young men in the cities lack that intimate knowledge of agriculture without which all the method and system in the world would never make the farm pay. The number has thus been restricted of those who would naturally grasp the possibilities of agriculture, and to whom it would appeal as a thing in which brains and capital could be profitably invested.

Nevertheless, I believe that in the future—possibly much sooner than any of us expect—greatly increased attention will be bestowed upon agriculture as a business. Its possibilities, as brought to light by investigation and the gradual narrowing of many other fields, will naturally compel this. It is a field that has never been overdone and it contains golden prizes for those who will cultivate it aright; even in those departments which have been most largely developed and in which there has been the greatest competition there is still room for the production of the best. Of the best agricultural products there has never been, and never will be, an oversupply.

—*David Buffum.*



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.50	146	324	806	2,568
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A Woman's Washington

By The Congressman's Wife

THIS is the time of year in Washington when, with the budding of the trees, the whole place seems given over to two classes of individuals: the individual who is just closing a career and the individual who is just beginning a career, though there is a third class, to be sure, that seems forever to have profited by that old advice given in Charles Sumner's famous telegram to Edwin Stanton, when the latter appealed from Andrew Johnson to him and he telegraphed, "Stick." This third class sticks from Administration to Administration, and always seems to be possessed of a career of which few remember the beginning or foresee the end. Never before in the several years that Robert and I have been in Washington have we been called upon to say good-by to so many prominent men retiring from public life. Farewell dinners and gatherings have held sway all during the spring season, until I have felt, with George Eliot, that "in every parting there is an image of death." I said as much on one of these farewell occasions to Governor Merriam, who is closing his career in Washington. He said gayly:

"There is no death image in my parting with Washington. I would rather quote, 'I have no parting sigh to give, so take my parting smile.' It's a clear case of opportunity, and opportunity, you know, has hair in front but is very bald behind."

"I suppose," put in Senator P——, "that you are going to do what Henderson, the retiring Speaker, says every outgoing man in the House is going to do? Henderson said that he had asked various outgoing men what they were going to do when they got out of Congress, and that every man of them had declared he should take six months' solid rest, 'which means,' said the Speaker slyly, 'that they are all going to practice law.'"

"Incidentally, perhaps," chipped in Senator Blank dryly—for Senator Blank, Robert and Senator P—— are in that class who are "sticking," and who are still in their mid-careers and are rather skeptical of others remaining long away from Washington—"those fellows will practice in their wards and primaries in order to get back here."

"Oh, well, after all," said Senator P——, "Washington is a good deal like the famous Shawnee spring down in Virginia. It is an Indian spring, and the Shawnee Indians fully believed that if any one once drank of its waters that man, whether Indian or white man, would come back before he died to drink of that spring once more. So it is with Washington—men, if they ever get away at all, come back to die here. There are some among my old friends, though," and the Senator began to smile reminiscently, "who in all the forty years I have known the town have never crossed the District line or changed their occupation. Have you ever met, Mrs. Slocum, my distinguished old friend who sells the Hagerstown Almanac in the market-house here?"

"I never even heard of the Hagerstown Almanac," said I.

"Well, the Hagerstown Almanac, in this part of the world, among the natives and the oldest inhabitants, ranks next to the Bible and the Maryland code," returned the Senator, and he continued, "This old fellow has sold it down in the centre market ever since I can remember. And then there is another humble friend there who is very proud of having been written up in the papers lately. She will tell you she was raised by 'ole Marse Tipton,' over in Charles County. She knows all the secrets of 'yarb' and root decoctions, and she can conjure the sick. She calls the big market-house the 'mash' market, and she has sold her wares in that vicinity ever since the days of the Rebellion. She will particularly recommend to you a little weed she calls 'Adam-and-Eve,' which she says, with a sharp look at you as she guesses your calling, will make glue strong enough to guarantee any statesman in the country *sticking* to his job up yonder at the Capitol. Then there is still another lowly friend who has never changed his place or calling since I first came to Congress. He sells those little, dried, smoked herring which are so tasty and which the true old Marylander always calls 'Potomac robins.'"

"Well," said Robert, "I am glad there are some others besides legislators who do not

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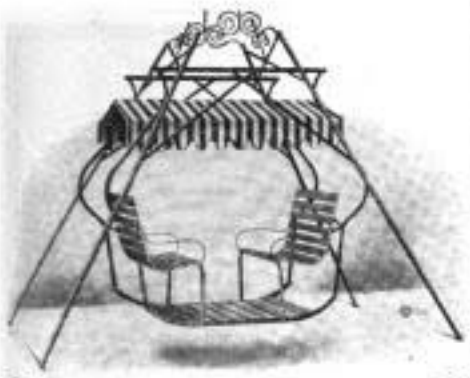

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want to change their calling. Now, there is our friend Spooner; he does not want to change his a little bit. Our new Senatorial directory, issued for our recent extra session, sets forth that Spooner declined three important offices. The late President offered him the Interior portfolio, the Attorney-Generalship, and a membership on the Canadian Joint High Commission."

"And I know of a still more remarkable case of an old fellow," said the new Member who was lingering in Washington, "who thought he had had enough of the goods the gods provide, and was content to relinquish *in toto* Uncle Sam's bounty."

"It's the only case any one ever heard of, then," said the three skeptical members of the Senate.

"Commissioner Ware told me of it himself," continued the new Member. "The number of applications for pensions this Congress has been colossal, and I was over at the Pension Office to take care of one of my own pension cases. Mr. Ware had just had a letter that greatly delighted him. It was from a man out in Ohio saying that he had been getting thirty dollars a month pension, but that, as the Lord had prospered him in his old age, he thought he ought not to take it any longer. It was such a novel proceeding that Ware investigated it. Sure enough the name was on the rolls and the record was fine. Ware was so pleased that he dilated on this old hero and quoted one of his own war poems:

"'Lightning struck him, cannon shot him,
But he never failed nor flunked;
Danger left him, as it found him,
Undiscouraged, undefunct.'

"All the same," continued the new Member, "Ware thought he would better have a special agent out in Ohio look into the matter before he discontinued the pension. A few days ago he received a report which said:

"'Have found the pensioner. He is in an asylum hopelessly insane.'"

"Poor Ware!" laughed Senator P——. "Just when he thought he had found a spot in the desert where there were 'living springs of water and threescore and ten palms.'"

"That story," said Robert, "is akin to a story told at the Cosmos Club the other night when I was a guest there. The Cosmos Club has just been pronounced by a distinguished British scientist to be the only club in existence where one may get an authoritative answer to any scientific question broached. These men the other night were discussing phases of insanity, and a certain man made the statement that in every insane hospital in the country there could be found at least one case where an inmate was wrongfully committed to an asylum and held through conspiracy. Doctor Richardson, the expert alienist at the head of the Government Asylum of St. Elizabeth, was present, and promptly denied that such a case could exist. He said:

"'I know of a man some time ago who made that same charge and he was challenged to test it! He spent months searching for his case in various parts of the country, and finally he thought he had located it in one of the great institutions near here. This patient by his own showing when questioned said he had been declared insane for family reasons, and consigned to this asylum through conspiracy. He was, and had been all during his incarceration, entirely rational, and everything that could be learned of his case outside seemed to bear out his story. But the superintendent was loath to make out his discharge papers. The investigator became impatient and made a last, supreme effort, which failed. Then he paid a final visit to the patient. When it was time to go the patient said:

"'"Whether I get out or not, sir, I shall ever be grateful for your kind interest and help. Before you go I should like to know whether you happen to have a piece of toast in your pocket?"

"'"Toast!" ejaculated the investigator.

"'"Yes, sir, toast. I am a poached egg and I should like a piece of toast to sit on!"'"

This was such an absurd conceit that the laugh which followed was of the kind that some one has likened to a soul-stirring prayer. Then the conversation turned upon the general exodus from Washington and the President's contemplated swing around the circle. Senator Blank said:

"Some of the President's cronies are poking fun at him, and they are telling him that this trip of his, for pleasure, will be likened to one that Madison and Jefferson once made over a smaller area, which went down to history as 'a passionate courtship.'"

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"Oh, but have you been in the President's new 'department of physical culture,' as he calls it?" asked Robert. "Well," he went on, "the President has turned the old Cabinet room, where Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation and where other great events in our history have had their inception, into what is popularly supposed to be a study, but what is in reality training-quarters. You'd never recognize the room now. There is scarcely anything to be seen but single-sticks, fencing swords, foils, plastrons, boxing-gloves, wire masks and the like; in fact, everything that goes to the equipment for the exciting bouts which the President delights in with General Wood. The President complained good-naturedly when he was showing us his new quarters that everybody seemed to get on to every bump and bruise that Wood had given him, but nothing was ever said about the whacks he's given Wood. The President was full of the championship fencing match which was to come off between Count Cassini and General Wood. Of course, the President thinks Wood the better swordsman, but I rather think, and so do others, that Cassini is the better man at the foils, for these foreign chaps are taught fencing with their alphabet. I hope Wood will win, for I'd like an American to win over the Diplomatic Corps."

"Well, for my part," said Mrs. Blank, solicitously, "I only hope that the President may get through without being minus an eye, a tooth or a finger. And above all, I hope the authorities who have this trip in charge will not yield to his wish to leave the secret service men, detectives and guards at home."

"Fancy the way that poor King Edward has to submit to being cared for," said I. "When he was ill last spring and Sir Francis Laking wrote a prescription, that prescription was placed in a wallet, locked and sealed, there being only two keys, one held by Sir Francis and the other by the royal apothecary. This wallet was then given to an equerry who carried it under escort of a royal guard to the royal apothecary. Now, fancy our President and his doctor submitting to such a rigmarole!"

"I don't know that that would be any worse," said the new Member dryly, "than what our President has to submit to from politicians in these much-fought-over postmasterships. Any two Congressmen can carry on a merry war over an insignificant crossroads postmastership and, willy-nilly, the President has to be in the fight."

"These postmasters in rural districts," laughed Senator P——, "ought to do as Abraham Lincoln did when he was made postmaster of New Salem in 1833. There was much dissatisfaction, and some threats were made against Lincoln. So his method was to carry the United States mail around in his hat and hand out the scanty letters to the scanty inhabitants whenever and wherever he chanced upon them. When finally the whole town of New Salem 'winked out,' Lincoln's ceremony of retiring from office was to put on his hat and turn over to the Government the magnificent sum of seventeen dollars, in silver and copper coins, which he had collected from the New Salem denizens, and which he had carried around in an old stocking."

"The truth is," said Senator Blank, "the President ought not to have to fritter away his time and patience on all these lesser matters and appointments——"

"Oh, but," interrupted Mrs. Blank, "this President does not regard anything in the United States as unimportant, or as a 'lesser matter.' He is ready to regard every cause and every demand as a claim upon him. Why, the other day"—and Mrs. Blank became confidential and gossipy—"I came upon a little thing which shows his kind heart. My dressmaker was threatened lately with a foreclosure of a mortgage. She had been unable to meet notes because of delinquent customers, and one customer, the wife of a man high up in one of the branches of our service, was her principal debtor. She had tried going to the department in order to have some part of his pay assigned her, but they told her it was a matter in which the department could not interfere, and she was in despair. Then, unexpectedly, Miss Alice Roosevelt came to the establishment to have a frock made. I said with a sudden impulse, 'Tell your story, as simply as you know how, to Miss Roosevelt. She may suggest some way out of your difficulty?' The little woman told her story, to which Miss Roosevelt listened sympathetically. She asked a few questions, but did not suggest any remedy. She went home, however, and did just what I knew she would do: she

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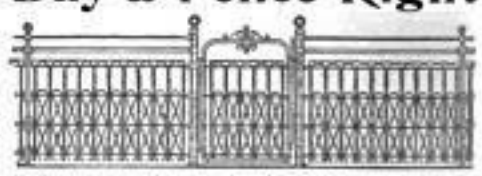

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Senator P—— spoke up with a twinkle: "It would seem that the old proverb of there being only two perfectly good men, the one who is dead and the one who is unborn, doesn't fit here."

Then he asked me what the smart world was doing now that the trees were all in leaf and the spring sunshine was over all the land.

"Oh," said I, "we're at the stage of the garden parties and outdoor teas at Chevy Chase clubhouse. And, of course, we all of us have been attending Uncle Sam's circus!"

"Circus?" echoed he, puzzled.

"Yes; our Uncle Samuel has been conducting a circus over at Fort Myer that outdoes anything P. T. Barnum or Buffalo Bill ever did in all their lives, and the final exhibition is to be at the Madison Square Garden, New York. Fancy a brawny United States trooper riding six horses bareback and vaulting all six of them as they jump a hurdle at top speed. This is what Trumpeter Fred Mann, of the Second Cavalry, can do, and will do, in Madison Square Garden. Fancy a stolid young Chippewa Indian, who belongs to this famous troop, jumping off and on four horses going at top speed. And when he vaults he turns somersaults that any acrobat might envy. This is what Shawadasa, the Indian, can do. I never saw anything so thrilling in my life, and every man in the whole troop can do these same wonderful things. And the horses are as remarkable as the men. When they form in a cotillon these animals side-step, curvet and bow with as much grace as ballroom belles. You should have seen the expression of pride and delight on Secretary Root's face the other day at this drill at Fort Myer. And General Wood, when the whole troop in squadron front, with drawn sabres, charged down the hall giving the cavalry charge yell which became so famous at San Juan Hill—well, General Wood went quite wild as he joined in the cheer!"

"These riders are wonderful," said the new Member, "and I heard General Wood tell an interesting little thing the other night at the Yale banquet in connection with the organizing of his regiment of Rough Riders. As everybody knows, he had a mixture of cowboys from the West and college men from the East to make up his regiment, and there was a good deal of grumbling among the Western cowboys because, as they expressed it, he had so many gilt-edged dandies along who would not be able to endure anything and weren't worth the powder and shot furnished them. So General Wood kept the men from their respective sections of country apart as much as possible. Well, after the regiment had been organized a while and had drilled, and finally, when they had taken the field and had roughed it a bit, Wood said he was waited on by a delegation of cowboys.

"'Colonel,' said they, 'we want you to divide up those college chaps from the East among us. Give each company an equal quota of them, for they may be gilt-edged dandies, sir, but they're Jim Dandies, all right, and we all want a share of them.'

"So General Wood said he had to parcel out his college men evenly among the cowboys, and right jolly well they got along, too."

"I see," said Senator Blank, who was on the Military Committee, "there is a movement started in army circles to do away with sabres. Field officers say the sword has outlived its usefulness, and is a telltale weapon in the presence of an advancing column, and that for guiding or inspiring troops it could be just as well replaced by a baton or swagger-stick. So the cry is, 'Take away the sword; States can be saved without it.'"

"Goodness," said I, in disgust, "I shall feel like the old lady up in Maine who heard Robert Ingersoll expound his doctrines and declared that if there was to be no hell, fire and brimstone she did not want to live any longer. If there is to be no sword I don't want to live any longer!"

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Despotism and Democracy

(Continued from Page 11)

proceeded Thorndyke perceived that the tone and manner of the report were making a strong impression. The matter of it could not be wholly digested, but the manner of presentation commanded attention. Nearly every one of the three hundred and fifty members present saw Thorndyke's fine Italian hand in the business—but the crowd gazed in admiration at the tall and handsome member from Circleville, who was reaping the glory of the present occasion. The reading over, Crane arose, with a few notes in his hand, prepared to defend the report. He was a born speaker, and as soon as he began to talk he forgot his clothes and also made his audience forget them, too. Thorndyke listened with enforced admiration. Crane spoke lucidly, strongly, yet temperately—Thorndyke had taught him the enormous power of moderation. Thorndyke, quite unobserved, watched the faces of the European diplomats in the diplomatic gallery who were listening intently. One man, whom Thorndyke reckoned the ablest diplomat among those representing Western Europe, stealthily took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. Another, a round, red-faced, sensible, guileless man, looked about him with a frankly puzzled air, which said as plainly as words, "God bless my soul!—what are we to do about this?" The younger men unconsciously assumed expressions of contempt, indifference and displeasure. They had every reason to be displeased at the turn international affairs were taking—and there was no alternative but war.

Crane spoke for half an hour, his rich, full voice growing richer and fuller, without becoming louder, as he proceeded. At the very end he had allowed himself a little leeway, rightly judging that by that time the audience would be wrought up to the pitch which would permit what is called eloquence. When the last sentences, ringing with terse Americanism, rolled out the effect was magical. A great storm of feeling had been evoked and had responded. The applause was long and loud and deep and steady, like the breaking of ocean waves upon granite rocks. Crane's words had pierced the heart of every American present, and a common impulse brought all of them to their feet. Even the Speaker, not knowing what he was doing, rose from his chair, then sat down again shamefacedly. No one escaped the tumult outwardly except the European occupants of the diplomatic gallery. They were ostentatiously cool, and talked and laughed during the tempest of applause, while secretly they were more agitated than any of the cheering multitude.

The Speaker's gavel descended presently, and quiet was partially restored. Crane was surrounded by members of both parties congratulating him, and he received their praise with a modesty more sincere than was generally believed. But to him had it been brought home that the crisis was bigger than the man, and the people were bigger than the crisis. Thorndyke, sitting near him, had shared in the tempest of feeling, but a sickening disappointment possessed him when he saw Crane's personal triumph. In all of Thorndyke's years of labor Fate had never given him any such a chance as this. But it was his years of labor which made Crane's success possible. He could imagine the turgid, strained spread-eagleism, the powerful but ill-reasoned speech which Crane, but for him, would have made. His eyes, in his cold fit of chagrin, wandered toward the place where Constance Maitland sat. A slender black figure, gracefully holding up the train of the black gown, was just disappearing through the door. Thorndyke's impulse to follow Constance was accentuated by a strong desire, if there should be any debate, to leave Crane to his fate, but he soon found out that the whole matter would go over until the next day, and by that time his better self would assert itself, and he would do his part—not for Crane's sake, but for the sake of that overmastering sense of public duty which he cherished religiously and never alluded to. So, finding himself free and superfluous, he left the chamber, partly to avoid the sight of Crane's triumph and partly drawn by Constance Maitland. Before leaving, however, he went up like a gentleman and congratulated Crane, who, moved by an honest and generous impulse, expressed the utmost gratitude to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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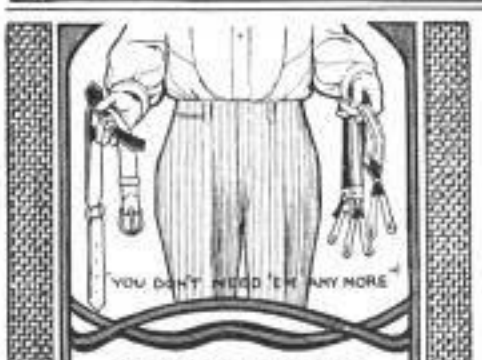

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Imitation Foods and How They Are Made

By John F. Hobbs

UNITED STATES Senators are not above playing pranks upon each other in much the same manner as they did when schoolboys. A Westerner induced a Southern member of the National upper house to eat some "predigested" alimentary paste with a high-sounding foreign name. He did not recommend a peanut meal substitute because his friend detested peanuts, saying that they ruined his "innerds," which were at that moment in the thrall of a refractory state of indigestion. After dieting on the substance for a time the Missourian, who had noted the improvement in his patient, asked:

"How's your health, Senator?"

"Fine; couldn't be better," was the answer.

"So that peptonized, beef-flavored malt food helped you, after all?"

"It certainly did. I'm not much on these new-fangled things, but this one's O. K. and I thank you for it."

"It's simply a waste product of a peanut-oil mill. I fooled you, old fellow," said the Western Senator jokingly.

"Well, that's good. You fooled me and I fooled my gastronomy. It's a faith cure," he replied, and both laughed heartily over the incident.

The digestion, after all, seems to be largely a dupe of the sight, the olfactory nerves and the taste. These tell the gastric machinery to get to work, and it obeys, whatever the material is at hand. The brewery analyst has even threatened to upset our ancient beliefs in meat extracts with a "similar" or "just as good" extract made from the residue of the brewing vats. The malt and hop waste has been found to contain much of the flavor and properties of real beef. The brewery chemist thus imperils the popularity of the real roast-beef sandwich with a brewery waste substitute, by inducing the drinker of the beer also to chew up the discarded pap of malt and hops.

Our Four-Legged Chickens

The brewery does not have as much effect upon the beef industry, however, as that and the hog industry have upon chicken soups and deviled crabs. A New England farmer, after hauling his swine products to a near-by canning factory, was surprised to learn that his canned chicken soups and deviled chicken were mostly hog and flavoring devices. The poultry meat cost about fifty per cent. more than the swine flesh. That explained why the factory needed mostly four-legged chickens. The neighbor of this farmer supplied pumpkins for a "selected ripe fruit" marmalade and jam factory which turned out a highly labeled product in jars, earthen vessels and otherwise. He said to the manager one day:

"I fetch loads o' pumpkins, potatoes an' turnips in here, but th' hull output o' y'r fact'ry's fruit stuffs."

"We ship the other stuff abroad," was the evasive reply.

Pure fruit jam retails at twenty-two cents a twelve-ounce jar. Ten-cent jams have a mere trace of fruit. No kitchen worries the manufacturer or the merchant because the jelly won't jell; a coagulator made of alum and sulphuric acid attends to that. For red fruits the proper color is added. A sweetening made from coal tar is also added. A tiny bottle of it contains the equivalent of five hundred pounds of sugar, not glucose, for glucose is not sweet, as is commonly supposed.

The jellies are made as already explained, and the jams of any old thing. Apple "juice," for instance, is made from the cores and skins of apples. The "wild" cherry in your cordial is nothing but a composition of glucose, vegetable color and sweetened water flavored with oil of bitter almonds; and the same ingredients, flavored with orris-root, produce violet syrup, and the same again, flavored with oil of lemon grass, make the lemon syrup with which your last soda was very likely flavored. These ugly facts are not helped by the knowledge that any chemical which will prevent fruit or fruit juices from fermenting in a barrel or other inclosure will prevent them from being digested when eaten.

When the ladies at a five-o'clock tea turn to scandal, over the delicate aroma of a highly flavored Asiatic tea or a cup of Mocha, they little suspect that the delicious brew is a

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Other Notable Articles in May SUCCESS

"Great American Magazines and Their Makers," by David Graham Phillips
"The Elements of Social Success for a Girl," by "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie)
"Correct Dress for Business Men," by C. M. Connolly (Illustrated by J. C. Leyendecker)
"Ralph Waldo Emerson and His Influence in the World," by T. W. Higginson and others
"The Great Breakfast Food Industry of America," by Frank Fayant
"The Cape Horners," a Nature Story of the Penguins, by T. Jenkins Haines
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fruitful outlet for surplus peas and beans, and for nondescript weeds properly "doctored." Mrs. Blank, a prominent Swedish lady in New York City, would not believe that the coffee she used at a recent coffee party was merely a jellified pulp of sweet potatoes or other vegetable matter, stamped in a bean mould after being properly flavored, labeled "coffee" by courtesy, and sold at a price sufficiently high to win the imagination to its support and to command respect for its virtue.

Coffee from the Potato Patch

Dried cubes of sweet potatoes, roasted peanut meal and similar vegetable substances are not only adulterants in but, often, the main body of many reputable brands of ground coffee. Mrs. Blank had a scientific friend, a well-known food chemist, who verified the facts of the coffee "fakes." What she didn't half like about it, however, was the fact that a social rival who was a connoisseur of teas, had sprung the joke on her at her own coffee party, to the intense delight of the other ladies. Her analytical friend had said as disreputable things about ambrosial teas as he had about coffees, so she determined to even up matters. A little return social tea afforded the opportunity. Mrs. Blank purchased the excellently flavored leaf which the chemist suggested and the expert pronounced it "really delicious." The package, produced at her request, disclosed the fact that the "gunpowder" was a "noted English" brand reputed to be "affected at Windsor Castle." These facts—on the label—confirmed the lady in the accuracy of her judgment. She was even vulgar enough to sniff the vapor of her cup by way of further verification. "Horror!" she exclaimed a week later, when the laboratory man, to decide a friendly wager between the ladies, said: "Contaminated with stems, husks and similar refuse." He had examined some other samples of tea for outside clients and assured his fair visitors that in some of those there was "the presence also of a few chopped up hairs in the samples, charitably interpreted as being accidentally there. There is a large admixture of foreign leaves. The amount of theine in these samples is very small." Of one popular brand of medium-priced tea he said: "Though highly flavored, it is an absolute fraud." In a footnote was the following comment: "The facing of tea should be prohibited on account of its being injurious."

"I think housekeepers should know these things," said the lady with the sensitive tea nose. The "lady delegation," as the man of science afterward called the intruders, insisted on ransacking the place and knowing everything. "Because," as one of them put it, "they might adulterate anything and fool anybody."

"They do in the case of most cheap and medium-priced articles," assented the chemist, hauling down everything in sight as though he might have at some period of his life been a clerk behind the counter of a fashionable dry-goods store. "Now, there's the left-over quantities of nearly three hundred samples of foods and things taken at random from grocery stores as they run in both the humble and the aristocratic districts. The majority of them are either wholly or partly spurious."

The ladies puckered their mouths, arched their eyebrows and looked at each other.

Counterfeit Cocoas and Chocolates

"Now," continued the chemist with a smile, "Mrs. A—— buys this cocoa. It is a rank fraud, a compound of sugar, arrowroot and a percentage of flavored cocoa with a cheaper oil substituted for its own which is extracted for more expensive uses. This chocolate has lost its cocoa butter, cheaper oil replacing the extracted oily matter."

The ladies further learned that cream of tartar may be adulterated with starch; that much Cayenne pepper is made from garden seeds, flavored with pepper and then colored; that other peppers are often simply ground husks, or cornmeal, cocoanut hulls, or any old thing for a body, flavored; that apple butters are often composed of molasses and flour made tart with tartaric acid; that there are strawberry and other jams containing nothing but vegetable fibres, grass-seed and glucose—their flavor being effected with compound ethers, and glucose made from cornstarch, bleached with blue coloring matter, as a laundryman does a shirt, and sold for crystallized cane sugar. The demonstrator then made some of the imitations described for his guests. He also tickled their palates with an impromptu decoction sold all overthe country as "Ohio," "Rhine" and "California"

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DEAR SIR:—It was only after considerable investigation that I decided to become one of your students—for there were many men and schools to choose from. * * * I have never regretted my decision for a minute. You seem very thorough and painstaking in your methods, and your instruction is very comprehensive—**best of all, you know how to arouse the enthusiasm of your students.** I shall be glad to have you refer to me.

C. EVERETT WESTALL.

Write to-day for Booklet L; it's interesting and free.

SAMUEL KNOPF
61 East Ninth St. New York

Master of the Art of Advertising and the Science of Business Management.

wines. It was a mixture of prune juice, water and saccharine, with salicylic acid added to keep them alive. Mustard is seldom met with which has all of its fixed and volatile oils present; often no starch turmeric is present. The extracted oil of the nutmeg is a valuable agent in the manufacture of ground mace. The cake is then ground up and sold for genuine nutmeg.

The inventors of the wooden nutmeg and of the "brummagem" ham may have been clever in their day, but they are back numbers in this age of ingenious food sharps.

They are not a circumstance to the fellows, unearthed by the Georgia Legislature some years ago, who heavily influenced their flour with Tennessee kaolin. This deposit soon found itself in red-hot competition with potato meal as a flour adulterant. One might even stand a limited dosing of sawdust, potato flour and grainless white soil mixtures if his digestive apparatus were allowed to escape the penalties of the hundred and one other sophistications of food products which, with the aid of seductive names and ambrosial odors, entice him into dyspepsia. With the ground under the lemon trees of Florida covered with rotting lemons one would not expect to find his "extract of lemon" cheapened with oil of limes and sugar. And the housewife who sniffs "something queer" in her "extract of Vanilla" half detects the fact that she nearly discovered its extract of tonka bean. Vanilline, glycerine and caromel help to bolster up other well-known extracts used in the culinary economy.

If the hens only knew that a dangerous chemical called, in the bakery trade, "egg yellow," is used by some bakers to imitate the color of eggs and to dispense with the use of eggs in the cheaper cakes, there would be a barn riot. The consumer might join in when made aware of the fact that very few cheap cakes ever see an egg. The dear old cow has had so many nice things said about her and lived above reproach so long that her milk seems always pure. But a young mother who bought a four-ounce can of "condensed milk" marked "Pure Jersey," and diluted it for her infant offspring, had her abiding faith badly shaken. The cream sank when in fluid form, and its place at the top of the vessel was taken by a cheap oily substance which the manufacturer had incorporated in the mass to give it a greasy consistency. It was mainly a composition of cornstarch paste colored to the richness of "Jersey" cream. There are other chalk milks with a very delicate coal-tar hue. The city folks are not the only ones who have their lacteal troubles. The countryman also has them.

The Bunco Man a Back Number

Here is an instance. A Southern farmer read the following advertisement in a Western paper: "Send five dollars and learn how to get a pound of butter out of a quart of milk." He sent the money and received his recipe: "Take a pan and pour a quart of milk into it, having first placed a pound of butter in the centre of the pan. Lift the butter out." As clear a case of "gold brick" as this seems to be, it has been outdone by a Canadian who came to the United States in 1892 and copyrighted an "expander" or "increaser," which, where the bunco man only got a pound of butter out of a quart of milk, takes butter, milk and all out in the form of butter. It even does more. It takes six pounds of butter, six pounds of rich cream and gets thirteen and one-half pounds of butter out of the mass. The little emulsifying joker in the case is a mixture of pepsin, salt and color matter. Another is composed of eighty-three per cent. of salt, fifteen per cent. of annatto and two per cent. of rennet and organic matter. In 1901 the Iowa Agricultural College found the "expander" doing business in that State. A farmer who saw the professor take six pounds of good butter, six pounds of good ripe cream, churn them together and, after washing the result in water, letting it stand a while, get thirteen and one-half pounds of butter, exclaimed: "B'Gosh! It collars the hull outfit, milk, butter, water and all." A Wisconsin cheesemaker, who was present, observed that "while the butter man only gets the fat out of milk, the cheese man the fat and the casein, the 'expander' gobbles up fat, casein, sugar, water and all for butter."

If you do not know what you are buying or the character of what you are eating it makes no difference. The sensitive aristocrat who disdains to imitate his plebeian brother in buying peanuts from an Italian peddler loses the edge of his supersensitiveness when the little nut is insinuated into him in the form of health breads, breakfast foods, spices, butter, flesh and other table articles.

Columbia

24 H. P. Gasoline Touring Car

Mark XLI

Everywhere admitted to be the most perfect gasoline car yet devised. Seats six persons. New and exclusive features throughout. All parts of engine and transmission gear instantly accessible. Igniting plugs and valves removable without tools. Speeds four to forty-five miles per hour. Minimum of vibration and noise. Finest body work and furnishings ever seen on an automobile.

Catalogue illustrating and describing 20 different Columbia electric and gasoline vehicles will be sent on application.

Electric Vehicle Company
HARTFORD, CONN.

New York Salesroom: 134, 136, 138 West 39th Street.
Boston: 74, 76 Stanhope St. Chicago: 1421 Michigan Ave.

How's Business?

There is a new degree in the world of science—Doctor of Business

Many a business needs the Doctor—maybe yours does. Any business man who cannot tell whether he has made or lost money and exactly how much, at the end of each month, needs the Business Doctor—quick. Know how you stand every month. It is possible in any business. Tell us your difficulty and let us prescribe for you.

Baker-Vawter Company

Accountants, Auditors, Devisers of Complete Business Systems Manufacturers

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NEW YORK

FILL THIS OUT AND SEND IT IN

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY
555 Tribune Building, Chicago
555 Central Bank Building, New York

Gentlemen: Please send me information about your service, particularly with reference to the ..... business.

Name .....

Address .....

Life Insurance Free from All Speculative Features.

The
Travelers Insurance Company
Hartford, Conn.
S. C. DUNHAM.
President.

Accident Insurance in the Oldest, Largest and Strongest Accident Company in the World.

There Are Some

Eye Openers

in Accident Insurance Policies

Just Placed on the Market by The Travelers Insurance Co.

They are something new, and there is nothing now offered that can touch them in LIBERALITY, in INCREASED BENEFITS, in SIMPLICITY.

And the same old security grown larger that makes THE TRAVELERS' contracts the most widely popular among solid business and professional men, is behind them.

Agents in every town. Write us for details.

CHEAP RATES California, Washington, Oregon, Colorado. We secure reduced rates on household goods of intending settlers to the above States. Write for rates. *Map of California, FREE.*
Trans-Continental Freight Co., I-315 Dearborn St., Chicago.

STARK TREES Largest Nursery. *Fruit Book Free.* SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL. Result of 76 years' experience
STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.; Ri

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NEW-SKIN
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
WATERPROOF
LIQUID COURT PLASTER

For Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly Relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc., etc.

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes.

Applied with a brush and immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, colorless waterproof coating.

MECHANICS, SPORTSMEN, BICYCLISTS, GOLFERS, Etc.

are all liable to bruise, scratch, or scrape their skin. "New-Skin" will relieve these injuries, will not wash off, and after it is applied the injury is forgotten, as "New-Skin" makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it.

Pocket Size (Size of illustration) . . . 10c
Family Size . . . 25c
2-oz. Bottles (for Surgeons and Hospitals) 50c

At the Druggists, or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

DOUGLAS MFG. CO., Dept. R, 96 to 102 Church St., New York

$1.75 BUYS A DRESS HAT YOUR MILLINER WOULD CHARGE $5.00 FOR.

Cut this ad. out and send to us, enclose $1.75 and we will send you this beautiful, stylish dress hat by express. Your choice, if you do not say it is more stylish, more dressy, more becoming, a handsomer hat than your milliner could possibly design and make at any such price, and if you do not say it is worth from $4.00 to $5.00, you can return it to us at our expense and we will immediately return your money. THIS IS A GENUINE PARISIAN PATTERN HAT, the most stylish and exclusive design for the Spring and Summer of 1903. A beautiful, tucked black silk chiffon hat, real French frame, a very becoming low shape, the very newest style, made of the best tucked black silk chiffon, slightly raised on the left side and drooping in the back. The trimming on the top consists of two large clusters of crushed muslin pink June roses and foliage effectively arranged on both sides of the brim. On either side of the brim in front are two cut steel cabachon buckles. The lining as well as the rolling brim is overlaid with closely pleated black silk chiffon, while the low crown is covered with a plaque of fancy lace straw braid. The entire hat is draped with a very elegant black silk chiffon veil, trimmed on the ends with three rows of fluted black silk, the same falling in graceful effect over the back. A large velvetta bandeau garnished with crushed muslin pink June roses completes the trimming of this stunning hat. This New Stunning Parisian Pattern Hat is equally becoming to young and old, and carries a distinctiveness in style and workmanship such as can be had only from the hands of fashionable city milliners. You can tell at once it was never produced by any small city or town milliner. Can be ordered in black or any other color desired. Order today and wear the handsomest hat in your town. Write for free Millinery Catalogue. Address

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago

PLENTY OF POSITIONS

13,000 positions were filled by the Remington Employment Departments during the year 1902 in the cities of New York and Chicago alone. Every city in America shows a similar proportion.

Good Pay

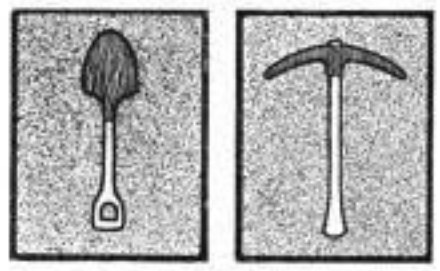
Remember that the user of a low-priced writing machine always wants a low-priced stenographer. The best positions are

Secured by the competent operators of the

Remington

Remington Typewriter Company
327 Broadway, New York

Professor Dillpicker's Discovery



By Hayden Carruth

A ROMANCE OF THE DIGITALIS FLYING FROG WHICH HAD HAM-BONES FOR CLAWS

IT APPEARED that another very remarkable character was a certain wandering scientist named Dillpicker. His stay was short, according to the account of Mr. Milo Bush, but long enough to impress its details vividly upon the memory of this repository of local history. Reference being made to electricity, Mr. Bush spun off the following:

Bet you a pair o' new boots that if old Perfessor Dillpicker was here he could tell you all about it. Told me himself that he'd handled electricity so much that he could take hold of a live wire sizzling with ten thousand bolts of the stuff and never feel it. Explained it by saying that it was just like a man used to keeping bees not being afraid of their stings. Though electricity wasn't the Perfessor's strongholt, either, the same being rocks and these here leather-covered perhistoric animals which used to stand around this country solemn, wearing other critters' tails and misfit trunks, and always took themselves apart 'fore they went to bed at night and gener'ly got themselves put together wrong the next morning.

I sha'n't never forget the day that Perfessor Dillpicker arrove. He comes into Shanks' and says he: "Sir, may I ask if fozzles abound in this neighborhood?" "We ain't been troubled with 'em much this season," says Shanks. The man looks at Shanks with his round eyes, and strokes his long whiskers sort o' gentle, and says he after a minute, "Ah, yes;" then he turns to the rest of us around the stove and goes on: "Gentlemen, my name is Dillpicker. I am sent out by Smithington's Institootion, of Washington, D. C., to examine the guological formation in this region and make a collection of the fozzle remains of the perhistoric animals."

"Stranger," says Abner Blackmark, "Al Doty's your man. He's got more'n five hundred dorgs and a'tame coon."

"The dorg is not a perhistoric animal," says the man, "though he is represented in the past ages, like the hoss. Did you ever stop to think, gentlemen, that the hoss formerly had five toes, though he now has but one?"

"When I was down at the county fair last fall," says Jap Bingerford, "I bet some good money on a hoss that didn't have no toes at all, jedging from the place he occerpied at the end of the race. Would you like that there hoss for your collection, Stranger?"

"Oh, no," says the Perfessor. "Wot I propose doing is going up here in the gulch and examining your rocks, and if I can find any fozzles, shipping the same to the mooseum of the institootion which I represent. Wot I specially would like to secure is remains of the great Winklesaurus, of which you will find a picture in this book. See page 147." And he pulls out a book and passes it around for us to see.

Well, as I said, there was the most cur'ous animals in that book. Says Abner Blackmark: "Wot might this critter be that's setting down and sticking his nose up in the air like a 'Piscopal church steeple?"

"Ah, yes," says the Perfessor; "the Dinklestrobashus, percusser of the modern cow. It was much larger than the present cow, however, as the perhistoric hoss was smaller than the present hoss. Multichudinous are the changes worked by the slow processes of time, gentlemen. A vast many of these beasts have become extinct entirely. And the same changes are still going on. Everlution is capable of all things. Forty

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THE courses offered are not intended to replace resident school work but to put within the reach of young men who have been deprived of college instruction a course of technical training of superior merit. Many ambitious men are taking advantage of this opportunity to increase their efficiency along

ENGINEERING

lines or begin their college studies while earning enough to pay for a full course in a technical school. The instruction is under the direction of the members of the faculty of Armour Institute of Technology and work done will receive due credit should the student decide to finish his work at that institution.

COURSES in Electrical, Mechanical, Civil, Locomotive, Stationary, Marine and Sanitary Engineering; Architecture, Navigation, Refrigeration, Mechanical and Perspective Drawing; Sheet Metal Work; Telegraphy and Telephony; Textile Manufacturing, also 40 short Engineering Courses.

In addition to their regular instruction papers, students in full engineering courses are furnished a Technical Reference Library (in 10 volumes) as a help in their studies.

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Armour Institute of Technology
CHICAGO, ILL.

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The Desire for Natural Food is Natural

Mothers, do you not know that children crave natural food until you pervert their tastes by the use of unnatural food? Unnatural food develops unnatural and therefore wrong propensities and desires in children. Like begets like—pure food, pure minds.

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

is a Natural Food, *i. e.*, contains all the properties necessary to perfectly nourish the whole body and mind. **Made in the most hygienic and scientific food laboratory in the world.** It has been thrice cooked, and being crisp, compels thorough mastication, which insures perfect digestion, a strong body and a healthy mind. **Sold by all grocers.**

Send for "The Vital Question" (cook book, illustrated in colors) FREE. Address

THE NATURAL FOOD CO., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

ALPHA SALAD CREAM

is the ideal salad dressing for all varieties of salads. It is also the ideal sauce or relish for Cold Meats, Canned Salmon, Shrimp or Lobster, Fish Cakes, Baked Beans, Cold Slaw, Cold Cauliflower or Asparagus, Cold Hash or on Sandwiches.

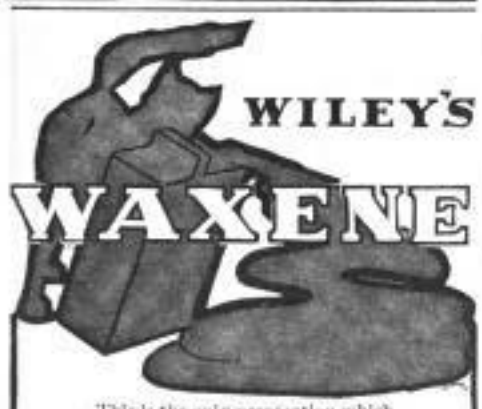
ALPHA SALAD CREAM

is absolutely pure. Never separates. Never spoils. Those who like oil can add their favorite brand with perfect results. Samples not available. ALL GROCERS.

Martha Taft Wentworth Recipe Book (60 Recipes and Suggestions) **Sent Free** for grocer's name. This book includes premium list. Informs you how to secure **the New Game of Diamonds FREE.** This game sells at 50c. to $1.00, according to style and quality of board.

Wonderland Pudding Tablets — One tablet makes a quart of milk into a milk jelly, more delicious, refreshing and nourishing than other desserts. **Also make Delicious Ice Cream.** Package of 10 Tablets, by mail, 10c. No samples.

The H. J. Blodgett Co. (Inc.), 54 Thayer St., Boston, Mass.



This is the only preparation which is made expressly for

Kitchen Floors

You can apply it yourself. It preserves the wood, gives it a bright, natural finish; it prevents dust and dirt, does away with bugs, and keeps the room clean, sweet and healthful. **WAXENE** is not a wax, wash or varnish, but an entirely new preparation—the only thing in the world that will prevent a floor from spotting, coloring or soiling with hot grease or water.

Invaluable for all HARDWOOD FLOORS. Worth its weight in gold for linoleums, oil cloths, furniture, pianos and all wood work. Sold by paint, hardware, grocery and department stores everywhere. FREE sample and booklet by mail.

I. H. WILEY WAXENE COMPANY
Successors to I. H. WILEY & CO.,
156-166 Sudbury Street Boston, Mass.

million years ago the whale, mighty leviathank of the juberous deep, was a small animal about the size of the weasel, and run about these parts on four legs and lived in a hole in the ground."

"I'd never a-thought it," says Abner.

"It is science which reveals to us the wonders of the yearth," says the Perfessor. "See page 236." And we looked and found a critter built like a hot-water bag and with an extensive snout. "That animal," goes on the Perfessor, "is the original of the present swine. He was over two hundred feet long, exclusive of his proboscus, with which he used to pluck fruit from the highest trees. See wot the noble critter has become—small, and squealing, and rooting in the yearth, and breaking out of his pen and not being able to find the hole to get back in even with help."

We looked at the pictures some more, and then says the Perfessor:

"As I told you, I have come out here in the interest of science. I have took a cabin up here in the gulch so as to be near my work. My funds," goes on he, turning to Shanks, "is ample, supplied by the Government, but not at the moment available, the Government sending out its drafts quarterly. If I could get you to advance me a little pork and such foodstuffs I should take it very kindly and you could feel that you were helping on'ard the great cause of scientific research. I do not require much. A ham, a peck of beans, and a few such things."

Shanks said it was all right, him being always ready to h'ist along science, and the Perfessor took wot he could carry and went up the gulch. After which we seen very little of him except when he come in for supplies, which was frequent.

It run along most of the summer and every time we seen the Perfessor we asked him if he was having any luck. "Very little," he always said. "Fozzles are skeerce. But I do not despair of yet making a valuable discovery. I have found a footprint of the mighty Digitalis, porkotype of our present bullfrog, which had wings and a long bill, and flew over the primeval landscape uttering squawks which shook the coal trees of the period and caused the perhistoric mother to clasp her epizootic infant to her buzzum."

We sot silent for some moments. It was Shanks' voice which broke the stillness. "This here flying bullfrog had a long bill, you say, do you, Perfessor?" says he.

"Outrageous long," answers the Perfessor. "Which I am some like him," says Shanks, cold and icy. "Agin you, Perfessor; mostly for hams."

"Mr. Shanks," says the Perfessor, "on the eve of a great scientific discovery is it a fit time to lug in a mercenary ham bill?"

"You drawed it too strong on them flying bullfrogs," says Shanks. "I don't believe no such varmints ever lived."

"Sir!" says the Perfessor in a voice of thunder, rising up and throwing back his shoulders. "You audacious tradesman! You groveling shopkeeper! See page 314!" Which we done, and sure enough there was the flying bullfrogs.

The next morning he was back all excited. "Gentlemen," says he, "I have found it. Some bones of the Digitalis, the first ever discovered, the mighty-winged bullfrog which sailed through the hazy vault of the carboniferous sky uttering anon his sweet song or his harsh snort which caused the caveman to shudder in his cavern. I cannot wait for my draft now—I must on to Washington."

He had a box under his arm and we asked him if we might see the fozzle bones. He took off the cover and we looked at 'em, pretty clayey and sandy.

"All peterfied by time, of course," says he. "They are small, being only the clawbones at the end of the wings, but from them the experts can restore the whole animal. I go, but I will return. Adoo!"

That afternoon a boy come in with the Perfessor's box, which he had found just below town, aside the railroad track.

Shanks pulls off the cover and empties out the fozzles. Then he looks at 'em close and straightens up and says:

"That there wonderful Digitalis bullfrog was not so good a flier as the Perfessor. Them are the bones from my hams. See page 40 of my account book—$37.50 owing for them hams and ecksetery."

How to Paint a House Cheap

And Have it Guaranteed to Look Better, Wear Longer and Cost Less Than the Best White Lead Paints

Never Fades, Cracks, Chalks, Peels or Blisters and is Not Affected by Gases. Fifty Sample Colors and Illustrated Booklet Prepaid to Any Address Absolutely Free.

The cost of painting the house and barn, outbuildings and fences is a heavy burden. Cheap paints soon fade, peel or scrape off and white lead and oil costs so much and has to be replaced so often that it is a constant expense to keep the bright, clean appearance so desirable in the cozy cottage home or the elegant mansion. The following are a few of the large users of Carrara Paint:

The Waldorf-Astoria, New York, One of the Most Magnificent Hotels in the World, Has Used Tons and Tons of the World-Famous Carrara Paint.

Pennsylvania R. R. Co.; Pullman Palace Car Co.; Chicago Telephone Co.; Central Union Telephone Co.; Field Museum, Chicago; Kenwood Club, Chicago; Cincinnati Southern; C. & E. I. R. R. Co.; Denver & Rio Grande R. R.; Wellington Hotel, Chicago, and thousands of private residences and buildings, public and private, all over the country. From railroad box car to elegantly furnished general offices of the great railways; from race track fences and stables to fancy club house; from plain brick walls and stone fences to tin roofs and interior finish of stately hotels; from country barn or hay shed or cheap outbuilding to farm residence, suburban home or luxurious city residence.

Carrara is used because it lasts longer, never fades, never cracks, never blisters, never peels, covers more surface than the highest-priced paints and costs less than the cheap mixed paints that injure instead of protect. There is but one Carrara. It is made by the Carrara Paint Agency, General Offices, 901 Carrara Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and anyone having a house to paint should send for 50 free sample colors and our handsome booklet, showing many buildings reproduced in all the colors just as they are painted from this great paint that has stood the most rigid tests for 25 years and, bear in mind, that it is the only paint ever manufactured that is backed by a positive guarantee in every case. Distributing depots in all principal cities. Write to-day and save half your paint bills in the future.

To the Woman

in every household upon whom devolves the duty of **Health-Keeper in the Family**, we offer an invitation to join our class in what we denominate our

Mother's Course in Home Nursing

This comprises a series of twelve lectures mailed weekly, with question papers, complete in three months. This course will enable you to become not only a **Health Repairer** but a **Health Creator**, and the class now forming will have at least 10,000 members.

Write promptly for full particulars and special Booklet C.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING
Jamestown-on-Chautauqua, N. Y.

For the Old as well as the Young.

WELCH'S GRAPE JUICE

Those who drink it regularly have no need of medicine and false stimulants. Welch's Grape Juice is a delicious, natural tonic that refreshes and invigorates; no reaction follows. Use Welch's on the table. Young and old appreciate it. It is pure and safe for all. Ask your druggist or grocer for Welch's. Booklet free; 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10 cts.

WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO., Westfield, N. Y.

are SAFE

The Blue Label Proves It

Pasted on every piece of the genuine

Agate Nickel-Steel

Contains No Poison

In the enamel. If substitutes are offered, write us. Booklet Free. Sold by leading Department and Housefurnishing Stores.

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New York Boston Chicago

DEAFNESS

The Morley Ear-Drum

is the most recent and most effective ***Invisible*** device for the relief of deafness. It is easily adjusted, comfortable and safe. Send for descriptive booklet.

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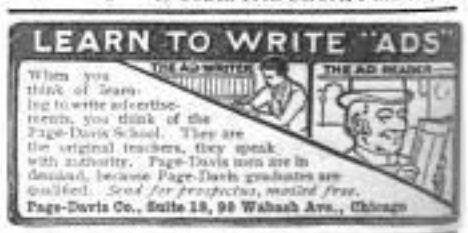

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Page-Davis Co., Suite 18, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

McILHENNY'S Tabasco Sauce

YOUR SOUP, Fish, Oysters, Lobsters, etc., will be vastly improved if seasoned with McILHENNY'S Tabasco Sauce

Gives a Keen Appetite. Stimulates Digestion. At All Dealers.

FREE Booklet with New Recipes. McILHENNY'S TABASCO, NEW IBERIA, LA.

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In North Dakota

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All the favorable conditions — low and steadily advancing prices on land, absolute security and the certainty of returns obtain in North Dakota.

These gilt-edged investments can be had here under the most satisfying conditions.

The time to take advantage of them is now. This is the day of your opportunity.

I can furnish them to you, together with the most satisfying evidence that they are absolutely trustworthy.

I would be glad to have you make the most careful and scrutinizing search of my record, find out whether I will do just as I agree to or not, and then find out if the mortgage securities I offer for sale are the kind described as gilt edged or not.

If you find them gilt edged, as you are bound to, I will be glad to sell them to you, collect the interest and forward it and personally look after the investments.

You will find me safe, honorable, reliable and responsible. I will see to it that you do not regret making an investment in North Dakota.

Interest and principal collected without expense. Remittances in New York exchange.

For further information address,

WALTER L. WILLIAMSON
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EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

FOLDING BOATS. Small package. Carry by hand. Can't sink or capsize. Safest, strongest boat made. Great Carriers. Used by U.S. Navy. No boat home or repairs. Send 6c for cat., 50 engravings, 350 testimonials. King Folding Canvas Boat Co., 472 W. North St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

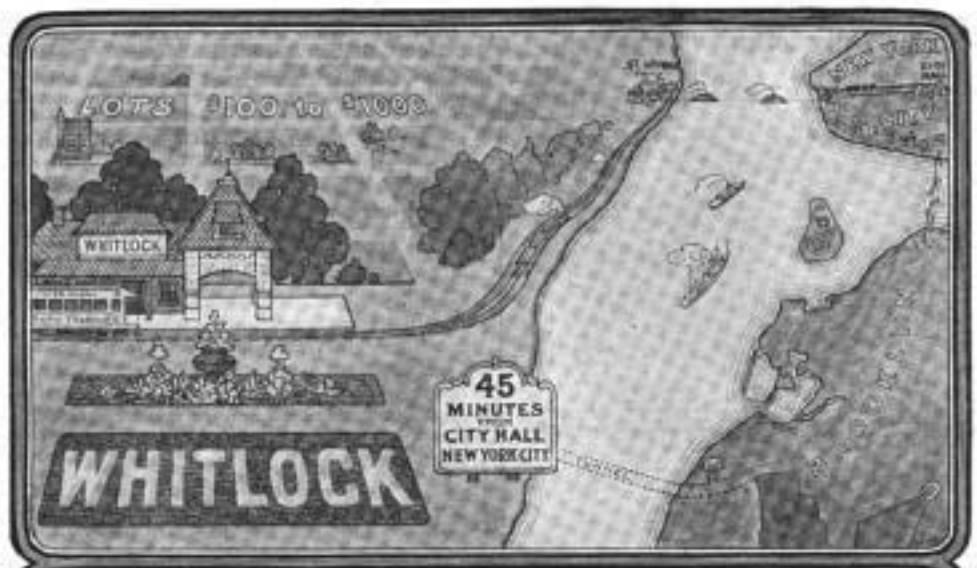
UNSOLVED
Wisset's Will

(Continued from Page 9)

which had no association with him and then I entered the room where he had died. As I stood there I had what I may describe as a vivid sense of the man who was in my thoughts. I do not mean that I saw or felt or heard anything, but only that I seemed to be in his environment. I was uncomfortable and left the room, passing through the little dressing-room into his sitting-room. When I went over to the window, that window at which the things had happened, perhaps it was inevitable and did not mean anything that my sense of Wisset deepened. When I laid my hand upon the window cord, as usual the blind wouldn't move, and when I seized it by the lath and shook it in order to make it start my hand trembled, which I think was quite natural, and I could not help looking over my shoulder. The blind went up at last and I looked round the room where I was convinced the secret, if there was any secret, must be found. The sense of something was strong upon me and I was tempted at one moment to clear out; but it seemed absurd to be afraid, in the sitting-room of a middle-class house at nine o'clock on an April morning. If it had been ten-forty-five at night inside that room it would have been another matter. I began to argue the case out along this line: that Wisset was devoted, although he would not acknowledge it, to his nephew; that in a fit of disappointment he had left his money past his nephew to those dirty Afghans; that he had repented it, and, as I guessed, had corrected that will; that he could not tell us where the paper was, and that now, if I could depend upon what I saw, he returned about the hour of his death to keep his vigil. And then I argued further that when he turned from the window with that pathetic look it was to get that paper, and if so, it was in the room.

"I had an hour to spare before patients came, and I determined to do what I could with that room. I hung my coat at the back of a door where Wisset used to keep an old jacket, and looked round the room. Really there did not seem a hole where any one could hide even a slender paper. There was a stone mantelpiece, but there was no crack between it and the wall; there were, of course, no shutters — the house was too recent for that — behind which anything could be hid; the hearthstone had not been moved, and it was certain nothing would be hidden up the chimney because any paper would have been burned. There only remained the skirting boards and the floor. And now I noticed something about the floor which struck me and seemed to give a clue. The floor had been covered with brown paper laid beneath the carpet, and this paper had not been removed, although here and there it had slipped from its place and was ruffled. In one corner, however, it was all gone and the floor was bare; it seemed also as if the dust had been brushed away. Three boards' breadth was clear and clean. I knelt down and examined the wood, and I found that instead of a nail holding down one board a screw nail had been put in. When I looked closely at it I saw that it was braised and evidently had been frequently removed.

"What I am going to say now I could not prove to you even if you were kneeling with me over that board, and I do not know that I am sure of it myself, but there were signs to my mind as if some one who had no screwdriver and could do nothing with the nail had been trying to raise the nail with his fingers. But it would be quite open to say that the scratches had been caused by the frequent lifting of the board and I cannot press that point, but I have my imagination. As I became in youth the proud possessor of one of those marvelous knives which fit you for every emergency — and indeed would enable you to live on a desert island — which I have been careful to carry ever since as a link of the days of long ago, I had no difficulty in drawing the screw nail. It was then possible to raise the board a few inches and to insert my hand. At first I found nothing, but when I stretched a little farther I came on a packet, and I must say I drew it out with considerable satisfaction and expectation. It was wrapped in brown paper and tied with tape, and I ask the hearty admiration of this company when I tell you that I mastered my curiosity, which was certainly quite as keen as any woman's ever could be, and resolved to keep the packet intact and to hand it over to be opened by the



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lawyer. What I may have prescribed for my patients that morning and what I may have said to them about their illnesses I do not care to inquire, but I grudged every moment till I was able to place the papers in the hand of Jeremiah's lawyer and ask him to examine them. It was a disappointment to find that they consisted of about five thousand pounds' worth of American railway bonds which, for some reason we could not guess, Wisset had hidden away in this place; for this would mean only so much more money for the officials and the faddists, and would bring no inheritance to Stokes, and, I was also convinced, no relief to Wisset's troubled soul. I was explaining what I had hoped when the lawyer cried, 'Hello! here is a letter in one of the bonds,' and I should like to have taken my pulse when he opened the envelope, took out a sheet of notepaper and read:

> "'I, Jeremiah Wisset, being in full possession of my senses, but believing that I may not live long, do hereby revoke and declare of none effect that portion of my will which donates the residue of my estate, after the payment of certain legacies, to the Society for the Restoration of the Ten Tribes to the Holy Land, and I do now bequeath all of which I may be possessed at the hour of death, after the payment of the said legacies, to my nephew, Captain Stokes, because I have always loved him, and because he has done so well in Egypt.
> JEREMIAH WISSET.'

"'He might have used me,' said the lawyer with a slight asperity in his tone, 'instead of trying to do this himself, but I fancy he hated the idea of giving in and coming round to my view of things, for I had said what I thought about the Afghans. Stand in the courts? Oh, yes. It is perfectly clear what he intended and he only intended what was just, and in such circumstances an English judge always decides what is equitable. It is a mercy the Afghan people have not yet received a single penny from the estate, and I don't think they will need to appoint any more secretaries. Wisset has behaved like a trump, after all, and I don't see why Kinnish and I should not write to-day and let Captain Stokes know what his uncle thought of him and what he has done for him.' But for reasons which I leave to your imagination I did not say a word to the lawyer about the face at the window. I mentioned only my casual observation of a screw nail."

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The production of "Madeira nuts," as walnuts of this kind were called a generation ago, is increasing at such a rate that before long the domestic supply will suffice for our own markets, which as yet depend to a considerable extent on importations from Spain, Portugal, and particularly the Island of Madeira. They get their name of "English walnuts" from the fact that they pass through the hands of British merchants on their way to the United States.

The great difficulty that has had to be overcome in the growing of walnuts in California is the fertilizing of the flowers of the trees, but it has been found that, when black walnuts or even common butternuts are planted in the orchards here and there, their more plentiful pollen serves to impregnate the blossoms of the English walnuts, which otherwise might remain to a very large extent infertile.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Newspaper
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

MAY 2, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

THE MAY DAY NUMBER

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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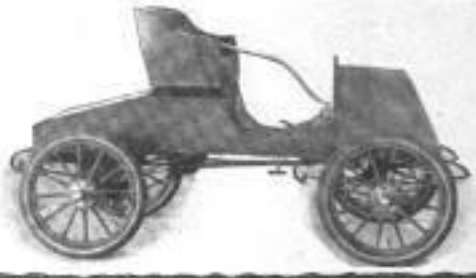

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The Fair-Play Department

By William Allen White

WHAT THE NEW DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR IS DESIGNED TO DO, WHAT POWERS IT IS GRANTED AND WHAT MEN WILL HAVE IT IN CHARGE

IN EVERY American town of over a quarter of a million people stands a big, gaudy hotel. It is generally decorated in a somewhat rococo style; and electricity and gilded stucco have belizened its restaurant until the room recalls the old phrase, "a gilded palace of sin." The bill of fare of this restaurant advertises nothing less than half a dollar, and no dish of any consequence costs less than a dollar. From a dollar a portion the viands rise in price to five dollars. An abstemious person may satisfy a rape-seed-cuttle-bone-pepper-grass appetite for a dollar and a half or two dollars, but a hungry man with a moderate thirst should bid farewell to the business half of five dollars. And yet there was a time in the memory of men now living, and of military age, when the standard price for a meal all over this broad land was twenty-five cents, when a fifty-cent meal was regarded as rather roguishly extravagant, and when a dollar table d'hôte dinner symbolized all that was prodigally lavish, if not criminally luxurious, in American life. But in these daubed and dazzling restaurants aforesaid scores of young men and women sit night after night, and gorge and guzzle and gibber, and occasionally a fat, wet-eyed, short-breathed old fellow or his widowed sister sits long after respectable bedtime stirring the dregs of youth in an empty, cheerless cup. The average woman in the place wears something over two hundred dollars' worth of clothes, and carries perhaps a thousand dollars' worth of jewels, and the waiters' check which the average man pays after the night's groceries debauch is so indecently high that it is hardly proper to speak of it in mixed company! Night after night, month after month and year after year this has been going on, the standard of extravagance gradually rising. In the larger American cities there are not merely one or two or a score, but miles and scores of miles, all told, of residences that rent for ten thousand dollars a year each. Except in the country, the family that does not spend twenty-five thousand dollars a year may count itself among the worthy poor.

Now we are in the seven fat years and we do not notice these things. No one is hungry, no one is miserable, and no one keeps books on the ladies and gentlemen who are going the pace. Their gait is commonly reckoned as no one's business but their own, which reckoning is wrong. For we are all in the same boat; and if every one aboard doesn't pull his weight, or give value received, he is cheating his passage. The thing we call society—that is, the compact to live equitably and at peace in this world—only collects its bills on an empty stomach. And at such times it is irritable and often takes more than those who have should pay—witness the French Revolution. But society *does* collect its bills, keep its accounts, and run the social compact fairly. And in America there is a race sense of the amenities which revolts at a nasty, mussy revolution, and demands laws and decrees of the courts. And a curious thing about the American demand for reformatory laws is this: that when the demand is least clamorous the laws are likely to be most searching and severe and effective. Ten years ago, or so, there was a yowl of protest against the rich growing richer and the poor poorer; there was a popular craze lapsing into hysteria about the encroachment of wealth. Nothing came of it all. But, after the noise of the claque ceased, the real public sentiment became manifest, and at the last half of the latest session of Congress a law was made which, when it becomes active, will go into the hitherto sacredly inviolable field of business and put it under Government espionage and control as closely as the coining of money and the carrying of mail are under it to-day. The law referred to is the law creating the Department of Commerce. It will be the bookkeeper of society. Eventually, through this department, the Government of the United States will say whether those who are going the pace, who are raising the standard of extravagance, who are rocking the economic boat, are, in truth, earning their passage; whether they are giving society value received. If they are not they will have to fish or cut bait. This does not mean that the Government of the United States, through its Department of Commerce, is going to be a leveler; this does not mean that the Government will tear down any structure—however high—from a sound foundation—and there are thousands of such; the purpose of this new law, which few people understand, not even many of those who made it, nor those who are appointed to execute it, seems to be, as nearly as all hands can define it, to establish an umpire over commerce and to prevent cheating in the game. No one objects to a man or a corporation making any sum, however vast, if it is made honestly. No one cares how much a man spends or his wife spends or his imbecile children spend if the money came into the man's hands in return for some actual service to society.

The Umpire of the Business Game

THE fool and his money are soon parted. But what society does not like is to see the fool parting with some one's money besides his own, which he has obtained by selling the thing he did not have. It is not the fool that makes men angry by his folly: it is the fool who is a thief, pretending to be an honest gentleman. The Department of Commerce, by pricking the bubble of business shams, through merciless publicity, will put the person who misappropriates and misapplies money, whether of stockholders or depositors or creditors of any sort, upon exactly the social and moral plane with the man who hypothecates a horse. So, therefore, if the persons who fill the restaurants and corridors of these vulgar hotels come by their money honestly, the law which established this Department of Commerce will protect them while they eat themselves into early graves; but if they got their money by smooth deals or shrewd transactions the law will beckon them outside.

Now all this may not be accomplished this year, nor next, nor the year after, for this business, existing to-day, has been a thousand years growing. It may not be uprooted with a simple twist of the wrist, even if uprooting is necessary to correct its crookedness. It will take many years of hard work, and honest work, and brave work by the Government to straighten the kinks, but the important thing has been accomplished when Congress by law declares that it shall be done. It will be interesting to look at the law which Congress passed with this straightening intention. Technically the law is known as "An act to establish the Department of Commerce and Labor." The first section of the act provides for the salary of the Secretary of the Department and makes him a Cabinet officer. The second section prescribes the help he shall have and what certain of his helpers and assistants shall do. The third section of the act might be called the assembling section, for it calls from the other Departments of the Government a number of bureaus and commissions and makes them a part of the Department of Commerce and Labor. These assembled parts are as follows: The Lighthouse Board, the Lighthouse Establishment, the Steamboat Inspection Service, the Bureau of Navigation, the United States Shipping Commissioners, the National Bureau of Standards, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Commissioner-General of Immigration, the immigration service at large, and the Bureau of Statistics, the Census Office and all that pertains to it, the Department of Labor, the Fish Commission and the Office of Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. The Bureau of Foreign Commerce, now in the Department of State, is made a part of the Bureau of Statistics, hereinbefore transferred from the Department of the Treasury. Jurisdiction over the Alaskan fisheries is transferred to the new department, as also is jurisdiction over matters pertaining to exclusion of the Chinese. The fifth section of the act creating the new Department seems to establish a bureau of industrial promotion. The terms of the act are not exactly lucid, and custom and tradition will settle the meaning of the law; probably the lawmakers expected this bureau to do for manufacturers what the Department of Agriculture has done for the farmers, stock raisers and fruit growers: to provide new markets for stuff produced, to guarantee the quality of the product, to introduce possible new products, and to show the American manufacturing world such opportunities and openings as the consular agents of the Government may see all over the globe. So far there is nothing in the act to disturb the peaceful sleep of the financial octopus—but section six contains the stinger. This section provides for the creation of a Bureau of Corporations, and for the appointment of a Commissioner of Corporations and his assistants, and then in the next clause grapples into Government control more affairs than have come under Government control in one act in a hundred years. Here is the exact language of the statute:

> The said Commissioner shall have power and authority to make, under the direction and control of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, diligent investigation into the organization, conduct and management of the business of any corporation, joint stock company or corporate combination engaged in commerce among the several States and with foreign nations excepting common carriers subject to "An act

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to regulate commerce," approved February fourth, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, and to gather such information and data as will enable the President of the United States to make recommendations to Congress for legislation for the regulation of such commerce, and to report such data to the President from time to time as he shall require; and the information so obtained, or as much thereof as the President may direct, shall be made public.

The power of the Commissioner of Corporations is made exactly the same as that of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and his power to "collect, publish and supply" information is made to apply specifically to insurance companies. Of these judicial powers, which concern the taking of testimony and the enforcement of mandates, it will be well to speak later, but before passing to that part of the subject this clause of the section must be considered: "And the information so obtained, or so much of it as the President may direct, shall be made public." This is the meat and meaning of the whole act. Publicity is to be the cure for fraudulent transactions in business. The law is going to recognize corporate cunning, which evades the written statute and frankly breaks the moral law. Ever since statutes were written they have assumed that a buyer who bought in ignorance had no restitution for his folly; it was his place to see that he was not swindled. The Government now changes this assumption. The widespread abuse of the sellers' privilege that has come about in the organization of corporations during the fifty years last past, the creation of fictitious values, the deception of stock manipulators, and the chicanery of stock-brigands, who wander up and down the markets marauding honest enterprises and looting as they go—all these things the Government has taken legal cognizance of, and therefore has said in effect that the casual investor must be protected in his investments. The protection the Government will afford is publicity. Take an investor in the Steel Corporation bonds. It is impossible for an average man, or an average dealer in stocks and bonds to know much about the actual conditions of some of the great corporations. Probably the very men who are floating them know little really about them in a real sense—that is to say, know their actual economic value as a trained economist should know it. This real knowledge should be the only basis for investment, and as the officers of the trust will not, because they cannot, probably, furnish this information to prospective investors, the Government believes it has a duty in the matter.

The Growing Power of Commissioners

WHEN the Government gets through examining a corporation, and when the true facts about it are known, the real earning value of a corporation's stock will be known, and it will be impossible to make fortunes dishonestly by manipulating that corporation's stock, and the ladies and gentlemen, sitting in the restaurant eating the proceeds of any stock that the Government has investigated and has found sound, will be eating bread honestly made. Society, which for the last fifty years has been taking charity out of private hands, and establishing great city hospitals and state asylums, and county eleemosynary institutions, seems about to reach into the realm of business and hold out a protecting hand to those who are the prey of corporate vultures. As human kindness becomes more and more universal it becomes a public sentiment, and that sentiment becomes a benevolent law. The publicity clause in the law creating the Department of Labor and Commerce is more than a reënactment of the Mosaic prohibition against stealing; it is a legal expression of the golden rule. For publicity is only a warning signboard, put up by the strong for the protection of the weak; it is merely doing unto others as you would have them do to you.

Another interesting phase of this new Department is found in the powers and privileges of the Commissioner of Corporations. It is important to note that he is called a Commissioner, for in the century last past commissioners have flourished, in America at least, because law does not presume intelligence in courts, and experience has proved that legislatures have precious little. Hence, commissioners—tax commissioners, insurance commissioners, canal commissioners, railroad commissioners, men who have special information that legislatures can't comprehend and that courts don't acquire; and the commissioners have legislative, executive and judicial powers. They can and do make rulings every day that are virtually legal enactments, and they are often courts of final appeal in interpreting their rulings, and have executive power to fine and imprison those citizens who disobey these mandates. And all this because the commission is supposed to have special intelligence and technical knowledge. There is no other possible reason for endowing it with such power.

So Congress made a Commissioner of Corporations and put him in control of every department of corporate business except the railroads. He can compel the humblest corporate brickyard to disclose its intimate affairs as readily as he can make the officers of the Standard Oil Corporation divulge their secrets. The Commissioner of Corporations can compel the concern which is afflicted with a labor strike to publish its condition, and show the public whether or not the profits of the concern warrant the demands of the strikers. He cannot compel arbitration, but he can give the public the real facts, and no strike can go on when the facts and equities of the case are known absolutely beyond a question. Public sentiment is a compulsory arbitration board from which there is no appeal, and when public sentiment is reliably informed it is a tremendous engine. No labor union and no industrial corporation can stand up against it. No other act created during this generation is so powerful to promote industrial peace as this act, creating the Department of Commerce, will be if it is wisely enforced.

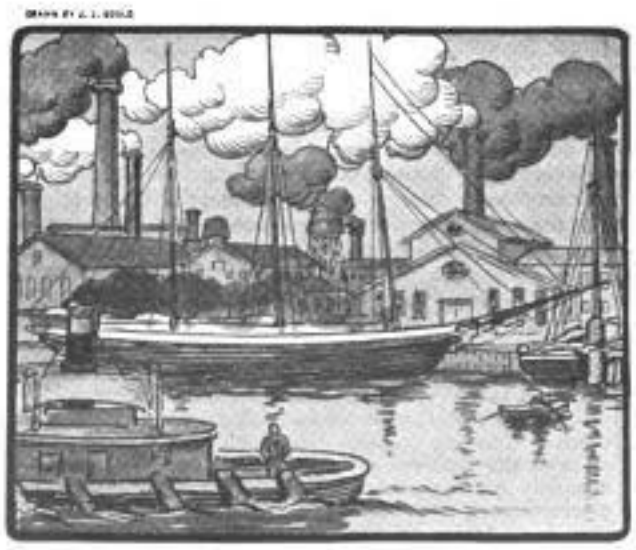
And that brings us down to the men who will enforce this law. A law is only as efficient as the men who are empowered to enforce it, and no more so. Better a good man and a poor law than a poor man and a good law. The members of the Legion family who are in politics and dislike Theodore Roosevelt the man, and can find no comfort in him as President, were unspeakably offended at the appointment of George B. Cortelyou as Secretary of Commerce and Labor. These gentlemen said that the place called for a tried and experienced business man, and not a mere clerk! Others who admire the President and are of the type that goes through life looking for things to gasp at, were awe-stricken that a man who began life so humbly—as a stenographer, forsooth!—should become a member of the Cabinet. Which is more or less funny, since every member of the Cabinet, with one exception, had even a humbler beginning than that of stenographer.

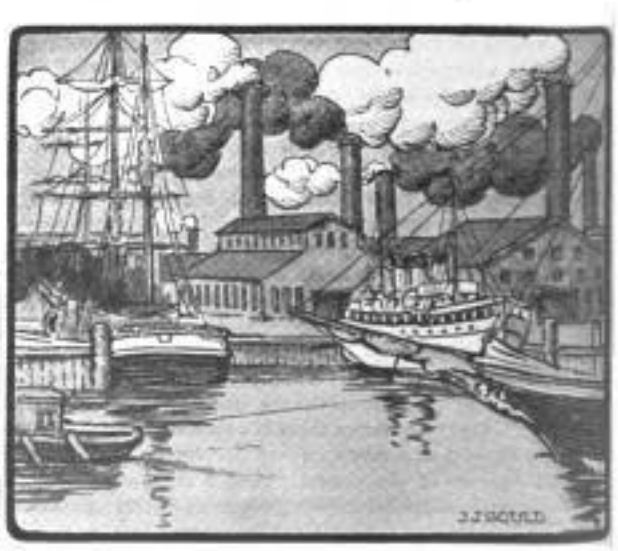
The Real Marvel of Cortelyou's Rise

THE real marvel of Mr. Cortelyou's rise is not that he rose from stenographer to member of the Cabinet; a thousand men in this country have traveled farther in life than that; the wonder is that he rose step by step in Government work, with one promotion following another, until the appointment to a Cabinet portfolio was practically a civil-service promotion. There is no denying the fact that Mr. Cortelyou does not bring to the work before him a training as a business man; but, on the other hand, the mysteries of business training are hardly Sibylline; there is nothing so sacred and holy about a business training, except that it teaches industry, and if a man is reasonably honest it teaches him that honesty pays. As Secretary to three Presidents and as confidential friend of two, Mr. Cortelyou has been in the engine-room of some weighty matters: matters infinitely more weighty, for instance, than any deal or job or pool or combination that has been made on Wall Street for a generation. To rise as Mr. Cortelyou has risen he has had to work—twelve hours a day has been his average for many years—and his place was one where he took his business to bed with him and snuggled up to it as closely before falling asleep as any business man in America. The only thing Mr. Cortelyou lacked in going into his department is the moral sense of business. In this world traditions and customs make morals, and every trade and calling has its own set of morals, which on the whole are worthy. But often the professional morals of the clergy, for instance, which are no better than those of lawyers, puzzle the lawyers, and the morals of doctors, which are as good as the morals of preachers, puzzle the preachers, and the morals of politicians, which are as wholesome as those of lawyers or doctors, puzzle those in other callings, so that each profession is inclined to question the probity of the others: and the morals of the business world, which in these latter days of stock jobbing and complicated transactions have become a little biased and askew, have come to need some small revision. It is for this that the Department of Commerce and Labor was established, and it is because he is not infected with the moral impurities of a certain branch of business that Mr. Cortelyou is a particularly strong man for the place. He is a strong, practical man endowed with the world's every-day moral sense; but he has not the moral sense of "high finance," which sanctions a pool and regards the man in a pool, who unloads his stock on his confrères, as shrewd instead of dastardly. And with this moral sense Mr. Cortelyou has trained courage. He has been a buffer for a President for nearly ten years, and has learned to say no with remarkable ease, and to limit himself to a dozen yeses a day—which is enough for a Cabinet officer. Also—and this is important—Mr. Cortelyou is not a practical politician. A practical politician has no place in a Cabinet. McKinley knew this better than most Presidents. He had been down the line in politics, and he knew that if he wished to keep incompetent men and rascals out of office he must separate the promissory power of the campaign from the appointive power of the Administration. So he studiously offended the political bosses in his party by going into the bossed State and picking out the boss' dearest enemy and elevating him to the Cabinet. Thus he did with Root in New York and Smith of Pennsylvania, and by choosing unknown men from various States where the Senators were powerful. President Roosevelt seemed to recognize this axiom of administration in appointing Mr. Cortelyou. To have chosen a man even remotely connected by political obligation with the men who raise campaign funds or the men who have friends to "take care of," would have been suicidal to the new department.

Mr. Cortelyou's two chief assistants are James R. Garfield, Commissioner of Corporations, and George F. Clark, Assistant Secretary of the Department. Each of these men has special fitness for his work. Young Mr. Garfield has added to the training of a liberally educated and successful lawyer the invaluable experience of a short excursion into practical politics, and more than all has done good, though brief, service in the Civil Service Commission, a place that might well be called the Government rogues' gallery, for there sooner or later all the crooks of the service come to be catalogued and cleaned. Mr. Clark is a sociologist of another type; he has come down from the firm ground of practical life to this field in the theoretical. He has been a railroad conductor, which means that he has poked around in the switch-shanty enough not to believe all he hears; and later he managed a labor union and was promoted from that job to a place on the coal strike commission, and from there called to serve in the Department of Commerce and Labor.

Thus the reader will see that the triumvirate that will have most to do with interpreting the law creating the Department of Commerce and Labor, and enforcing it, is made up of good average American citizens, from the middle way and walk of life. Their view of the law is likely to be the conservative view that the American always takes of his duty, when it is upon his own shoulders, and one cannot escape from the conclusion that the enforcement of the law is sure to make the most radical change in the attitude of this American Government to life. It virtually makes a new criminal code for new business conditions, making the corporation amenable and subject to punishment, as the individual has been since law was first written. The fact that the law was so quietly established, not to satisfy an angry people but to satisfy the ends of simple justice, will make it more thoroughly respected than otherwise, and hence easy to enforce. The earnestness of the present Administration to enforce such a law, and to correct those social and economic abuses that our civilization has fostered for a generation, may not be questioned.





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The Babes in the Wood

HOW THE CAMPERS-OUT AT THE TARPEIAN ROCK MAINTAINED THE DIGNITY OF MAN

By Arthur E. McFarlane

JUST what happened that summer—though the four never ceased to protest with a shifty-eyed and flushing dignity that nothing whatever *had* happened—their feminine kin would give very much to find out. For when, after their three regular weeks in camp, men come home to pay laborious compliments to the cookery, to begin to show the most unwonted concern not to be irregular at meals, and to evince, in spasmodic bursts, the most uncanny appreciation of the ordering of the house in general, there is obviously something behind all that. If it is not absolutely suspicious, in common marital openness it calls for an explanation. What may possibly be the explanation is here to follow.

The party consisted of the "old four"—the Judge and Vanderdecken, Doctor Fergusson and the Colonel. For the second year they had elected to camp by the "Tarpeian Rock." And for a fortnight they had been trolling and whipping the sinuous length of Pickerel Lake, when Percy Johnston paddled the fifteen miles up to them from the clubhouse one morning. "That new crowd from Pittsburg wanted to be shown the Left Branch; could the Tarpeianers possibly spare them Ciprien for two or three days—four at the outside?"

"Spare Cip? Of course they could! Willingly! Delightedly! Enthusiastically! In fact, for several days now they had been thinking of presenting him with a purse to get him to go away!"

Cip—that shining-eyed young *habitant*—grinned appreciatively. But a few minutes later he had taken Percy Johnston aside, and was addressing him with great length and worriment of countenance. It puzzled the Judge, who came upon them unexpectedly; and when at last the guide went off to the supply tent to put his "robe" together he demanded the meaning of it.

Percy chuckled. "Mustn't tell you. It's a four-barreled insult."

"Wha-at?"

"Can't tell you."

"Here, come on!"

"Nope!"

"*Son!* Open up instanter!"

"Oh, well—if you insist upon it: Ciprien the Wise seems to be of the opinion that if you children are left to do your own work you'll all be bushwhacking one another with your shotguns before the first day is over!"

It tickled the four immensely. And they had the joke all over again by themselves between smudge and campfire that night. "It's a natural idea, too, *very* natural from Cip's point of view," said the Judge. "As he looks at it, it's only having meat and drink of proper quality and quantity, and at stated intervals, that keeps the whole mundane cosmos from reverting to primal chaos again. His honest soul feels the sway and attaches the same importance to the small, concrete, every-day things of the flesh which we attach to the expression of mind and spirit. To clearly differentiate is, I should say, one of the tests and touchstones of civilization."

"It is," said the Doctor. "It is! And frankly"—after a pause—"mustn't we confess that it's a touchstone which could almost be said to exclude women entirely? For, after all, do not our sisters still allow themselves to be given their greatest worries by the meat and drink and the small labors of the house—no less than Cip?"

"I'm afraid that's true," seconded the Colonel. "And we've got to acknowledge in our inmost hearts that a party of them could not dwell side by side as we do here, for a single day, without manifold chafings and internecine war. Yet year after year their husbands and brothers come back from weeks of rubbing together in woods and water with a friendship cemented more indivisibly than ever."

In Vanderdecken, with whom "anti-suffrage" was an only mania, this line of thought inspired even more feeling utterance. "And isn't it this power of men to live together in perfect harmony," he asked with almost religious solemnity—"isn't it this ever-renewed and impregnable respect for one another which perpetually reaffirms their essential superiority as a sex?"

It was full of these reflections—fundamental, basic, profound—that they finally retired to sapient slumber.

After their sunrise dip next morning they agreed to pair off and take the meals two and two, turn about. A toss of the penny gave the preparation of breakfast to Vanderdecken and the Colonel, and another toss made the latter cook.

"Vander" dragged half a dozen octopus-like cedar stumps up the shore to the little sheet-iron stove, and soon had firing enough piled up for a Highland beacon. And the Colonel led forth the battery of the kitchen. "I confess," he said, as he lit his fourth match, "that the primeval chemistry which constitutes cooking has always had a great

—SENT IT FILLIPING FAR DOWN THE SHORE

fascination for me. I imagine that the rites of pot-and-kettle were the actual ceremonials which first began to draw the human race together."

The Colonel's own pot-and-kettle rites were serious, deliberate and protracted in the extreme. His cooking was of the consecutive rather than of the concurrent variety, and the others had been long beating upon their plates for it before finally it came.

And in spite of the time given to that first breakfast it was not wholly a success. The Doctor tasted the oatmeal somewhat as if he were trying a medicine. "Now, I'll tell you just what's the matter with this," he said confidentially; "it needs about twice as much salt and about half as much stirring."

"Ah—ah. Pretty painful dose, eh?"

"Oh, it might be a lot worse. A little poultice, perhaps—but this isn't one of my porridge mornings, anyway."

It did not seem to be a porridge morning for any of them.

The Colonel produced his coffee and bacon. He was a trifle red from the fire. "I'm afraid I didn't settle the coffee enough," he said.

"Very possibly not!" rejoined Vanderdecken jovially; "but you've certainly settled the bacon all right!" He crackled a slice tentatively between his teeth. "It'd just fill the bill as Saratoga chips, though."

"Vander's" sense of humor was in exceptionally good form that morning, and it came out particularly strong on the coffee. He was just reminding the cook that the original belief regarding the berry was that it kept men from ever sleeping again and drove animals crazy, when the Judge hastily broke in on him and began to talk fishing. Apparently the old gentleman had some absurd fear lest the Colonel mightn't be taking it right. And he hurried them off up the lake.

They had good sport that forenoon. What remained of Ciprien's minnows were not in the freshest possible condition. But the pickerel at the Narrows were waiting for them open-mouthed. Enough were taken to last the camp for the next three days. And the four also brought back ravening appetites.

Therefore the sight of the still dirty breakfast dishes gave them grievous pause. "I think for the general good," said the Doctor, "we'd better make it a rule henceforward to wash up immediately after the meal."

Vanderdecken and the Colonel carried the unclean pile of blue and white graniteware down behind the first clump of cedars to the big, flat 'longshore rock which was known as the "scullery." There was no hot water: and oatmeal which has been left long enough to glue and set, and fish fryings hardened to a skillet (as a certain George Hastings once had occasion to learn), are of all ill-favored substances the most detestably irremovable. When the pair returned from the "scullery" they walked in silence; and had they not also worked in silence, one might have thought that something had occurred between them.

But the pot was at least ready for the potatoes. And the Judge, chosen cook by the second toss-up, already had his pickerel split and floury for the pan. Both in the end came from the stove in a highly crumbled condition—"Scrambled Fish with *Pommes de Terre à l'Explosion*," Vanderdecken facetiously christened them. And the Doctor pointed out, as a pure matter of science, what a vast difference a little too much heat can make in a dish.

But both messes were rapidly tucked away, none the less; and afterward all four relaxed in a dessert of tobacco.

"I think I'll go and take my beauty sleep now," said the Judge at length. His ordeal was well over.

The others smoked another pipeful apiece.

"What's the program for this afternoon?" asked the Doctor finally.

"There's still some minnow bait left," said the Colonel, "and the Rapids bass ought to be biting. But *you'll* want to do the dishes first."

"Ye-es—yes, of course. Thank you for reminding me. Well, you two had better go ahead. We can follow you in the other boat."

It was all but six when the Judge at last awoke. In the level radiance of the setting sun the Doctor was sitting solitary on a stump, doing smithy work upon a lockjawed reel.

The old gentleman hurried out to him in a trepidation of humility. "Fergusson," he stammered, "I'm an unpardonable sinner. After sleeping like a log all afternoon, I've just opened my eyes to remember that I left you to wash those confounded dishes alone."

The Doctor flushed a little. "Oh—oh, that's all right. You see—I haven't done them yet."

They were still stooped over them deep in thought when the others pulled wearily in.

It was plain that they had no great string to show for their two hours at the oars and their afternoon of standing up thigh deep against the thrust and violence of the rapids. "Oh, Lord," groaned the Colonel, "I feel as if I'd been taking massage treatment under a log jam."

"And *say*," ejaculated Vanderdecken with pained and sudden recollection, "I guess it's up to us to get dinner, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid it is," said the Judge, "but if you'd like to change about——"

"No," vetoed the Colonel, who was the camp's man of system—"No, we can't start that! Once get our schedule tangled we'll never know where we're at." Moreover, it was "Vander's" turn to cook.

There went into his "primeval chemistry" little of that sprightly humor which had distinguished him during the meals of his fellows. And the dinner itself did not differ vastly from luncheon, except that it was considerably more uneatable. What *was* eaten was absorbed for the most part in a moody, uncommenting silence.

The Doctor alone lacked that final tact which should have kept him from turning the burnt side of his fish uppermost. But the spirit of scientific exposition was still strong in him. "Now, about the *tea*, too——" he said: "I'll tell you where both you and the Judge spoiled it. You put the time on its brewing that you should have put on steeping it. To do it correctly——"

"Oh, hang it, Doc, ring off," said Vanderdecken; "you've raised your full allowance of kicks to-day."

"'*Kicks?*' 'Raised *kicks?*' Why, really, now, my dear Ralph, really! I've passed one or two casual observations of the most general nature, and those only from my own professional knowledge——"

"Vander" sniffed.

"And in point of fact—but please don't imagine that I say it with any animus—it's seemed to me that the amount of amusement you have drawn from the cooking of the others——"

"Well, my *aunt!* If you're going to make penal business out of a few natural, well-intentioned jokes! For my part, I was under the impression that I was jollying matters up a little, and leaving things with a better taste in the mouth."

At this latter remark the Judge and Colonel turned and regarded him. He rose with much dignity and walked off.

"Look here," said the Doctor, appealing to the military member, "you weren't so foolish as to resent anything I said about your breakfast, surely?"

"Oh, no! No, not at all! And anyway, we have our chance to get back at you to-morrow morning."

"Yes—yes, exactly——" And then with a sudden contraction of the nostrils: "In the mean-time you'll want to wash up, won't you?"

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Now that was *low*, and particularly so in so much as the Colonel's working partner had already "shunned the toil."

"You must let *me* help you," said the Judge, which should have filled the Doctor with apologizing shame. On the contrary, it seemed promptly to fill him very full of bile. Twice his mouth opened for speech; but finally he bit his lips together and started abruptly down toward the Point.

The two who remained washed the dishes side by side, and the Colonel's words were warm with appreciation beyond Anglo-Saxon usage. "After all," he said, "if a little roughing it brings out the seamy side of some people, it only shows you more plainly the real sort of stuff in others."

But it seemed to the Judge that if the Colonel's feelings were really what he protested them to be, it would have occurred to him that while he was talking he was letting his helper scrape out both the pot and the skillet. However, under the circumstances, he would not speak of it.

Camp broke up early that night. Incidentally, there had been no beds made. And Vanderdecken, who alone had thought to carry out his blankets to air in the morning, had unfortunately forgotten to carry them back again at sundown. When he did remember them they were already clammily misted with dew. He was still trying to dry them over the last of Ciprien's smudges long after the other three had gone brutally off to sleep.

II

BUT night brings good counsel and the dawn renewed sweetness of temper.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Colonel as he balanced himself beamingly on the "Tarpeian" for the morning plunge, "I reckon we must have had a visit from the hoodoo last night. If Cip had happened in on us we'd have had to do a lot of explaining; for nothing would have persuaded him that it wasn't having to do his work that was overwhelming us."

"That's right!" said the Doctor, who was in particularly high spirits. "Ha, ha, ha! And I confess that actually for a time I really believed we were going to have a falling out. I was a sinner myself, too, for which I want to ask pardon all round."

It was granted with effusion. And truly it was a mighty satisfaction to begin that second day with a slate wiped clean. As it happened, too, it was now the Doctor's turn to cook.

He was the first to dress. But the others rapidly joined him, and gathering about the "kitchen" followed his operations with that rapt interest which sometimes makes for nervousness. As for the Judge, he had done his part by starting his yoke-fellow with a fire of pine knots which in five minutes had the top of the stove looking like the four of hearts.

It also kept the Doctor doing three-handed legerdemain between the bacon, oatmeal and coffee. And the latter in the end managed to get one move ahead of him and boil over.

"But it's the better for going through that stage once," he explained, a little tight about the mouth. "Theory of wild oats, you know! And I intend further to improve it by adding the milk while it's still simmering."

This called for the opening of a new tin of "condensed," and the can-opener was just then in hiding. "Oh, that doesn't worry me at——" He got back to the stove just in time to catch the oatmeal assuming a lava formation. The trio of snickerings mounted to a hee-haw!

"It's a good joke to see the porridge burn," he said. "Ha, ha! A very good joke! As for that tin, I imagine the ax will open it."

He set the can on a stone, and triumphantly chopped a slit across its top, then turning it half-way round he struck again. One spurt of the lacteal mucilage went up his sleeve, the other into the neck of his sweater, over his Vandyck, and northward, dividingly, upon his face.

The Judge, who had a coarse, bucolic sense of humor at the best, looked once, then slid from his stump and collapsed on himself as if he had been punctured. The other two, however, got themselves to the Doctor's assistance. They mopped at his outlying geography, while he tried with smeary hands to wipe out his eye and mouth. And they attempted between spasms to make him see how funny it was.

His vision was clouded, however.

And just at this juncture, too, his coffee again felt its oats, and with joyous volatility began to swarm out over the side of its pent-house a second time. He caught at the pot to jerk it from the stove. It struck the handle of the bacon spider and tilted it fatally. He jumped to catch *it*, and being still optically on a bias, he put his foot into the saucer of buttery dripping. The dish broke into halves which closed about his shoe.

The Colonel had held out longest. Now, with the sound of a suddenly opened and very much clogged escape-valve, he took to grass beside the supply tent. The Judge, painfully gripping at his side, waved weakly at the Doctor to desist—as at a comedian who knows his power and is exercising it too pitilessly upon an already apoplectic audience.

As for the Doctor, he stood there for a moment, as it were, collecting himself. It might almost have been said that he smiled. Certainly his lips drew up as, turning, he again got sight of that can of "condensed." "Uh!" he grunted with a kind of satisfaction—and with his free foot sent it filliping far down the shore. The bacon pan lay sprawled face downward. It followed, though more soaringly. He swung round at the stove: "By gad, and *you* were in it, too!" And it went over like a turned turtle. Then he put down the coffee-pot with what stray sediment still remained in it, and took his way up the bank and off through the cedars. . . .

AND JUST AT THIS JUNCTURE, TOO, HIS COFFEE AGAIN FELT ITS OATS

He did not return for breakfast, and the others perforce made theirs principally of bread and butter. This brought them to a fitting realization that the Doctor's conduct had been something much more than funny. . . .

They were discussing it from its moral and ethical aspects—with the Judge palliatingly reminding them that the Doctor's after-shame and humiliation would punish him more than anything they could say, when the offender himself came down the shore again.

He gazed at them with challenging bellicosity. "I suppose you imagine that I'm going to wash up for you now?"

"Well—God—bless—me!" gasped the old gentleman, "and do you expect me to do it alone?"

"It's a matter of no concern to me whether you do or not. But in point of fact, you let me do most of it, including the frying-pan, *last* time."

At this the Judge could not speak at all.

"Oh, come now, Doctor," intervened the Colonel, "you must be mistaken about that."

The lancet-wielder stopped this flanking movement with a deadly stab. "Why, if you insist upon coming into it, Vanderdecken says that you do just the same with him."

"*I?* I do that? I let——?"

"*Oh!—O Lord*, now, Doc!" Vanderdecken went tomato-color. "Excuse *me!* I didn't say that. What I said, and that was in confidence and altogether in a joking way, was merely that——"

"Oh, *well! Well! Well!*" The Judge spread his fat hands in soothing desperation. "I'll do them alone this time. So that's settled, now; that's settled!"

"And I'll help you," said the Colonel; "but I must say that all this is simply playing hob with our schedule!"

"Vander" and the Doctor strode off in opposite directions—the former with his double-barrel and the latter with his pickerel rod. But it was plain that their real business was to seek the cooling power of Nature.

The Colonel looked after Vanderdecken rawly. "I can understand the Doctor's showing a little natural temper," he said to the Judge, in embittered confidence; "but to find that a man supposedly your friend has been talking about you behind your back—that's one thing I—— And if I *did* possibly let him do a little more than half his share of the dishes it was only because he'd let me do practically everything else. And, *you* remember, last night, didn't he slope the job *altogether?*"

The Judge puffed gloomily. "Yes; and what I can't get the logic of is, when a man has cooked the poorest possible apology for a meal or queered it completely, if *we* show our willingness to take it as a joke and go without eating till next time, why *he* should act as if he were the aggrieved party? And that applies to both of them, too! Bless my soul, we might as well be so many tea-soured old maids!"

They went into the situation with all possible charity. But nothing could sweeten it. No one would have dreamed that in one day both Vanderdecken and the Doctor would so put on the Mr. Hyde. One can only live and learn.

When the Doctor came back, however, he had evidently tramped at least a little of the venom out of him. He made no apologies; but with a subdued dangerousness of countenance he set up the stove again and proceeded to get luncheon by himself. And Vanderdecken also brought back the chip-on-the-shoulder expression of potential penitence. He, too, asked pardon of no man, but he volunteered to wash up alone. And the Colonel in his turn then showed the proper spirit of forgiveness by throwing off his coat and helping him.

The sight fairly restored his optimism to the Judge. And when the two later announced that they were going to pull down the lake together and have another go at the Rapids bass, his farewell to them had the tone of a benison. As for the Doctor, he reminded them that the camp was out of bread and butter, and asked them to stop off and get some at the "New Settlement" as they came back.

When the pair had left them they could not forbear discussing the matter together. To the old gentleman the craft of the camp at large had at last passed safely through the zone of storms, and henceforward it would sail unclouded seas.

"I tell you what, though," said the Doctor, "a little more and it would have been a case of fisticuffs."

"Oh, no! Oh-h, I can't subscribe to *that*, no, not for a minute! It's possible for the civilized man of middle age to let himself go far, painfully far. But as to coming actually to blows—no, there is something in the innate dignity of man—there's a feeling about that—well, it's the one bulwark we maintain against the barbarous, and—I've taken note of it repeatedly—it's a bulwark almost infinitely hard to break down."

They went off for a couple of hours' trolling, and the Judge got a "cyclone" strike, only to lose both fish and spoon. But for all that he came back to camp with a countenance as tranquilly roseate as the sunset.

III

IT WAS dusk when the Colonel and Vanderdecken returned.

And again—Heaven help Tarpeian Camp!—it was abundantly evident that once more all was not well between them!

"Well, what's up now?" asked the Doctor, resignedly laying down his tackle box.

"Nothing," said Vanderdecken.

"Except that I felt compelled to decline assuming Ciprien's work," added the Colonel.

"I tell you, my dear Harrison, that nobody wanted or expected you to!"

"You seemed to expect me to spend my entire afternoon catching minnows for you! But let's say no more about it, now!"

"I seemed to expect you to keep to your agreement. After spending about an hour grabbing for crabs on the Shoal, I had an idea that you'd hold by your own arrangement and see to providing the *fish* bait."

"Yes, I *would!*—when the bass wouldn't take anything *but* minnows, and you were feeding them out faster than I could net them! That's what I call easy fishing! That's what——"

"That's what *I*——"

"Oh, now, let it go! Let it go!" The Judge shook his head in utter woefulness again. "Just say no more about it, and bring up the bread and butter."

"'Bread and butter'?"

"I suppose you were too busy to remember a mere trifle like that?" suggested the Doctor. He was very hungry, and he had been looking forward to that double staff of life. But he was not given to making complaints, and told them so.

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"Oh, well," snarled the Colonel at last, "I suppose you can get dinner for once without it?"

"Why, *we* don't get dinner!"

"You don't? I'd like to know who does, then?"

"Well, as far as I'm concerned, I would simply remind you that I got luncheon."

"Yes, you *did*," came back the man of schedules, "but you got it out of your turn, and now you've succeeded in getting things so completely balled up——"

"Well, by the living Christmas! And when I did that purely with the idea of smoothing matters out all 'round!"

The Judge could listen to no more. "*My! My! My!* 'Tea-soured old maids?' One would think you were a lot of little girls! I can't stand this ding-danging much longer! *I'll* get dinner!"

"And for the matter of that, you might very well, too. You haven't done the first tap all day!"

The old gentleman sat down as if he had been knocked! "Haven't done anything? Haven't done anything? When I've practically been over the stove or washing dishes ever since Ciprien left! I'm the only one in this camp who has done anything! And I'm getting so dratted *sick* of the whole dratted business——!" He began blindly to grope about for his glasses. "You'd think the very fiend was in it."

"Well," said the Colonel, "if you'd chosen to listen to me when I warned you to stick to a definite system——"

"'System? System?' Bah! It's playing slinker when there's work to be done——"

"'Slinker?' Do you call me——"

* * * * * * * * * *

The asterisks do not stand for speeches of love. And when the four finally ceased afflicting one another and went to bed, it was to be themselves afflicted. For since none of them had been willing to prepare more smudge—the last of Ciprien's being now exhausted—mosquitoes in millions came up against them; and they came with swords and spears. Hour after hour did the quartet lie awake and fight them—and in the intervals they fought among themselves. It was all but dawn when at last commiserating slumber descended and bore them to a happier land.

They went out next morning to be forthwith reminded that the dishes were still unwashed.

"Well," said the Colonel amiably, at the end of some five minutes, "we can either start making fools of ourselves again, or we can lay out another schedule, and this time *stick* to it!"

There was no response.

"Oh, *well*, then—I'll get breakfast, and we'll draw lots for who will do the first dishwashing. Will that satisfy you?"

They drew lots—and the Colonel got the dishwashing also!

There is this about a genuine feeling for the funny: it may seem, by most untoward circumstances, to have been completely crushed and obliterated, when, like the blessed camomile, "which the more it is trodden on the faster it grows," it will suddenly burst forth again with a vigor only strengthened and renewed. And now the other three once more gave proof of theirs—hiccoughing, holding to the table and guy ropes and rolling about like buoys!

The Colonel stood with the coffee-pot in his hand and looked at them. And the more he looked at them the more they were affected. But when the Doctor went off for the fourth time, and the Judge had passed into a kind of wheeze, he set down the pot. "All right!" he said; "all right! Since you think wise to take it *that* way, I don't do either!"

And at that *douche* they came to themselves only too quickly. "Oh, heavens and earth!" choked Vanderdecken, "now it's all off again!"

Really, it was too much. In a speechless acrimony they walked up shore to the cedars, and mechanically began to throw off their night togs for the morning dip.

The Judge and "Vander" were down on the beach. The Doctor was on the top of the bank, a dozen yards above them. He looked back toward the approaching Colonel. "Well, great Scott!" he said, "I must say it didn't take much to make him swallow himself."

The other two stared up at him savagely. "Why, it was *your* fool noise that *did* it!" said Vanderdecken.

"It *was!*" affirmed the Judge; "it *was!* Really, I don't see why you need have cackled *quite* so much!"

"Well—my—Lord! Huh! *Huh!!* And simply because I happen to have a little better sense of humor than you have!"

"Oh, throw me down the soap," sputtered the old gentleman, quite beside himself.

The Doctor picked up the cake of soggy castile, threw it without looking, and it struck the Judge squarely on the back of the neck.

There was no intention whatever in it. But to the Judge's limitless discredit let it be written down that without one moment's hesitation he took it as intentional. He stood gasping while he regained his balance; then with the "h-hrumph-ph!" of an elephant gone musth, he began to make ferociously up the bank.

Vanderdecken saw it, and the Colonel, too, almost in the same instant. The Doctor was just in the act of removing an upper garment, and his arms were "held up" helplessly above his head; it was through the bosom-slit of that upper garment that he was suddenly given paralyzing vision of the charging escalader. He attempted to take a step forward. But a small log lay stretched just in front of him, and he pitched headlong over it on face and elbows. His posture was that of a devotee in a mosque; but his language was inexpressibly out of keeping.

The Judge had all but rushed him, with Vanderdecken close behind, when the Colonel burst in between them. Panting with indignation he thrust the latter back. "Good Lord—Good Lord—wouldn't it be sufficiently bad without *you* piling on to help?"

"'*Piling on?*' '*Piling on?*' Say! *Say!* I might *pile on* all right, but"—he boiled over with wrath and disgust—"unless you think I've gone batty altogether, I wish you'd just tell me anybody in this camp that I'd want to *help!*"

Between them, however, they averted hostilities for the immediate moment. Yet, though no blow had been struck, the four Tarpeianers had experienced their crowning and final shame. And within the hour Ciprien's canoe pushed into the bay!

It had not that complexion then, but there need be no further proof of the unsleeping watchfulness of a benevolent Providence. Cip was quite blind to their condition—he saw no more than the bird of wisdom does by day; all he did was to cook them a combination breakfast and luncheon which would have drawn the four points of the compass together. Then he netted enough minnows for forty, and sent his charges off to fish. And by next morning one might have said that all was as it had been before! But there were things which no one felt could be alluded to for many months to come.

Yet perforce they were alluded to, and that one afternoon of the following week, when their guardian had gone for bread. The Doctor had rashly remarked upon the "weight of Cip's household worries."

"He's little better than a woman," said Vanderdecken with cruel reminiscence. All alike tried to direct their eyes so that no two of them should meet.

"In all confidence, Van, in all confidence," murmured the Judge, shaking his head with mortified abasement. There was a silence.

It was the Colonel who broke it, and he broke it with a sudden burst of humble confession. "Gentlemen—Heaven pardon the selfishness of it, and keep the women from hearing me—but, after the light of—last week—I've been sending up my fervent thanks morning, noon and night for having been born a man!"

"And *I!* And *I!*" said the Judge. "But indeed I've felt that we owe it as a penance—to say nothing of its possibly being some alleviation of their lot—to own frankly to—Monday and Tuesday last, when we return to our respective helpmeets again."

"No!" said the Doctor hastily. "No! I had entertained some such thought as that, myself. But, believe me, it would not be judicious. It's a case where silence is the best wisdom—it is really!"

"Yes," rejoined "Vander." "I suppose the—the dignity of man—demands it."

And they never spoke of that matter again.

OUR AMERICAN SNOBS

By James L. Ford

THE WOMAN ON THE MAKE

LONG ago Mrs. Taffeta discovered that Mrs. Foxglove was on friendly terms with Mrs. Fenwick Bertram, or "Mrs. Fen," as we term her in the careless intimacy engendered by our society table-talk. How Mrs. Taffeta made this discovery I do not know, for the little Southern widow is too well bred to boast of her swell friends, but it is certain that the fact was known to her, and through her to the rest of us, for many months before the fateful afternoon when a handsome victoria drew up before our door and a liveried footman rang the bell with a sudden peal that set Mrs. Grinders scurrying from her third floor front to the parlor, where, from behind the curtains, she gaped at "Mrs. Fen" and took in with her eye every detail of her dress and equipage. She was still at her post and literally bubbling over with information when I entered the room after having met "Mrs. Fen's" carriage, with its owner and Mrs. Foxglove ensconced on the back seat, rolling swiftly toward Fifth Avenue.

"What do you think of that?" demanded Mrs. Grinders excitedly, as I walked over to the mantelpiece to see if anything had come for me in the early afternoon mail. "Mrs. Bertram's just come and taken your friend Mrs. Foxglove out driving. My, but she did look grand, sitting there behind them two men in livery and with furs on her back that must have cost a thousand dollars if they cost a cent. I felt sorry for Mrs. Foxglove, poor little woman, with her cloth jacket on, sitting up against so much style. I'd have offered to lend her my seal plush sacque only she's a touchy little thing and you never know how she's going to take a kindness. The queerest part of it was that she didn't seem to want to go, because I saw her shake her head at first and look at her watch, as much as to say that she'd got some other engagement—like as not with that tall party that comes to see her Sunday afternoons, for she gave Bridget a letter for somebody that was to call. Anyway, it must have taken Mrs. Bertram five minutes to persuade her to go with her, and then she kept her waiting so long that I could see she was getting fearful cross and impatient sitting out there all alone in her carriage and stared at by everybody on the block. She's a sly little thing, never tells her business to any one. Like as not she's going calling now on some gilt-edged house on Fifth Avenue."

And having thus freed her mind Mrs. Grinders went down into the basement to cross-examine Bridget in regard to the message Mrs. Foxglove had intrusted to her.

While I was still busy with my letters the tall Southerner entered the room and saluted me with the grave courtesy that is characteristic of his kind. He held in his hand a letter that Bridget had just given him and, after having shaken my hand and inquired about my health, he seated himself by the window, adjusted his eyeglasses and, with a word of apology, opened and read the letter that Mrs. Foxglove had left for him, while I turned again to my own correspondence.

"I wish you a very good-afternoon, sir," he said as he rose from his chair, and there was a change in his voice that I noticed at once. Something had evidently vexed him, for he walked up the street with an angry stride and with Mrs. Foxglove's note doubled up in his clenched fist.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of Mr. Ford's papers. The next will appear in an early number.

A MOIST AND DISCONSOLATE FIGURE

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Late in the afternoon a brisk spring shower came up, and while I was lounging at the parlor window waiting for it to clear off I was amazed to see Mrs. Foxglove come running down the street, without an umbrella and with her skirts clutched in both hands. I opened the hall door for her and she came in breathless and dripping with rain. To my untutored eyes her new bonnet seemed a complete ruin and her delicate silk petticoat bedraggled beyond all hope of restoration. Knowing something of her poverty, a feeling of profound pity filled my soul. "That gentleman was here, ma'am, just after you went out," said Bridget, putting her head in at the door. "I give him your letter, ma'am, as you asked me."

"And did he leave an answer with you?" she inquired eagerly.

"No, ma'am, not with me."

As Bridget retired Mrs. Foxglove went to the mantelpiece and looked through the pile of letters.

"If you were speaking of Mr. Buchanan, I'm quite sure that he did not leave any letter," I remarked.

"You saw him then?" she said, and then added, "perhaps he left it with one of the other servants?"

"No," I answered, "he came in here with a letter in his hand and went away the moment he read it. In fact, he went out in something of a hurry and stalked up the street at a rather swifter gait than I ever saw him strike before. But how did you come to be out in all this storm? Why, you're wet through! You should go and change your things."

I said this with an air of great solicitude, as if I were deeply concerned for Mrs. Foxglove's health, but the truth of the matter was that her lip was trembling, her blue eyes were swimming, and I was afraid she would break down altogether and I should have a crying woman on my hands. It was too late, though. I turned a discreet back but I could hear her half-stifled sobs, and when I looked again she was sitting in the window-seat, her face buried in her hand, a moist and disconsolate figure that moved even my heart to compassion. My first thought was to escape noiselessly, but I paused with my hand actually on the doorknob and came back, for I was afraid that some of the household vultures would find her crying her heart out by herself and worm from her the story of her grief—a delicate office which I felt competent to assume myself.

"My dear Mrs. Foxglove," I said confusedly, "I hope nothing serious has happened. Very likely Mr. Buchanan will write you this evening. Of course he couldn't answer your letter here because there was nothing to write with. Aren't you afraid your bonnet will be ruined if you don't take it off and smooth it out with a hot iron or hang it up to dry or something? Your dress is soaking, too."

"I don't care," wailed the poor little woman; "very likely it is ruined, but I've found out one thing and that is that all you men are just alike."

"It is a fortunate thing," I remaked, "that you have made this extraordinary discovery in regard to my sex while you are still young enough to put it to some practical use. I should think, however, that your whole soul would be illumined by the joy of this knowledge, which will greatly simplify any dealings that you may have with any of us in the future. For my own part I am glad that no two women on the earth's surface resemble one another in the slightest degree, for if they were all alike this would be a dull world indeed. But I thought you went out driving to-day; how is it that you return on foot?"

"I did go out driving," she said wiping her eyes, for by this time her storm of grief had spent itself. "A friend of mine was kind enough to come here and invite me out for a little airing, and I thought that as she'd taken all that trouble it would be very rude of me not to go, even if I did expect callers. Yes, I suppose my hat is ruined, but that isn't the only thing that's been spoiled to-day."

She began to sniff again but I diverted her attention by saying suddenly: "You haven't told me how you came to be out on foot in all that rain?"

"Well," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "the fact is that after we got through our drive Mrs. Bertram suddenly remembered that she had an engagement on Fifth Avenue, away uptown, and she asked me if I'd mind going home by myself. Of course she said that if I didn't care to she'd be glad to drive me back and try to make her call some other day, but I wouldn't hear of such a thing, especially after she'd been so kind as to come here and take me out, so I insisted upon going home alone. I'd forgotten to bring my purse and of course I didn't have any umbrella, and before I could get here it began to rain, and that's how I got my hat ruined and my skirts wet."

"And that's the reason you've been crying your eyes out."

"No, I wasn't crying about that," she said hastily. "In fact, I wasn't crying about any one thing in particular, but everything's gone wrong with me this afternoon and that was the last straw. Didn't he say anything when he read my letter? Or did he just get up and walk out of the room?"

"If you'll permit me," I said gravely, "I will show you exactly what he did," and I forthwith enacted the entire scene of Mr. Buchanan's entrance, his salutation to me, his reading of the letter and his dignified exit. I even offered to put on my hat and coat and stride away up the street after the manner of the tall Southerner, but Mrs. Foxglove declared that my portraiture was already a convincing one and had revealed to her more than could be told in words.

"And now may I ask you another question?" I continued, for I had determined to "improve the occasion," as the evangelists say, with a brief homily on certain phases of human weakness and vanity. "Will you tell me where you went for your airing?"

"Oh, we had a nice drive up Fifth Avenue," she began weakly, "and then Mrs. Bertram remembered that she had an errand to do, so we stopped at the dressmaker's, and when we got there her dress was ready to try on, and that kept us quite a while. She likes to have me help her with her dresses and she's awfully nice about it, too, and tells everybody that I've got so much taste. Well, it was quite late when we got through, and then just as we were coming out she remembered that she had to go uptown, and so I said good-by and started to walk home, for I'd left my purse behind and I was ashamed to ask her for a nickel for fear she'd despise me. I had to come just twenty-two blocks, a little more than a mile, and the shower came up and caught me before I knew it."

"So this drive was only a little more than a mile and you had to walk back?"

"We didn't go very far to-day because Mrs. Bertram was afraid we'd get caught in the rain and——"

"Yes, she was so afraid of the rain that she let you walk home. May I ask what scheme of entertainment she devised for you at the dressmaker's?"

"It wasn't any entertainment at all. She had her dress tried on and I went into the fitting-room just to see if the back of the waist was all right. It was lucky I did, for I found that that wretched Madame Cavanaugh was putting lace that wasn't worth more than five cents a yard on a dress she was charging her one hundred and seventy-five dollars for, and the plaits in the back of the waist were all in crooked. I told Mrs. Bertram about it and she made her do the whole thing over again, and I promised to go with her the next time she goes to have it tried on. But didn't that Madame Cavanaugh look daggers at me, though! You may not think me very bright, but when it comes to gowns and bonnets it's pretty hard to fool me."

"I hope Mr. Buchanan knows how advantageously you were employed this afternoon; it might compensate him for the annoyance that he evidently felt when he found you were not here. He is a very old friend of yours, is he not?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Foxglove wistfully; "that is to say, he was. I suppose he's awfully mad, but I can't help it. Oh, you men are all alike; you can't understand a mother's feelings or make any allowance for the sacrifices we have to make for our children. Here's London Buchanan who's known me since long before I was married, and yet he goes off mad just because I was obliged to break an appointment with him and go out driving with Mrs. Bertram instead of going to a matinée with him. Well, if he's willing to break a friendship that's lasted for years just because I had to do my duty to my daughter I sha'n't complain, but at any rate it's taught me something about men that I didn't know before, and you're all alike—every one of you."

How long Mrs. Foxglove would have continued this superb demonstration of the feminine capacity for a logical and consistent arraignment, backed by a mass of unanswerable evidence against the sex which can be termed strong only because the other is believed to be weak, I do not pretend to say. I know that I saw signs of another storm gathering in the tear belt and I interrupted her with a stern request for silence and attention.

"My dear Mrs. Foxglove," I said, "do you realize what you have done this afternoon? Do you comprehend the extent of the misfortune toward which your ridiculous folly, your absurd worship of the brazen calf is inevitably leading you? Above all, do you know what Mrs. Bertram is?"

"No," said Mrs. Foxglove, a little frightened at my intensity. "I'm sure she's a perfectly good woman. Why, she's received everywhere——"

"Which is, of course, a convincing proof of her goodness," I interposed, and then added solemnly and with uplifted finger, "but Mrs. Bertram is something more than a good woman—she is On the Make. Do you mean to tell me that you haven't found that out yet?"

"I haven't noticed it—that is to say, I don't know what you mean."

"I'll tell you what I mean. She comes here with her carriage, under pretense of taking you out to drive, to cheat a poor, little, simple, hard-working woman like yourself out of her time, her business connection, her friends and her professional taste and knowledge, and then allows her to go home on foot in a storm that ruins her new bonnet. Now, my dear Mrs. Foxglove, will you do me a great favor and tell me why in the name of Heaven you keep talking about a mother's duties to her offspring whenever I warn you against such utterly worthless people as Mrs. Fenwick Bertram?"

"Because I do it all for the sake of my child. I know perfectly well that it's convenient for these women to have me go with them to the dressmakers' shops and put them on to some of the wrinkles that I've learned myself through my business. But I'm not doing this for myself. I'm doing it because I want Alice to know some desirable people when she grows up."

"In the name of Heaven!" I exclaimed angrily, "will nothing open your eyes to your own foolishness? Do you imagine that a cold-blooded, selfish, pushing woman like this Bertram creature could advance your daughter socially, even if she would? Do you know that of all human beings in this world there is no one who can approach in meanness, cruelty, heartless indifference to the rights and feelings of others and absolute general worthlessness the woman who is On the Make? Do you know that in the matter of benevolence the cuttlefish is a veritable Peter Cooper in comparison with her, and that a hyena leaves more on the bones of his victims, because the brute at least will not rob them of their sympathies as she will when she finds that they have neither purse nor scrip? In London you may see an entire Anglo-American colony made up of these women, and it resembles a basket of crabs more than anything else that I can think of. Each one of its members is clutching its immediate neighbors with its claws and with not a thing to feed on in the whole lot. Try to lift one of them up and a dozen will come along with it, and every one of them keenly On the Make. The early settlers of this country began the education of their children by teaching them to beware of rattlesnakes and bears, and it behooves you to——"

"A letter for you, Mrs. Foxglove, and the boy says there's an answer," said Bridget, suddenly entering the room.

I watched the little widow as she opened the note, and I can think of nothing but the old worn-out metaphor of the sun breaking through a mass of April clouds that can compare in any way with the smile that lit up her woebegone little face as she read her letter. I am sure now that Mrs. Foxglove can smile like that when she is alone, and there are very few women that I believe in to that extent.

FROM BEHIND THE CURTAINS SHE GAPED AT "MRS. FEN"

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MEN AND WOMEN

"A PLEASANT YOUNG CHAP"

The Admiral's Wish

THE recent interview of Admiral Dewey in which he said the American Navy had nothing to fear from Germany, and the pother kicked up by Germany about it, reminded the Admiral's friends of a similar interview he gave out on his way home from Manila to the triumphal reception in New York.

Somewhere on the cruise there came aboard the Olympia a newspaper correspondent with a letter of introduction to the Admiral from a common friend. The Admiral talked freely. The correspondent printed what he said. One sentiment was that, sooner or later, this country is to have a war with Germany.

After the interview was printed the Admiral stood by what he had said. As he is a sailor man and not a politician he did not try to impeach the reporter. Still, he thought there might possibly be an inquiry about the interview, either from this country or Germany, and he decided to prepare a statement, for he knew he should be very busy when he reached New York.

The Admiral thought about the statement for some days. Then he concluded what he wanted to say was this: "Yes, I said what the reporter quoted me as saying, and I hope I shall be alive when it happens."

Pauncefote's Pleasant Young Friend

SIR MICHAEL HERBERT, the new British Ambassador, does not believe in talking to the newspapers. He gives no interviews. In this respect he follows the precedent set by Sir Julian Pauncefote, whom he succeeded. Several of the Ambassadors at Washington give out authorized interviews on occasions, carefully revising the text after the chosen reporter has made a "story" of what they said.

A discussion of this rule of the British Embassy at a dinner party in Washington a night or two ago brought out the story of the only Pauncefote interview on record. One morning the Capital was surprised to find the British Ambassador quoted extensively in a New York newspaper. Sir Julian was as much astonished as anybody. Two colleagues found him at the Embassy reading and re-reading the interview.

"Most extraordinary!" said Sir Julian, "most extraordinary!"

"Did you say it?" asked one of the visitors.

"Why, yes," replied Sir Julian, "it represents my views correctly, but I talked to no one save a pleasant young chap who sat next to me on a tram car yesterday afternoon."

"He probably was a reporter," was suggested.

"Most 'extraordinary!" commented Sir Julian again. "Why, he had no notebook that I saw and he reproduces what I said most accurately. My word, but these American journalists are most remarkable, most remarkable."

After that Sir Julian never talked to "pleasant young chaps" on the tram cars.

Presidential Emphasis

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is the incarnation of emphasis, both physically and mentally, but he never goes beyond the bounds of propriety to add to the force of his language, although he often overleaps the conventions.

His favorite word of commendation is "bully." He uses it constantly. Not long ago, in referring to the wise and venerable Senator Platt, of Connecticut, he said, admiringly: "Now, isn't Platt a bully old boy?"

The President does not swear. Sometimes he says "By George!" and at rare intervals, when the situation is extremely grave, he exclaims, "By Jove!"

A Memorable Day

SOME time after the Battle of Manila Admiral Dewey was entertaining some visitors on board the Olympia. The flagship was at her prettiest. The brass work was brilliant and everything neat and shipshape.

One of the visitors, a gushing young woman from the United States, went into raptures.

"Oh, Admiral Dewey," she said, "what a beautiful ship!"

"Yes," assented the Admiral.

"OH, ADMIRAL," SHE SAID

"Charming," continued the young woman, "so wonderfully clean; and, Admiral, tell me, when did you bring the Olympia to Manila?"

"On May 1, last, Madam," replied the Admiral without raising an eyebrow.

Where Postmaster Payne Got His Gout

SENATOR MARK HANNA has a lame knee. The ailment has been described many times as the gout. It is nothing of the sort. The trouble is due to a fibrous growth that makes it extremely painful for the Senator to walk at times, and is always inconvenient.

A few days ago Postmaster-General Payne limped through the lobby of the Arlington Hotel in Washington. Senator Hanna was sitting in one of the big leather chairs.

"What's the matter with Payne?" asked a friend.

"He's got the gout—real, old-fashioned gout," Senator Hanna replied. "He came here from his rural retreat in Wisconsin and ate too much terrapin."

Senator Hanna paused. Then, with fine indignation, he said: "I don't know that I'm sorry for him. Why, when his friends began twitting him about having the gout he calmly told them he caught it from me."

A Daniel Come to Judgment

JOSEPH L. BRISTOW, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, and Senator Burton were political enemies out in Kansas, and are yet.

As soon as Mr. Burton was elected to the Senate he went to Washington to ask the President for Bristow's scalp.

"I am glad to see you, Senator Burton," said President McKinley, "glad to see you. It is a good thing to have strong young men in the Senate. I shall be glad to do anything I can for you."

KNEW WHAT WAS COMING

"That, Mr. President," said Senator Burton, "brings me to the point I want to make. I desire to speak to you concerning the Federal patronage."

President McKinley knew what was coming. He had been warned. "Certainly, Senator," he replied suavely, "certainly; whenever you have any good man you want placed, any good man—like Bristow, for instance—come and see me. Good-morning."

Bristow is in the Department yet and just now strong in the public view from the investigation he is conducting.

The Right Place to Begin

WHEN the political history of Maryland is written there will be a paragraph or two for the McComas-Mudd feud. It is now in progress, bitter and unrelenting. McComas was a United States Senator until March 4 last and Mudd is a Representative in Congress. Both are Republicans.

In the old days, though, they were bosom friends. McComas was the leader and Mudd a follower. One day they were dining together.

"Sydney," asked McComas, "how old is your boy?"

"Sixteen," replied Mudd proudly.

"My, my," said McComas, "I didn't think he was so old, but, I tell you, Sydney, when the time comes I'll do something handsome for that boy."

Mudd leaned over the table. "Mac," he said, "when you want to do anything for the Mudd family you forget the boy and begin with the old man."

Curtis' Permanent Investment

WILLIAM E. CURTIS, the newspaper correspondent and author, was an old friend of Eugene Field. They worked for the same Chicago paper. A few years before Field died he and Curtis were in St. Louis together and at the same hotel. About eleven o'clock one night, just as Curtis was getting ready for bed, Field came to his room and said: "Will, let me take fifty dollars. I have a party of friends downstairs and I sha'n't have enough money to pay my share of the bill unless you do."

Curtis gave Field the fifty dollars. Field did not mention the loan while they remained in St. Louis and went back to Chicago without paying it.

About a year afterward Curtis went to Chicago. Field had not paid back the money. While he was in his newspaper office Curtis went into Field's room. Field was effusively glad to see him.

"BEGIN WITH THE OLD MAN"

They talked of various things. Finally Curtis nerved himself to speak of the fifty dollars.

"My dear old chap," cried Field, "it had entirely slipped my mind. I hadn't thought of it since. Of course I remember it. I'll let you know about it to-morrow."

He did. Next day when Curtis was reading Field's column, "Sharps and Flats," he came across this paragraph:

"Mr. William E. Curtis, the distinguished Washington correspondent and literary man, is in Chicago looking after some of his permanent investments."

Senator Platt's Heroes of Fiction

BOYS who aspire to be detectives, Indian fighters, cowboys and road agents are not the only persons who buy and read the blood-and-thunder literature so profusely displayed on the news-stands.

Many staid and earnest citizens find mental relaxation in reading about the doings of Deadwood Dick and Old Nick Carter.

A few days before Congress adjourned Senator Platt, of Connecticut, met Representative Metcalfe, of California, in one of the corridors of the Capitol.

"Metcalfe," he asked, "do you read books?"

"Yes," Metcalfe replied, "some books."

"What kind of books do you read?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said Metcalfe apologetically, "I prefer detective stories to anything else."

"Old Sleuth?" asked Senator Platt.

"Yes."

"With a villain in 'em?"

"Yes."

Senator Platt chuckled. "So do I," he said, and then he stalked solemnly away.

According to the Directions

EVERY time a man without governmental experience goes into the Cabinet he is amazed to find he is expected to sign hundreds of letters about which he knows nothing. Usually, a new Secretary starts out bravely to read the letters that come to his desk, but this does not last long. In the Government service the men who do the letter signing turn the routine letter writing over to various subordinates and require the initials of those subordinates on the letters as a guarantee that they are all right.

When Secretary Shaw went into the Cabinet he had the usual experience. He found that twice a day a negro messenger brought in bales of typewritten letters, placed them before him, and stood ready to blot and remove them deftly after he had signed. On the second day the messenger came with his cargo of letters. The first one was a long, technical reply to an appraiser who had submitted a complicated customs problem, written by the Department expert. The Secretary read the letter carefully. It was Greek to him. He puzzled over it a minute and then said: "What's all this about? I am sure I don't know."

"SIGN HERE"

The negro messenger stood with blotter ready, fearful lest the Secretary should keep him after four o'clock. "Neither do I," he said, "but sign here."

The Secretary signed.

A Law-Abiding Citizen

REPRESENTATIVE J. A. T. HULL, of Iowa, sent some garden seeds from Washington to a constituent this spring. They came from the Department of Agriculture and were inclosed in one of the regular franked Government envelopes. On the corner of each of these envelopes appears this legend: "Penalty for private use, $300."

A few days later Mr. Hull received a letter from his constituent which read: "Dear Mr. Hull: I don't know what to do about those garden seeds you sent me. I notice it is $300 fine for private use. I don't want to use them for the public. I want to plant them in my private garden. I can't afford to pay $300 for the privilege. Won't you see if you can't fix it so I can use them privately, for I am a law-abiding citizen and do not want to commit any crime."

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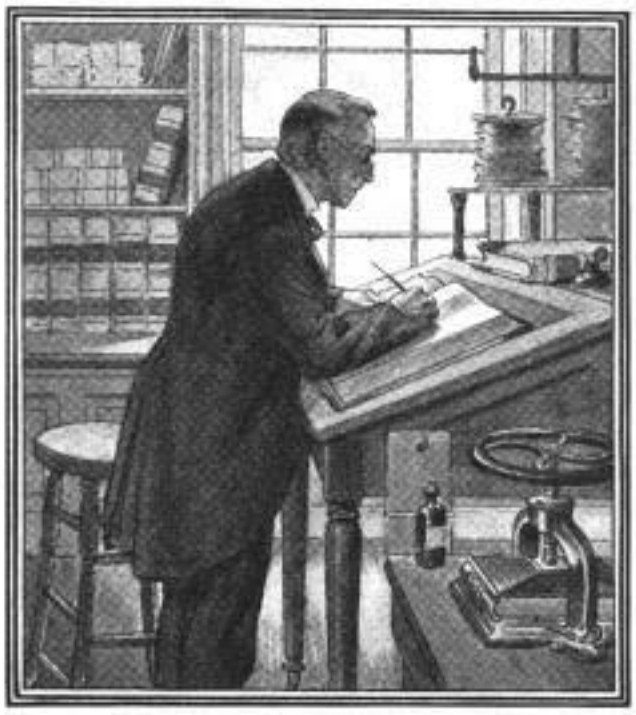
The Passing of Old Business Methods

HOW THE NEW OFFICE DIFFERS FROM THE OLD IN APPEARANCE, PERSONNEL AND EQUIPMENT

By A. W. Shaw



BENDING LABORIOUSLY OVER THESE IMPRESSIVE FOLIOS

HOW radical has been the revolution in business methods within recent years is perhaps best realized by bringing to mind a picture of a representative office of the old school in contrast with one of the modern type in which method has reached its highest attainment.

Rows and stacks of massive books, in bindings of leather, buckram or canvas that would have done good service as armor for a knight, are the most conspicuous and impressive objects in the unmodified old-school office. Their very bulk is awesome to the uninitiated, and the young candidate for honors in the accounting craft naturally looks upon the huge and pretentious tomes as little short of Sacred Books. The right to handle them is dignity enough for a novice, but the authority to contribute to their records is a goal for young ambition. These ponderous volumes sprawl over the generous spaces of high-standing desks. Bending laboriously over these impressive folios are men of mature years; serious, thoughtful men whose bearing betrays the conviction that the bookkeeper's craft is regarded in the dignity of a profession; men who hold in conscious pride their ability to carry in memory the remotest details of their business; men who have been well reared and well schooled; men who discharge their tasks with deliberation—possibly with facility also—and who have an air of modest importance in speaking of their ten, twenty, perhaps thirty, years of service. Their handwriting is that of the accomplished penman, their hands are thin and delicate, their bearing has a possible suggestion of "gentlemen of cloth." The young acolytes who serve under the old-school accountants take on the color and tone of their environment and preserve an attitude of grave respect to their superiors.

A heavy copy-press is manipulated by the beginner, who finds hours of employment in laboriously indexing, in the front of the book, the letters he has copied into the body of the volume, flapping and half-folding the leaves to accomplish this task.

If the office contains a typewriter it is of the ordinary pattern. Standing on desk tops and shelves are rows of yellow-backed letter files, or, if the office is of pronounced antiquity, the letters are neatly tied with colored tape into little bundles.

Where the old-school spirit, with its solemn pride and dignity, holds full sway, the furniture is of black walnut, rich with the tone of age and the polish of long usage. But the keynote of the old-school office is the massive, imposing bound book, a type of the old idea of stability and security in accounting.

Such are the aspect and atmosphere of the representative office of the old school. Thousands and tens of thousands of these business houses may be found to-day in every State and Territory; they are encountered in the thriving metropolis as well as in the small town. Upon the army of offices of this more pronounced old-school type the aggressive modern spirit of scientific method and up-to-date system in business is making constant inroad and effecting partial modifications, a gradual effacement of black-walnut tendencies and the ponderous dignity of leather-bound tomes.

Contrast this type of office with one which is ideal in every modern appointment—a model office of the latest kind in respect to both method and equipment.

Instantly the observant eye misses from the landscape of the new office the familiar mountain peaks that loomed so impressively in the old outlook: the great, bulky ledgers, journals and other volumes of record. Instead, the central feature is the modern filing case. Where the big books sprawled over long desks are trim little oaken trays with their sharply-focused complement of index cards. The long rows of unsightly paper-board filing cases are not in evidence, having been happily supplanted by the trim and attractive vertical filing cases. Various small machines and devices wholly foreign to the old-school office at once come into view of the observer, but among them is not to be seen the formidable old-fashioned copying-press.

The device in the model office which in appearance vaguely suggests the letter press is that for the duplication of typewritten "form" letters and circular letters—the "silent salesman," as it has aptly been called. Another piece of mechanism sure to command the attention of the observant investigator of the model office of latest type is the envelope sealer. Like all of the devices which make up the mechanical equipment of the complete up-to-date office, this envelope sealer is small, compact, and of artistic appearance.

Standing where it is most accessible to the busiest accountants is that marvel of modern ingenuity, the adding machine—a device which seems possessed of almost human intelligence and of more than human accuracy.

On the desks of those persons who handle correspondence is a device for stamping the day, hour and minute when the letter, order or document is officially received by the house. Not only is time the essence of all contracts, but in the nervous haste of business as it is done to-day time is also the essence of all transactions, and especially is it the very life of all correspondence. Consequently the time stamp is an essential part of the mechanism of the model office.

The Silent Salesman's Regiment

A FIRST lieutenant to the "silent salesman," or machine for the extensive duplication of typewritten "form letters," is a device for mechanically addressing the envelopes to firms or persons on the regular "house list." And a most interesting and valuable piece of office mechanism this is. Its work is performed with a swiftness calculated to put to shame the most skillful penman or operator of the typewriter.

Numerous rubber stamps, a machine for protecting bank checks against alteration, postal scales for keeping down the expenditures for postage stamps, a little grindstone for sharpening pencils, fountain pens, and various other devices complete the physical equipment of the ideal office.

But the change goes deeper than this; the personnel and the atmosphere of the place are wholly different from that of the typical office of the old school. An air of audacious youthfulness is instantly apparent. Venerable and dignified accountants no longer peer thoughtfully at you from their high stools. They are gone, leaving the field to girls and boys in their teens and to young men who press buttons, give quick, sharp orders and move as if there were not other days ahead. Gone is the atmosphere of quiet deliberation! Obliterated every trace of aristocratic black-walnut self-satisfaction. Everywhere is the spirit of push, dash, hustle!

Where once the manager almost deferentially consulted the old accountant—that oracle of memory—regarding his recollection of transactions, a girl in short skirts or a beardless lad in the pride of his first long trousers is told to bring the record from the filing case. Daily, if not hourly, the aggressive young man in authority is handed various form reports of the card or loose-leaf order which he scans with a quick, searching glance, and then issues a series of orders plainly indicating that the little card or leaf has given him a fresh survey of his business situation, that it has "in the twinkling of an eye" taken him to a high place from which he has secured a swift and sweeping outlook upon the kingdoms of opportunity immediately open before him.

Where have the fine, thoughtful and genteel old accountants in their black frock coats betaken themselves? Go into every big establishment which sends out thousands of envelopes addressed in longhand and you may see long tables at which are seated scores and hundreds of displaced accountants of the old school.

An advertisement inserted in the want columns of a New York or Chicago newspaper will any day bring half a

EVERYWHERE IS THE SPIRIT OF PUSH, DASH, HUSTLE!

hundred of these men to your desk. And you will find them content to earn a dollar a day, while the offer of twice that amount will startle their sad, wrinkled faces into something like the ghost of a smile.

Not long ago, in one of the great merchandizing houses of the East, I looked at a great room fitted with long tables at which were seated hundreds of these old accountants addressing envelopes. Their black garments were worn shiny, their home-laundered collars and cuffs were limp and frayed, their sober black neckties were the handiwork of faithful old wives, and their faces were all touched with the subdued gloom that belongs to the countenance of the vanquished.

"How much do they earn?" I asked the alert young man who had taken me to the room—a department manager whose salary was probably $10,000 a year.

"An average of perhaps a dollar a day. And most of them were fine accountants under the old order of things—intelligent, well-born, well-reared and often scholarly men. But they've fallen under the wheels of mechanical progress. They, the old veterans, have literally changed places with the mere novices of the business. They are doing the work that the green apprentice in his teens did in the old days and slips of girls and beardless boys are doing their work. Tough, isn't it?"

"Yes," I answered, "it's about the most pitiful sight I ever saw."

But the reason for their displacement was clear. They could not adapt themselves to new conditions and methods. Their attitude, training and traditions were wholly antagonistic to the new order and the new methods. They had held on to the old places at the top as long as they could, and had then dropped to the very bottom of the craft.

The Elimination of the Element of Error

ALREADY we have taken a glimpse of the equipment and the personnel of the model—1903—office; now let us go back of these and examine the methods that are distinctively of the latest day and hour. Following a natural order, first take the buying of goods: the old way was laboriously to write, in longhand, a letter, which was made of record by passing through the copying-press. The copy thus produced was often blurred and indistinct. Later, this was varied by using the typewriter, but still employing the copying-press. Now, in the ideal office, what is the process?

With a fountain pen or a typewriter specially adapted to manifolding, the order is written into the open spaces of a blank form. With one writing, or practically no additional labor for duplication, the record is manifolded as follows: original outgoing order; a duplicate for the receiving department; a card for following up the order and seeing that delivery is properly made. Often there is another duplicate for the special information of the executive having supervision of general expenditures.

There is great economy of time and labor in this process of manifolding, but its greatest advantage by far is in the absolute accuracy which it insures. There is no possible chance for mistakes in copying. All of the records must be absolutely identical because the duplication is mechanical. This principle has brought into use the open-panel envelope. Mistakes in addressing envelopes are much more frequent than mistakes in the superscription of orders, invoices and

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the like, because this labor, as a rule, is more carelessly and hurriedly done and because inclosures will be slipped into the wrong envelopes.

Any possibility of these blunders is forestalled by the use of the open-panel envelope, which has a rectangular opening, about three inches long and one inch wide, cut into the face of the envelope where the address would ordinarily be written.

The inclosures are of a size and form to bring, when folded, the name and address of the firm in the opening of the panel, like a picture in a frame. Not only does this save the addressing of the envelope, but prevents the possibility of mistakes in addressing, or of putting the inclosures into the wrong envelopes. These envelopes are used for purchase orders, invoices, acknowledgments, and almost all forms of accounting correspondence.

The duplicate of the purchase order sent to the receiving department is there checked, as the goods come in, and returned to the accounting desk for filing.

The modern system for carrying the stock of the ordinary wholesale business, for example, can be only briefly suggested here. Its pivotal point is that the record must be in the form of a *perpetual inventory*, made from the basis of the card duplicate of the purchase order. From the latter an analytical card record is made—one card for each article. These cards are filed between "guides" in an arrangement which makes it possible instantly to determine the itemized or the total purchases of any stock and the disbursements of stock by items and totals. Of course, goods are disbursed only on presentation of a requisition card showing the proper authority for distribution. The number of each requisition is noted on the stock card when the deduction of its amount from the total of that stock is made, as are also the numbers of the receiving slips when stock additions are recorded.

No modern merchandizing establishment, however small, will be without a stockkeeper. He may be assigned additional duties if the duties of his position are not sufficient to occupy all his time. Sound methods dictate that the merchant shall do business upon the smallest stock possible without the danger of discommoding customers, as depreciation of stock and loss of interest on the amount invested in surplus goods eat into profits. The new method involves a mechanical system which shall automatically indicate the low points and the high points in stock by signals which cheap help can understand. Maximum and minimum limits on each stock are established by the responsible executive. The stock cards are so tagged, by a little metal indicator moving along the top, that low, normal and high limits are indicated at a glance. Those showing the danger points at the two extremes are each day picked out by the girl or boy attending to these cards and are taken to the stock manager. Instantly he has the whole situation under his eye. His time is not taken up by long investigations to acquire this information. He is free to earn his salary by *thinking* in the interests of the house.

How Modern Correspondence is Handled

THE selling system of a fairly modern house is too vast a subject to be more than suggested here. First consider the correspondence. Not long ago I went into an Eastern office which embodied all the old-school traditions. The man who turned out eight or ten letters a day thought he had done well. Every line was framed with as much study as if he had not done hundreds of such letters before. He did not get above his correspondence and see that his letters naturally divided themselves into distinct classes. In the model office, to-day, this analysis is carried to a fine point. Trained correspondents dictate the letters. Often their dictation is sprinkled by references like this: "Form 3, paragraph 10." This refers the stenographer to a set of "model letters" carefully framed to meet constantly recurring conditions. Often a large house pays a "Correspondence Expert" a handsome fee to write for each department a set of these model letters. Again, in dictating answers to letters, the original is simply numbered in pencil by the correspondent, and the stenographer later gets from the original the name and address of the person or house for which the answer is intended. This saves much of the time of the man who has scores or hundreds of letters to dictate each day. Letters and carbon duplicates of answers are filed together in a vertical filing case, and are indexed—perhaps several times cross-indexed—in the cards which furnish the key to the vertical files.

Customers are the basis of all commercial operations, consequently of all schemes for indexing the correspondence of a business. Open the drawer of the customer's card index in the model office and what do you see? Ordinarily a set of colored guide-cards bearing the names of States; between these are customers' cards arranged in alphabetical order. This is the most ordinary and elemental arrangement. Sometimes, however, the names of the traveling men employed by the house appear on the guide-cards with sub-indexing according to cities and towns within that salesman's territory. Another arrangement is according to lines of business. Each customer's card presents a complete picture of his relations with the house, showing the amount of his purchases for each month and for a period of years. A glance shows, for example, that he bought fewer goods, by far, this month than last, and that his purchases for February, 1903, were $1000 less than for February, 1902. That customer needs a careful letter of inquiry, and the traveling man to whose list he belongs needs a sharp reminder.

A Calendar that Almost Thinks

WHAT is called the "follow-up" cabinet generally contains a list of actual and of prospective customers. To the former are sent quotations, new catalogues, announcements, reminders, and all kinds of form letters adapted to those already having active relations with the house. To the possible customers are sent circulars, booklets and a variety of follow-up literature. Running across the top of each card is a "traveling calendar" consisting of a horizontal row of figures and a "sliding tag." The purpose of this arrangement is to enable the clerk instantly to select from a drawer full of cards those bearing names and addresses to which literature should be simultaneously sent. For example, let us suppose this to be the fifth of the month. The person addressing follow-up literature opens the drawer, readily locates the first tag resting on "5" and removes it. Of course, all the other tags resting on the same figure are the same distance from the left-hand edge of the card and are picked out as rapidly as the fingers can move. As each piece of literature is addressed the tag on the corresponding card is moved forward to the figure indicating the next date on which the customer should again hear from the house.

The movements of salesmen are kept track of by means of a map spotted with tags. This is to keep the salesmen posted with reminders for special calls and other information calculated to influence him to go outside his regular routine. Salesmen are also furnished with a "quotation" pad. Whenever one quotes a price he is not only obliged to put it "in black and white," but the record is manifolded in triplicate—one copy for the customer, one to be retained by the salesman and one (in the form of a card) for the house. There it is attached to the customer's card and is the basis for a careful "follow-up" of the quotation. This makes salesmen conservative in quoting prices, prevents collusion between customer and salesman, and prevents possibility of mistake or dispute.

System makes for exactness, for facility, for conservatism; and the wholesaler should feel it as much his duty as his advantage persistently to educate his customers in better methods. This will make his own work easier and the business of his customer sounder.

From the customer's cards are made up the analytical records, upon which the management may well spend hours of the most careful thought. "Bulk" comparisons are misleading. One salesman may sell, at ruling prices, twice the goods of another, and yet may make but half the profit to his employers. Let me take the case of a large paint house. Net profits on mixed paints were large; on varnishes they were small. A salesman made a big showing in bulk sales, but the analytical card record showed that he had made the house much less money than the salesman with a very modest total showing, but who was "strong on mixed paints." Every weak point is brought out by a properly devised "analytical card record" which shows where to push and where to relax. It also reveals the special conditions as to trade, cost of transportation, etc., in each locality.

Under the old régime the entries in the "order book" were checked, stamped or "crossed off" as filled; then the book was sent to the accounting-room to serve as the basis for the invoices. There was constant friction between the shipping and accounting departments over the use of the book, and consequently perpetual inconvenience. Now the order is manifolded, giving one "loose-leaf" copy to the sales department, one to the shipping clerk, one is retained in the order department, and perhaps another for some special official. The same duplicating process makes the bills of lading and the shipping tags, and again it produces, at a single stroke, the invoice, the statement, the blank for the credit and collecting department and the entry on the sales journal—the latter being made up of "loose leaves" until securely bound together in binder or cover. Compare this with the old method of perpetual copying and recopying, with the errors and loss of time inevitably involved. In the ideal office this will be carried still further, another duplicate "leaf" from the invoice record being filed in a system of drawers to serve as a ledger.

In following up accounts the "traveling calendar" serves as a mechanical reminder and classifier as effectively as in the matter of "follow-up" literature. A color scheme of the tags indicates the condition of the accounts—a red tag, for example, showing the account to have been placed in the hands of the attorney.

Of course, all funds received and expended should be put through the bank. There is no exception to this rule in the model office. In the ideal office the cash or bank journal will be a most important factor in accounting. This will be a loose-leaf affair with a perpendicular perforation. A portion of it laps over so that the column containing the amounts of checks, drafts, money orders, currency and other forms of remittances will be produced in duplicate, while the names of the parties making payment and the column for stamps, discounts or miscellaneous deductions will not be duplicated. The latter section, after the sheet has been torn along the line of perforation, is retained by the depositor and forms a complete record of receipts, from which postings are made to the individual accounts. The other part, which is sent to the bank, records only the funds for deposit, the figures being mechanically duplicated. This makes the bank check up the depositor's books. There is no chance for difference between your own account and the deposit slip, no opportunity for transposition of figures with awkward complications at the bank. Here, also, is where the swift and certain adding machine makes itself useful.

The Close-Range System of Accounting

IN THE old-school office the purchase ledger was made up by copying the items from incoming bills into the journal and then posting. Under the present practice, the original bills are pasted upon sheets or leaves of a "loose-leaf" book and the amounts are entered at "close range," in debit and credit columns at the right, each sheet being numbered and each bill on the sheet being lettered or numbered consecutively in the corner. In the purchase journal, where the accounts are distributed, these numbers serve as marks of identification and the entering of names is unnecessary.

From the "loose-leaf" books which I have described the accounts are posted, at the end of the month, into the general ledger of the house. With accuracy in posting the totals from the sheets the general ledger is almost bound to balance, because the items of the "loose-leaf" journals have been produced by the manifold process and the additions have been mechanical.

Perhaps the keynote of the modern office—aside from accuracy and dispatch—is the elimination of expensive help. Where, under the old system, five good accountants at twenty-five dollars a week were required, now the same labor is more easily and efficiently done by one good man at thirty-five dollars and four cheap assistants at four dollars to ten dollars. This is not a pleasing prospect from a strictly humanitarian viewpoint, but it is business, and we cannot circumvent the laws of progress, however much we may be puzzled in deciphering its compensations and its final relation to universal justice.

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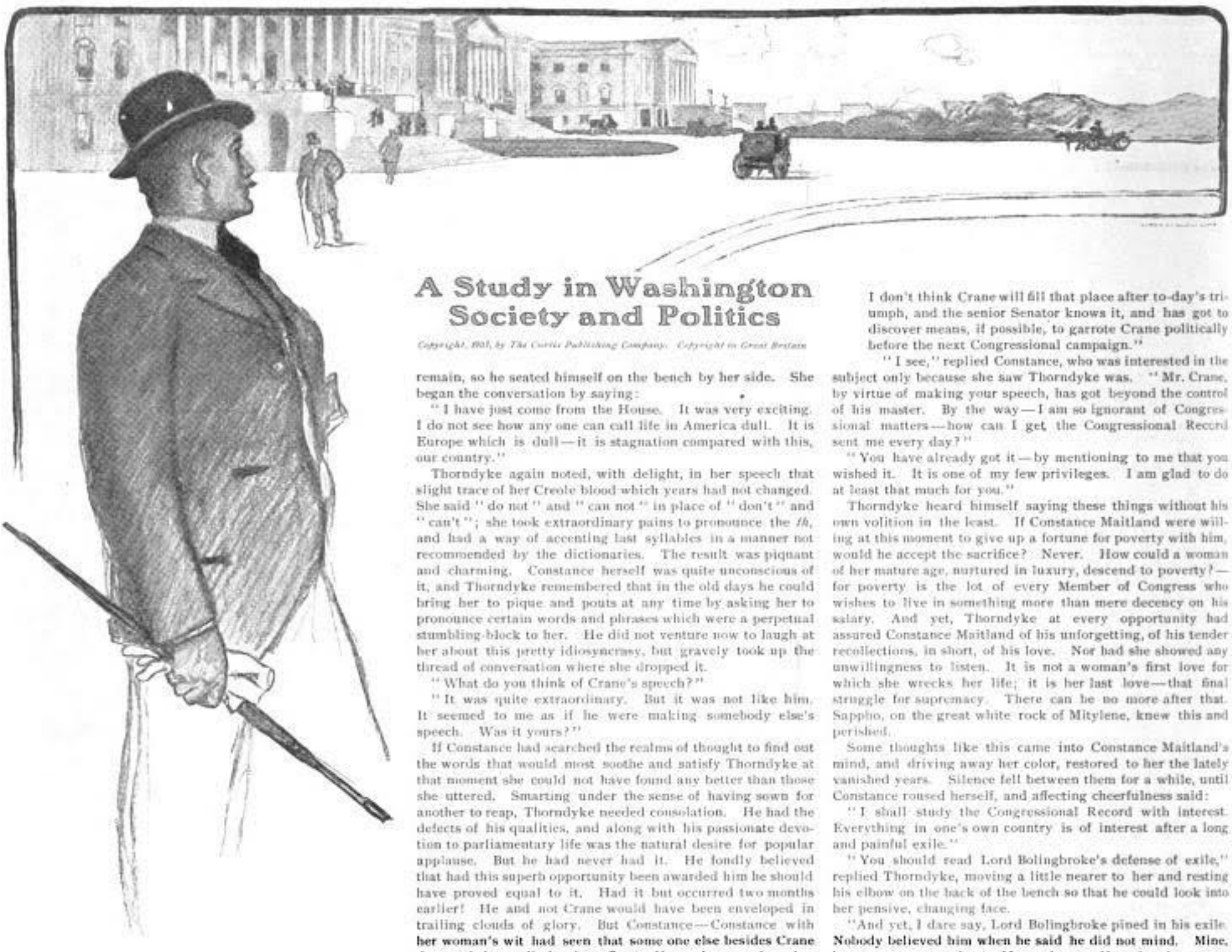
Despotism and Democracy



A Study in Washington Society and Politics

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CHAPTER II

OUT in the spring sunshine, that flooded the plaza and the parklike gardens and blazed upon the golden dome of the fair white National Library, visible beyond the fringe of great green trees, Thorndyke looked about him for Constance Maitland. She was just stepping into a smart little brougham with a good-looking pair of brown cobs, and drove away toward the quiet, shady, beautiful but unfashionable part of the town at the east.

The carriage went slowly and Thorndyke, pursuing it, saw it stop a few blocks from the Capitol, by one of those parks large enough for one to wander in and feel alone as if in the woods. Constance descended from the carriage holding her skirts daintily, and walked into the park. Thorndyke boldly followed her—she had said to-morrow—and this was to-morrow.

He came upon her in a few minutes in a little open space, shut in, except for the pathway on every side, by shrubbery. The grass was full of daisies which had just put on their little white shirts and yellow caps, and a pair of robins hopped about with as much gayety and freedom as if they were country robins instead of town robins.

Constance was sitting on a rusty iron bench, a little in the shade. She had taken off her gloves, and her hands, small and innocent of rings, lay in her lap. She seemed to be day-dreaming, as if she were eighteen instead of thirty-eight years of age. Thorndyke was pleased to see that by the searching light of day she did not look nearly so young as in the mysterious night. But she was not the less charming on that account—she had simply reached the fullness of her development in mind, in feeling, and even in beauty.

As Thorndyke took off his hat and bowed to her he received a distinct invitation, by means of her eyes and smile, to remain, so he seated himself on the bench by her side. She began the conversation by saying:

"I have just come from the House. It was very exciting. I do not see how any one can call life in America dull. It is Europe which is dull—it is stagnation compared with this, our country."

Thorndyke again noted, with delight, in her speech that slight trace of her Creole blood which years had not changed. She said "do not" and "can not" in place of "don't" and "can't"; she took extraordinary pains to pronounce the *th*, and had a way of accenting last syllables in a manner not recommended by the dictionaries. The result was piquant and charming. Constance herself was quite unconscious of it, and Thorndyke remembered that in the old days he could bring her to pique and pouts at any time by asking her to pronounce certain words and phrases which were a perpetual stumbling-block to her. He did not venture now to laugh at her about this pretty idiosyncrasy, but gravely took up the thread of conversation where she dropped it.

"What do you think of Crane's speech?"

"It was quite extraordinary. But it was not like him. It seemed to me as if he were making somebody else's speech. Was it yours?"

If Constance had searched the realms of thought to find out the words that would most soothe and satisfy Thorndyke at that moment she could not have found any better than those she uttered. Smarting under the sense of having sown for another to reap, Thorndyke needed consolation. He had the defects of his qualities, and along with his passionate devotion to parliamentary life was the natural desire for popular applause. But he had never had it. He fondly believed that had this superb opportunity been awarded him he should have proved equal to it. Had it but occurred two months earlier! He and not Crane would have been enveloped in trailing clouds of glory. But Constance—Constance with her woman's wit had seen that some one else besides Crane deserved the credit for that effort. He made no reply to her questions beyond a slight smile, but he let it be seen that she had hit the white.

"Mr. Crane tells me he knows you," he said presently.

"Yes," answered Constance. "He has been a few times to see me. Last night I met him at the ball at the British Embassy. I danced with him."

"He owned up to me some time ago that he was taking dancing lessons—at forty-two, with a wife and children in Circleville. I fancy his performance answers the description that Herodotus gives of the dancing of Hippoclides—it is diverting to himself, but disgusting to others."

"On the contrary, he dances very well—when he is not trying to do his best. Perhaps you are surprised that I should still care to dance—but remember, pray, my mother was Creole French."

And to this Thorndyke made a speech which brought the blood into Constance Maitland's cheeks, knocking ten years off her age at once.

"I remember everything," he said.

After a moment's pause Constance, still with a heightened color, continued:

"I have seen Mr. Crane several times this winter—not only in my own house, but in others. Whenever I am with him I am consumed with pity for him."

"He does not need your pity now," said Thorndyke grimly. "It is more needed by his senior Senator who is the fly-wheel of the political machine in his State. The old gentleman, I know, is at this minute walking the floor in his committee-room and gnashing his teeth over Crane's success."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself—ungenerous creature!" hastily interjected Constance.

"Senator Bicknell took Crane up, sent him to Congress and thought he had secured a really efficient understrapper. I don't think Crane will fill that place after to-day's triumph, and the senior Senator knows it, and has got to discover means, if possible, to garrote Crane politically before the next Congressional campaign."

"I see," replied Constance, who was interested in the subject only because she saw Thorndyke was. "Mr. Crane, by virtue of making your speech, has got beyond the control of his master. By the way—I am so ignorant of Congressional matters—how can I get the Congressional Record sent me every day?"

"You have already got it—by mentioning to me that you wished it. It is one of my few privileges. I am glad to do at least that much for you."

Thorndyke heard himself saying these things without his own volition in the least. If Constance Maitland were willing at this moment to give up a fortune for poverty with him, would he accept the sacrifice? Never. How could a woman of her mature age, nurtured in luxury, descend to poverty?—for poverty is the lot of every Member of Congress who wishes to live in something more than mere decency on his salary. And yet, Thorndyke at every opportunity had assured Constance Maitland of his unforgetting, of his tender recollections, in short, of his love. Nor had she showed any unwillingness to listen. It is not a woman's first love for which she wrecks her life; it is her last love—that final struggle for supremacy. There can be no more after that. Sappho, on the great white rock of Mitylene, knew this and perished.

Some thoughts like this came into Constance Maitland's mind, and driving away her color, restored to her the lately vanished years. Silence fell between them for a while, until Constance roused herself, and affecting cheerfulness said:

"I shall study the Congressional Record with interest. Everything in one's own country is of interest after a long and painful exile."

"You should read Lord Bolingbroke's defense of exile," replied Thorndyke, moving a little nearer to her and resting his elbow on the back of the bench so that he could look into her pensive, changing face.

"And yet, I dare say, Lord Bolingbroke pined in his exile. Nobody believed him when he said he did not mind. Mine, however, was complete. My uncle, von Hesselt, who was an honorable man in his way, thought he was carrying out my aunt's wishes by keeping me wholly away from all Americans and wholly with foreigners."

"But you could have left him after you were of age."

"Ah, you do not know! He was the most terrible sufferer you can imagine for fifteen years. And what was worse, he was surrounded by people, his own relatives, who, I truly believe, would have shortened his life if they could. He knew this, and feared it even more than was reasonable. Once my longing for my country became such that it overcame me, and I told my uncle I must, I must come to America. He pleaded with me—imagine an old man, whose life was one long stretch of pain and fear, pleading with you until he fell prone in a paroxysm of despair? I, too, was in despair, and I promised him I would remain with him during his life—I hardly knew what I was saying—I was not twenty-one at the time—but I knew well enough after it was said. I kept my word, and I nursed him through his last illness and closed his eyes in death. Then, as soon as all was over, I sailed for America. I feel now as if I never wished to see Europe again."

"And did Baron von Hesselt realize the enormous sacrifice you made for him?"

"Yes—that is, partly."

"Your aunt certainly was most unjust to you," said Thorndyke coolly. "I mean that provision robbing you of all your fortune in case you marry an American."

"Yes, very unjust," replied Constance with equal coolness, although the flush returned to her cheeks.

"And I—I was to blame for that," cried Thorndyke, venturing further upon ticklish ground.

"Not altogether," replied Constance, maintaining the steadiness of her voice. "My aunt hated our country—she

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belonged to the old régime at the South—she could not forget the Civil War—and she meant—poor soul, I forgive her now—that I should never return to America permanently. It was a strange thing to do—but I must admit my aunt to have been in some respects both a strange and a foolish woman. Let us not speak of her again. I am back, and if I feel as I do now I shall never live in Europe again. It is time for me to prepare to grow old."

She said this with a wan little smile, and all at once thought with terror of her age—there was but four or five years' difference between Thorndyke and herself, and that difference, at a certain point, becomes transferred to the gentleman's side of the ledger. Suddenly the spring afternoon seemed to become melancholy and overcast. A sharp wind sprang up from the near-by river—the world turned from gold to gray. At the same moment Thorndyke and Constance rose and walked away from the spot that had been only a little while ago so sweet and sunny.

"Why is it," asked Constance, as they followed the pathway leading out of the park, "a spring morning is the merriest thing in life, and a spring evening the saddest?"

"Why should anything be sad to you—spring evenings or any other times?" asked Thorndyke, quietly and with perfect sincerity.

"Why should any one be sad at all? Because we are human, I suppose," was Constance's answer to this.

As they came out upon the streets, which were less deserted than usual, Thorndyke looked toward the south wing of the Capitol. The flag was fluttering down from its flagstaff.

"The House has adjourned," he said, "and some history has been made to-day—likewise a great reputation for our friend Crane."

The brougham was driving up and down, and the coachman perceiving the graceful black figure on the sidewalk drove toward them. Thorndyke observed, with disgust, the elegance of the turnout—the two perfectly matched cobs, the silver-mounted harness of Spanish leather, the miniature brougham with "C. M." in cipher on the panels—the whole must have cost about half his yearly income. This, together with Crane's remarkable triumph, made him surly, and he said stiffly, as he assisted Constance into the brougham:

"You gave me permission to call to-day."

"Yes, but I withdraw it. It is now nearly three o'clock. I have not had my luncheon, I am tired and I must rest this afternoon, and I go out to dinner. To-morrow at five."

Her tone and manner discounted her words. It was as if she were saying: "I must save something for to-morrow—I will not be a spendthrift of my joys." Thorndyke, finding nothing to discompose him in her words, replied, in a very good humor:

"It is always to-morrow—but to-morrow is better than not at all. Good-by."

The brougham rolled off, and Thorndyke stepped aboard a street car bound for the west end.

At the Capitol plaza a great crowd got on, among them the two gentlemen whom Thorndyke affectionately described as his boss and Crane's boss. The two men stood together on the platform outside. Both of them revealed in their faces their mastery of men and affairs, for your true boss is necessarily a very considerable man. Senator Standiford, Thorndyke's boss, had an iron jaw, but his face was not altogether without a touch of ideality. Senator Bicknell, Crane's boss, had likewise a determined face, but his forehead and eyes betrayed the human weakness of liking clever men as his instruments. Both men were millionaires. Senator Standiford lived in three rooms at a hotel, rode in street cars, indulged his only daughter to the point of prodigality and gave liberally of his money to campaign funds, charities and his poor relations, but was never known to part with an atom of his power if he could help it. Senator Bicknell fared sumptuously every day, had a splendid house and gorgeous carriages, only rode in the street cars for a lark and was reported to be a skinflint in money matters, and somewhat foolishly lavish in giving away his power. The two men exchanged some words which Thorndyke, wedged inside as he was, could not but hear. Senator Standiford was saying to his colleague:

"S. M. & L. stock must be going down when *you* ride in a street car."

"I lost one of my coach-horses last night," replied Senator Bicknell, "and can't use my carriage to-day."

"Misfortunes never come singly," said Senator Standiford enigmatically, then adding, "I suppose it's in order to congratulate you on the success of your protégé, Crane, to-day?"

Thorndyke could scarcely keep from laughing at the look of chagrin which came over Senator Bicknell's countenance.

"Y-yes," he answered dubiously.

"Don't get in a panic," kept on Senator Standiford with rude good humor; "I know how it is with those fellows. Crane thinks from this day forth that you are a back number, an old fogy, and a dead cock in the pit. He will go into what he considers a grooming process for the next two years—oh, I know those fellows! He will kick up a lot of dust in the gubernatorial convention, will make a great display of not wanting the nomination, and will bide his time until your term expires. Then he will find it is a gruelling and not a grooming he has had, and he will get a small bunch of votes, but I don't think you need take the fellow seriously."

At this last sentence Senator Bicknell's face shone like the sun. It shone the more when Senator Standiford kept on:

"There's no reason to fear a man who makes a good speech——"

"I am in no fear of any one," gravely replied Senator Bicknell, who thought it essential to his dignity to say so much.

"It's the strong debater who is likely to become formidable. There's Thorndyke now—Crane has made the speech—largely Thorndyke's—but he is totally unequal to the running fire of debate. Thorndyke could do him up inside of ten minutes. Luckily for him, the debate will not be fierce—and Thorndyke will really conduct it."

A PREMEDITATED MEETING ON THE SENATOR'S PART

"Mr. Thorndyke is a very able man," said Senator Bicknell, as if thinking aloud.

"Yes, but totally without ambition," replied Senator Standiford gravely—and Thorndyke, within the car, laughed.

It was, however, no laughing matter, but Thorndyke, having chosen his rôle for better or for worse, could only cleave to it, forsaking all others. But he would see Constance Maitland the next day at five o'clock. There was balm in Gilead—or hasheesh in the pipe, he knew not exactly which.

CHAPTER III

LIFE is a battle and a march—especially public life. Thorndyke waked the next morning prepared for both a battle and a march. A glance at the morning newspapers showed that the country was entirely with the Congress, and the people, having given their orders, would see to it that these orders were promptly obeyed. The Continental press of Europe with few exceptions barked furiously. The French newspapers alone retained dignity and good sense, pointing out the inevitable trend of events, and advised that, instead of abusing the United States, they should copy it in that system which had made it great, not by war, but by peace. The English newspapers were fair, but in some of them bitterness was expressed at England being shouldered out of her place as the greatest of the world powers by the young giant of the West. There was in all of them, however, a note of triumph, that this first place had been lost only to an offshoot of the sturdy parent stock. This sentiment is often ridiculed as a peculiarly absurd form of national self-love, but there is, in reality, nothing ridiculous about it. As long as self-love is a part of nations and individuals so long will each nation and each individual strive to share in the general stock of glory, achievement and success. In the American newspapers the man most prominent was Crane. He was compared to Henry Clay, to Stephen A. Douglas, to any and every American public man who had early in life made a meteoric rise in Congress. He was represented as the embodiment of youth with the wisdom of age. One newspaper reckoned him to be a political Chatterton and called him "the Wondrous Boy." His beauty was lauded, his voice, his delivery, the fit of his trousers; and one enthusiastic journal in Indianapolis promptly nominated him for the Presidency. Thorndyke searched the newspapers carefully and did not find his own name once mentioned. He reflected upon Horace Greeley's remark that fame is a vapor.

Disappointing as it was to him to feel that another had reaped his harvest it did not give him acute pain; for he had waked that morning with the agreeable consciousness which comes occasionally to every human being—that the world is more interesting to-day than it was yesterday; that consciousness which illuminates the cold, gray stage of life and indicates that the lights are about to be turned up and the play to begin. The kind tones of Constance Maitland's voice were still in Thorndyke's ears, and the unmistakable look of interest in her soft eyes had visited him in dreams. He was no nearer marrying her than he had been at any time during the past eighteen years; the same obstacle was there—a very large, real, terrifying and obvious obstacle—but there was also a sweet and comforting suspicion in his mind that Constance, as well as himself, had cherished the idyl of their youth. And then, by daylight, she did not look so preposterously girlish as she had looked by moonlight and in ball dress. This gave Thorndyke considerable pleasure as he brushed the remnants of his hair into positions where they would do the most good. Her apparent advantage of him in the matter of youth and good looks had been disturbing to him at first. She still had much of youth and much good looks, but yet, a man with scanty hair and a grayish mustache would not look like an old fool beside her as he had feared.

Thorndyke, according to his custom, walked to the Capitol. The morning, like most spring mornings in Washington, was as beautiful as the first morning in the garden of Eden. He chose unfrequented streets, and passing under the long green arcades had only the trees for his companionship on his walk.

Instead of reaching the building by way of the plaza Thorndyke chose rather to ascend the long flights of steps leading upward from terrace to terrace on the west front. It is a way little used, but singularly beautiful with its lush greenness of shrubbery, and the noble view both of the building and the fair white city embosomed in trees, spread out like a dream city before the eye. Half-way up Thorndyke saw Senator Standiford sitting on one of the iron benches placed on the falls of the terrace. Thorndyke was surprised to see him there, and it occurred to him at once that it was a premeditated meeting on the Senator's part.

He was a tall, ugly old man with chin whiskers, but his appearance was redeemed by the power which spoke from his strongly marked face, and by his punctilious, old-fashioned dress and extreme neatness. He wore a silk hat made from a block he had used for thirty years. His coat, gray and wide-skirted, seemed of the same vintage, and his spotless collar of antique pattern, and his large black silk necktie might have been worn by Daniel Webster himself. A big pair of gold spectacles and a gold-headed cane completed a costume which was admirably harmonious, and produced the effect of an old lady in 1903 with the side curls and cap of 1853.

(Continued on Page 24)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The hypocrite is too good to be true.

¶ The proof of the home is in the nursery.

¶ Curiosity loves to mask as tender solicitude.

¶ A man who wears diamonds is seldom a jewel.

¶ He who fears ridicule is at the mercy of every fool.

¶ If you don't know how, ask the first man you meet.

¶ Only the successful have the work of responding to encores.

¶ The merchant who does not advertise never needs the rest cure.

¶ Strong measures are the first resort of the weak; the last of the strong.

¶ Beauty may be only skin-deep, but the knowledge of it is very penetrating.

¶ If it were not for fighting shadows we should be strong enough for realities.

¶ The early-going habit is a good one, but modern servants carry it to extremes.

¶ No man can count the stars, but many men think they can comprehend the universe.

¶ The great statesman is rarely recognized until events have made him indispensable.

¶ A man never argues so well as when convincing himself that his pet extravagance is really an economy in disguise.

¶ One of life's inscrutable mysteries is why the average widow believes that a ten-dollar husband is entitled to a two-hundred-dollar casket.

Much Ado About Nothing

WE REALLY seem to be developing a very pretty quarrel with Germany out of absolutely nothing at all. When we began matching navies with the Kaiser the thing was rather a joke. But they have such deadly serious editors and officers in Berlin that the American brand of humor is as dangerous there as baled guncotton. When the Hochwohlgeborener Generallieutenant Graf von Rivenlow hears that our tactful Dewey has said that our Caribbean squadron could thrash the whole German Navy, his mustaches bristle belligerently and he hammers the table with his stein while he proves that the American Navy is a collection of antiquated junk, that its manœuvres are childish, that its gunners can't shoot, and that its mongrel crews are deserting by shiploads. Then the German editors mutter "Ganz gut!" and ink flows like beer in every sanctum in Berlin.

There are amusing features of this paper warfare, but it has its painful side, too. Of course, we can hardly help laughing when the American Navy, with its century and a quarter of vigorous activity, and its splendid record of victory in eight wars, is accused of "immaturity" and the "faults of childhood" by the subjects of an empire thirty-two years old whose flag has never floated in a real naval battle. And our sense of humor is tickled, too, when we see the identical criticisms that lulled the Spaniards into their fatal security repeated word for word as if the history of 1898 were a blank. Nevertheless, we are not without fault for the present deplorable friction between the German and American people. We ought to have treated the Kaiser's amicable advances with more respect. We ought to have carefully refrained from saying anything that could cause ill-feeling in Germany. National animosities are more dangerously inflamed by insults than by injuries. It may be true that Germany's secret aspirations are inconsistent with our national policy. It may be true that her naval program was framed for future use against the United States. These things, if we believed them to be so, would give cause for watchfulness, and for quiet naval preparations of our own, but not for offensive talk.

For the past four years the attitude of the German Government toward us has been not only correct but friendly, and not only friendly but cordial. It is our duty to accept its assurances at their face value, and not to display any doubt of its good faith until it gives us cause to do so. Meanwhile, no country can take offense if on general principles we bring our navy up to a proper standard. It would be perfectly harmless, and might be useful to the world at large, for an American admiral to inform mankind that our fleet was strong enough to defend the Monroe Doctrine and the Panama Canal against any force that might attempt to interfere with either of them. It is unnecessary and offensive to announce that our navy can lick the Kaiser's with one hand tied behind its back. Both Germans and Yankees are pretty good fellows, and a really serious quarrel between them would be a calamity to the world.

Some Moral Antitoxins

NOW that the Easter vacation is over and the boys have gone back to school, the house suddenly grows silent and empty, and you and your wife sit down to the quiet meals with a dull tug at your hearts.

It is likely that all your work for years and all your hopes for the rest of your life have gone into the making up of those two big hobbledehoys. They are to have the chance that you missed; they are to have the learning, the ease of manner, the fortune and the fame which did not come to you. You forget now all the plans that you once made for your own development, but you know just how much money you must stint and lay by at home presently to give Tom a couple of years' study under German specialists and Bob a finish at Oxford. The boys are to you the flower of humanity—though your neighbor finds them, compared to his Jim, dull and loutish cubs. Nor does it ever occur to you that in every house in the world some such miracle of perverted vision is going on—for God's good purposes.

There are two or three facts about these boys, however, which you are apt to overlook. One is that they are not only your dependents and your imitators, but your judges.

When your children are about eight years old they suddenly waken to the truth that you are not a god nor an infallible Pope, but human like themselves. Their eyes are on you if you break into a rage or let slip an oath or a lie. That code of perfect living, that love to God and to man which you have been teaching them—do you live up to it? Even that child upon your knee finds you guilty sometimes. But when Tom and Bob come back from school to read you with a boy's keen, instructed eyes, it is not well for you if you have made clean your face and forgotten some vile dead secret inside your heart.

Another hint: Don't force Tom into a medical school or Bob into the law because that suits your plans or convenience. The fact that you have given up your life for theirs does not give you control over their lives. If your boy is born with irresistible dominating talent for any art or trade, thank God and at once set him at it. If not, study his abilities and give them a free chance. Better he should make a false start in life than feel in his old age that he had been driven by others like a donkey from the beginning. A man who had been long the controller of large affairs once said:

"A young man's success or failure in life does not depend so much on his talents or chances as on his temperament. Your cheery, vain, self-reliant fellow will leave his despondent, humble-minded brother who has twice his ability far behind in the race."

If Tom is given to brag and swagger, snub him. But if Bob lags behind, always doubtful of himself, don't be afraid to inoculate him with self-respect; give him work for a time in which he will have authority over men who are his inferiors.

There are antitoxins for poisons of the soul as well as the body, if we are wise enough to use them.

A National Fit of Indigestion

A GOOD deal of fun has been poked at Mr. Morgan recently for saying that the only obstacle to the further expansion of our prosperity is the mass of "undigested securities." It is undoubtedly a peculiar phrase, and instantly lends itself to such humorous suggestions as that the reasons for the securities being "undigested" is the usual reason for failure to digest—indigestibility. But anything can be turned into a joke—happily—and the jests do not affect the expressiveness of the phrase or its accuracy in describing the peculiar conditions now prevailing in this country.

The big financiers have organized within a few years a very large number of enormous enterprises. Now, the business of a financier is not to create enterprises for the purpose of keeping them, but to create them for sale to the investing public. The investing public is satisfied with the interest and dividends, the four to eight per cent. regularly coming in; the financier wants the larger profit that comes to him who thinks out new projects and puts them into effect, and disposes of the results that he may release his capital for larger profits which he had to put off until his capital had grown. If he cannot dispose of his completed project his capital continues locked up in it and brings him only interest or dividends at the small rate; and the larger projects must wait.

That was what Mr. Morgan meant by "undigested securities." Large enterprises have been undertaken so rapidly that the financiers have on their hands enormous quantities of stocks and bonds which they cannot dispose of and so free their capital for the still larger enterprises which the rapidly developing resources of the country have brought into view. And the big financiers are impatiently waiting for the country to "digest" the securities so that they may put their capital where it can earn forty and fifty per cent. and more—the large returns that have ever come to the man who has the three great qualities for large business enterprises: capital, courage and common-sense.

There are two aspects of this condition of tardy digestion—one cheerful, the other not so cheerful.

The cheerful aspect is that so long as the capital of the big fellows is locked up in these enterprises they will have the best possible management. If Mr. Morgan or Mr. Rockefeller owns tens of millions of dollars of the stock of an industrial or a railway, he will give that industrial or railway a degree of personal attention which it would not get if it represented to him only an insignificant fraction of his fortune. The rarest talent in the world to-day, as always, is executive ability; and never has there been such a clamorous demand for it as in this country at the present time. Workers there are a-plenty; routine men a-plenty; men a-plenty capable to obey orders and to execute other people's ideas. But men able to create ideas and to execute them—only a few. Now, while in one way it might be advantageous for the big men to be able to free their capital so that they could employ it in building new railroads, new factories, in another way it is just as well that they are compelled to dry-nurse as well as to wet-nurse their projects.

The less cheerful aspect of this condition of tardy digestion is that it indicates the growing extravagance of the American people. Of course, thousands on thousands of us are going on in the old thrifty ways—are putting by a little at a time and emptying the full stocking into an investment in acres or mortgages, stocks or bonds. But more thousands—and those the quickest witted—are learning all too rapidly the lessons of extravagance.

It is not an evil, but the reverse, that a man should learn how personally to use what civilization puts at his service. Progress begins when a savage is tempted by what is to him a luxury and yields to the extent of going to work in order that he may earn it. But, while no man could define in general terms what wasteful extravagance means, no man except the born miser or the born spendthrift is ignorant of what is for him wasteful extravagance. And while to-day the rich are undoubtedly wastefully extravagant, the imitators of the rich, clear down the line from well-to-do to clerk and farm-hand, shop-girl and cook, are far outdoing the rich. The senseless notion that equality is asserted by throwing away money as if one had it "to burn" is rampant and is becoming "rampageous." Instead of investing in securities the earners are investing in extravagant tastes.

Without discussing the merits of these "undigested securities," the fact remains that with money never more plentiful among the great mass of the American people investments are going begging to-day that would have been eagerly taken up a dozen years ago. We are a nation of liberal spenders—and that is well, for the best is none too good for a sovereign American citizen. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, thrift is a virtue. And it has a mighty unpleasant way of reminding us of the fact—mighty unpleasant.

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SINFUL PECK

By Morgan Robertson

Author of Masters of Men

PRICKLY HEAT

DURING the noon hour a steam launch towing a cascoe, or native lighter, crept up to the gangway, deposited a white-clad officer and two soldiers on the grating, then pulled the cascoe forward to the main chains, where her crew made her fast. The officer and soldiers climbed aboard, and Mr. Becker, called from his dinner by the watching steward at the forward companion, came out wiping his mouth.

"I'm an Inspector of Customs," said the officer. "I suppose you know that Manila is under martial law? Who is in charge of this ship?"

"I'm in charge, sir," answered Mr. Becker; "signed first mate and acting skipper while Captain Jackson's in the hospital. How's he getting on, sir? Have you heard?"

"Badly cut. How'd it happen? I only know that our men shot a nigger after he knifed the captain."

"Went daft and run amuck. Mr. Brown and me only got here yesterday from Singapore; but just after we got aboard out comes the Captain o' the Port wi' some sogers to 'rest the nigger. Then he turned loose with his knife an' the sogers shot him."

The officer nodded and said: "What became of the other first mate? Did he make trouble?"

"Not in any violent way," answered Mr. Becker with a grin. "Tried to hold his berth, but the Port Capt'n overruled him an' reinstated me. I put him 'fore the mast 'mong the men he'd been hazin'. Reckon that's his yap now. Listen."

From the forecastle came sounds of hoarse, but muffled, denunciatory voices, rising and falling; occasionally a higher note broke in—a quavering, angry voice, which, as they listened, grew louder, and finally dominated the others.

"Seems to be having an interesting time," said the officer dryly.

"Yes," answered Mr. Becker, still grinning. "He's among his own breed o' dog, but they've outlawed him. Sinful Peck, they call him."

The quavering voice ceased coincidently with a sound as of a bucket striking a bulkhead; there was an outburst of the hoarse tones, and then a little man shot out of the forecastle door, followed by a flying beef bone, which just missed his head and went overboard.

"That's him," said Mr. Becker. "That's the only Sinful Peck, the worst little devil for his draft that ever happened. Shot the second mate in the leg outside o' Singapore, an' then nursed him like a son. When I broke my leg he pulled me through. Skipper went overboard on a big sea, an' Sinful went after him. That's why he was taken aft."

"He nursed you, do you say, and saved the captain's life? Yet you reduce him as soon as you get charge?"

"Why not? He shipped 'fore the mast. I don't need him aft."

"Let me see the the ship's papers," said the officer coldly.

"I'll get 'em. Not much on 'em, I reckon, as the ship's in ballast."

"Wait," said the officer as Mr. Becker turned to enter the cabin. "That man is coming. I am interested in him."

The little man was marching aft with a businesslike stride, and behind him men were flocking out of the two forecastle doors and watching him. Whatever of anger might have been in his face when forward left it as he approached the mate and the officer. He smiled sweetly, but it was an incongruous, out-of-place sort of smile, considering his other adornments. His bald head was covered with tar, as though he had been crowned with an inverted and full-charged tar-bucket, and black, sticky rivulets ran down his cheeks and under his shirt collar. His nose was swollen and bleeding. He worked his lips and spat continually from the intrusion of some grease into his mouth, and there was a perceptible limp to his businesslike stride which spoke of recent contact with something hard and swift.

Mr. Becker scowled as he halted before them, but the officer smiled encouragingly, and said: "You are Mr. *Sinful* Peck, I hear."

"Yes, sir; that's the name I'm known by aboard this hell-ship. Mr. Becker," he said to the mate, "will you permit me to speak to this gentleman in your august presence?"

The scowling Mr. Becker made no answer, and Sinful continued: "You are a Government officer, sir?"

"Lieutenant Seward, Sixth Artillery—attached to the Customs."

"I am ex-first mate of this ship. Here is my successor and predecessor, who forgets that I am ex-officio entitled to consideration, and has thrown me to the dogs. I cannot write a letter, as I have no stationery, and know better than to ask for it; but will you kindly inform Captain Jackson of my predicament, sir, when you see him?"

"Most certainly—when he is in condition to hear of it; but I am informed that he is very low—too low to be disturbed."

"Of course—of course, Lieutenant. Only when he is in condition to attend to the matter. I can drag my chain until then, I hope, but in case I fail—what is the penalty for murder under martial law? I am a student of civil and international law, but not of martial. I am a pearl cast before swine. What will happen if I kill a pig or a bucko mate?"

"You will be shot," answered the officer with a smile.

"Thank you, sir. I shall remember. Mr. Becker," he said to the mate, "have no fear of me. You are a poor, ignorant man, and you knew no better. I shall not kill you until we get to America."

"Well, I want none o' yer lip," declared Mr. Becker angrily, advancing toward him.

"Steady as you go, sir," answered Sinful, backing away, with hands uplifted. "If you touch me you'll get mussed; and you look fine in that clean shirt, Mr. Becker; you ought to wear a clean shirt every day, sir."

"I needn't touch you, ——you," snarled the exasperated officer, springing to the rail and extracting a belaying-pin.

"Wait," said the Lieutenant, blocking his way. "You are not going to assault that man for good-humored joking."

"I'll break his head," sputtered Mr. Becker. But he halted.

"You will not be permitted. Manila is under martial law, which is quick and severe. Men," he said to the two privates, who had remained near the gangway, "your duty will be not only to see that no contraband goods are smuggled out of this ship, but that there is no assault of seamen by officers. If an officer strikes a man except in self-defense put him under arrest and notify me."

"Yes, sir," they answered, saluting, and looking hard at Mr. Becker, who put the belaying-pin back and faced Mr. Seward in a white heat.

"Yes—that's all right, for the army or the navy," he said, "with the power o' the Government behind you; but how'll a man manage aboard these ships with the crews we get? Here's Mr. Brown here"—the second mate had just come out of the cabin door—"an' me, all alone wi' twenty-five men to handle an' keep at work—every man of 'em ready to mutiny at any time. Look at 'em forrard, there!" he stormily continued; "that baker's dozen by the galley door. See that big tough with the cro'-jack eye? That's Big Pig Monahan, the ringleader o' the lot. See that hang-dog mug beside him? That's Seldom Helward, ready for murder at any time. What d'ye think o' men wi' them names! Think them men'll listen to reason?"

"Mr. Becker is right, Lieutenant," said Sinful. "Their names alone condemn them. There are Poop-Deck Cahill, and Turkey Twain, Ghost O'Brien, Gunner Meagher—it would pain you to hear them all, sir. They are town-mates of mine, to my shame and confusion; but Mr. Becker is right; they will not listen to reason. They are dock-rats and river thieves from Cleveland."

"An' you're the worst thief among 'em, I'll bet," growled the mate.

"Thank you, sir," answered Sinful, straightening up, a ridiculous figure of mock dignity; "but I cannot argue that with you. I am come aft for relief from the medicine-chest. While saving your leg from amputation I learned of its contents. There is croton oil there, which will assuage the pain in my own leg, where a splinter of bone has been kicked off by a sea boot. May I have the croton oil, sir?"

A little of shame and embarrassment came to the angry face of the mate, and when he observed the questioning gaze of the Lieutenant fixed upon him he said gruffly: "Go ahead."

Sinful limped into the cabin, and in a few minutes returned with a large, flat bottle. He nodded a cheery "good-morning" to the Lieutenant, and was about to pass forward when he saw the "baker's dozen" of men leave their place near the galley, and march aft in a body. There was purpose in their rugged, intelligent faces, though but little index of the turpitude credited them by Sinful and the mate, and they approached as though they had something to say, or do. Sinful halted, and then edged over toward the two soldiers.

"Mr. Becker," said the big "ringleader" respectfully, "it isn't quite one bell yet. May we speak to this officer 'fore we turn to?"

The mate nodded a surly consent and the man turned to the Lieutenant.

"My name's Monahan, sir——"

"Big Pig Monahan," interrupted Sinful.

"Big Pig it is, my son, but don't interrupt. Can you tell us, sir, if the banks ashore are doing business with the home banks now?"

"No," said the Lieutenant. "There's a military government in force, and all foreign business is at a standstill."

"No way, then, sir, by which we can draw money on our home banks? This crowd could bunch issues and buy a fleet of ships like this, but we're helpless, unless we can communicate with our bankers in Cleveland. We merely want our discharge from this ship and can pay for it. But we've signed articles and the skipper refused liberty yesterday. Now he's in the hospital. We want to go home by steamer, not 'fore the mast in a sailing ship. Would an appeal to the Admiral be of use, sir?"

"Decidedly, no. If you signed articles he would not interfere without the Captain's knowledge and consent. And he is too near death to be troubled. No one can discharge you except your Captain, when he recovers—that is, unless you have cause for complaint worthy of the Provost Court's attention. Have you any grievances?"

BIG PIG MONAHAN STOOD BEHIND HIM ON THE HATCH

"None this side of Singapore, sir—now that the nigger is dead, and we have this little devil 'fore the mast with us. The two mates have just joined, and haven't shown their teeth yet. If they begin, how shall we get a complaint ashore, sir?"

"They will not begin. These two men whom I will leave here will prevent it."

"There'll be no trouble of our starting; we want to keep clean records. But there'll be no way of our knowing just when the skipper can listen to our proposition. Will you be kind enough to put it to him, sir, whenever he gets well enough? Say that we'll make good the pay of thirteen new men for the run home, and that we don't want any money from him—only our discharges. Our interests at home are suffering."

"Do you think he will believe that you can do it?"

"He can make sure by cabling, sir. We had no money for that at Singapore, and we can't get ashore here, and are just as poor. But at home I'm a shipowner and master, while there are several here wealthier than I."

"If you are wealthy men," asked the officer, looking at the innocent though dirty face of Sinful, "how do you happen to be here? This man gives you a different standing."

"They're not wealthy, Lieutenant," said Sinful earnestly. "They know every free lunch in Cleveland, but they can't even buy drinks."

"This man," said Big Pig hotly, "is a liar. He made a fool bet a few years back on Bryan's election—which was to make a deep-water voyage if he lost. He made the bet with Seldom—Captain Helward at home—and we all came down to New York to see him off. Just 'fore going aboard he gave us a parting wine supper, drugged us all, and had us shanghaied by the crimp that shipped him."

Mr. Seward laughed and said: "Well, I am to tell the Captain, for Sinful, that he is disrated, and I will also state your proposition as soon as possible. There are plenty of men in port, and I see no reason why he should hold you. But you cannot land in Manila unless in perfect health. The quarantine is very strict, and the slightest symptom of contagious disease will bar you out."

"We're all right, sir," they exclaimed noisily.

One bell tinkled from the cabin clock, and the mate growled: "Turn to and take off the main hatch so that this Inspector o' Customs an' sailors' dry-nurse can look into the hold. I'll get the ship's papers."

The Lieutenant's face flushed as he looked at the retreating figure of the mate, and he said to the two soldiers: "Watch that man carefully, and bring him ashore if he gives you the slightest excuse."

"Yes, sir," answered one, "we will; but how about the men? They seem to be abusing that little fellow."

"The men," said the officer in a musing tone. "Their case is beyond my interference; and the little fellow seems able to take care of himself. But don't let them kill him."

"Something doing now, sir," said the other soldier, looking forward, and the Lieutenant followed his glance. Most of the crew—not yet set at work—were watching Mr. Brown and Sinful Peck, who were holding a heated argument near the windlass. Sinful held in one hand a "slush-bucket," from which with the other hand he had scooped some grease and plastered the tar on his bald head, his object, of course, being the softening of the tar for easy removal. But he was doing it in working hours, and Mr. Brown, who had not heard the Lieutenant's orders forbidding assault, was very

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properly incensed. Sinful's voice of protest could not be heard plainly, but Mr. Brown's was loud, profane and emphatic, the burden of his criticism, however, referring as much to Sinful's handiness with a gun as to his bad manners in making his toilette after one bell. As they looked, the second mate's fist shot out and the little man went down; then Mr. Brown began kicking the small victim in the ribs, methodically and rhythmically.

"Stop that!" roared the Lieutenant, starting forward. "Arrest that man," he called back to the two privates, and they followed, shipping their bayonets as they ran. Mr. Brown was interrupted by two sharp steel points pressing his sides; then, as he started back, the rifles were crossed between him and his victim.

"Take him over the side and send him ashore to the Provost Marshal General," said Mr. Seward sternly.

"What's this for?" asked the astonished second mate. "Why—why—he shot me—shot me with my own pistol."

"He must have been a poor marksman to hit your leg. Over the side with him, men." And Mr. Brown, expostulating loudly as he went, was marched aft to the main rigging and compelled to climb down to the waiting cascoe.

Sinful scrambled painfully to his feet, and with his nose bleeding afresh, limped after the Lieutenant and asked:

"Can you take me along as prosecuting witness, sir?"

"Not needed in a Provost Court. I am witness enough," said the Lieutenant without halting; and Sinful returned to his toilette. This time he was permitted to finish, even to bandaging his leg.

The Lieutenant reached the gangway and met Mr. Becker with the ship's papers. He examined the papers, peeped down the opened hatches at the ballast in the lower hold, and then, handing back the papers to the mate, turned to the gangway, but halted at the steps and called back:

"I am taking the second mate ashore under arrest for assaulting one of the sailors. If you duplicate his offense you will receive as summary treatment. Men," he said to the soldiers, "you are to see to this."

Then he went over the side, and the soldiers explained what had happened. Mr. Becker climbed to the poop, peered down at his brother officer seated disconsolately on a box surrounded by soldiers, and at the Lieutenant under the awning of the steam launch, which was now making fast to the cascoe; then, mopping his hairy face with his coat sleeve, he came down and looked blankly at the soldiers.

"Well, I'll be hanged," he said. "What am I to do now—alone here with this crew o' men."

"Try treating them decently," answered one. "Such work would spoil the best company in the army. You heard our orders? Well, we'll carry them out."

Mr. Becker did not answer. And whether he was more oppressed by his isolation among unfriendly men or by the menace of martial law could not be surmised by his new attitude toward the crew; for he became a model merchant officer, quiet, dignified and civil-spoken, and on that afternoon kept them at light, easy tasks, calculated to win the regard of the most mutinous of sailors. Even was he kind to Sinful Peck, which so emboldened the little man that when work was done for the day he came aft and requested—the ship being in port—free access to the fresh-water tanks for the men he had been thrown among.

"Guess yer talkin' for yerself more'n them, aren't you?" said the mate.

"For myself entirely, sir," answered Sinful. "The weather is warm and the forecastle poorly ventilated. Some are complaining of prickly heat, and it may be the itch. Perhaps they would wash if the example were set."

"You need a bath yerself. Go ahead and set the example."

Salt slush, though an excellent solvent for sticky tar, is not a cosmetic of the first order, and Sinful's appearance really attested his own urgent need of what he prescribed for the others. The mate ordered the carpenter to unlock the deck tanks and sent a case of soap forward by the steward—a benefaction so unprecedented that the men openly debited their shares on the slop-chest account. But the gift was acceptable, and for half an hour in the gathering darkness the forward deck was a natatorium. Then it became a laundry, and until far into the night men washed, rinsed and hung up shirts and underwear to dry in the rigging.

But the soldier on watch noticed that Sinful Peck was the only one of the fourteen men from Cleveland who washed clothes. The others had gone below after their bath, and when he called his comrade at midnight to relieve him he reported that Sinful was still at it.

The sleepy soldier strolled forward. Sinful was sitting on the forehatch beside a large pile of damp clothes, with a bucket between his knees, industriously washing away. Big Pig Monahan stood behind him on the hatch, twirling in his hand a piece of rope, and as the soldier drew near he said:

"It pains me, my son, to rope's-end you; but you've got to finish the crowd's wash, and we're giving you three nights to do it. By the time you've rinsed out that pile it'll be two bells, and you can turn in; and to-morrow night you go on with more, but every man on anchor watch gets this rope with instructions to use it if you shirk. Now I'll call Seldom. You'd better not monkey with him."

Big Pig entered the forecastle, and the soldier said to Sinful: "This seems to be compulsory; but we're ordered not to interfere between you men. I can't help you."

"Compulsory?" answered Sinful, peering up into the soldier's face with a ghastly smile on his own. "Not at all. It's a labor of love—and self-protection. It's painful to watch them scratch, and I'd hate to catch the itch. They call it prickly heat, but it's the itch. They caught it loafing 'round Singapore. It's contagious, and they can't be discharged with a contagious disease. And as they're too lazy to wash their clothes, I'm doing it for them."

"Guess you wouldn't be sorry to see 'em discharged," laughed the soldier.

"Oh, yes, I would. I love 'em, bad as they are; but I hate to see them down with the itch."

He wrung out the last garment and dumped the bucket on deck; then he began filling a large tub with rinsing water, and the soldier went aft.

In the morning Mr. Becker, not caring to hoist over one of the ship's boats with a disaffected crew aboard, hailed the passing dingey of another ship and went ashore. He returned at noon with business in his face, and when he sang out "Turn to" at one bell, as cleanly a crew as ever manned a rope answered the call and, at his behest, began rigging cargo whips. Ballast was to be discharged, he informed the bosuns, and a cargo of sugar and hemp taken in for Shanghai. The Captain, on his sick bed, had arranged the charter, and as it would take a month to load he hoped to be well in time to sail.

Scant comfort for the homesick and well-doing men. Mr. Becker was not their ambassador; neither had he brought word from Mr. Seward. And to add to their troubles, something seemed to be the matter with them. Three came aft at nightfall and asked the steward for saleratus, as a remedy for prickly heat. The steward obliged them with a small package, but at breakfast time next morning, when seven others came aft with the same request, he was obliged to refuse. He had none to spare, and suggested that they eat less and drink less water in such a hot climate. The refusal was not of great moment, as the first three complained that it had not relieved the itching and burning sensation which afflicted them from head to foot; but at noon, when the whole thirteen came aft and bared their chests to the mate, exposing an angry red rash, and officially appealed to him for relief from the medicine-chest, the matter looked serious. They were in torment, they said, and thirteen men in torment is a serious proposition on board ship. Mr. Becker disclaimed knowledge of medicine-chests, and sent for Sinful Peck. The little man, clean and sweet and smiling, came aft and prescribed flower of sulphur, applied dry.

"For it's nothing but the itch," he said, "which they must have contracted while sleeping in the dog-kennels at Singapore. Yes, I'll stake my professional reputation that it is the itch."

There being none to contradict a man with a professional reputation, the sulphur was taken forward and applied; and their heavy breathing and suppressed groans half an hour later as the irritant ate into their several skins brought encouraging words from Sinful and a fraternal pity to his face.

"It's only because it's taking hold, boys," he said to them. "It'll be all right by supper-time. You've been pretty severe on me, but I tell you I'm sorry for you."

"Sorry, you little devil!" said Seldom Helward. "I believe you've made it worse." But Sinful earnestly maintained the correctness of his diagnosis.

They turned to at one bell and worked for an hour; then they mutinously quit their tasks, stripped, and washed off the sulphur. A change of underwear followed, and for a while they felt better; but at supper-time the itching and burning had returned. They were not polite in their remarks to Sinful, and that evening he had twenty-six socks and twenty-six pieces of underwear added to his wash-list. Smiling cheerfully in the darkness he set to work.

In the morning the soldiers on guard would have reported the matter to the Health Officer ashore, but as they were able to work, and the disease showed no signs of spreading, Mr. Becker, with the assistance of Sinful, overruled them.

So, while the miserable days of waiting for the Captain's recovery and their prospective release wore along, they were kept at light tasks about the deck, the heavier cargo work being done by natives from ashore. Sinful advised the suffering men not to bathe so frequently, as water was bad for the itch, or any cutaneous affection; but, finding invariably a temporary relief after a bath and change of clothing, and ascribing his suggestion to an interested motive, they continued the practice, and kept him busy each night at the washtub.

The nightly labor and loss of sleep may have told upon his self-control. He came aft one morning when the ship was loaded, and showed his hands and wrists to the mate and the soldier on guard. He angrily demanded to be taken out of the forecastle; he had caught the contagion from fools who would not follow his advice. And he had not shipped to work on deck all day for the owners and half the night as wash-woman for the crew.

He was too insolent, and Mr. Becker promptly knocked him down; but the next moment the mate felt the prick of the soldier's bayonet.

"Just what I've been waiting for, you inhuman brute," said the soldier. "Now you'll go ashore under arrest, and we'll have medical relief for these men."

The mate paled, but said nothing; and as the disfigured Sinful crept forward, the soldier roused his comrade, hailed a passing Government steam launch, and had Mr. Becker into it before the men forward knew what had happened.

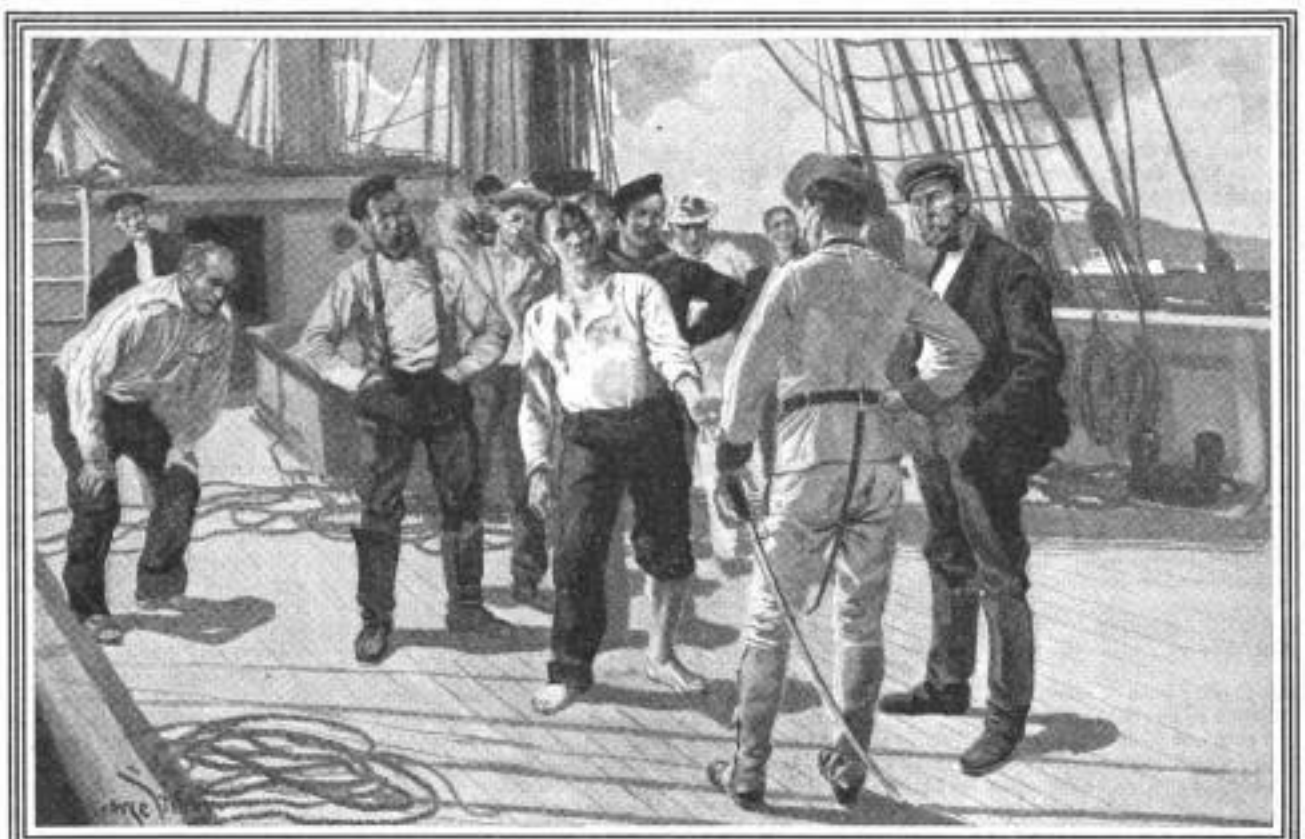
But in the middle of the afternoon Mr. Becker came back in the same steam launch that had originally brought the Inspector of Customs, and with him were not only Mr. Brown, but a gaunt, hollow-eyed spectre whom the crew with difficulty recognized as Captain Jackson, master of the ship, and also a uniformed officer with the insignia of a surgeon on his collar. They helped the Captain up the gangway and seated him in a deck-chair; then Mr. Becker called for Sinful Peck to come aft. Sinful came.

"I didn't know you were disrated, Peck," said the Captain weakly. "I had a relapse after I chartered the ship, and Lieutenant Seward, whom you depended upon to tell me, was sent inland. He has just returned. Mr. Becker and Mr. Brown are fined a good portion of their pay by the Provost Court, and I hope there will be no more trouble. Get your dunnage into the third mate's room, and send your thirteen friends aft to me."

"Thank you, sir," said Sinful with his sweetest smile, and went forward. Then came the thirteen sufferers and stood before the Captain.

"I am a very sick man," said he; "too sick to care for any more trouble with my crew for a while. I have cleared for Shanghai, and there is nothing to settle but your case. The mate informs me that you have behaved well, are anxious to be discharged, and are willing to pay for it. I would not take your money, and as there are plenty of men ashore, will discharge you if the Health Officer will permit. But I hear you are down with some contagion."

They showed him their breasts and arms, and the surgeon drew near.



"THEY'RE NOT WEALTHY, LIEUTENANT," SAID SINFUL EARNESTLY

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"Don't know what it is, Capt'n," said Big Pig, "unless it's prickly heat. That isn't contagious."

"Peck swears it's the itch," said the mate, who had joined the group.

"It is not that," said the surgeon. "We are all too familiar with that ashore to fear it, or to bar it out as a contagion. I don't know what it is. Such an aggravated rash, so similar on so many men, never came into my experience."

"But it *is* contagious, sir," said Sinful—who had returned—dropping his dunnage to the deck and displaying his inflamed wrists.

"They've made me wash their clothes for a month, and this morning I found this eruption."

"They cannot land, Captain," said the surgeon. "The rules are very strict, with so many unacclimated soldiers on the island. You must take them to sea."

"Very well. You hear, men? You must make the best of it, and"—he sank back with a sigh—"so must I."

With desperation in their woebegone faces they slowly moved forward.

Next day as the ship was passing Cavite on the way out to sea, Captain Jackson called his newly-installed third mate up to him.

"Mr. Peck," he said, "you are a shrewd man and a physician. What is the matter with those men?"

Sinful looked him gravely in the face.

"They'll murder me, Captain, if they ever find out; but it's nothing that water and soap won't remedy. Let them wash their own clothes and rinse them well. As long as they made me wash them I dosed the rinsing water with croton oil."

Carlyle and Cheyne Row—By W. S. Harwood

IT IS quite like wandering through a gallery of ghosts—great ghosts, some of them—to stroll through the roomy old building at No. 24 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London. There are no greater names in the calendar of the century than the names of those who, either in person or through affectionate remembrances of one kind and another, have been represented in this building, for forty-seven years the home of Thomas Carlyle.

But there are other bodies, not so like the shades of the past, which frequent the place now. For example, I examined the register of the house where visitors write their names if they feel so inclined, and I found that during the month of August, 1899, about three hundred people had worshiped at the shrine of the Sage of Chelsea. Naturally, an American would be interested in knowing how many of these visitors were from his own country. The register disclosed the fact that one hundred and forty-two Americans visited the house in that month as against ninety-nine Englishmen. And the ruddy-cheeked caretaker goes so far as to say that, but for the Americans, the place would fare ill. They come to visit the home of Carlyle in large numbers, they buy liberally of catalogues and the special editions of some of his works on sale; and, more than that, they contribute liberally by money payments to the maintenance of the house.

CARLYLE'S HOME IN CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, SHOWING MARBLE MEDALLION IN WALL

Indeed, from the time the first movement was made to preserve this historic place, Americans, either in London or at home, took an important part. The resident American Ambassador is always a member of the Carlyle's House Memorial Trust; Mr. Wm. H. Forbes, of Boston, is also a member; Mr. Poultney Bigelow headed the first Executive Committee appointed to take steps toward the establishment of a fund for the purchase of the house, upon which committee was also Mr. George W. Smalley, the well-known correspondent. Mr. Samuel Elliott, of New York City, took an important part in the organization of the American Committee of which Bishop Henry C. Potter was chairman, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan treasurer, Mr. Phillips Smalley secretary, and Mr. Elliot chairman of the Executive Committee. Later, the Executive Committee in charge of the raising of American funds for the purchase consisted of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, Mr. Horace Russell, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, and Mr. Elliott.

So it has come about that Americans have had no inferior part in preserving this memorial of one of the gigantic figures of the century.

Along the Thames Embankment, near the Carlyle house, lies a little park known as the Chelsea Embankment Gardens. Here where Carlyle loved to wander in his sad and sombre way a statue has been placed, done by the German sculptor Boehm, I believe.

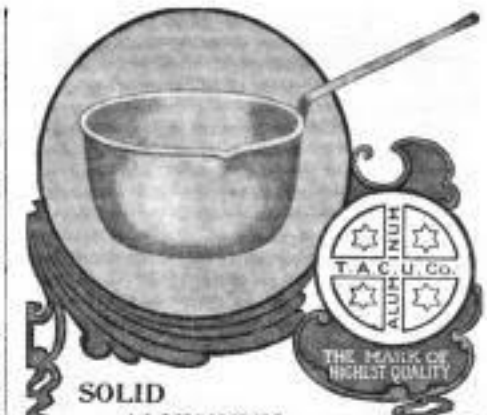
When this statue was dedicated, October 26, 1882, but a year after Carlyle's death, Mr. John Tyndall closed the oration pronounced upon the occasion with some words having a particular American interest:

"It now becomes my duty," he said, "to unveil and present to the British public and to the strangers within our gates who can appreciate greatness, the statue of a great man. Might I append to these brief remarks the expression of a wish, personal, perhaps, in its warmth but more than personal in its aim, that somewhere upon this Thames Embankment could be raised a companion memorial to a man who loved a hero and was by him beloved to the end. I refer to the loftiest, purest and most penetrating spirit that has ever shone in American literature, to Ralph Waldo Emerson."

The house where Carlyle passed the greater portion of his literary life has many articles of interest and pictures without number. Speaking of pictures, it is a curious fact, as I demonstrated by enumeration, that a man so violent in all opposition to sham and to what we are wont to call *pose*, should have had thirty-three different photographs taken of himself, to say nothing of sketches and paintings.

The room which Emerson occupied while visiting Carlyle is now the home of the caretaker of the building, a bright, cheery room facing on Cheyne Row. Down in the basement kitchen is the great range in front of which Tennyson and Carlyle, so the story goes, were in the habit of settling great problems of the race between long whiffs at their pipes. The drawing-room, where Carlyle solved the last mystery of his strangely mysterious life, naturally is one of the most interesting rooms in the house. His attic study, too, is specially interesting, where he built himself a room which was, so he hoped, to be free from the irritating noises of London; "a top story," as he wrote to his sister in 1853, "one big apartment twenty feet square, ... into which no sound *can* come; and all the cocks in Nature may crow around it without my hearing whisper of them."

Carlyle and his wife began their life in this building in 1834, not intending it should be their permanent home; but neither one left it for good until it was time for the kirkyard.



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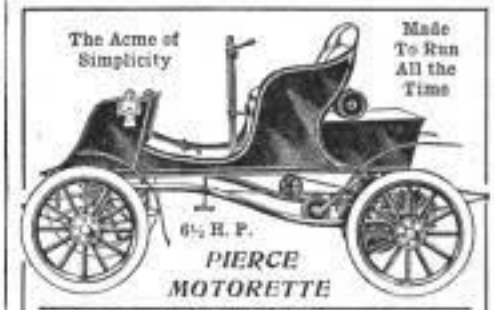

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MARSHALL FIELD

By Forrest Crissey

A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE GREAT CHICAGO MERCHANT —HIS BUSINESS PRINCIPLES AND HIS PERSONAL HABITS

MARSHALL FIELD is the most guessed-at, the least understood of all the commanding figures now dominating American commercial life. More than this, he is the world's greatest merchant—at least in the technical and restricted sense of the term.

Just now Chicago is looking for large things from Mr. Field, in the shape of a home and an endowment for the greatest museum of natural history in the world.

What will be the proportions of Mr. Field's gift, provided all obstacles to its location on the site especially pleasing to the great merchant are at once removed, is not known even to his most intimate associates. This is thoroughly characteristic of the man. To an extent seldom practiced he "keeps his own key and counsel." He feels that it is enough to say that if an acceptable location on the Lake Front is provided he will build and endow the kind of museum with which he would like his name to be associated in the minds of future Chicagoans. And the Chicagoans of the present are quite willing to take this statement at its greatest possible meaning, because it is made by Marshall Field.

This is very largely because Mr. Field is neither an amateur nor a professional philanthropist. He does not play at being beneficent, nor does he make a business of it. Above all things Mr. Field despises sham and pretense. He does not pretend to interests which he does not feel and he detests anything that resembles posing.

Perhaps it is because he pretends to so little in the line of public philanthropy and gives so much on the plain basis of business that Chicago is ready to accept his simple assurance in so important a matter as the future of the museum without the naming of any definite sum.

His Work His Monument

The solidity, the dignity and the rectitude of the man as they are recognized by his fellow-townsmen are Mr. Field's real monument. He has given to the business of merchandizing a standard that will more effectively commemorate his character than any museum possibly can.

This does not imply that Mr. Field is beloved by the people generally of Chicago. He is not—perhaps because he is in person comparatively a stranger to the mass of them and has never assumed to be devoted to public affairs. He has attended strictly to his own business and has asked nothing more of his fellow-citizens than to be allowed this unobtrusive privilege. But in the place of that sentiment which an ambitious man who is either great or clever sometimes wins from the community, Marshall Field has inspired a universal respect and admiration that even his frank exclusiveness and his reserve cannot chill.

Why has he not mingled more in general society and in public affairs? The answer is a very simple one: He dislikes publicity for himself, and prefers a simple, quiet life. He has also been too busy. This sounds very selfish; but a just view of the situation does not make Mr. Field's personal neglect of these matters appear more selfish than the conduct of many men of great wealth who have contrived incidentally to cut a large figure in public affairs. When his fortune was in the making—and his life-habits, too—the weight of responsibilities and the burden of executive details which demanded his personal attention were so great and so exacting that he had not a moment for anything beyond the "fierce race for wealth." Not that he kept his eye upon this goal or "set his stake" at so many millions, but he was deep in the great game of commerce and of fortune-building; others were depending upon him, more than he upon them; he had undertaken and must fulfill. And before he was able to look up from his desk and feel that he had time to spare for anything that he chose, his hair had whitened and the power to choose anything but the great game of affairs had gone with the years of his young and his middle manhood. The private duty nearest at hand had been admirably fulfilled; there had not been time for more, and now he is sixty-eight years old and still actively in the harness!

Few things annoy Mr. Field more than newspaper guesses upon the size of his fortune or of his holdings in certain lines of investment. On this point it is sufficient to say that his fortune is among the largest in America—probably there are not a half-dozen wealthier individuals in this country. As a merchant only he does an annual business of more than sixty million dollars; the general public never thinks of him as a railroad man, and yet he is one of the heaviest owners of railroad securities in the United States; his mining and manufacturing interests are little short of colossal; he is a powerful factor in several large banking and financial institutions; he is one of the most extensive owners of Chicago "downtown" real estate; he is the controlling spirit of the great Pullman Company.

His Puritan Instincts and Ideals

Speculation, even of the most conservative kind, has been entirely barred from his methods, and his wealth does not represent corresponding losses on the part of others. All that he has done in the building of his own fortune has been so much solid constructive work for the material interests of his community and of commerce in general. Conservatism, industry, application, clean methods and high commercial standards all stand out in Mr. Field's life in so conspicuous a degree that the pulpit might well look to his life for an object-lesson with which to illuminate any of the elemental human virtues, but usually it has inclined to go for this purpose to the careers of men of more magnetic temperament and of larger profession.

Those of Marshall Field's early friends who have faced financial difficulties in later years and those who belong to the elect group having familiar entrance to his home are the only ones who know the warmth of humanity hid behind his cold, polished exterior. His powerful help has always been at the command of his old friends; it has often turned disaster into triumph for them and put generous fortunes into their hands. His loyalty to the men for whom he formed an early fondness is clearly a pronounced characteristic. Not many of them are now living, but such of them as remain may be found at the round table in the dining-room of the Chicago Club, where Mr. Field takes his luncheon. Though he is simple and democratic—scrupulously and conscientiously so!—he does not especially invite intimacy nor cultivate the social acquaintance of young men, but few men of large affairs keep closer watch on the young men who are doing things than he. He prefers the company of the old and seasoned friends whose discretion he can trust, and with whom he can speak without restraint. With them he is social and genial, and they uniformly speak of him as modest, unassuming and fair-minded, with a keen sense of justice, a firm belief in doing right because it is right, and a distinct inclination to have his individual purposes and objects square with the interests of the community.

His Puritan blood and principles show in the general poise and rectitude of his character, but especially in the repressions to which he subjects himself. The typical English squire or the Blue-Grass planter does not like a fine horse better than Mr. Field, and he has been known to confess that if his New England blood did not rise in spleen against the unsavory associations of the turf he might have maintained a stable of the highest standard.

Though Mr. Field has an instinctive and pronounced dread of the newspaper reporter, and seldom yields to the importunities of the interviewer, there are few subjects about which he displays as much curiosity as the modern newspaper and its management. Those who understand the fascination which the newspaper has for the great merchant are inclined to think that along with a stable of thoroughbred horses Mr. Field has also sacrificed to his Puritan ideals and instincts the pleasure of owning a great metropolitan newspaper.

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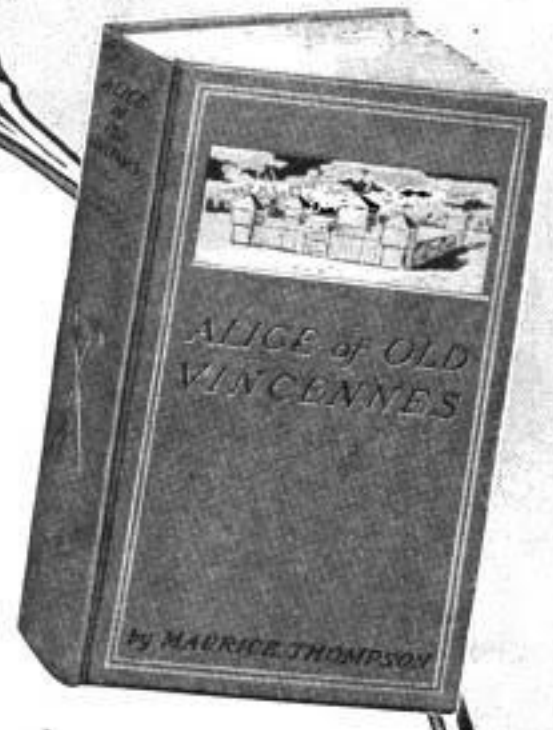

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The Missing Link

BY W. L. ALDEN

"HIS HAND WAS LIKE A STEAM ENGINE"

IF WE could only find the Missing Link," said the Professor, "there would be an end to all doubt as to the theory of development. My own idea is that some day he will be found."

"Wasn't there an expedition in search of the Missing Link a few years ago?" asked young Horton. "If I remember rightly, the expedition went to Borneo, or some such place, and never returned."

"Precisely so," replied the Professor. "I fancy that the whole affair was grossly mismanaged, for the man at the head of the expedition was certainly not the man for the place."

We were sitting in the smoking-room of a hotel at Dover—a company of weather-bound travelers, waiting for the storm to abate sufficiently to permit the Calais steamer to leave the shelter of the breakwater. There were perhaps a dozen of us all told, but the Professor, as we called him, rather monopolized the conversation, which for some time had been devoted to the Darwinian theory.

Suddenly an American, who had something of the look of the merchant sailor about him, took his cigar from his mouth and remarked: "Finding the Missing Link is all right. But having the Link find you mightn't be altogether satisfactory."

"I do not quite understand you," said the Professor rather stiffly.

"Oh, I ain't giving out any conundrums. I said that having the Link find you might not suit you all the way down to the ground. I'm speaking, sir, from experience, for I was once found by that identical Missing Link that you are so anxious to see, and the experience was a mighty curious one. If you want to hear it I'll give you the yarn."

Several of us replied that we should be glad to hear the sailor's story, and without any further delay he launched into it.

"About six years ago I was at Singapore, and I don't mind saying that I was on the beach—if you know what that means. I had shipped as A. B. aboard a big, four-masted ship out of Newcastle, bound to Shanghai, and I got disgusted with the grub and the way in which I and the rest of the men were treated. So when we put into Singapore for water I deserted, and kept shady till the ship had sailed. I found out afterward that I should have done better if I had stuck to the ship, for after waiting pretty near five weeks in Singapore, and not being able to get a ship, I was kicked out by the boarding-house keeper, and had to sleep in the open and live on food that I could beg from the natives.

"Well, one day there came to Singapore a scientific chap by the name of Butler, and my idea is that he was the identical chap that the Professor was speaking of just now. He was going into the interior to hunt for a new style of monkey that he called the Missing Link, and he was glad to find a white man who would join him. I needn't say that I was glad to go with him, for it meant food, and the half of a tent and twenty dollars a month to me. I was the only white man in the expedition besides Butler. We had three Malays with us, who were to carry our provisions and things, and act as a sort of guard, and the five of us calculated to travel across the peninsula, heading in a northwesterly direction, and coming out on the opposite coast.

"We started in good spirits, but I'm free to say that if any man who knew anything about expeditions in the jungle had seen us, and expressed his opinion, he would have said that we were a set of—well, everlasting fools! We were armed all right, for every man had a rifle, and Butler had a spare shotgun besides. And we had plenty of ammunition—about enough, as I judged, to supply a small army for a six months' campaign. But in the matter of food we were on short rations from the first. Butler calculated that we should find all the game we wanted. We didn't take any water except about a pint for each man in a water-bottle, and there was only a pint of brandy, Butler being a teetotaler.

"We had bad luck from the very first. The jungle was that thick that you couldn't force your way through it, except with an ax, and we didn't see much game, but we managed to get enough to keep us from starving, though as a general thing we were pretty hungry. About the tenth day, as near as I could reckon, one of the Malays was gathered in by a tiger. Three days later the two other Malays bolted in the night, taking their rifles with them. This left Butler and me alone, but he wasn't a bit discouraged. We filled our pockets with cartridges, and left the rest of our outfit behind us. We marched along pretty steady during the morning and evening, but we had to halt during the middle of the day on account of the heat. We couldn't make a fire, except once in a long while, for we had brought but a few boxes of matches, and we couldn't afford to run through them. Of course, we had to take watch and watch at night, but with the exception of the tiger that carried off the Malay, hardly any animal came near us. I suppose the jungle was too thick to be a handy place for big game, but it suited the small fellows and the snakes. I never saw such a place for snakes of all sizes and colors, but Butler said most of them were harmless.

"We'd been marching through that jungle for more than a fortnight when Butler was bitten by a harmless snake and died in six hours. He was a brave man, and he died as coolly as if he was going to sleep. There was nothing I could do for him, for we hadn't any medicine for snake bites, and if he had been loaded down with it I don't believe it could have saved him. I got him to take some brandy, but he wouldn't take enough to do him any real good. He talked sensibly with me, though he was suffering a lot of pain. He told me to take his compass and steer northeast till I came to the coast, where

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I should stand a chance of finding a settlement. He left me all his money, which was about three hundred dollars in gold, and urged me to keep my weather eye lifting for the Missing Link, and if possible to capture him and take him down to the coast with me.

"He and I had never been pals, for I was just a sailorman hired to work for him, but when he died, and I was left alone in the jungle, I felt as you feel on a bright, breezy day, when the sun suddenly goes under a thick cloud, and the sea turns gray, and the wind begins to moan in the rigging. All that day I tramped along, getting hungry and tired, and not meeting any game that I could shoot; and when night came I lay down, wishing that I was back at Singapore starving among human beings in what you might call a social sort of way.

"When I woke up it was daylight, and what at first I thought was an enormous monkey was standing over me on his hind legs with my gun in his hand. I jumped up pretty lively, but he had me by the scruff of the neck by the time I was on my feet. His hand was like a steam engine. I could fairly feel his fingers sinking into the flesh. However, I didn't say anything, or even try to twist myself loose. He had me, and the only thing I could do was to wait and see what would turn up.

"We started along the narrow path, I in front and he behind, shoving me along with his grip on my neck. The only part of him I could see was his feet, that now and then came into sight when he took a long step. I noticed that they were like hands. They had fingers instead of toes, and a regular thumb in the place where a man's big toe is placed.

"All of a sudden it came to me that this was Butler's Missing Link. I had often heard him say that the Link would be covered with hair, and would probably have feet something like hands.

"In about half an hour, as I should judge, we left the path and, pushing our way through the jungle where the undergrowth was thinner than usual, we came to a little clearing, where there was a hut built of young saplings, driven into the ground and lashed together at the top with vines. We stopped outside of the hut, and the Link sang out in his lingo, and presently there came out of the hut another Link—a female, as I supposed. The two chattered about me, the male showing me and my gun, and they evidently agreeing that I was a valuable specimen. Finally the male Link stood me up against a tree, and made me fast to it with a rope of twisted tendrils, and then, picking up a big club, went into the forest.

"I needn't say that I was pretty badly scared. Without my gun I was helpless, and there didn't seem to be much chance that I should get hold of it again. I couldn't get my hands free, for the Link had lashed them to the tree with the judgment of an able seaman. I imagined, from his having taken his club with him, that he had gone in search of game, which looked as if he and his mate didn't consider me to be good eating. You needn't remind me that monkeys don't eat meat. I knew that, and thought of it at the time, but a Missing Link has risen above the monkey species so far that I thought it very probable that he might have learned to eat his cousin man, as well as other sorts of meat.

"The female Link sat on the ground about two yards from me, looking at me with what I fancied was a rather admiring expression in her eyes. Says I to myself: 'You're in a mighty tight place, and your only chance is to make friends with these Links.' So I smiled my best smile and said to the Link: 'Glad to make your acquaintance, my dear!' It fetched her the first time. She couldn't smile, for her mouth wasn't built for it, but she chuckled in a way that showed she was pleased, and then she came over to me and patted me on the cheek. I kept on smiling for all I was worth, and talking to her in a friendly and respectful way. Of course, I knew that she couldn't understand a word I said, but I calculated that, being a female, she would understand that I was paying her compliments, and that I was full of respect for her character. A woman is a woman even when she is a Link, and I didn't make any mistake about this one.

"By and by the other Link came back with a dead rabbit, and the two sat down to breakfast. They evidently didn't know anything about fire, for they ate the rabbit raw, pulling it to pieces with their hands and teeth. Presently the female Link tossed me over a choice bit, and when I looked reproachfully at her, as if to say: 'How on earth do you expect me to eat with my hands tied behind my back?' she said something to the male, and then came and cast off the lashing. I didn't lose any time in sitting down and smiling at them both, while I ate raw rabbit as if it was plum duff. They were a good-tempered lot, and before I had got through with breakfast they had plainly made up their minds that I was an intelligent and harmless animal, and that they'd take me in and make a sort of domestic pet of me.

"I don't propose to read off a regular log of every hour I spent with the Links. I was with them close on to four weeks, and they treated me civilly all the time. At night I slept in the hut with them, and they gave me a pile of leaves for a bed that was twice as thick as the beds they used for themselves. The male Link wouldn't let me go into the forest either alone or with him, but that was about all the restriction that he put upon me. He was gone on the hunt for game most of the day, and I stopped at home. That the Links had a genuine language I never had the least doubt, though I could never get to understand more than three or four words of it, and those I have forgotten. It sounded to me something like French, though I don't really know much about French, and perhaps the reason why I fancied it sounded like French was that somehow a man always associates French with monkeys. The female Link and I talked a lot to one another, and it seemed to do her good, though I could never exactly see why.

"I did considerable work for the Links first and last. I improved and enlarged their hut until they regarded it as the swellest palace ever built. I made forks for them out of big thorns, and I was tempted to show them my matches and teach them the use of fire. But I had only a small box of matches left, and I knew that if ever I escaped from the Links I should need them myself the worst way. They never discovered them, for they never dreamed that I had pockets. Their idea was that my clothes were permanent, just like their fur, and as I never took them off while I was with them they never suspected that I wasn't born in a blue flannel shirt and ragged trousers. Why, the female Link mistook a hole in the left leg of my trousers for some new kind of sore, and one day she insisted on rubbing it with some patent salve that she got out of a sort of gum tree. They saw very soon that raw meat didn't altogether meet my views, and after that they always brought me nuts and a sort of wild turnip. Take those Links by and large they treated me the best they knew how, and in my opinion the male Link was more of a gentleman than half the men in Singapore, though I'll allow that that isn't saying very much.

"As for the female Link, I don't deny that she made a dead set at me. Mind, I'm not saying a word against her character, for as far as I know she was a perfectly respectable Link. All I mean is that she took a great fancy to me, and tried to make me take the same to her, for which nobody could blame her. She used to pick out the best bones and the biggest nuts for me, and she never got tired of patting me on the head.

"All the time I kept longing for my gun, which the Links had hid in some place where I couldn't find it. I don't know what they thought of the gun, or why they hid it. Perhaps their idea was that it wasn't respectable for a Link to be seen in possession of such a thing, just as an Englishman, when he goes to Italy, thinks that it is preposterous in the Italians to wear cloaks. I often made signs that I wanted the gun, and one day she got up and went into the jungle, and in a few minutes she came back and handed me the gun.

"I hid it under my bed, a plan which she evidently approved of, and that made me understand that she had run some risk of displeasing the other Link by sneaking the gun. That night, when the two Links were sound asleep, I reached for the gun and slipped out of the hut. I hated to leave them without saying good-by, but of course that wasn't possible. However, I did leave on the side of the female's bed a little bit of a looking-glass that I had carried in my pocket, and I hope it reconciled her to my loss.

"I ran the most of that night, and must have put fifteen miles between myself and the Links by daylight. Then I lay down for a nap, and when I got up and started on the march again I caught sight of something blue showing through the jungle. I had found the sea after all, and by noon I was safe aboard a country ship that I sighted close into shore, and swam to, taking the chances that it was an honest ship and not a pirate.

"Now, gentlemen, you may not believe this story, but it's the solemn truth. The Missing Link lives somewhere in the northeast part of the peninsula, and though I can't exactly say that I found him, I'm dead certain that he found me."

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Literary Folk
Their Ways and Their Work

A CLOSE CALL—Mr. Thompson Seton just missed calling down the judgment of the gods, and doesn't know it yet.

¶ Apropos of the very unloverlike way in which the Nature Lovers are handling each other, Mr. W. A. Fraser, who has done something in the way of Nature study himself, tells an amusing story of Mr. Kipling, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton and himself. The three of them were taking dinner together at a New York club. With many anecdotes and some talk of shop the dinner was wearing to a close.

"Fraser," said Mr. Kipling, "have the goodness to pass me the bread."

Mr. Fraser passed the bread and watched Mr. Kipling cut the topmost slice into three parts and sprinkle them with salt. Mr. Seton Thompson (he *was* Seton Thompson then) was given one piece and Mr. Fraser a second; the third Mr. Kipling kept for himself. Mr. Fraser, of course, said nothing, Mr. Kipling chose to say nothing, and Mr. Seton Thompson was apparently too absorbed in his own story of the particular moment to notice that he had broken bread and eaten salt, in the letter as well as the spirit of the word, with his companions at table.

"I think," said Mr. Fraser afterward, "you weren't quite open with Thompson. You know he hadn't the faintest idea what he was doing in eating that bread and salt; and now, if he should ever come out against you, he'd be damned beyond redemption by all the laws of the Prophets."

"What better could I ask?" retorted Mr. Kipling. "I have *you* pledged to neutrality and the other man sure to get his just deserts."

TWO NEWCOMERS who have done well and the reason why. A prophecy of success for Mr. Bell's Wee MacGregor.

¶ The critic who holds up his outturned palms to the popular success is no critic. Every reader is a critic in his own right, and no critic can be more than one reader at a time. It is the business of the critic to look into the popular success, to find the reason for it. He is not likely in the attempt to engender one popular success the more, but he can aid many fellow-readers to a better understanding of their enjoyment, to a more thorough sifting of their sensations, to a greater certitude of what they liked in David Harum when next they meet with it in Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, and Lovey Mary, her successor—and so perhaps, indirectly, they may be of service to the author himself. The critic may be perfectly certain when he lifts his hands against the popular success which he "does not understand," which he "cannot see," that there he has it—that in deed and in truth he *does* not see, he *does* not understand, that the fault is in him, not the book. It will not do, like the learned gentlemen who proved by all the laws of physics that a baseball cannot be thrown to describe a curve in its flight, to explain the fact by denying it; some day will come the man who can tell why. It can be taken for granted that behind every "big seller" there is a "reason why." It will not be purely a business reason—the dishonest advertiser only makes known his own knavery; it may not be a literary reason, but it will surely be a reason of excellence in one kind or another.

David Harum succeeded, with all its crudities of construction and tedious sentimentality, because of the native worth in the character of David—he stood out; you could get hold of him. Mrs. Wiggs refreshed and delighted a world always ready for the cheery, the heartsome, the genuine word. There again you had the native sense, the gift of phrase, the kindly heart. (Mrs. Atherton hit it exactly right when she nicknamed the book Mrs. Harum of the Cabbage Patch.) Lovey Mary, which followed, will owe its sale more to the motherly Mrs. Wiggs than to Mary herself. Mary is true enough and her pathetic story is naturally enough told, with the proper lightening of the clouds at the end of her dark days—but it is not the story in these books that counts, nor the drama; it is the shrewd comment on life, and Mary, who is younger, has less to say than Mrs. Wiggs. Another book which belongs fairly in the same class with Mrs. Wiggs is the Wee MacGregor. Mr. Bell, the author, like Mrs. Rice, is a newcomer; like

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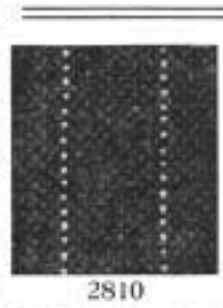
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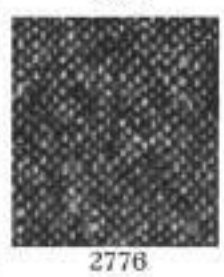
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her, he has to do with very plain people; like her, he relies very little on narrative or dramatic interest, but wholly on human sympathy. His book is a series of fifteen short stories which, it is understood, first appeared in a local Scottish newspaper and later, when collected, found no market with the publisher. When the author brought them out himself, however, they found a very large market with the readers, and in spite of the fact that short stories are not popular, that dialect stories labor under an inherent disadvantage with a public which does not wish to dig in a glossary—always incomplete—for its amusement, and that Mr. Bell's dialect is a particularly difficult dialect, the Wee MacGregor stories are bound to conquer all these hindrances, in America as they did in England. They have to do wholly with Wee MacGregor himself, his father and mother, his grandfather and his aunt. They are simple; they keep always their purpose clearly in mind and in the reader's mind; they have a delicate sense of humor and a light touch of pathos; and they have a profound understanding of the heart of childhood.

It is in this sense, and in no surface sense of finish, that they are more literary than other books of their class. There is not only the thing said—valuable, witty or cheerful in itself—but there is the true artistic quality of making the trivial, the insignificant thing, deeply worthy and suggestive in the connection in which it is found. Here is MacGregor at the Zoo—it may be remarked in parenthesis that he instantly found a striking resemblance in the camel to his Aunt Purdie, whom he did not love!

"'Is the elephant's trunk jist the same as a man's neb (nose), paw?" inquired MacGregor.

"'Ay, jist the same.'

"'Whit wey (why) dae folk no pick up things wi' their nebs, paw?'"

Is not that the child? And this again:

MacGregor has had his picture taken. In a moment of thoughtlessness his father has promised that the toorie (tassel) on his bonnet—Tam o'Shanter we should call it—will show red in the picture as it does in life. MacGregor, of course, has boasted of his picture and his red toorie to all the other boys. Bitter is his disappointment when shown the finished prints; he will be shamed before his fellows. His father, with a little ingenuity and a "wee tick" cut out from a red postage stamp, contrives to make all well in the boy's absence.

"'Ye didna say onything about rid toories, did ye?' inquired his father, on his return from the play, with a surreptitious wink at Lizzie (MacGregor's mother) who had the photograph under her apron.

"'Ay, I tell't them I wasna gaun to hae a rid toorie in ma likeness, because a black yin (one) wis finer.'

"'And whit did they say to that?' asked Lizzie.

"'They a' said it wis finer excep' Tam Jamieson, and I hut him on the neb, an' then *he* said black wis finer nor rid'"!!!

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That this vicious weakness such a capable and sensitive workman as Mr. Zangwill has shown he can be should never wholly throw off is something graver than a pity. The Grey Wig falls just short of being a little masterpiece, and one begrudges the lack of self-discipline that would have wrought it into what it has every right to be—and yet somehow is not.

Other stories in the same volume are of a far different quality. Mr. Zangwill says in a short preface that he has assembled some of his earliest and some of his latest work; he might have added, some of his worst and some of his best.

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THE OVERWORKED SILKWORM—He is now driven by greedy capitalists to do his own dyeing as well as his spinning.

ENABLING the silkworm to be its own dyer, transferring to its cocoons various colors in the leaves it feeds upon, is a scientific achievement reported from Roubaix, France.

White, yellow and occasional green are the customary shades of the cocoon. What first directed attention to the possibility of coloring the silkworm's scheme of life was the interesting phenomenon that different colored cocoons are produced by similar species of the worms. The scientists, after investigation, were convinced that the varying tints in the tissue of the chrysalis are caused by different colors in the food material. If Nature thus determines the color of the cocoon as a direct result of the shade of the silkworm's food, it seemed obvious to the investigators that the production of silk of any predetermined shade could be absolutely controlled by artificially coloring the food set before the worms.

Experiments were first made by placing worms on branches of privet *(Ligustrum vulgare)* washed with red dye. They readily fed on the colored leaves, and when the larvæ began to spin their cocoons the silk was discovered to be a pronounced shade of red. Ensuing experiments included tests with many colors. Fed on leaves colored blue the worms produced blue silk. A variation was encountered in tests with species that under natural conditions produce cocoons of yellow. When fed on leaves colored red the silk they spun was a deep orange. The original yellow is accounted for by the pigment contained in the leaves of the mulberry. Experiments are to be continued. They are being followed with interest by silk manufacturers. Government scientists at Washington are also much interested, as efforts are now under way to encourage the silkworm industry in America. To that end the Department of Agriculture is seeking to extend the propagation and cultivation of the white mulberry *(Morus alba)* and the *Morus multicaulis*, the tree upon which most of the silkworms reared in China are fed.

This mulberry was largely planted in the United States many years ago. Few, if any, of the original trees remain, but specimens which are thought to be wild seedlings of these are very plentiful in the Southern States. The trees are thoroughly acclimated and free from disease. It is therefore probable that there is now in the United States an abundant supply of material for propagating purposes, at least.

If the experiments at Roubaix in causing the silkworm to supplant the dyer prove to be practical, a new impetus may be given to the silkworm industry in the United States.

THE HYDRAULIC COP—The train robber who tackles him will find him a very efficient officer.

RECENTLY on a British steamship from Bombay to Zanzibar a fierce religious and race war broke out among several hundred Arabs and Hindus who had taken deck passage. Among the regular passengers was a detachment of British soldiers, and their colonel hurried to the captain with proffers of assistance. The latter, declining military interposition, called an order down the tube to the engineer, and commanded his sailors to direct a hose on the mob. A stream of hot water and steam worked a transformation in the battle scene. Some of the combatants leaped overboard and had to be rescued. All dispersed and sought shelter from the hot assault.

Others besides this quick-witted captain have long known that hot water and steam forced through a nozzle constitute an effective fusillade, hardly exceeded at short range by dynamite. An American inventor has applied this knowledge in a device for preventing train robberies. By means of pipes radiating from the boiler of the locomotive and terminating in nozzles at the entrance to the cab, along the running-boards, over the pilot, and at other points designed to protect the front platform of the first car, the engineer is enabled to repel with torrents of scalding water and steam the approach of highwaymen.

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FREAK FOODS—A pepper warranted to bite, a tomato like a horse-chestnut, and a cucumber that explodes.

THE Department of Agriculture is making experiments with many new vegetables which are expected to prove useful in this country, if the people can be persuaded to grow them. Its explorers are fetching them from various parts of the world, especially from Mexico, which is known to possess many food plants that would be of much value if introduced into the United States.

Among the available Mexican vegetables are various kinds of peppers, and several species of tomatoes which are unknown to us. For example, there is the "husk tomato," which is about the size of a horse-chestnut, and is contained in a sort of detachable rind that is removed when the fruit is ripe, as a preliminary to cooking it. It is not good raw, but is said to be excellent when stewed or fried. The Mexicans preserve it as a sweet pickle.

Then there is a brand-new kind of cucumber, which is quite an oddity in its way, inasmuch as it explodes with a loud report when ripe, throwing its red seeds to a distance. Its chief use is as a medicine, but the vine on which it grows is so handsome as to be desirable for gardens. More valuable is a giant okra, lately obtained from Europe, which has pods five or six times the ordinary size. Soon, doubtless, it will be commonly grown in this country, and will be obtainable in our markets. It has a delightful flavor.

Another European vegetable which Uncle Sam wants to introduce is the tuber of a plant that looks a good deal like marsh grass. It is only about as big as a hazelnut, and when eaten raw resembles cocoanut in flavor. This is called "chervil," and may be cooked in a variety of ways. The plant is a kind of sedge.

Special attention is being paid to the cultivation of new pot-herbs on the experimental farm which the Government maintains near Washington, and the seeds of the best of these, when a sufficient supply has been obtained, will be distributed to farmers and gardeners. Notable among them is a plant from India called "basella," which bears fruits that look like little blackberries. It is a vine, has pink blossoms resembling those of the arbutus, and is said to be delicious.

It is always difficult to persuade people to eat new things—a fact of which the common tomato, which a generation ago was considered poisonous in New England, affords a familiar illustration. Nevertheless, every new vegetable is an important addition to our happiness and welfare, and even a novelty in the way of a pot-herb is a contribution not to be despised by those who appreciate a well-flavored plate of soup or dish of stew.

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Despotism and Democracy

(Continued from Page 11)

The Senator had a newspaper spread out before him, but as Thorndyke approached folded it up, pushed his gold spectacles up on his forehead and called out:

"Hello! Have you read about the 'Wondrous Boy' this morning?"

"I have," replied Thorndyke, smiling pleasantly as he lifted his hat, and in response to a silent invitation he seated himself on the bench by Standiford's side.

"Great speech that," continued the Senator. "At first I was disposed to give you the credit for all of it—but there's something in that fellow Crane. You couldn't have coached him so well if he hadn't been capable of learning."

"You do me too much honor," replied Thorndyke, laughing, but with something like bitterness.

Senator Standiford continued, with a dry contortion of the lips meant for a smile:

"But you'll see, my son, that your friend Crane won't grow quite so fast as he thinks he will. In our times public men require the seasoning of experience before they amount to anything. There'll be no more Henry Clays elected to the House of Representatives before they are thirty. The world was young, then, but we have matured rapidly. It is true that we have relaxed the rule of the Senate a little and allow the new Senators to speak in the Senate Chamber at a much earlier period in their Senatorial service than formerly. But speech-making is a dangerous pastime. Much of the small success I have achieved"—here Senator Standiford's face assumed a peculiar expression of solemnity which made him look like a deacon handing around the church plate—"I lay to the fact that I never could make a speech in my life, and I found it out at an early stage in my career. I'm a Presbyterian, as you know, but in my town I'm classed as a heretic and an iconoclast, because when they want to call a new preacher and to have him preach a specimen sermon I always tell the elders, 'Why do you want to judge the fellow by the way he talks? It's the poorest test in the world to apply to a man. Find out what he can *do*.'"

"All the same, I wish from the bottom of my heart that I had had Crane's chance yesterday and had used it as well," replied Thorndyke.

"If you had you would have given our junior Senator a bad quarter of an hour," replied Senator Standiford gravely.

Now, in common with all true Senatorial bosses, Standiford had seen to it that his junior Senator was a man of straw, put in the place in order that the boss might have two votes in the Senate. Never had the junior Senator yet voted or acted in opposition to his master; but had Thorndyke been the junior it would have been another story and both men knew it. This caused Thorndyke to remark coolly:

"He would have no reason to disturb himself—the ass! You have been kind enough to give me to understand that I am ineligible for promotion—not being made of putty, as our junior Senator is."

"Now, now!" remonstrated Senator Standiford, again assuming his air of a seventeenth century Puritan. "To hear you anybody would think that our State organization didn't want every first-class man it can get! We have the highest regard for your services, and we do what we can to keep you in your present place because we see your usefulness there."

Senator Standiford punctiliously used the euphemism "we" just as he gravely consulted all the pothouse politicians in "the organization," but it did not materially affect the fact that he was the whole proposition.

Thorndyke looked full into the deep, calm eyes of the rugged old man before him, and could not forbear laughing—but there was not the glimmer of a twinkle in them. Presently the old man said coolly:

"Suppose I should tell you that I may retire at the end of my term—in two years?"

"I should wish to believe you, my dear Senator, but I am afraid I couldn't."

"What a fellow you are! But let me tell you—mind this is a confidence between gentlemen—my retirement is not impossible. You know my daughter, my little Letty——"

As Senator Standiford spoke the name his face softened, and a passion of parental love shone in his deep-set eyes.

"She is a very remarkable girl, Mr. Thorndyke—very remarkable—and she loves her old father better than he deserves. I have as good sons as any man ever had—but that daughter left me by my dead wife is worth to me everything else on God's earth. The doctors have been frightening her about me lately. They tell her I work too hard for my time of life—that I ought to take a rest, and if I will do it I can add ten years to my life. Now, you know, the State organization will never let me take a rest"—Senator Standiford said this quite seriously—"and Letty as good as told me six months ago that if I should be reëlected to the Senate"—the Senator uttered this "if" in a tone of the most modest deprecation—"*if* I should be reëlected for another term—as she wishes me to be—then she wants me to resign. I don't mind admitting that if any other human being had said this to me except my daughter Letty, I should have reckoned myself drunk or crazy to have listened to it. But my daughter, as I mentioned to you, is a remarkable girl. Besides, the child is not strong herself, and if she gets to worrying about me—well, you can see, Mr. Thorndyke, how it is with me. The world credits me with loving place and power above everything on earth, but there is something dearer to me than the office of President of the United States: it is my daughter. And the sweetness and the tenderness of that child for her old father——"

Here Senator Standiford took out a large red silk handkerchief and blew a blast like the blast of Roncesvalles.

Being an accomplished judge of men Senator Standiford while speaking had watched Thorndyke closely. Had he shown any undue elation over the prospect of Senator Standiford's possible retirement Thorndyke's fortunes would have been ruined. But by the lucky accident of having a good heart he said the most judicious thing possible.

"I don't see any indications of overwork in you, Senator. At the same time I know you do the work of ten men, and I also know the exercise of power is so dear to you that, from the poundmaster in your own town up to the candidate for President, you give everything your personal supervision. But as for Miss Standiford's not being strong—why, I took her in to dinner less than a month ago, and remarked on her freshness and beauty. She looked the picture of health and ate more dinner than I did."

"Did she?" asked the Senator anxiously. "Thank God! The doctors say if she can only eat and live outdoors and play golf and ride horseback she will be all right."

Here Senator Standiford again blew his nose violently.

"She's a little wild, having no mother, poor child," continued the Senator, "but her heart, sir, is in the right place. And the way she loves her old father is the most splendid, touching, exquisite thing ever imagined!"

Thorndyke listened attentively, deeply interested in the human side of a man who had seemed to him to have a very small amount of the purely human in him.

Senator Standiford rose then, and resting both hands on his old-fashioned gold-headed stick he looked full into Thorndyke's face, and said slowly:

"I hope we understand each other, Mr. Thorndyke. We think you a very strong man, and strong men are liable to become dangerous. The State organization wishes you to remain where you are. But in the event that I should be reëlected and should be forced to resign, I have no hesitation in saying that unless something unforeseen happens I should be glad to exert my personal influence toward getting you the party nomination for Senator."

"I understand you perfectly, Senator," replied Thorndyke with equal coolness, "and though I admit I think it a shameful state of affairs that any organization or any man should have the power to dispose of any man's political future, yet it is a fixed fact in our State and can't be helped for the present. So far as your personal kindness to me goes I have the deepest sense of it, and the chances are, on the strength of what you have just said, that I may one day be Senator."

"And when you are you won't be as much down on the State organization as you are now," remarked Senator Standiford. "You will probably be called a boss yourself."

"No, I shall not," answered Thorndyke. "I shouldn't have the heart to put men through the mill as I have seen you and Senator Bicknell and a few others do."

Senator Standiford professed to regard this as a pleasantry, and so they entered the Capitol together.

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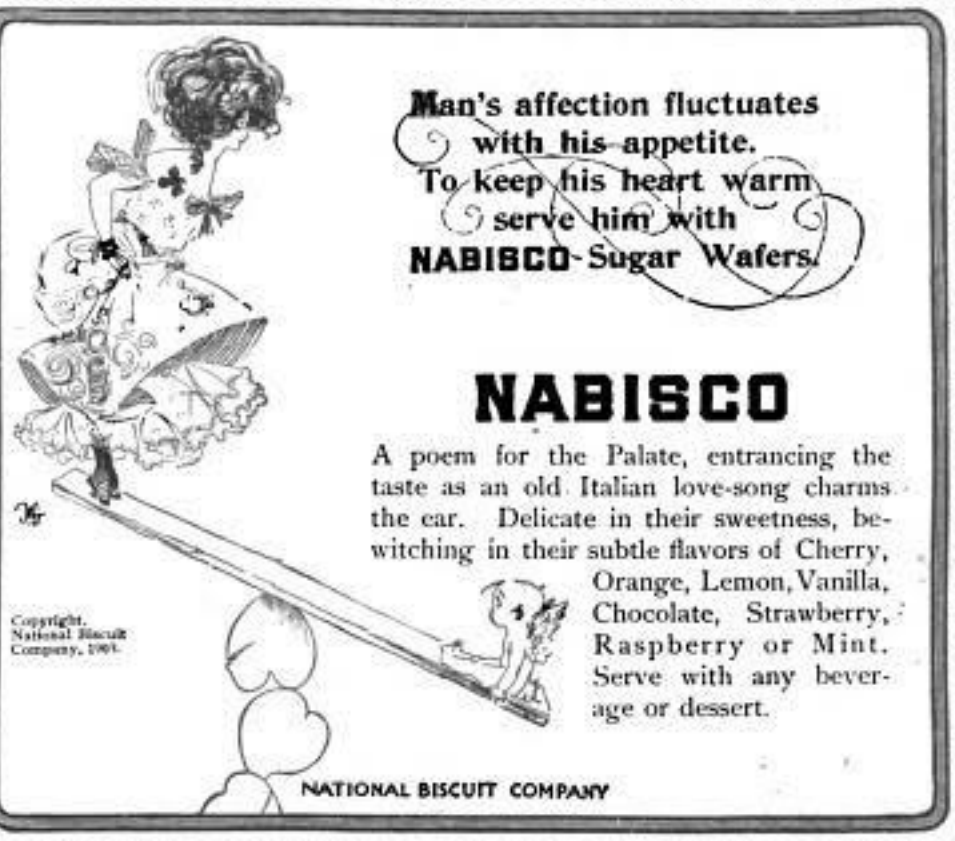

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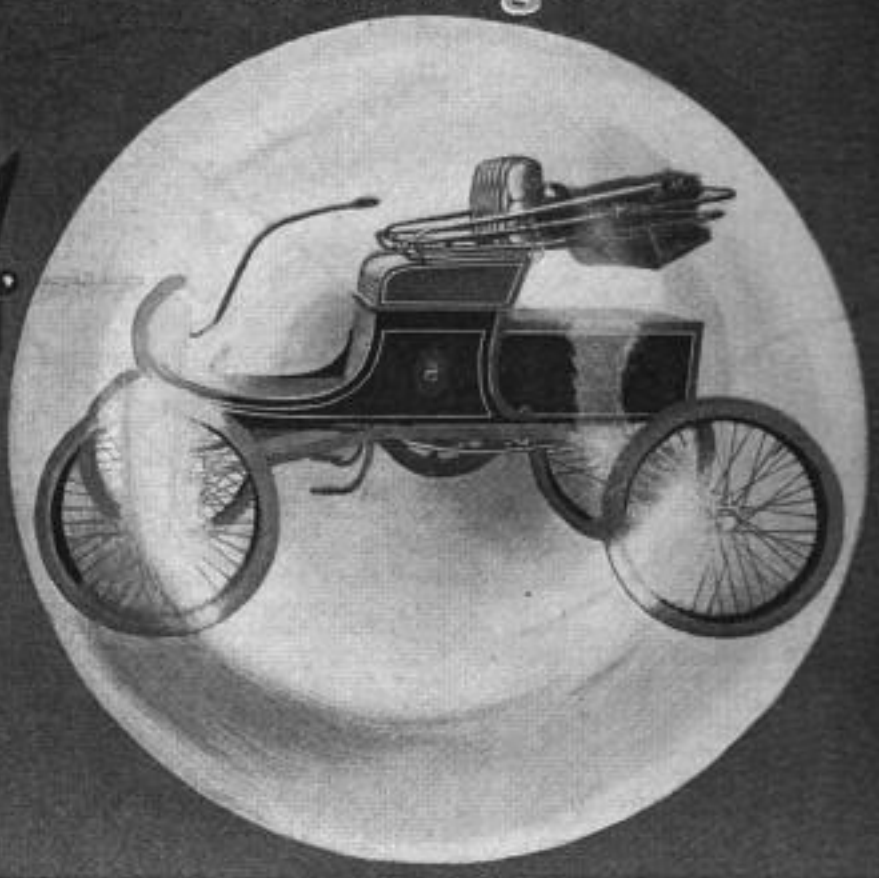

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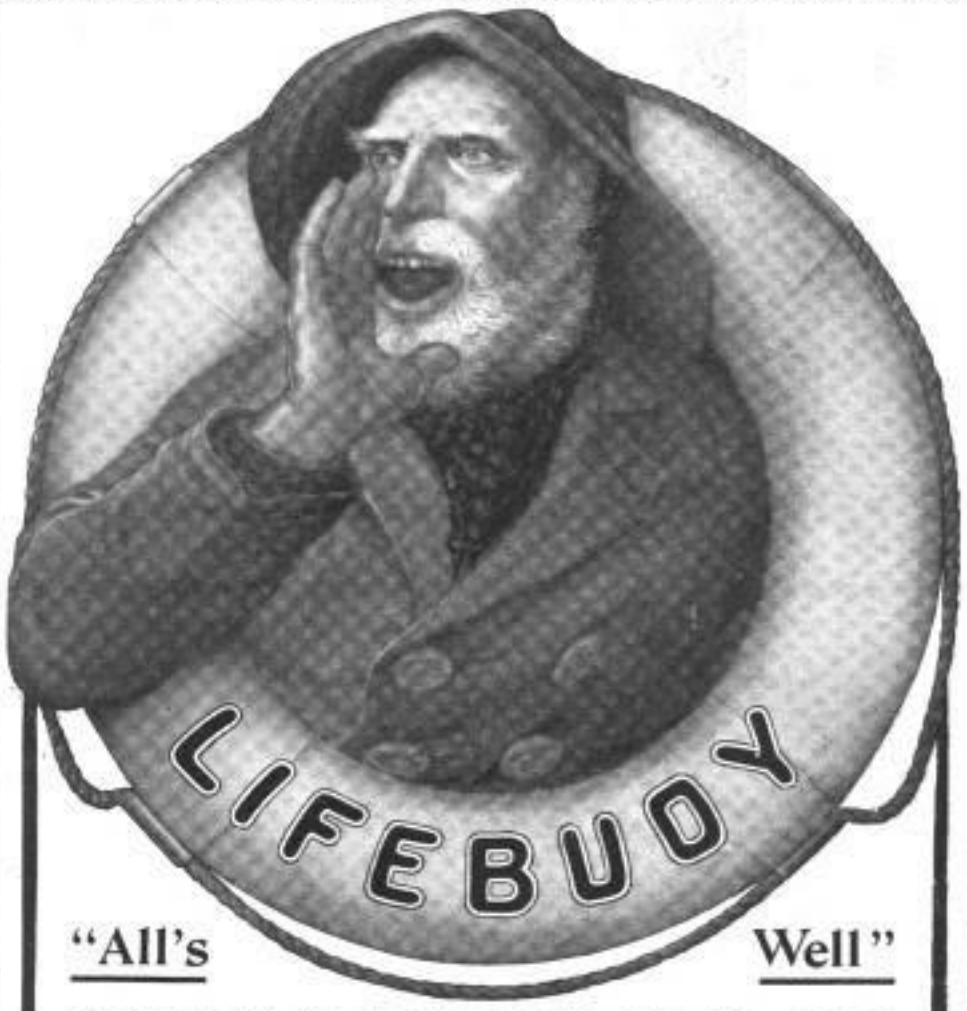

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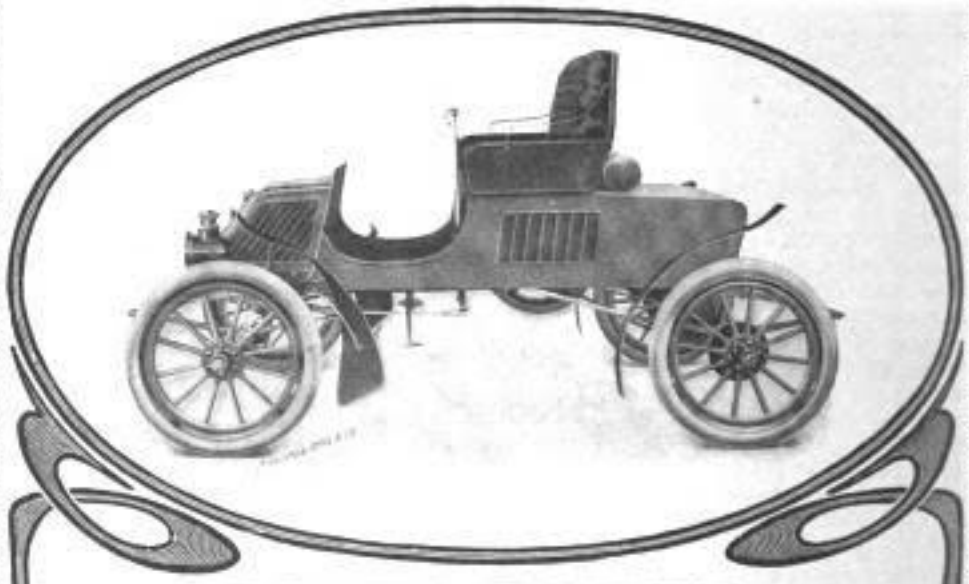

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Recollections of M. de Blowitz

My Interview with the Sultan Abdul-Hamid

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WHEN I left Paris, in 1883, for Constantinople, on the inauguration train of the Orient Express, Essad Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador in Paris, gave me two letters of introduction: one for Said Pasha, the Grand Vizier, the other for Munir Bey, the Master of Ceremonies.

I had not hidden from Essad Pasha my desire to avail myself of this visit to Constantinople for approaching the Sultan, and, although the letters of introduction he gave me were, according to diplomatic custom, sealed up, I am sure they mentioned my wish and suggested that I should be helped to carry it out.

On arriving at Constantinople a good friend of mine, who lives in that city, called upon me. He knew every one and everything there, and I told him that I had come with some friends who were leaving in four days, that I wanted first to see Constantinople with them, and that I intended waiting until they had gone before using my letters of introduction, as I was staying a week longer than they were. My friend advised me to deliver the letters at once and he undertook to see that they reached their destination.

Two days later, on Thursday, we were told that it was the eve of the Courbam-Baïram, and that the fêtes would commence on Friday and last until Monday evening.

This was a great disappointment to me. I understood that I should not be able to meet any members of the official world until after the fêtes, on the following Tuesday. As I was to leave on the Saturday following this only left me four days to settle the complicated question of an audience with the Sultan. During the three days I had been in Constantinople I had seen a great many people and had talked about a great many things, and I had begun to understand that this was no easy matter. The Sultan had never granted a private audience to any one in my position, and the persons on whom I was relying for asking the Sultan to receive me would more likely prevent my obtaining an interview than otherwise.

Missak Effendi, the first secretary of the Ottoman Embassy in Paris, a delightful man, a clever diplomatist, always pleasant and amiable, as well as a good linguist and an excellent functionary, had traveled with us. He told me that I ought not to leave Constantinople without seeing the Sultan, and he had mentioned the matter to Said Pasha and to Munir Bey. With his usual courtesy he had told Munir Bey not to forget to remind the Sultan who I was, and in what capacity I was there, so that he might weigh his words and not lose sight of the fact that what he said to me would not escape publicity. To any one who knows Constantinople and the Palace it will be very evident that after this recommendation, of which I knew nothing until just before my departure, there was no chance whatever of attaining the end I had in view through official influence. Neither Munir Bey, Said Pasha, nor any of those whose responsibility is publicly acknowledged, would have cared to risk the consequences of an audience accorded to me by the Sultan. Abdul-Hamid was too attentive and too enlightened not to take into account the Press, and particularly the independent Press of Europe, and not to keep himself well posted about the various correspondences published in Europe. Now, as it happened, some of the correspondents of certain newspapers in Constantinople, by their free and independent criticism of Turkey and of the Ministers, and the deeds of the Sultan himself, had roused the susceptibilities of His Majesty, who still had a lively remembrance of some of these articles.

Who would be responsible if in my turn I should add to the Sultan's bitter impressions, and who could ask these high officials, whom a glance from their lord and master could annihilate, to accept the consequences of such an interview and to bear the responsibility of having brought it about and of having asked the Sovereign to grant it?

ABDUL-HAMID, SULTAN OF TURKEY

As my brief sojourn furnished timorous officials with a justification of their fears it was quite probable and almost certain that I should not see the Chief of Believers before leaving his capital. A fresh circumstance added to the complication of the question.

The Friday after the Baïram I went to Thérapia to call on Lord Dufferin.

The English diplomat thought as I did, when I told him that I had left two letters of introduction from Essad Pasha—that the time was too limited for me to count on an audience.

He assured me that Mr. Forster had obtained an audience, but that it had been postponed twice, and that as he could not remain any longer he had left without waiting for the day appointed the third time.

I thought, naturally, that if so important a personage as Mr. Forster had been kept waiting like this I might as well give up all idea of succeeding. I asked Lord Dufferin, nevertheless, if he would not be kind enough to second me in my attempt. With his usual perspicacity and knowledge of all that concerns Oriental men and things, he saw immediately that we should have to avoid taking any direct, official step in the matter, as this would only create a fresh obstacle. He told me that he would write a private letter to Munir Bey, merely informing him that I was among the passengers of the Orient Express, and suggesting that, perhaps, His Majesty might like to be informed of the fact. He did this that same day. I happened to know, too, that Munir Bey was always pleased to receive information of this kind through an Ambassador, because in this way he was obliged to convey it to his Chief without incurring the responsibility of having taken the initiative. The Sultan was, therefore, apprised on Saturday that I was in Constantinople, and when communicating to him the note from Lord Dufferin those who presented it added that, having now discharged their duty, they had only to await the decision of the Sovereign. Under these conditions, during the next two days a profound silence was maintained with regard to me. The amusing side of the affair was that two parties were formed round the Sultan on my account, in spite of the unimportance of my personality. Some had proceeded officially, almost compulsorily, and when once their official request had been made they had remained quiet, rather glad, on the whole, of the silence which was maintained with regard to me. Others, anxious, on the contrary, that I should see the Sultan and, in their enthusiasm for him, convinced that this interview could only leave an excellent impression on my mind, were most impatient as the hours slipped by and the hour of my departure approached. They could do nothing to break this silence themselves, nor to get it broken by others, prevented as they were by the note sent by an Ambassador and by the official intervention of those whose functions authorized them to intervene. Things went on in this way until Tuesday evening.

In three days' time I was to leave Constantinople.

On Tuesday evening I received from Said Pasha the following letter:

> *Sir:* I had the pleasure of receiving the letter from His Excellency, Essad Pasha, which you were kind enough to forward to me, and also the letter in which you ask for an interview. I regret that on account of my numerous occupations I could not reply earlier. I will let you know the day and hour when I shall be able to see you. Accept the assurance of my perfect consideration.
>
> SAID.

As I was to leave on Saturday this letter was equivalent to a refusal, and I heard the very next day that, on account of Abdul-Hamid's silence about the communication made by Lord Dufferin in his note, Said Pasha deemed it prudent not to receive me, which fact was very evident from his letter.

Thereupon I hastened the preparations for my departure and that very evening went to keep an appointment, which had been arranged for me, with the Sheik Abul-Huda el-Rifai, the Grand Caziasker of Anatolia, in order to complete, at any rate, my interviews with the men of note of the capital.

My conversation with this eminent man lasted until very late into the night, and I have heard since that the next morning he wrote to inform the Sultan about it.

The following day one of my friends came to tell me that he had just received the visit of a person who frequented the Palace who had told him that every one there wanted me to see the Sultan, but that no one dared introduce the subject for fear an official demand for an audience should exist, as that would prevent any other steps being taken.

I understood, then, the tact and finesse with which Lord Dufferin had acted, and I was able to declare that no official demand for an audience existed.

My friend appeared to be delighted.

That same day I had a visit from Waiss Bey, the Turkish Consul-General in Venice, a very distinguished Orientalist, thoroughly devoted to the Sultan and connected with the Palace. He is an active, intelligent man, very anxious to show up Turkey, of which he is an ardent defender, in its best light.

He appeared to know what was going on. We talked for a long time and I heard later that, on leaving me, he wrote a long letter, which the Sultan would see, in which he pleaded warmly in favor of the audience. All these movements, all these applications, and one might even say all these struggles, were going on without my suspecting them in the least. As my visit was to come to an end in a couple of days I considered my cause lost. In spite of this, the next day, Thursday, I heard that Philippe Effendi, the editor of the Vakhit, the special journal of the Sultan, a man who is very devoted to

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His Majesty, and who is broad-minded and a protégé of Osman Bey, the first chamberlain, had said that I ought not to be allowed to leave without seeing the Sovereign. I knew, too, that Reschid Bey, the Sultan's chief secretary, a very highly educated young man, in whom his master has every confidence, and who looks at things in an unprejudiced way, was among those who were inclined toward the audience. Mr. Guaracino, too, an Englishman, who had been in Constantinople almost all his life, and who used to be a member of the English Consulate, a very active and intelligent man, who was liked by the Mussulmans and a great favorite everywhere, was particularly interested in the success of my enterprise. As I have said, all this agitation was going on around me and the greatest precautions were taken that I should not have any idea of it, yet I understood that all these people had not abandoned the cause, and had not given up all hope of conquering the resistance opposed to them. I felt that I was breathing in an atmosphere which, even for Constantinople, was full of exceptional mystery. The Turks, who usually converse in a low voice, spoke still lower in my presence, and uttered Turkish monosyllables, almost in a whisper, as they glanced at me. I went about like an actor in a conspiracy on the stage, knowing that whatever happened, whether failure or success, the result would not be fatal to any one.

On Thursday, in the afternoon, Waiss Bey came to tell me that it would be well for me to go the next day, Friday, to the Sélamlik which would take place at the Médidjeh Mosque near Dolma-Bagchi.

"But," I said, "I went to the Bairam last Friday and I saw the ceremony and the Sultan; there will be nothing fresh to see to-morrow."

"No matter, it's better to go; there's no knowing. It sometimes happens that the Sultan notices foreigners and asks to see them. Besides, you will see him again, and the ceremony is interesting."

"Very well," I said. "At what time must I be there?"

"At midday."

He had just gone away when I received a message to the effect that Khair-eddin Pasha would receive me the following day at Nichanne-Tache, at half-past nine in the morning. Soon after, one of my friends called to tell me that Said Pasha would see me at Nichanne-Tache at six o'clock, Turkish time.

"What time will that be?" I asked.

My friend began to calculate and then replied half-past eleven.

I reflected that if I went at half-past nine to see Khair-eddin, and at half-past eleven to the Said's, I should never be at the Sélamlik at noon. But as Said Pasha had given me Turkish time it was quite allowable for me to make a mistake of an hour in my calculations, and so arrive at half-past ten to see him. If he received me then I should have time to go to the Sélamlik, and if he did not receive me I could apologize and leave a few lines for him, explaining that it was impossible for me to wait.

In the evening I went to a dinner given in my honor at the club. I asked Mr. Guaracino whether a seat at table had been purposely left vacant, and he told me that Philippe Effendi was to have been there, "but," he added, lowering his voice, "he must have gone to the Palace to see whether there is anything fresh." I finished the evening at the house of Mr. Smythe, a very pleasant sort of man, a director of the Ottoman Bank. I was able to admire, at his house, some charming specimens of the English colony, and I then returned at rather a late hour to the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Early next morning Waiss Bey and Mr. Guaracino came to tell me that they would wait for me, between half-past eleven and twelve, on the Dolma-Bagchi road, to take me to the guard-house which faces the Médidjeh Mosque, where I could see the Sultan quite close. I went to Khair-eddin's at half-past nine, and left him at half-past ten to go to Said Pasha's, who lives just opposite.

I had done well to go an hour earlier, for Said Pasha received me at once. When I took leave of him, although the hands of my watch pointed to a quarter to twelve, I feared that I should miss the Sélamlik.

THE SULTAN ON A VISIT TO THE MOSQUE OF THE SULTANA VALIDE AT ORTA KANI

I had scarcely departed from the house when I met Mr. Guaracino, who had brought a horse and who had come at full speed to tell me that it was late. We found Waiss Bey stamping about impatiently, and we went along at full gallop toward Dolma-Bagchi, when we were told that the Sélamlik was to take place at Bechik-Tache, and not at the Médidjeh Mosque. There every one was waiting in a state of hesitation, for it was expected that the ceremony would have taken place at the Médidjeh Mosque, and although the troops were drawn up, the officers present, and instructions had been given to the softas, yet at the last moment a counter-order might arrive, and the Sultan, with that persistent care not to appear in a locality that has been indicated beforehand, might change the meeting-place. In cases of this kind nothing can give an idea of the rapidity with which this official change of quarters is effected. The troops, the officials of the procession, the horses and carriages, and the assembled crowd disappear in the twinkling of an eye and go quickly to the mosque indicated, without any surprise or displeasure, as though it were the most natural thing; the guard-house looks just as usual, and, five minutes later, a stranger passing by would never imagine that only a few minutes before a crowd had been waiting there, soldiers had been drawn up in line, carriages with the horses unharnessed amidst all the ceremonials of an absolute government whose chief designs to be saluted once a week. But when we saw that sand was being thrown on the ground where the Sultan was to pass we understood that it was certainly here that the ceremony would take place. The Turkish finances are not in a state that allows of sand being wasted.

A few minutes later an aide-de-camp, on horseback, galloped up, announcing that His Majesty was about to leave the Palace and come to the Mosque of Bechik-Tache.

I was then advised to mount on the highest of the steps leading to the guard-house, so that I might be above the crowd and see the Sultan.

My companions, however, looked greatly distressed. At Bechik-Tache the mosque is some distance from the guard-house. It is beyond the little triangular square, just opposite the door, through which the Sultan enters. I was in the midst of all the foreigners who had rushed to see the ceremony, and if I should manage to see the Sultan how could I have the slightest chance of being seen by him! If, just then, I had suggested to my two companions that we should go away they would have been delighted, so convinced were they that we were merely wasting our time, and that I should simply witness the failure of their plans. As these thoughts were crossing my mind a tall, strongly-built man, dressed in a gray suit of European cut, holding a soft hat in his hand, crossed the square which the troops were guarding. He had a full face and dark complexion and a black, stiff mustache. He was quite out of breath as he approached us, and he murmured a few words to the officer in command of the guard-house and then made a sign to us to follow him.

"It's Philippe Effendi," said Mr. Guaracino; "he has an *iradé* for us to have good places."

We went through the guard-house, turned down a small corridor to the right, and came into a drawing-room which was very clean, and furnished with armchairs, and a wide sofa occupying the whole length of the two windows, which looked out on the square and the mosque. Evidently this word *iradé* was of the same derivation as "irradiation." From the moment it had been pronounced in my favor I felt that luminous effluvia were irradiating around me. As we entered, the officers with their gold lace, who were seated, rose, looked at me with respectful curiosity, and invited me to take a seat on the sofa. As soon as I was seated a soldier brought me coffee and another one cigarettes: I had become the Sultan's guest.

Suddenly a great noise was heard in the street. The Sultan was approaching. Philippe Effendi said a few words to Mr. Guaracino, who opened the lower part of one of the windows, told me to get up on the sofa, and then invited me to sit down on the white marble of the window.

Every one drew back a little, and at the same moment, in obedience to an order given outside, a clear space was made in front of the window in which I was seated.

I was thus completely isolated, both from the outside and the interior, against the somewhat dark background of the room with the sun full on me, showing me up in the foreground of the picture. I was seated sideways, my legs hanging over the sofa, my body leaning forward and my head out of the window.

I understood that I was posing for the Sultan.

"It is to be hoped," I said, in real terror, to Mr. Guaracino, "that there is no photographer here with his apparatus, just facing us. My pose would certainly not be to my advantage."

The cheering of the troops could be heard as the Sultan appeared in a close carriage with the windows shut. I did not see him very well. I knew he would look toward me; he could scarcely do otherwise as I had been placed in such a conspicuous position, and I bowed with all the respect due to the Sovereign of the country.

The carriage stopped, Abdul-Hamid entered the mosque after turning round toward the crowd, and, the *muezzin* having appeared on the gallery, we understood that prayers had commenced within.

I at once left my uncomfortable seat and entered the room again, but I had only been inside a few minutes when Philippe Effendi suddenly rushed out.

"What's the matter?" I asked Mr. Guaracino.

"Another *iradé*," he answered.

"Where?"

"There, the gentleman wearing a fez, who is just crossing the road."

He was right, for the *iradé*, in the red fez, was talking to Philippe Effendi. The latter soon returned and said:

"An order for us to be ready to go up to Yildiz Kiosque after the Sélamlik."

Things were advancing very slowly, but still they were advancing. My pose at the window had not caused the Sultan to change his plans.

At this moment Mavroyeni Pasha, a clever and witty Greek, who was private physician to the Padischah, came in.

We talked together for a few minutes.

"I am sorry you have not seen the Sultan," he said; "you would have acquired for yourself proof of the stupid untruths that are told about him. You would have seen for yourself how sound his mind is, how just he is and how healthy, too. People say that he has scrofula and is subject to fainting fits. It is infamous. I have never known him ill, and I am the most expensive luxury that he allows himself."

On looking round I noticed that Philippe Effendi had disappeared.

"Where has he gone?" I asked Waiss Bey.

"There's another *iradé* on your account."

Philippe Effendi came back again.

"Strict orders have been issued to take you to Yildiz Kiosque. When there a chamberlain will tell us what is to be done," he said.

My companions were radiant. Evidently one of those mysterious battles had been waged round the Sultan with regard to me, one of those battles the secret of which is guarded by the walls of the Palace, and about which conquerors and conquered are equally silent. I was gradually penetrating it, and if I am able to tell all the details now it is because, in the first place, I was able to observe everything for myself and also because victory makes the conquerors more readily inclined to be communicative. Very soon the fourth and last *iradé* arrived and I knew from the faces of my friends that victory was nearly certain.

"An order to go to the Marshals' room and to wait there."

We were now in the stronghold, or rather we were just about to enter.

"But who gives these orders, one after the other?" I asked.

"The Sultan communicates them to a chamberlain who transmits them to officers on duty outside."

"Well, then, the Sultan is not at prayer?"

THE MOSQUE OF SOLIMAN, CONSTANTINOPLE

THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE

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"No, that is one of the thousand European errors. The mosque is not a place entirely consecrated to prayer. People can pray everywhere, since Allah is everywhere. The mosque is principally a meeting-place; all things can be discussed there and they are discussed. It often happens, too, like to-day," and they pointed to some servants who were carrying some trays, "that the Sultan invites those who are with him to take some refreshments. It is well to remember that the Sélamlik was only instituted by the reigning family. Formerly the Sultan always remained invisible, and he might be assassinated in his palace and a successor substituted for him without the people having any idea of it. It was, therefore, decided that, cost what it might, he should show himself at least once a week to his people. It once happened that a Sultan, who was dangerously ill, was nevertheless carried to the Sélamlik and he died on his return to the Palace."

Just at this moment military orders were heard, the music struck up, the horses began to paw the ground, people rushed to the windows, and Abdul-Hamid, leaving the mosque, took his seat in a victoria, with Osman Bey at his side and two of his aides-de-camp opposite, and started. We left the guard-house; our carriages were waiting for us, and we drove to the Palace by the new road.

As we reached the gate of Yildiz Kiosque a soldier acting as sentinel advanced toward us. Philippe Effendi leaned forward and murmured the word *iradé*. The soldier stepped back respectfully, and by a path which starts from the gate and turns to the right a hundred yards farther along we reached a low door and entered Yildiz Kiosque. Philippe Effendi left us for an instant in order to ask Osman Bey, the first chamberlain, to have us conducted to the Marshals' room. As soon as he entered it a *cavédji* brought us some coffee and cigarettes. We were invited to sit down and asked to wait.

Ten minutes later a chamberlain appeared at the door, bowed and asked me to follow him. We passed through two drawing-rooms, then along a large gallery divided by a red screen, and another drawing-room covered with fine matting, and the chamberlain who walked in front of me made a sign for me to wait there. I thought that this chamberlain was taking me to one of the Sultan's aides-de-camp, who would tell me when I could see his master, for so far neither Philippe Effendi, nor Waïss Bey, nor Mr. Guaracino, either because they did not know, or because, with that stubborn discretion peculiar to Oriental diplomacy, they did not want to compromise themselves, could or would tell me which day would be fixed for my audience with the Sultan.

After a few minutes the chamberlain who was conducting me stopped in front of an open door, beckoned to me to approach, and I must confess that I was taken aback, on advancing, to find myself face to face with Abdul-Hamid, who was standing up in front of me. The Sultan was wearing the insignia of a Marshal of his army and the uniform of his Life Guards. His trousers were blue with a double band of red, and were held by straps over his patent-leather boots finished with rowels. On his straight coat he wore the military medal which had been presented to him by his army, his cloak was lined with red and finished with plain large buttons of reddish gold, and on his head was a red fez. His large sword, in its sheath of red velvet relieved with embossed gold, to the hilt of which were attached a cord and gilded tassels, dragged slightly on the ground.

Abdul-Hamid advanced to meet me and held out his hand. He was wearing gloves of soft white kid such as are adopted by European officers when on service. He invited me to sit on an armchair and he sat down himself on a sofa covered with red damask with large blue flowers. He leaned back against a cushion and signed to a chamberlain who was standing in a doorway. This chamberlain was Raghib Bey, and the Sultan ordered him to take the armchair next mine.

To my left, between the armchair on which I was seated and the sofa where the Sultan was, there was a small wooden table, gilded and with a slab of malachite, upon which were placed an onyx match-box, a small oval ash-tray, also of onyx, and a cigarette-case of chased silver.

Raghib Bey was to serve as interpreter. The presence of an interpreter certainly does prevent the conversation being carried on rapidly, but this inconvenience is largely compensated by numerous advantages. In the first place, when one is in the presence of a personage like the Sultan it is more easy to express one's ideas to an interpreter, who will transmit them, than to the personage in question. Then, too, while he is replying one can study his face without being preoccupied, because one does not understand what he is saying and one can also be preparing the conversation which is to follow.

During my interview I noticed these three advantages, and, to begin with, I was able to study Abdul-Hamid at my ease.

He was rather above the average height, slight and almost thin; he had a brown skin, warm and dry looking; his beard was black, well groomed and rather short and thick. His mouth was energetic but sad; his nose, a regular Turkish nose, large, long and bony, with a slight deflection of the upper part of the nostril. His eyes were black, rather large, resolute, thoughtful, penetrating but not gentle looking; they were deep set in the orbit, and when the light fell on one side of his face leaving the other side in the shade, his eyes appeared to be remarkably deep-sunk. His forehead was wide and straight, of medium height and slightly furrowed. The black hair which was visible on his temples, between the fez and the beard, was short and almost close shaven. Abdul-Hamid was then forty-one years of age, but he looked more, particularly as he had lost an upper tooth on the left side near the middle. He spoke in a louder voice than his subjects, his language was sonorous, his words distinct, and his phrases lengthened out and terminated without any hesitation.

THE YILDIZ PALACE (AT THE LEFT), AND THE HAMID MOSQUE (AT THE RIGHT) WHERE THE SULTAN WORSHIPS

I expected to have Munir Bey for interpreter, as he is the usual interpreter in such cases, but it was explained to me later that it would have been imposing upon Munir Bey an extraordinary task to have made him act as interpreter for an interview which he had by no means facilitated.

"I am very glad," I said, bowing, as the Sultan signed for me to commence the conversation, "not to leave Turkey without being admitted to Your Majesty's presence, for, from all that I have seen and heard here, I believe that I am in accordance with the absolute truth in proclaiming that in Your Majesty is centred the great hope of this country, and the most certain remedy possible for all the many evils from which it is suffering."

"I am very pleased to see you," he answered, "and I thank you for having wished to judge this country for yourself, for in Europe and even in America every one slanders it systematically, without taking the trouble to examine it closely. I am greatly encouraged in my desire to remedy the evils of this country by the fine qualities of its subjects and also by the great resources of the land. Those who maintain that Turkey is incurable slander us deliberately and as though on purpose. What is required are ameliorations in our finances, in our laws and in our administration. People are wrong in representing me as opposed to liberty. I know that a country must keep up with the times, but the excess of a liberty to which one is unaccustomed is as dangerous as the absence of all liberty.

"A country to which one gives liberty which the people do not know how to use is like a man to whom one gives a gun, the handling of which he does not understand. He kills his father, mother and brothers, and then finishes by killing himself. We must, therefore, prepare the country for this liberty, and that is what I am trying to do. I have opened schools and these are being multiplied. Education, in its various developments, is the best means of preparing people for liberty. I have also organized an administrative school, which has given very good results; its pupils now occupy posts in our administrations; Raghib Bey, here present, is one of them. You see that the idea of making men capable of aspiring to liberty, and of knowing how to use it, does not alarm me. Then, too, not one of our ills is incurable, and we have within us forces and qualities which will facilitate a complete cure. We have not many friends, but our country must be very fine since so many envy it, and their policy consists in discrediting us in order to make an easy prey of us."

After a minute's silence he asked:

"Were you at the Berlin Congress?"

"Yes, Your Majesty, and if the Sultan will allow me to say so, Turkey, on that occasion, made one of her greatest mistakes. When she ought to have been represented by one of her most important and most imposing personages she was represented by men who no doubt were very devoted and well intentioned, but who had no authority, who trembled before Prince Bismarck and upon whom he could impose silence by a mere glance. I do not know why this mistake was made, but in Berlin every one was struck by it, and it was generally thought that the Turkish Government had sent plenipotentiaries of foreign origin so that the eventual consequences of the Berlin Treaty should not fall upon the Mussulmans."

"Yes, you are right; I have greatly regretted what you wisely call a mistake, and I still regret it. I understood it when I saw that Greeks had been admitted to the Congress who had no right to be there, and when I saw that, in presence of their admission, my plenipotentiaries did not protest and leave the meeting. It is when nations have been conquered that it is their duty not to cheapen their pride. But we were in a painful situation, the enemy was at our gates, and we did not reckon much on the equity of Europe, for our friends there were not numerous. There were very few men who cared to go to Berlin to affront the decisions of this Congress, and to give their signatures to the treaty of spoliation which we foresaw. Sacrifices were imposed upon me then from which I am still suffering. Do you imagine that Bulgaria and Thessaly are any happier at present than they were before their separation? But no matter; this explains the mistake we made; it does not excuse it."

"Your Majesty said that you did not count much on the equity of Europe; but neither England nor France have abandoned the defense of Turkey, and Your Majesty cannot reproach them with that."

"Yes, I have never reckoned them among my enemies. We have always sought their friendship, and in spite of all that has been done we have never failed to recognize the necessity of it. Unfortunately, of late, clouds have arisen between us; but I hope that these clouds, and particularly the two chief sombre points, will be dissipated by a friendly understanding."

"Your Majesty is alluding to Egypt and to Tunis?"

"Yes. I saw with satisfaction that quite recently the English Government seemed disposed to evacuate. Do you think that England will soon decide to carry this into effect?"

"I think, Sire, that in England they are contemplating political evacuation; but, although every one is convinced that England neither proposes annexation nor an indefinite occupation, one must take into consideration the political situation of that country. There is in England a force which it is difficult to appreciate elsewhere, and which is called public opinion. When England saw herself obliged to go alone to Egypt it was necessary to stimulate this force in order to make it consent to a costly and dangerous expedition, and at present it will be necessary to allow the English Cabinet, which depends on the public opinion of the country, sufficient time to influence it and to make it admit that the occasion has come for evacuating Egypt. Beside this, with the exception of these two points, Egypt and Tunis, France and England can have no reservation at present with regard to Turkey, and if Turkey, like all nations which are suffering, had not become more distrustful than in her better days, she would understand promptly that she can, from henceforth, trust herself without reserve to the friendship of these two nations."

(Continued on Page 20)

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TALK ABOUT"

Little Comedies of Mr. Cleveland's Second Cabinet

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

CLEVELAND, following his second inauguration, called about him certain forceful personalities. And save in the one attribute of honesty, no two of them, had they been set side by side, would have agreed in any least detail. Gresham, border-born, raised in the forests, living in a day and region where the great thing was the man, stood distinctively a natural partisan of the people. He was for the rights of men rather than the rights of money; he would override property, and do an injustice even, in favor of an interest of perishing flesh and blood. Olney on his side was Gresham's precise opposite, though clear and limpidly honest as a mountain stream, and as much as Gresham himself a very steam-engine for indomitable force. Olney had emanation in the conservative, property-owning, property-loving East. As a lawyer he was reared at the knees of corporations. They were the result of two opposing schools, were Gresham and Olney, and as far apart as the poles; and each was honest from his viewpoint.

"There are different kinds of honesty," said Morrison, once chief of the Ways and Means, and House leader when Carlisle was Speaker. "Sam Randall was honest; McKinley is honest; and, when the last is said, I reckon I'm honest. But there's this difference to be remarked. If I were to die a lot of rich men wouldn't contribute a fortune and make Mrs. Morrison rich; if I were to fall into financial distress a lot of rich men wouldn't come about to help me out. And for this reason: my sort of honesty never did that sort of fellow a splinter's worth of good."

Morton, the Stormy Petrel of the Cabinet

MORTON, of the Cabinet, was a wide shot from either Gresham or Olney; while of an equally aggressive integrity, Morton liked war; he was a born petrel and never happy outside the heart of a tornado. When he prepared his first annual report — addressed to the President, of course — the introductory paragraph carried an earnest suggestion that the Department of Agriculture be abolished, and gave the reasons. Morton said the Department was in its argument illogical and unjust. No rights existed in favor of farmers that were not as cogently alive for bricklayers or tailors or preachers. If the world at large were sure of the public propriety of an Agricultural Department, then he, Morton, was sure that Departments of Masonry, of Tailoring, of Divinity, and many more should at once be instituted.

Morton was looking for contention when he framed that report. However, the conservative Cleveland was not; and while he laughed over the pugnacious ingenuity of Morton's reasoning, he pointed out to that vigorous Secretary how, after all, they had been called to power to administer the various Departments, not to wipe them from the earth, and at his request Morton struck out the opening and destructive chorus of his report before it was given to the general ear.

Morton believed in contention for contention's stormy sake. Peace was the only failure, war ever a success, in Morton's eyes. And, because of his innate mood for strife Morton had backed into every conviction he possessed. Bent for conflict, he must be the opposite of an environment. Being among free-soil folk, he had been for slavery in the old day; coming from a silver region (Nebraska), he was a fierce champion of gold; finding protectionists all about him, he was for beating tariff to the flat levels of free trade; hemmed in at home by a solid wall of Republicans, he was a Democrat whom Jefferson would have applauded and Jackson taken by the hand. And yet, for all his spirit of a berserk, he was one of the kindliest, noblest, tenderest of men.

Carlisle, in the Treasury, was not a militant soul. Still, in sort, he had the military instinct. He regarded politics as war and looked on a party as an army. The President was commander-in-chief; there abode no latitude of discretion, no right of argument in a subordinate. An order from headquarters must not be criticised, subtracted from, nor gone about; it must be executed to the letter — executed with blind eyes. This was excellent as a code for Carlisle, since he lacked powerful initiative to originate, and to lay out a course. Mentally he was strong like a horse, but like a horse he was incapable of harnessing himself to a load. Some one must be there to hook the traces as well as to hold the reins for the hauling. Thus directed and seconded Carlisle would move a proposition of government that weighed tons.

How Gresham Held the Gate of Greatness

YOUR Cabinet man has officially two rooms; one is the reception-room, the other that special lair into which he may retire and bolt the door against mankind. When the second Cleveland Administration took hold I, on the first day, was driven to make a visit to Smith, of the Interior Department. There were full five hundred people standing in the reception-room; they were so packed that the much-mentioned sardine in its oft-quoted box was suffering solitary confinement by comparison. Smith was in the second room, and into his cautious presence one by one the callers were conducted. Each remained from ten to twenty minutes. It would take a month to receive the folk ahead of me.

As I could not wait a month I went away. Since my business of the day pointed also to Gresham, I wended to the Department of State. My hope was low; it stood to reason that twice as many folk would be crowding Gresham's portals as I'd found about Smith's.

To my amazement, I encountered no throng at all. All the doors were swinging wide. Gresham, tall, grizzled, straight as a pine tree, smiling like a day in June, was standing in the outer office talking with several gentlemen. There was no sign of an interposing "messenger"; no flunky of place was there to cross-examine you and ferret forth your mission at this gate of Greatness; none indeed to molest you or make you afraid. As I walked into the unguarded room Gresham turned:

"What is it?" he asked.

When my business was accomplished I called attention to his loneliness compared with Smith's crowded house. Gresham beamed.

"They've been here," he said; "thousands. But they've got through and gone away. My system is better than Smith's. He locks himself up and lets in one at a time. Now, a man whom you've kept waiting half an hour feels as though he were entitled to a half-hour of your time. They have Smith alone, and he can't get rid of them. Now I stand in the middle of the room and let in everybody. While one man is talking a dozen others are glaring at him like impatient wolves. He hurries to a close; he cuts his business short; he gets through. The feature of my method is that one caller puts another caller out. That's why I can see two hundred people while Smith sees two. My folks go away better satisfied at that, since, whether for success or failure, at least they've seen me and talked with me."

Gresham was in manner and habit as democratic as an Indian. Withal, he owned a dignity. No one was ever known to slap Gresham on the back and call him "Walt." One would have been as likely to slap a mountain on the back and call it "Walt." He was forbearing and yielding with underlings or ones no match for him in power, or men helpless. But when Harrison was President he would fight him to the bitter last; also he would tear a Wabash receivership to tatters while all the railroad influences of the country were not strong enough to hold his hands.

His Encounter with the Flying Wedge of Journalism

GRESHAM'S good humor and tolerant kindliness would gain proof in this fashion. His secretary was as unusual in his kind as Gresham himself, and lived on the most easy, old-shoe terms with his illustrious principal. There was a newspaper young man — one of your gushing, rushing personalities that, fresh from football fields, carries the flying wedge into journalism. Gresham's secretary took no joy of this headlong scribe who, with little tact and less appreciation for the proprieties, would come down upon one at moments most inopportune like a pan of milk from a top shelf.

This breezy youth of news burst into Gresham's outer office on one occasion.

"How are you, Landis?" cried the breezy one. "Where's the Judge?" meaning Gresham.

"In the other room," growled Landis without looking up.

The breezy one flung wide the intervening door and entered the diplomatic room. As the door clanged behind him Landis grinned in sour victory.

The next moment the breezy young man reopened the door and backed himself out with a red face, bowing and mumbling the while profuse apologies. When the door was again safely closed he turned on Landis with an eye of grief.

"Why, the Secretary is holding a conference with the English and Chinese Ambassadors!" he gasped.

"I knew that," retorted Landis, still with the old growl. "They're trying to fix up the Chinese treaty; but I supposed, of course, Gresham would stop to see you."

The breezy young man crept away, something bowed of spirit. Twenty minutes later, when the aliens had departed, Gresham came out. He smiled on Landis in a paternal way.

"You were playing some trick on that young man," said Gresham in tones of amused reproach.

"He's too gay," returned Landis complacently, "and is guilty of the crime of overconfidence. I thought it might do him good to let him fall into a coal-hole or two; it will teach him caution."

"Still," returned Gresham mildly, "you have hurt his feelings. Being under thirty yourself you should have some tenderness for the youth of others."

"Tenderness!" snorted Landis with deep contempt. "Well, if I conducted my negotiations with mankind in the widespread fashion of that citizen, I should expect nothing more tender than to be tenderly killed."

AND BACKED HIMSELF OUT WITH A RED FACE

The Judge's Wabash Diplomacy

GRESHAM could be stiff enough with gentry of his own weight. He conceived a wrath against the British Ambassador — the speciously urbane Sir Julian. Gresham averred that the Briton on one occasion deceived him. After that he took no chances; there should come no second deceit; nor did he in his methods spare the vanity of the English.

"Put that in writing," was Gresham's cold suggestion the moment the Englishman approached him with any proposal of state.

Sir Julian would shrug his diplomatic shoulders while his diplomatic brows worked up and down. But Sir Julian was driven none the less each time to "Put that in writing." It was a specimen of what Landis called "The Judge's Wabash diplomacy."

Landis was of the humorists. One afternoon he came to Gresham with a letter in his hand.

"It's from my father," said Landis. "He records a curious accident. He tells how with a scraper and his best team — Morgan horses they were, and worth five hundred dollars — he was filling up a quagmire at the back of our farm. The first time he drove through the place to dump the scraper the team bogged and sunk as though in a quicksand. He couldn't get them out; they were smothered in the mire; all he saved was the scraper."

"That's too bad," observed Gresham sympathetically.

"Of course it's too bad," repeated Landis. "But at the same time, doesn't it strongly remind you, Judge, of the State Department — this filling up a five-cent mudhole with a five-hundred-dollar team? It's on a par with our experiences over the seal-killing question."

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The Encouragement of a Modest Secretary

JUST before Hoke Smith was inducted into his Department of the Interior he had a plate at a great dinner. Smith was six feet five inches tall, wide as a door, and modest to the point where blushes take the place of conversation.

Frank Hatton, editor of the Washington Post, was chairman for that dinner, and when the Commons, then and there seated about the tables, clamored for a speech from Smith, Hatton earnestly seconded the demand. Smith hung back; he was fair forced upon his feet; there he stood, red and wordless. At last he managed to say:

"I don't know what to talk about."

Hatton, at one time a member of Arthur's Cabinet, thought to encourage the troubled Smith. He would give him a start.

"Thmith," lisped Hatton, "tell uth what you'll do when you're the Thecretary of the Interior. I've been through the mill, and can give you an idea, if that will help you along. You'll find when you're thafe in your theat that an eighteen-hundred-dollar clerk will do the bithness and Cleveland will do the retht. Wherefore, Thmith, there exithts no reathon why you thouldn't thpeak your mind freely here to-night."

Why Carlisle Didn't Resign

THOUGH there lived some spunks and sparks of truth in what the excellent Hatton said, his statements were far too broad. Few White House folk have interfered less with what went on in the Departments of Government under them than Cleveland. Now and then he would have his way; a notable occasion being when he compelled the silver Carlisle to turn his coat for gold in the beginning of his term. Vest, Cockrell, Blackburn and others of Carlisle's friends in the Senate could not believe their eyes when Carlisle-for-gold stood forth in print. They had prophesied deeply the other way. Now, when they knew their error, bitter were their sighs. It was silver's death-wound, that Treasury pronunciamento of 1893; it was the beginning of the silver end, and wise Senate men of silver such as Vest and Cockrell knew it. Hence their deep-drawn lamentations. Also their idol, Carlisle, was shattered; he had gone down; Cleveland had broken him to pieces.

"Why doesn't Carlisle resign?" said Vest, wrathfully discussing the ignoble phenomenon of Carlisle-for-gold with a knot of friends. "Why doesn't he resign his portfolio?"

"You forget one thing," said Morrison, smiling. "What could Carlisle resign to? Lindsey's got his Senate seat."

The Friend of the Newspaper Defined

THE stubborn Morton, of the Department of Agriculture, was by training a newspaper man. Long ago, in Wilbur Story's day, and when the Chicago Times was a power and the Government used to arrest its publisher for treason, Morton wrote editorials for that imprint. Perchance it was thus he cultivated that profound taste for combat. Morton had the true Wilbur Story notion of how a paper should be conducted. Said the ill-used Sir Peter Teazle: "Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better." That was the Wilbur Story thought; that, too, was Morton's.

Long ago the latter set forth the cardinals of proper newspaper control, as he understood them, in an after-dinner speech. He was called upon to respond to the toast, "The Friend of the Newspaper," a sentiment supposed at that time to conceal within itself a compliment for the guest of honor at the dinner, and who may be supposed to have been a gentleman having charge of the public advertising for the city of Chicago. Morton went to his point with a clear directness.

"I am called on," said he, "to speak to the toast, 'The Friend of the Newspaper.' What is the friend of a newspaper? The friend of a newspaper is a man who wants you to leave out something you ought to put in, or to put in something you ought to leave out. Friendship to a newspaper is a disaster to a newspaper; friendship gets between the newspaper's feet, trips it, and over it goes on its nose. To succeed with a newspaper it is only required that you interest folk; you do that even more thoroughly when you kick a man into the gutter than when you help him out. My own thought is that, for the best interests of his paper, your wise publisher will list his enemies as an asset and his friends as a liability."

GRESHAM WAS STANDING IN THE OUTER OFFICE TALKING WITH SEVERAL GENTLEMEN

The Frills and Flounces of the State Department

BOTH Gresham and Morton were gifted with a mighty deal of what folk call common-sense. They hated frills and flounces, and had scant patience with the mysterious high assumptions of office as though a Phœnix were to be presently hatched. They came from peoples and regions where men eat dinner at noon; where diplomacy is direct and proceeds by that axiom, "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points." And they were impatient of pretense. Speaking of the State Department and its demands, Gresham on one occasion remarked:

"Men are dazzled by the size of a stake. They think because billions are at bay in a controversy the principle involved must be as abstruse as a secret of the tides. As a matter of fact, every country justice of the peace grapples continually with questions quite as difficult as any one will meet in the Department of State. The dispute over our Alaskan boundary involves nothing more desperate than a common case of trespass would present, while our wrangle

THERE WERE FULL FIVE HUNDRED PEOPLE STANDING IN THE RECEPTION-ROOM

concerning the Canadians killing seals does not propose so many nor such tangled law riddles as might be flung at one in any replevin suit for a pig."

Morton's Twenty-Thousand-Dollar Bug

MORTON added to this attitude of commonplace which distinguished Gresham a bent to be ironical. He looked on his department as a humbug practiced upon the people—it was root and trunk and branch an imposition.

"Ever been in that little house east of the main building?" he would ask. "That's my bug house; you ought to go in there. I've got a twenty-thousand-dollar bug hived up in that house. Common-looking bug at that; you'd hardly think he was worth the money. You see, he's a new sort of bug. My scientists heard of him, and at once organized an expedition. He was said to be hiding in the Rocky Mountains. It was last summer, when my predecessor, Jerry Rusk, held this post. My scientists burst into the Rockies and took the trail of this bug. They pressed him hotly; they chased him to a point northward of the Yukon River, in Alaska. Then he doubled on them; he was running into the winter, and so were my scientists. Naturally they headed for the South, for neither the bug nor my scientists are such fools as one might think. The hunt swept along until the bug again eluded my scientists somewhere in the more tangled central regions of the Isthmus of Panama. My scientists were in despair. They were to succeed at last, however; a scientist always succeeds. Just as they were packing up to come home they got word that their bug had been heard of in the District of Columbia. You see he had surrendered; finding escape impossible, that bug had come on to Washington of his own accord, and sent in word that he was ready to take the oath of allegiance or anything else we might prescribe. On the heels of the news my

"PUT THAT IN WRITING"

scientists came trooping into camp and captured the bug somewhere out toward the Soldiers' Home. The expenses of that bug hunt were over twenty thousand dollars. But we got the bug; so what more could a taxpayer ask?"

The Incident of the Backward Weather Breeder

MORTON was ferocious with his "scientists," as he called them. The chief of his weather bureau came in one afternoon. He laid a typewritten report of two thousand five hundred words on Morton's desk.

"Mr. Secretary, I can tell you in a few words what that is," said the weather maker briskly. Morton looked coldly on him. "The man at our observatory in Baker City, Oregon, has not reported the weather for four days. I set forth the fact in this report. Also, I make the recommendation that our Mr. Smith, at San Francisco, be instructed to proceed to Baker City at an expense not to exceed three hundred dollars, investigate the silence of our Baker City man, and report."

"Yes," drawled Morton with an ineffable contempt dominant in his tones. "Well, we'll send our Mr. Smith, at San Francisco, at an expense not to exceed three hundred dollars when ordinary means have failed. What's this Baker City fellow's name?"

"John Drake." The weather maker was much crestfallen.

Morton wrote the following wire to "John Drake, Baker City, Oregon: Why have not you reported the weather during the past four days?" Within the half-hour he received the return message: "Because the wires were down in the mountains. Fixed this morning."

"There!" said Morton. "Of course that's not the scientific way to do this. It costs seventy-five cents, instead of three hundred dollars, for one thing; besides, it saves time, which is as unscientific as saving money."

Cleveland would now and then take a gentleman at his word in a way calculated to both embarrass and surprise. Particularly was he prone to do this when he thought the attitude of the other one not generously loyal to himself.

When Bissell was Taken at His Word

"THERE'S no use talking," said Bissell to Cleveland on a certain Cabinet occasion, "I shall have to resign. My law business is going to pieces; all my old clients are trooping over to Lynd. Stetson. I can't afford this thing."

Bissell had no immediate thought of resigning. Cleveland, when Bissell recounted his lost law business and the luck of the industrious Stetson, said nothing whether of sympathy or of acquiescence in Bissell's thoughts of a resignation.

Within a week Jules Guthridge, a friend of Bissell, and the correspondent in Washington of a Buffalo paper, came into the Postmaster-General's room.

"Sorry you are going to quit us, General," said Guthridge. "Still, I thought I'd call 'round and give you a chance to say something gentlemanly and nice in the Buffalo papers about your successor, Wilson. If you will, too, you might tell your reasons for resigning. Business, I suppose?"

While the genial Guthridge was getting off this statement Bissell sat glaring with round, astonished eyes. At last he said:

"Guthridge, come over to my house after dinner, say at 7:30 o'clock, and I'll have an interview for you."

"You got your information straight," sighed Bissell when Guthridge and he were walking downtown after dinner. Then he told Guthridge of that casual speech to the President of a few days before. "I did not, however," continued Bissell, "expect to be taken up so short. But I've been to the White House since I saw you, and that is the way it stands. My resignation goes in to-morrow, and Wilson, of West Virginia, will be named in my place.

"Still, you may imagine, Guthridge," concluded Bissell, "how you took my breath away this afternoon when I tell you that your questions and what you stated were my earliest news that I was no longer a Cabineteer."

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The American Nights Entertainment

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

A West Point Start

IT WAS in the wintertime and a special train was bearing a company of men up to Syracuse to attend the T. M. A. dinner. Whether T. M. A. stands for Tired Men's Association or Trinitarian Ministers' Alliance or Traveling Men's Amalgamation is not vital to the purposes of this tale. The special had been chartered for pleasure and the host was Tom Chandler, advertising man, who is responsible for the pictures of pretty girls that serve to enliven the advertising pages of the present-day periodicals. He had gathered together a congenial crowd to accompany him, have a good time on the way and make speeches at the dinner.

There were men of business who were glad to take their noses from the grindstone for a few hours; a clever draughtsman who kept up *his* business even on the train, for he drew caricatures of every one in the party; a clergyman to leaven the lump and an actor to offset him—if he needed offsetting; and in the whole company there was not a man whose life had been plain sailing from the time he had begun to shift for himself.

Why, the clergyman had begun life as a canal boy with a mephitic vocabulary of which it had taken him several years to rid himself, and the actor had studied for the priesthood, but had been seized with doubts of his fitness just about the time the first Pinafore company struck his town, and having a good bass voice he had changed from candles to limelight and a career of varying success. One of the business men had hoped to become a great painter, and had led the struggling, buffeted life of an artist for ten years until it was brought home to him that he had no real talent for the brush; and then he had gone into the real-estate business and made a fortune in five years. On the other hand, the artist had tried business after business with never a thought of art and never a ghost of success until one day his left arm was broken, and while he was lying idle in bed he had drawn to amuse himself and had discovered that he had the talent that the other man had lacked. And to-day his name is known wherever New York papers penetrate, and jealous artists say he has commercialized his art, and his wife is glad of it because—well, aren't his sons going through college?

I IMITATED DANIEL WEBSTER

Only one, the advertising man, had begun in the line in which he had continued, but he had amassed the biggest fortune, which is perhaps proof that concentrative force along one channel leads a man higher sooner than energies poured into various channels—and perhaps it's only a mixed metaphor.

It took the members of the party an hour really to warm up to the pleasures of the day, but by the time luncheon had been discussed and the fact that it was a pleasure party had dawned on every one they fell to telling stories, and after several anecdotes with snappers of wit at their tail-end had been perpetrated, and the clergyman had told a capital story of a best man who stole his fee, the man with the curly and extremely red hair and the mobile mouth, who had hitherto kept silence, overcame his diffidence and told

A Tale of West Point

"Your story of the dishonest best man," said Robert Green, he of the auburn hair, "reminds me of the turning point in my career which, by a curious coincidence, was also West Point. You said that the scene of your story was laid near Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, which is the next station beyond West Point. Rather far-fetched, but I want to tell my story, and one beginning's as good as another."

"Say," said Tom Chandler at this point, "let's get together so we can hear you better."

After they had formed a semicircle of rattan easy-chairs with Robert Verplanck Green, the red-headed raconteur, facing them, they all lighted cigars and stretched themselves out comfortably and he began.

"This story begins with me on my uppers, to speak somewhat metaphorically. As a matter of fact, I did have a decent business suit on my back, but only sixty-eight cents between me and bankruptcy. Have any of you ever been as nearly penniless as that?"

The cartoonist, who was something of a character observer, said in his big bluff voice, "Run along, honey. We've all been there more than once."

"Sure," said the actor, looking up the river toward Troy, and nearly every man in the party nodded assent.

"Well, I had tried hotel clerking and three or four businesses that did not call for any great amount of training, but I was not a success at any of them. In fact, at that time the only thing I could do better than most people was to mimic and impersonate. When I was a kid and ought to have been studying my arithmetic I used to spend hours in front of the looking-glass trying to look like a miser or a madman or a minister, and when I wasn't doing that I was apt to be imitating the cries of all the animals I had ever heard and all the dialects I had ever read. I slid through school somehow, but the day I left I could give old Elijah Kellogg's flamboyant speech of Spartacus to the gladiators at Capua, 'Ye call me chief *f* and ye do *well*—to call him chief *f*,' etc., with much more spirit and understanding than I could give the various rules of grammar and arithmetic.

"Pretty poor equipment for life, and so I had found it. In the intervals of making stabs at different occupations I tried reciting at Sunday-school and lodge entertainments, but there wasn't much money in it, and I had to satisfy myself for the most part with the thought that here at least there was something I could do without breaking down.

"Well, one day in December I found myself out of a position in the neighborhood of West Point with, as I said, just sixty-eight cents in my pocket, a moderately decent suit of clothes on my back, and the rest of the winter before me.

"I didn't know a soul from whom I could borrow money, but I did want to get to New York the worst way because I felt that I could easily get something to do there. I'd never been in New York or I might not have been so sanguine.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Loomis under the title, The American Nights Entertainment. The next will appear in an early number.

I USED TO SPEND HOURS IN FRONT OF THE LOOKING-GLASS

"It was snowing hard when I got to West Point and night had settled down. I had intended to go as far as I could and then to try to get a lodging for the night, and the next day I hoped to strike New York, for I was a good walker and sixty-eight cents ought to pay for bed and breakfast somewhere.

"I don't know what it was that impelled me to leave the railroad track at West Point and to mount up the steep hill that leads to the hotel and the Academy buildings, but I did toil up there, and when I was half-way up I knew I was going to seek shelter at the hotel.

"When I passed the buildings of the Military Academy and thought of the youngsters who were learning something that would give them life positions I felt pretty bitter toward them and looked on them as a favored class. Why hadn't I been entered at West Point? I was strong, my grandfather had fought in the Rebellion; I really deserved something of my country. Certainly I deserved better than to be on the verge of starvation, with nothing doing and nothing in sight except the winter snow that was very much in evidence and very damp and chilling.

"I reached the hotel in course of time, and going up to the desk I asked the old gentleman who was standing behind it whether he could give me a position as clerk. I think he was the proprietor—or maybe he was the clerk himself. At any rate he gave me the laugh and said there wasn't enough doing to keep half a man busy; that there were only two guests in the hotel and that they were both going away in a day or two.

"Now I had never begged, because I had never got down quite so low before, but the old chap had a sort of a kindly look about his eyes and I wanted to make that sixty-eight cents last a little longer, so I was just going to ask him for the loan of a dinner when something inside of me said, 'Register, you fool,' and I turned the register around and registered my name and—my birthplace. That was as near home as anything I had, having been an orphan for ten years with a different abiding place for every year.

"When I had trailed out my signature he looked up at the clock and said, 'Supper is ready. Will you go up to your room now or wait until after supper?'

"My stomach said 'Get your supper quick!' but I looked at my hands and said I guessed I'd go and wash them. I've heard of fellows that always dress for dinner, even when they are dining alone in a desert or on a raft in mid-ocean, but I only had one suit, so I limited my preparations to a good wash, and while I was doing it I was asking myself how in the world I was going to pay my board bill.

"You can imagine that supper tasted good, because I had not had a bite since the night before, being anxious to preserve my little hoard of pennies. I won't tell you the names of the things that I ate, because it wasn't so much what they *were* as the way I *felt* at getting them inside of me. An empty stomach never asks questions.

"I lingered long and lovingly over that supper, and the good-natured darky who waited on me helped me twice to

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roast beef just because I asked him where he was born and gave him a chance to *reminisce*, and I felt that he had earned the dime I gave him when he had finished, although I really didn't see how I could afford it. It isn't every waiter that gets one-seventh of a man's capital as a tip.

"When I went back to the office I said to the proprietor, 'Guess it's warmer here than it is in my room, so I'll keep you company if you don't mind.'

"The hotel man was a genial soul with a drawling, comfortable voice, and we sat up to the stove and talked hotel business. I knew a good many of the ins and outs of it, of course, although I wasn't in any danger of becoming a Leland.

"While we were sitting there a young cadet came in to call on his father, who was one of the two guests, and after he left the office I said, 'They're an ugly lot, aren't they? Give you trouble with their pranks?'

"'Oh, no,' said he in his easy, lazy voice, 'they're all right. They're the same stuff that gave us Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, you know. Pretty nice boys.'

"Then I vented what was left of my spleen against West Point, but there really wasn't much. It's hard work to be cross when your stomach is full. I have an idea that the stomach is the most ill-tempered member of the body, and when he's busy he has no time to be cross and the rest of you doesn't want to be.

"While we were sitting there talking there came a ring at the telephone bell and the old man stepped to the 'phone.

"The one-sided conversation ran something like this:

"'Hello!—hellohello!—yes, this is the West Point Hotel.

"'What?—I didn't get that. You can't get the West Point Mills—oh, you can't get West Point Military Academy. Their telephone's out of order? Yes, I know it. I understand. What do you want? *What-do-you-want?* Hellohello!

"'Oh, you're Percival Ingraham, the lecturer. You're to give a lecture there?

"'Oh, you caught cold? What's that? Hellohello! You caught cold? Oh, you *can't come!* Yes——

("'Wait a minute, Central. No, no, I'm not through.) Where are you?

"'At Schenectady? Train delayed? Oh, I under*stand*. Want me to send word to the Academy? Sorry *for* you. Hard lines.

"'Yes, I'll send word. What's that? Oh, goo'-by.'"

Mr. Green had given a very excellent imitation of the attitude and speech of a man at the telephone—eyes closed, voice steady and low at the beginning, but rising and irascible at the end owing to the interruptions of Central, and when he was through the little pleasure party gave him a round of applause which he took very much as if he were used to it, merely inclining his head and then going on with his story.

"Gentlemen, I don't know whether you see what I saw, but I want to tell you that Opportunity was ringing that bell as hard as could be, and just as soon as I gathered from the old man's repetitions that some one was to have lectured at West Point that night I determined to take his place if such a thing were possible. I knew enough about such things to be sure that as far as West Point was concerned the lecturer was minus a fee, but that as far as the cadets were concerned they were hungry for amusement of some kind—and if I could please them at all I stood to win out.

"The old man hung up the receiver and 'rung off,' and then he stepped over to the desk and was just going to ring a bell for the hall boy when I said, 'What's the trouble?' and stayed his hand. He was one of those men who can't do more than one thing at a time, and it never occurred to his hand to bang the bell because his tongue was talking.

"'Why, this man Percival Ingraham,' said he, 'was going to give a lecture over in Memorial Hall, and he's stuck beyond Schenectady and can't make it. Too bad all 'round. He's done out of his fee and the boys will miss his talk. Telephone's out of order at the Academy and he had to call me up. I could have *told* him the other telephone was out of order because I tried to get Colonel Miller this afternoon and couldn't.'

"While the old man was talking I was making up my mind. I asked him whether the lecturer was known at West Point and he said he knew he'd never appeared there, but that old General Malet, of St. Louis, who was stopping there, had heard him at home and had said he was a splendid lecturer.

"If he was not personally known to the people at West Point I stood some chance of successfully carrying out the scheme that had popped full grown into my head.

"'When was the lecture to begin?' I asked.

"The old man looked at the clock. 'It's due to begin now,' said he.

"'Well, let me take the message over to the Academy. I'd like to see something of the buildings.'

"'Oh, dear, no,' said he; 'it's a wild, stormy night. I'll send the porter.'

"'Yes, but I'd like to go,' said I, getting up and feeling pretty nervous. I felt I *must* go and I didn't want any misunderstanding of my motive to prevent it.

"The upshot was that I ran to my room and got on my overcoat and then I came down and learned all I was able to learn from the hotel man. It wasn't much, but at least I ought to be able to play my part all right. Of course, you've tumbled to the fact that I intended to give them a show myself. You know in my business anything is a lecture that isn't a concert or a sleight-of-hand performance.

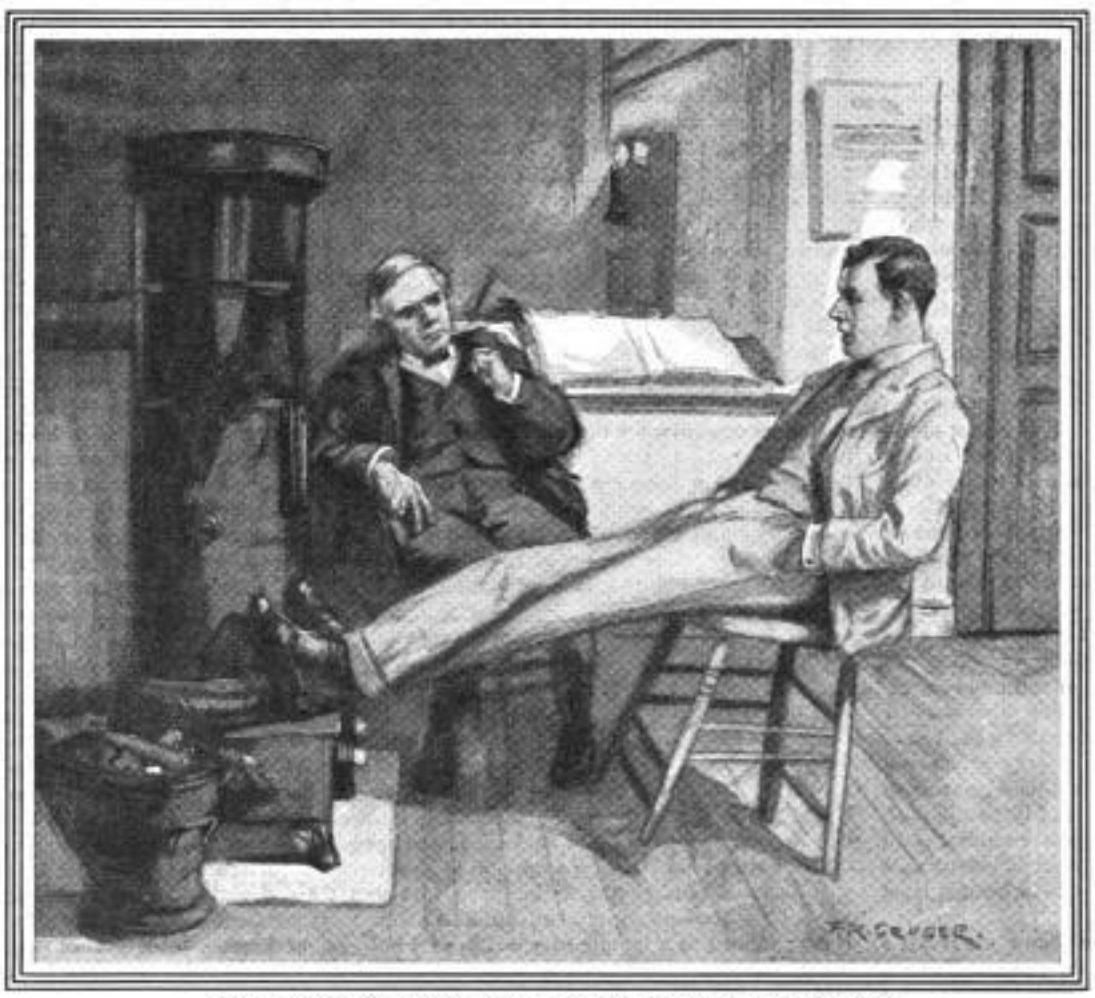
"I turned up my coat collar, put on my gloves, which were not any too warm, and faced the storm. It was a tedious walk in the face of the wind and snow, but I was urged forward by a desire to do my prettiest before an audience that I felt would be sternly critical and perhaps antagonistic.

"Just as I reached the hall a sleigh drove up to it. It flashed through my mind that it had been down to the station to meet the lecturer, and that in a minute or less the driver would go in and tell the authorities that the lecturer had not arrived unless I could prevent him, so I hurried up to him and said as nonchalantly as I could with my heart doing double time, 'Did you go down to meet me?'

"'Are you the lecturer, sir?' said he.

"'Yes,' said I shortly.

"'Yes, sir. I don't see how I missed you,' said the driver with a good deal of chagrin, and casting an anxious glance at the entrance to the hall as if he expected some one in command to come out and berate him.



AND WE SAT UP TO THE STOVE AND TALKED HOTEL BUSINESS

"'You were late,' said I, summoning my nerve, and I could see by his face that I had hit it.

"I was feeling tiptop now. So I handed him a quarter, thereby cutting me down to something like thirty cents.

"The fellow touched his hat and wheeling around he drove off hurriedly and I made my way into the brilliantly lighted building.

"If you've never seen Memorial Hall you ought to run up to West Point some day just to see it. It is a beautiful piece of architecture, worthy of the cause it stands for. It would be beautiful in any land, but it looked particularly beautiful to me, for I was half-frozen from my walk and it was warm inside, and warmth and beauty are the same thing when you're very cold. I was met at the door by a handsome young officer, plainly a Southerner both by his accent and his appearance.

"He was evidently expecting me for he held out his hand and murmured the name of the lecturer. As for me, I plucked up a double handful of courage and said, 'I'm sorry to be so late and I'm awfully sorry there is no time for me to change to evening clothes. Accident on the road, and I thought I'd better come at once without going to the hotel. Couldn't get you on the telephone.'

"'No,' said he, 'the telephone has been out of order all day.'

"As he spoke we walked toward the stairs that led to the auditorium and he was in too much of a hurry to notice that I had absolutely no baggage.

"'Your audience is waiting for you,' said he, 'and the boys are beginning to get a little impatient. I think if you tell them why you're late it will make a good beginning; although I suppose you don't need to be told the proper thing.'

"He led me through the hallway and up a noble staircase decorated with bronze tablets and with portraits, some of them notable by virtue of their painters and others notable solely on account of the subjects, until we came on one of the most brilliantly lighted halls I was ever in. It did me good to see the light because a great light is one of the best things a lecturer or an actor can have. There were at least three hundred incandescent lights set in the ceiling and they gave a gala air to the stunning-looking audience that was waiting for—waiting for Bob Green, ex-hotel clerk and potential tramp.

"Of course, they thought they were waiting for Percival Ingraham, brilliant lecturer. If they had known the truth then I think there would have been a general exodus, for five feet five surmounted by a mop of red does not ordinarily carry conviction."

"Were you nervous?" asked Tom Chandler, making the first interruption since Green had begun his story.

"Yes, of course I was, but I was not half so nervous as I had been just after I made up my mind to undertake the deception. In fact, when I actually faced my big audience I was scarcely nervous at all. I couldn't afford to be.

"Captain Randolph—that was the name of the young officer who had met me—asked me if I cared to be introduced. 'You're so well known it won't be necessary, will it?' he said. I could see that *he* was nervous, and so I said laughingly (and with a great deal of truth), 'I'm not so well known as you think, but it really won't be necessary. I'll introduce myself and break my own ice.' And then I mounted the steps that led to the stage and advanced to the table with the inevitable pitcher of water on it, and bowed to my audience.

"And it was an audience to do a fellow's heart good and to make even a tyro do good work. In the middle seats were five hundred splendid-looking cadets. I tell you as soon as I saw them all antagonism vanished. They were *so* erect, so stalwart, so natty, so alert. They were flanked on their right by a number of the officers with their wives, the latter in full evening costume to pay honor to the man with thirty cents in his pocket. On the left of the cadets were the members of the garrison, including the band—minus their instruments. All three classes out for a good time and absolutely depending upon me to give it to them. And me innocent of any sort of lecture.

"I don't remember just how I opened my remarks, but I do know that when my lack of evening dress was noticed there were several covert glances of surprise, and so I made the most of my predicament, as you may imagine. Whatever I may have said, it seemed to strike the cadets just right, for they burst out into laughter and applause that gave me a boost toward success.

"It wouldn't interest you if I told all I did, but among other things I imitated Daniel Webster, and not a cadet there could say from personal knowledge that my imitation was a bad one. I had gotten it from my grandfather, who was a born mimic and who happened to be a Member of Congress for several terms while Dan'l was casting that magnificent

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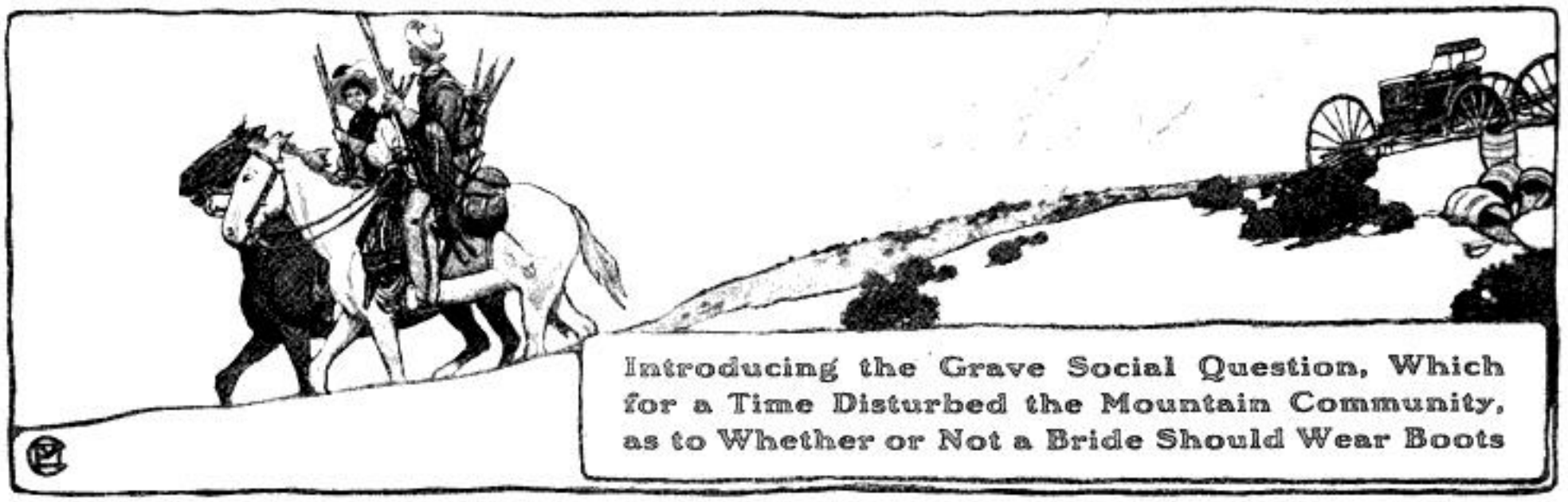
The Bride at Heart's Desire



Introducing the Grave Social Question, Which for a Time Disturbed the Mountain Community, as to Whether or Not a Bride Should Wear Boots

By Emerson Hough

Author of The Mississippi Bubble

SO FAR as can now be determined there never were but two brides at Heart's Desire. The first of these, of course, was the Littlest Girl from Kansas; but at the time now in question Curly and the Littlest Girl had been married for more than six months, and had settled down, as Curly expressed it, "plumb like old merried folks." This second bride, the one who caused temporary pangs of jealousy in the heart of the Littlest Girl, was a stranger to the place, a transient visitor, entitled to none of the honors of residence in Heart's Desire, a mere traveler whose tarrying lasted scarce a day and a night. And yet that tarrying, brief as it was, caused immeasurable social disturbance, not to mention other embarrassments which fairly amounted to industrial panic.

In order fully to understand how such epochal happenings could become possible through a simple and unpretentious wedding tour, it is necessary to know something of the industrial as well as the social fabric of the community of Heart's Desire, more especially as pertaining to its two most prominent institutions, the Bank and the Hotel, both of which figured largely in the incidents connected with the above-mentioned visit of the second bride ever known in Heart's Desire.

As to the bank, which was at that time just about to open its doors to the public, it was without doubt destined to be the show place of the town, the apple of its eye, its especial pride. This "leading financial institution" was established soon after the arrival of the second resident manager of the Gold Mills Company, a gentleman who seemed not wholly devoid of enterprise, although later discovered to be quite without certain other equipment commonly and conservatively thought to be requisite in the establishment and conduct of financial institutions. The bank building proper, now just upon the point of being thrown open, consisted of two rooms in the largest and most ornate log house of Heart's Desire. The window-glass of this edifice was of far larger size than was to be found in any other building of the town. It seems to be a peculiarity of all banks to use larger and more expensive window-glass than that employed by any other manner of business concern; as who would say, Search ye our heart, and discover therein that simplicity and probity which constitute our pride! No citizen of Heart's Desire, gazing at this broad front of glass, could fail to realize this gentle invitation, could fail indeed to recognize the gentle reproof to all suspicion which existed in this wide and transparent expanse —panes which in actual measurement must have been at least as much as thirty inches.

The establishment of the prospective Bank of Heart's Desire was now approaching the end of its preliminary stages not without a certain flourish. The stage from Socorro upon this very day brought in the specie that was necessary, and a mule team following close behind brought the iron safe which was to contain that specie. That there were five kegs of coin every man in Heart's Desire knew very well, for he had counted them as they were unloaded at the bank door. If that were not enough for the establishment of a banking institution then Heart's Desire would like to know! A feeling of calm settled down upon the place. It was realized with satisfaction that this second manager of the Gold Mills was employing methods different from those of the earlier director of the same property. It was customary for the latter gentleman to give checks on a bank at Las Vegas, which latter bank customarily sent back the same protested. Perhaps it was Billy Lee who broke up the old system of paying the men who worked in the mines and the mill of the Gold Mills Company. Billy Lee, hearing that his mother was very sick back in the States, called for his "time" at the mills, and hurriedly prepared for a journey home. The resident manager offered him a check on Las Vegas, pointing out that Las Vegas would be directly on his way East. "All right," said Billy, "I'll take it; but if it ain't cashed at Vegas, do you know what I'm goin' to do? I'm goin' to come back here, an' then I'm goin' to kill you. Do you understand?" The resident manager understood. This was the reason that the company had sent out another resident manager, the same who had founded the new bank. At the sight of these five kegs of specie it was cheerfully admitted that the company had vindicated itself. After this checks would be good, and they would be good at home. There was even talk of practicing certain vaunted qualities hitherto not intimately known, the much vaunted qualities of industry and economy; these being traits which come in with banks and other paraphernalia of civilization.

As to the hotel at Heart's Desire, that was an institution of a wholly different sort. If the bank was modern, certainly the hotel was not. If the bank meant civilization, meant things radical, new, progressive, the hotel certainly stood for all things opposite, for the conservatism of the mountains, for the old ways that existed before the coming of the Law. If the bank was a business institution, certainly the hotel was not. If the bank stood for what is known as Progress, then assuredly its neighbor, the hotel of Uncle Jim Brothers, stood for all that sweet barbarism of the past which now so surely though unsuspectedly was slipping away forever from the men of Heart's Desire.

The hotel of Uncle Jim Brothers was a long, low adobe, earthen roofed. The window-panes were very small, where any still remained. The interior of the hotel consisted of four rooms, a long dining-room, a kitchen, a room where Uncle Jim slept, and another room, a sort of guest chamber, where any man might rest if very weary from one cause or another. The front door was always open. The hotel of Uncle Jim Brothers, not being civilized but utterly barbaric, was anchorage for the Dead Broke. It was haven for all sick, sad or weary folk. It was a mission of brotherhood. There was a citadel of strength, my brethren, although we did not know it; there was a great institution, though we recognized it not; there was a temple of charity, of kindness, of hope, though we, being blind, saw it not, and ran after other things, things of the new days, forgetting the sweetness and the strength of the days which now are old. Ah! Uncle Jim Brothers, where are you to-day across this teeming sea of years? Gone back to Kansas, perhaps? Not—no! I will not believe that you have gone Over the Range. Ah! Uncle Jim, if this shall find you, though you be a thousand miles away, at least one of those who knew the anchorage of the Dead Broke at Heart's Desire will cross those thousand miles to see you; and if you can lead us to any land to-day like that of Heart's Desire, then some scores of us, scattered from the Andes to the Yukon, or stranded here in the States, will band up and follow you for love of the days that were.

Now, prior to the advent of the new bank, Uncle Jim Brothers' place had been in a way both hotel and bank. There was in Heart's Desire, at least before this recent coming of the five kegs of specie, only $300 in the total and combined circulating medium. That was all the money there was. No one could be richer than $300, for that was the limit of all wealth, as was very well known. To many who have not lived in a Land before the Law this may seem a restricting and narrowing feature; but as a matter of fact, $300 is not only plenty of money for one man to have, but it is plenty for a whole town to have. The wealth of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, for instance, or of any other of our millionaires, is really far more than he needs; and $300 would do him just as much good—indeed, might possibly do him much more good.

As to this circulating medium in Heart's Desire, it might have been called small but sufficient. If one man had it to-day, another had it to-morrow. There is no evener like the great American game of poker, nor any agency better for the equitable distribution of wealth, although this fact seems to have been overlooked by writers upon political economy, whose experience is necessarily limited. This money, this $300, this total circulating medium—"'twas mine, 'twas his," and was the slave of very many at one time or another in the course of a year. Not even Johnny Hudgens of the Lone Star was able to retire overmuch of it from circulation. Any man of Heart's Desire would have told you that $300 is ample for any town.

These latter facts are offered in explanation of certain phenomena which might have been witnessed any day in the hotel of Heart's Desire. A stranger dropping into that hostelry, and taking a glance behind the front door, might have thought that he was in an armory or some place devoted to the sale of firearms. There were many nails driven into the wooden window facings, the door-jambs and elsewhere, and all these nails held specimens of weapons. Excellent weapons they were, too, as good and smooth running six-shooters as ever came out of Colt's factory; and Winchesters which, if they showed fore ends bruised by saddle-tree and stocks dented by rough usage among the hills, none the less were very clean about the barrels and the locks. At times, more especially about the middle of the week, there were dozens of these guns and rifles to be seen on the wall at Uncle Jim's hotel. The visible supply fluctuated somewhat. Any observer of industrial economics might have discovered it to move up or down in unison with the current amount visible of the circulating medium.

I do not know who first invented the system which obtained at Uncle Jim Brothers' hotel. Certainly it was not Uncle Jim himself, for he never asked cash or security of any man. If a man paid, very well. If he could not pay, it would have been unkind to ask him, for assuredly he would have paid if he could, as Uncle Jim very well knew. And if he could not pay, none the less he needed to eat, as Uncle Jim also knew very well. There were no printed rules or regulations in Uncle Jim's hotel. There was no hotel register. There were no questions ever asked. Uncle Jim felt that his mission, his duty was to feed men. For the rest he often had to do his own cooking, for Mexicans are very undependable; and if a man is busy in the kitchen, how can he attend to the desk? Indeed, there was no desk. The front door was always open, the tables were always spread. That any man should take advantage of this state of affairs was something never dreamed in Heart's Desire. Yet one day a sensitive young man, fresh from the States, who had blundered, God knows how, down into Heart's Desire, and who was at that time reduced to a blue shirt, a pair of overalls, one law book, one six-shooter and one dime, slipped into the hotel of Uncle Jim Brothers since by that time he was very hungry. He sat on the edge

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of the bench and dared not ask for food; yet his eyes spoke clearly enough for Uncle Jim. The latter said naught, but presently returned with a large beefsteak which actually sputtered and frizzled with butter, a thing undreamed! "Get 'round this," said Uncle Jim, "and you'll feel better."

Who would not go a thousand miles to see Uncle Jim Brothers to-day? The young man "got 'round" the beefsteak. Perhaps it was the feeling about the butter, which of itself was a thing unusual. At any rate, as he went out, the young man quietly hung up his six-shooter behind Uncle Jim's door. This act meant, of course, that for the time he was legally dead: he no longer existed. The six-shooter hung there for nearly four months, and Uncle Jim said nothing of pay, and the meals were regular and good. The intention of every man in that little valley to do "about what was right" was silently and fully evidenced. That a man would give up his gun was proof enough of that. So this became the custom of the place, the unwritten law. When by any chance a man got hold of enough of the $300 to settle his bill with Uncle Jim, he walked in, handed over the cash, and without comment of his own or of any one else, took down his gun from behind the door, and then walked off down the street with his head and his chest much higher in the air. It is astonishing how much business, how much safe business, can be done in a community with $300 and a good general supply of six-shooters.

On this particular day in question, thanks to certain pernicious activity of Johnny Hudgens at the Lone Star on the night previous, nearly all the six-shooters of Heart's Desire were hanging behind the door of Uncle Jim Brothers, pending the arrival of better days. The financial situation stood thus: Johnny Hudgens had all the $300, and Uncle Jim Brothers had all the guns. Temporarily, male Heart's Desire did not exist. This situation was not of itself dangerous, and indeed not entirely novel, having been at least approached in other times of tight money in Heart's Desire. The crisis might have been easily tided over had it not been for the arrival, at precisely this interesting juncture, of the bride who has been mentioned aforesaid as coming to Heart's Desire.

If the situation was epochal when the treasure train with its five kegs of specie drove into town, what should be said of the popular eagerness when there appeared from Baxter Cañon way a well-worn buckboard, drawn by a likely span of broncos, and occupied by two persons, one of whom was a woman? The man, as presently appeared, was tall, dark, self-possessed, and dressed in the garb of the land, .45 and all. As to the woman, it could only be said that she was small, petite, and of shrinking mien. Her attire was semi-Mexican, although the wearer seemed to hurried observation not wholly Mexican. The strangers appeared a bit mysterious, and the situation became still more interesting when the young man strode boldly into Uncle Jim Brothers' hotel and announced that he and the young lady had just been married, and that, having arrived at this unqualifiedly unworthy hole of Heart's Desire, they now proposed to pass the night there. He did not mention the place where the wedding had taken place, did not refer to his past residence, or state where he purposed to make his future home. He did not register at the hotel, for the simple reason that there was not any hotel register. In that land man went and came as he liked, and no man asked questions. Yet, since a groom was almost as rare as a bank at Heart's Desire, small wonder that the population was almost upon the point of forgetting etiquette and seeking information pointblank of these newly-arrived travelers. Every one wanted to know about the new bride. This was what caused the Littlest Girl from Kansas to experience sore heartburnings. "She shore seems some crazy over this here," admitted Curly frankly.

The anomalous new bridegroom and the mysterious new bride went into Uncle Jim Brothers' hotel for dinner, and there they ate as those should eat who travel far. The bridegroom did not lay off his gun, but little attention was paid to this obvious violation of mountain etiquette. "Like enough he's some rattled," said Curly with the wisdom of experience. "I know how that is."

"But did you notice how the bride done et?" said Mackinney. "I seen a bride oncet, back home. All I got to say is, this here bride is some coarse. Not that I want to be findin' any fault."

"I can't make out where she got them Mexican clothes," said McGinnis, foreman of the ore dump. "She ain't Mexican, and she ain't white."

"Anyhow, they're almighty unsocial," said Mackinney. "As though we didn't have a bride o' our own!"

"Vat's the madder vith you poys unt dem clodings?" said Whiteman the Jew. "It's like enough der hyoung feller boughd der laty der best clodings he gould find vere he vas at. Do youse all expegd a mairchant in a *plazida* by der Rhio Chrand to geep a Proadway stockg of pride goots? How many vas he goin' to sell in a year? Der hyoung laty do der pest she gould. Vhat!"

This view of Whiteman's came to be accepted as practical by most of the population, who by three o'clock had withdrawn more or less en masse to the upper part of the street, with the purpose of discussing the stirring and singular events now crowding so thickly upon the social horizon of Heart's Desire. The discussion lasted pretty much all the afternoon, and was not wholly unproductive of results. There was more combed hair at Uncle Jim Brothers' supper-table that night than was ever seen there before or since, and more than one necktie, fished out from some unknown hiding-place, adorned a shirt front long unaccustomed to such decoration.

At supper-time the bridal couple retained their frigid reserve, eating busily and in silence; yet, as was observed out of the corner of the eye of Heart's Desire, they seemed, after all, not so timid and embarrassed as might have been. When the bridegroom wished for anything he called for it in a tone whose volume and insistence marked him as master of his faculties; and as to the bride, she was more than once seen casting glances more or less direct about the room. After supper the two rose and started into the room which Uncle Jim kept as his guest-room, and which was now generally dignified by the name of the bridal chamber. Passing the point where the hotel desk would have been had there been any such desk, the bridegroom paused for a moment, and gazed briefly at the array of firearms which hung behind the door. Then he cast a second glance at the beltless waist of the male humanity of Heart's Desire. A strange look passed for an instant across his dark, impassive features as he stepped on into the further room. This passing shadow was not more one of interest than of perplexity. Heart's Desire was not alone engaged in interesting puzzles upon that evening. At the window of the bridal chamber one in passing heard the bridegroom say, with a certain gloom in his voice, "It looks mighty queer!" Indeed, from any angle things did look queer in Heart's Desire. The population went to bed that night keyed up to such state of excitement as had never been known in all the history of the community.

FOR THE TIME HE WAS LEGALLY DEAD: HE NO LONGER EXISTED

Heart's Desire slept lightly that night. There was a feeling of eagerness in the air, as though we were upon the eve of some great event. It was about half-past one o'clock in the morning when I was startled by a knock at my door. It was Dan Anderson who entered, and who presently sat down upon the edge of the table as he rolled for himself an inevitable cigarette. At length he remarked carelessly, "I was just thinking of the bride, down there at Uncle Jim's."

Knowing something of a Girl Back in the States in Dan Anderson's case, I said nothing. There were so many cases in Heart's Desire of Girls Back in the States. "It ain't so strange that a bride should wear spurs under her skirts," resumed Dan. "No, not a bit." He puffed on for a few moments. "No, that ain't it," said he. "That's common. But why should this particular bridal couple have two cow-saddles along, when they're traveling by buckboard? That's what troubles me."

Now this gentle, childlike paradise of the Southwest was not wholly so soft and mild as it appeared. The valley of Heart's Desire lay in the heart of the wildest and most savage land which ever was in all the West, a land of which less was then known or is now known than of any region on either flank of the Rockies. Sixty miles away the Lincoln County war was raging, its battles unknown then and now to the outer world. A hundred corpses already lay about in the brown foothills or the pifion-covered mountains of the land surrounding Heart's Desire. Already the men of that village were accustomed, as were those down toward the Hondo and the Felix and the Pecos, to meet all travelers with hand close to one's gun, and to be careful of asking or answering questions when among strangers. To which faction, that of the Kid or that of the Chisums, did the chance rider met on the mountain trail belong? It was sometimes essential to guess quickly and to guess correctly. Therefore some import might have been discovered in these casual remarks of Dan Anderson at midnight.

There were others who felt this vague atmosphere of doubt. These things go by a sixth sense, and men who live among dangers learn to scent danger intuitively, just as animals do. Dan Anderson and I had hardly stepped out of the door before we met Curly, McGinnis, Mackinney and several others coming down the street.

"I ain't for disturbin' no man at this sort-o' time," said Curly apologetically. "But then, I'm d——d!" Which speech seemed to cover the general attitude of mind at that particular moment.

After all, it was too late. It was bright moonlight, and never in all the world was such a moon as that of Heart's Desire. At one time or another this community had been shot up in sport or earnest by this, that or the other man or party of men seeming to find sufficient reason therefor; but never in all the history of that long, crooked, bloody little street had there been so continuous a rattle of shots as now began to pop and crackle and echo from Baxter Peak to old Carrizo. There swung at full gallop into the street a long, low buckboard, with creaking floor planks but well greased wheels which cut the dust into ribbons as the horses buckled down, belly to the ground, on the way to Baxter Cañon. There were two figures in the buckboard, one whose dress skirt came scarcely to the knees. Neither was driving, so far as could be seen. Both stood erect; and from right and left of each figure, the tall and the short, there issued a scarce broken stream of fire and a rolling series of reports.

"Yeeeeee-ip!" sang the bridegroom, and "Hi-i-yeeeeeee!" sang his bride, until voices and shots faded away along the trail to Baxter Cañon. It was unparalleled. It was glorious! The smell of powder straightened up each man of Heart's Desire into an attitude of eagerness, the blood surging into his hair. With unanimity the right hand of Heart's Desire made a semi-circular movement to the left and back. And then, with equal unanimity, the manhood of Heart's Desire sank down, crestfallen and abashed. Heart's Desire was disarmed. It was legally dead. It did not exist. The collateral of Heart's Desire, the conjoint sign and symbol of its manhood, hung behind the door of Uncle Jim Brothers' hotel!

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At least it had done so. Thus passed the second bride ever known in Heart's Desire. Misfortunes do not come singly. Upon that same night Heart's Desire lost its bank. The reason why the new resident manager took the first opportunity to leave town was discovered upon the following morning. He did not care to remain and be hung. For, following down the trail to Baxter Cañon, where the swerving horses had carried the flying buckboard, certain persons found the mark in the trail where one of the kegs of the bank of Heart's Desire had jumped the buckboard rail, and gone down over the edge of the trail to the bottom of a deep arroyo. It lay there far below with the bottom burst out; and there, scattered about in the red sand, lay hundreds of shining—nails! They were tenpenny nails, and very valuable in many ways, though I believe that not even the Napoleons of to-day have ever thought of them as useful in the establishment of financial institutions.

The Littlest Girl from Kansas was among those who in the morning visited the bridal chamber at Uncle Jim's hotel. There were many stumps of cigarettes, likewise the ruffle of a dress skirt carelessly torn off and abandoned, upon the floor.

"Bride!" said the Littlest Girl from Kansas. "Bride! Huh!" And so turned away.

At ten o'clock that morning there came into town a certain sheepherder known as William Willey, or Bill Willey, commonly called Willie Bill for short, because he stuttered and was "some *loco*," as are all sheepherders of seven years' experience. Willie Bill was for some time unable to talk, but finally added something to the suspicions of the population.

"I s-s-see—I s-s-see—I s-seen something," said Willie Bill. "D-d-do b-b-b-brides wear b-b-boots? This o-o-one w-w-w-was w-w-wearin' b-b-boots. They sh-sh-sh-shot me up a f-f-f-few, and d-d-d-done took my g-g-gun, an' I g-g-got s-s-scared, I got scared, I did."

Later it was learned from Willie Bill that the bridegroom and his bride had abandoned the buckboard at the edge of the mesa below Baxter Cañon. They had opened the remaining four kegs. Three of these also contained nails.

"This here feller only got some confused," said Curly, referring to the late resident manager of the gold mills and the bank. "He really meant for to start a hardware store, but he got sidetracked with this here bank idea."

The fourth keg, however, really had contained money, silver dollars, half-dollars and quarters, almost as much as the total hitherto existing circulating medium of Heart's Desire. The bridal couple had stuffed their pockets and their saddle pouches with as much silver as they could carry. They had left silver in order to carry away firearms. How they did it no man could tell, but they managed to take away practically the last six-shooter and rifle which had belonged to the population of this bereft community.

"They l-l-look, they l-l-looked l-l-like *haystacks*, them f-f-folks, they did," said Willie Bill, describing the appearance of the newly-married couple as they moved off after abandoning the buckboard. The "littlest un," according to Willie Bill, at that time had on no skirt at all, though still retaining the bright, flowered-silk bodice, the long, flowing Mexican mantilla, and a picture hat whose like, as one may testify, has not since been seen in any corner of the land. Willie Bill was not appeased even after having food and drink offered him. Something was upon his mind. "D-d-d-do b-b-brides wear b-b-boots?" he wailed continually.

"No, Willie," said Dan Anderson, gently removing the cigarette from his mouth as he spoke; "I think we may as a community decide that boots are not the correct upholstery for any self-respecting bride.

"I reckon it was the Kid, all right," said Dan Anderson a moment later. "I hope he ain't plumb disappointed at our financial methods. It stands to reason we want strangers to go away with good impressions of the place."

Mackinney was of the opinion that the Kid and the bridegroom were doing wrong in robbing the town of its bank and its stock of firearms at the same time. "Just look," said he. "We'd lay up money, wouldn't we, a-followin' them now, with not a shootin'-iron left in town!"

Thus it may be seen that there were grave social and industrial problems attendant upon this somewhat haphazard visit of the bride to Heart's Desire. We had been deprived of our bank, and not even the hotel had been left free from a certain blow to its system. To be sure, there was something like a half-keg of silver money, but the question arose as to the ownership of this coin. It was then that Blackman, J. P., rendered the most famous decision of his life. "It's plumb legal," said Blackman, J. P., "to use this here speshu of the late bank in trust until the owner of the bank comes back."

The owner of the bank never did come back. The bride never came back. The six-shooters of Heart's Desire never came back. The community, shorn of its strength, legally dead, since it was practically weaponless, for weeks listened timorously for the sounds of the Lincoln County war, now rolling perilously near just over the Divide.

As to Heart's Desire, it registered its firm dislike for all brides who wore boots.

OUR AMERICAN SNOBS

By James L. Ford—The Patron of the Fine Arts

ONE afternoon not many years ago I sat in a London drawing-room munching cake, drinking tea and telling people I was glad to meet them. Now and then I uttered "an awfully clever American joke," as such pleasantries are termed by fun-loving Britons, and watched its uncertain course as it sped about the room provoking guffaws of laughter at unexpected places until its force was spent, for all the world like that old-fashioned piece of fireworks, the "nigger chaser." An extremely beautiful bit of pottery attracted my attention, and I asked my hostess, a noted authority on such matters, and a writer known in this country as well as her own, what it was. English women of breeding often surprise us by their brusque fashion of enunciating wholesome truths, and it was in this spirit that the lady of art and letters made answer:

"You Americans have a habit, which is not unknown in other parts of the world, of laughing at the English people and calling them insular and provincial and narrow. Well, you would be better off if you were to evince a little of that provincial and insular spirit in an appreciation of some of the beautiful things created in your own country. That piece of pottery, which you do not seem to recognize, is from America, but if it were made in Munich or Moscow or Rome there would be a specimen of it in half the rich houses in New York. It cannot, however, be made in any city in Europe, and I have this piece here because I am writing something about it for the leading art magazine of Germany. It is greatly admired here and on the continent as well—this pottery of yours—and so it would be in your own country were it made in Europe or India and sold to you under some foreign name."

I was reminded of this conversation on the night that Mrs. Grinders came bursting into Mrs. Catnip's dining-room to announce that Mrs. "Fen" Bertram, Miss Wynn Mordaunt and two or three other members of what is termed in Park Row "the fashionable, intellectual set," had "discovered" a remarkable Portuguese actor who was performing in a small theatre on the edge of Mulberry Park and had determined to "make him the fashion" by their patronage.

"I tell you what it is," cried Mrs. Grinders, "those Four Hundred folks are no fools. Just think how smart it is of them to go down into that dirty, out-of-the-way street and find a man who's a second Booth. I always said that Mrs. 'Fen' was a clever, brainy little woman to put herself where she is in the smart set, and this proves it. If that dago actor turns out to be what she says he is, it'll make her the leader of the intellectual set."

"She won't be no leader so long as Winnie Mordaunt hangs on," said Mrs. Taffeta. "Ever since she started in translatin' them Rooshian dramas into English, an' givin' talks an' conversaziones an' what not on this, that an' the other foreign subjeck, she's been the acknowledged intellectual leader of society, an' they can't down her. It was her that got up the Scandinavian Lenten mornings that was all the go last season. Oh, you can laugh all you like," she continued, addressing herself with some asperity to me as I sat grinning over my food, "but I happen to know that when Matthew Arnold—and he's about as intellectual and literary as they make 'em—was in New York he said that nothing ever gave him greater pleasure than meeting the intellectual set of the Four Hundred."

"I WON'T ACCEPT ANY EXCUSES"

While it is gratifying to learn that Mr. Arnold had a sufficient sense of humor to find entertainment in that curious blend of fashion and wit to which we owe the discovery of the Portuguese actor in Mulberry Park, it is positively disheartening to reflect on the true and sensible, if mortifying, speech of the English woman, and the contemptuous rebuke to our snobbish worship of the foreign brazen calf implied in her words. Years ago we were ridiculed for our self-assertive pride in our native land and all its products, but it seems to me that we have entered upon another phase of our national life that is far more demoralizing in its influences and infinitely less worthy of a virile, progressive young nation.

Understand me, I have no sympathy whatever with that wretchedly narrow spirit of "know-nothingism" which would drive everything foreign from our doors and "protect" the native arts by placing an exorbitant import duty on the paintings of Millais and Meissonier and the books of Tolstoi, Daudet and Goethe, and bar out such players as Irving, Duse and Bernhardt. In order to realize the amount of our debt to European artists and writers, we have only to remember what we owe to Henry Irving, who has raised the entire standard of dramatic production in this country by his splendid manner of presenting plays, and to Coquelin, Duse, Bernhardt, Sonnenthal, Geistinger, Terry, Réjane, Barnay and a score of others, not alone for the pleasure that they have given us but for what they have taught our own artists of the difficult and fascinating art of acting.

The snobbery against which I raise my voice—and which is, after all, but a single phase of this disgusting worship of a foreign calf because it is foreign—is that which finds expression in the exploiting of a foreign actor by a parcel of women who, I will venture to say, do not know the names of the best American players and who have never been known to contribute in the slightest degree to the welfare of native dramatic art.

"Discoverers" of this sort are always fond of noisily celebrating the talents of some mummer who plays in an

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of Mr. Ford's papers on Our American Snobs. The concluding paper will appear in an early number.

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ill-smelling East Side theatre, speaking a language which they do not understand; but not one of them ever speaks a word of encouragement or raises a hand in behalf of the worthy young men and women who are working hard in the cheap variety houses doing their best to learn the entertainer's art and to lift themselves to a decent position in the popular esteem. Not a season passes that does not see the rise of some quick-witted, nimble-footed performer from the variety stage into the bright white light of fame, but in no case that I ever heard of did any member of the "fashionable, intellectual set" give so much as a God-speed to a flight prompted by such a worthy ambition.

Fortunately for our stage it is not dependent upon the whims of a handful of calf worshipers; but in other forms of art their influence has been simply deplorable. I know of no more pitiable history than that of the little artist colonies which are to be found in nearly every one of our cities, fighting gallantly against poverty, public indifference and snobbery. It is only those who, like myself, have seen the threadbare artist seated in a fireless studio, in the midst of pictures that are certain to bring their price in the years to come, who really know how pitiful that history is. For not until he is dead and unable to spend money can an American artist earn it from the hands of his calf-worshiping countrymen, unless, of course, he can first make a reputation abroad.

The story of American art is indeed a pitiful one, but it is not sordid and disgusting, like that of portrait painting, as it is practiced here by foreign craftsmen with the aid of adroit and conscienceless picture dealers, to whom they indenture themselves before leaving their own shores, and the meretricious puffery which they receive at the hands of a band of shameless artistic Jenkinses. Once more let me give emphasis to the fact that I have not a word to say against any artist of true distinction who may choose to honor us by his presence. My remarks are merely intended for those charlatans who are only too glad to divide their spoils with the picture dealer.

This artistic snobbishness is, however, a matter of but little consequence in comparison with the interest in and idolatry of foreign rank and title which have grown to such enormous proportions during the past quarter of a century and which culminate now and then in an outburst of hysterical Voodoo worship of such volume and intensity that it causes the cheeks of the earnest philosopher to grow pale with apprehension.

In a simpler and elder day, rank and title played no part whatever in American life, except in so much as they figured in the weekly story papers and cheap novels. I can remember only two varieties of noblemen in the fiction of that period, and it would be hard to say which of the two enjoyed the higher rank in the popular heart. One of these was the English lord who always wore long whiskers and spoke with an impossible drawl, and the other was the Latin noble—count, duke or baron—who had dark, melting and mysterious eyes and a long black mustache, and looked not unlike the generally accepted bucolic ideal of a bunco-steerer. These titled heroes figured in the foolish day-dreams of the young women who read about them in the Ledger and Waverley, but they were at best remote and inaccessible stars, the creatures of some distant and intangible world.

Nowadays, however, the New York papers give as much space to the "bags" made on the Yorkshire moors on the twelfth of August as do the leading provincial papers of England, while the list of presentations at the King's court causes almost as many heart-burnings and tears in Fifth Avenue as in Mayfair.

We all remember the frenzy of calf worship which marked the visit of a German Prince to our shores. Among those who noted with shrewd business eye the genuflections of the worshipers was a certain opera manager who had had many years' experience with the tiara-crowned goddesses of the brazen calf faith, opulent males of their species, and the vast army of the devout that follow at their heels; and this man straightway turned all his knowledge and experience to practical account by giving a "grand gala performance" in honor of the visitor. Highly as I esteem those clear-headed, energetic and progressive men who harnessed Niagara Falls and converted that one-time hackmen's paradise into an electric giant-of-all-work, I have a far greater reverence for the man who welded together the latent particles of snobbery in the town and by an alchemy of his own transformed the whole mass into gold. I am told that the very moment this sagacious manager knew to a certainty that the Prince was to attend a performance of opera in his house he went out to look at real estate, and selected for himself a home which he afterward paid for out of the profits of that one night of unbridled American snobbery.

"WE DON'T MAKE FANCY DRESSES 'ERE, SIR"

Many years ago, when the king of the Sandwich Islands honored us with a visit, P. T. Barnum induced him to ride with him in his carriage around the tan-bark arena of his "greatest show on earth," and everybody said what a clever man Barnum was. Nor does our respect for the old showman decrease when we consider the comparatively slender stock of snobbery which he had to work on in those simpler days. I wonder what Barnum would have done had he been on earth and in the show business at the time of this royal visit. Probably he would have gone out to look at blocks of real estate instead of single houses.

While we are on the subject of foreign snobbery it may be worth our while to consider the manner in which some of our distinguished citizens are regarded in that country which is the Mecca of all snobbery. And in so doing it may be well to differentiate between real snobbery—the mean admiration of mean things—and the sort of social success of which any man might well be proud and which is consequently the subject of the cheap jeers of the illiterate and the envious. For the unthinking pack is always ready to brand as a snob any man whose good fortune it is to be well received by that admirable but limited class of Britons who are fit company for a good American, though the same man might sit at the board of the Russian Czar or become the confidential friend of the King of Italy without danger of rebuke.

And yet, in spite of this generally accepted belief to the contrary, I know of no social hunting-ground in which the American snob fares so badly or the self-respecting American gentleman so well as in those well-guarded, enviously-eyed preserves of English society. And in saying this I must be modest enough to add that I am speaking not from extended personal experience but from a knowledge gained from those having the voice of authority. I am perfectly well aware that my statement will be contested by a great many who will back up their assertions by relating what happened at Lord So-and-So's or how insolent Lady Thing-'em-bob was at the garden party. As to arguments of this sort I have only to say that I cannot open a kindergarten to teach people that, in a round-up of "right Englishmen," titles cut about as little ice as they would in Heaven—a lesson which Burns tried to inculcate over a century ago and in far nobler language than I have at my command.

In his famous book on New York society Mr. Ward McAllister told the world the artless story of his visit to Windsor. It was from his own pen that the aristocracy, which Simon Barshfield rallied about the verbal banner raised by this distinguished author and dictator of fashion, and which David, the third of the royal line, has helped to maintain in the public esteem for a not unselfish purpose, first learned of his dinner with the Queen's cook at the village inn.

That Mr. McAllister dined with the Queen's cook and afterward gave publicity to that fact redounds very much to his credit and shows him to have been a man who properly respected a noble art and its artists. Certainly it is but a cheap and false wit that can find food for ridicule in his so doing. But let us hearken to what he says about the royal dining-table, of which he obtained a glimpse—thanks to the courtesy of the cook—through the pantry window:

"I have seen Her Majesty's table at Windsor Castle all ready for her. I have heard her footmen, in green and gold, reëcho from hall to kitchen the note that 'dinner is served,' and then I was told to go."

What should we say to a leader of the society of London or Berlin or Paris who was glad of a chance to peek through the window of the dining-room in the White House that he might chronicle the fact that the President had two kinds of pie for dinner?

Another American of social distinction was not quite so well received as Mr. McAllister and met with a rebuff which would have been extremely mortifying to almost any one else. On one of his visits to London this gentleman found himself in need of a court dress—or, to speak more correctly, had reason to hope that a favoring tide of circumstances would provide him with a long-sought opportunity to wear one. The excellent and well-known firm of Snips & Sheers, tailors by special appointment to His Majesty the King, was recommended to him, and by a fortunate chance I happened to be in their shop—they sell other things besides court dress—when he made his appearance.

Now, of course, I do not presume to say that a gentleman as much sought after as this one is lacking in personal distinction or that his face is not chiseled after the accepted aristocratic mould. I will say, however, that if he were to attempt to pass himself off as the missing Dauphin of France he would find it easier to carry out the deception in New York than in the Faubourg Saint Germain. This gentleman, whose name figures constantly in the chronicles of our fashionable life, and whose exalted rank in the Four Hundred has never been disputed at Mrs. Catnip's table, entered the shop and asked to be measured for a court costume.

It was Mr. Sheers himself who waited on him, and for once that usually astute tradesman deceived himself most woefully. Knowing that the masquerade ball of the haberdashers' young men was looming up on the social horizon, he replied haughtily: "We don't make fancy dresses 'ere, sir. I believe there's a shop in Leicester Square where they rent all sorts of masquerade costumes an' such like. We only make court costumes for gentlemen to wear to court, sir."

With these words he turned on his heel and walked away, and behold! we had another grudge against the sort of Englishman that we are so fond of imitating.

Another story which I will relate is one which proved highly pleasing to "right" Englishmen and women when it was repeated from house to house in London not many years ago, and it is worth retelling here because the woman who figures in it has been greatly admired by those who do not even know her name for the part which she plays in it. The episode in which this woman figures dates from the time, not many years ago, when a certain English duke was a very much sought after personage in New York society. This duke, contemptuously noting the eagerness with which New Yorkers fawned upon him, had formed the habit—not uncommon among men of his rank—of going out to dinner without troubling himself to put on evening dress. The lady of whom I write had invited him to dinner without knowing of this peculiarity, and was awaiting his arrival when her butler opened the door and cast a glance at her over the heads of intervening guests which said plainly that something was wrong. She hastened into the hall to find the duke standing there clad in the checked sack suit and flaming red tie which had seemed to him "good enough" for a dinner-party of American calf worshipers. This woman, however, had presence of mind, and she advanced upon him, radiant and smiling.

"No," she said decisively as she took him by the hand, "I won't accept any excuses. You've come round to tell me why it is that you can't dine here to-night and it's ever so much nicer of you to do that than just to send a note. The dinner's a little late and you've just time to go home and dress and be back here again before we begin."

The nobleman opened his mouth to reply, but his hostess shut him off in a second: "No, you needn't make any explanations or excuses. There are three women here who are dying to meet you and you *must* come back. Remember, you've only twenty minutes, so you must hurry!" And a moment later the astounded duke found himself hurrying toward his hotel and perhaps wondering what new social force it was that was impelling him in that direction.

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Despotism and Democracy

A Study in Washington Society and Politics

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CHAPTER III

THE day was the regular one for the meeting of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, and there was a full attendance, every member being prompt except the chairman. Ten minutes after the hour struck Crane entered. It was almost impossible for a man to have had the personal triumph he had enjoyed the day before without showing some consciousness of it. Thorndyke had expected to see Crane crowing like a chanticleer. Instead, he was remarkably quiet and subdued. He was greeted with the chaff which Senators and Representatives indulge in after the manner of collegians. Several members addressed him as the "Wondrous Boy," and others, displaying copies of the Indianapolis editorial, presented their claims to him for Cabinet places and embassies. One member—the Honorable Mark Antony Hudgins, of Texas, a colleague of Crane, who posed as a greenhorn and was really a wit—solemnly engaged Thorndyke to write him a speech to deliver at the first seasonable opportunity, but warned him not to make it too much like the speech of the "Wondrous Boy." Thorndyke laughed. He had taken no part in the joking and chaffing. Crane's face flushed. He did not like to be reminded of Thorndyke's share in his success, but he was too considerable a man to deny it.

The meeting was brief and devoted to routine matters. The debate would begin directly after the morning hour, and it was supposed it would go along smoothly. There was, it is true, an able and malevolent person from Massachusetts who would be likely to stick a knife between the joints of Crane's armor, and two or three Southern members who would be certain to discover an infringement of the Constitution of the United States in something or other—but these were only the expected rough spots in an otherwise smooth road.

At two o'clock the debate began. Again were the galleries packed, though not to the same degree as on the day before. When Crane rose to defend the report he was loudly applauded. He was interrupted once or twice by the able and malevolent Representative from Massachusetts, who never disappointed expectations in that particular. And there were some sly allusions to the Indianapolis newspaper and the "Wondrous Boy." This bothered Crane obviously, who had a reasonable and wholesome fear of ridicule. He had his share of a certain crude humor—God never makes an American without putting humor of some sort into him—but Crane's was not the rapid-fire, give-and-take humor which counts in debate. He was always afraid of committing some breach of taste and decorum when he wished to raise a laugh. He remembered certain men whose remarks had caused a tempest of mirth in the House, but those same remarks seen in cold type next day had seriously damaged their authors. It was here that Thorndyke came to Crane's rescue. While he sat glowering and fuming and hesitating, Thorndyke stood in the breach with a good story, full of wit and pith. The House immediately went into convulsions of laughter. The able and malevolent member from Massachusetts in vain tried to bring gentlemen back to a state of seriousness and disgust with affairs generally. But the turn injected by Thorndyke into the discussion put everybody into a good humor, the debate went swimmingly, as it was foreseen, and when the adjournment came it was plain that the report would be adopted substantially as it came from the committee.

Thorndyke watched the big clock over the Speaker's chair and precisely at four left the chamber, and likewise left Crane to his fate, which, however, proved to be easy enough. Thorndyke had other business on hand then.

When he got out-of-doors the bright morning had changed into a cold, determined downpour of rain. The gray mists hung over the city at the foot of the hill, and the summit of the Washington Monument was obscured by sullen driving clouds. Thorndyke's spirits rose as he surveyed the gloomy prospect. It was not much of an afternoon for visiting—he should find Constance alone.

He went to his rooms, dressed, and before five was at Constance Maitland's door. The afternoon had grown worse. A sad northeast wind had been added to the rain; the lilac bushes in the little lawn at the side of the house drooped forlornly, and the dejected syringas looked like young ladies caught out in the rain in their ball gowns.

The rain, the cold and the wind outside was the best possible foil for the fire-lighted and flower-scented drawing-room, into which the young negro butler ushered Thorndyke. The walls were of the delicate pale green of the sea—the rug on the polished floor was of the green of the moss. A wood fire danced and sang in a white-tiled fireplace, and laughed at its reflection in the quaint mirrors about the room, and glowed upon family portraits and miniatures on the walls. There were many old-fashioned chairs and tables, and a deep, deep sofa drawn up to the fire. By its side was a tea-table gleaming with antique silver.

Like most men, Thorndyke was highly susceptible to the environment of women without being in the least able to analyze the feeling. It takes a woman to dissect an emotion thoroughly. He became at once conscious that this quaint, pretty, sparkling drawing-room was a home, and that what was in it had no connection whatever with shops for antiques and art sales catalogues. He had often noticed with dislike the spurious antiquity of many modern drawing-rooms, which are really museums, and represent the desire of the new for the old. But Constance Maitland had inherited the furnishings which made her drawing-room beautiful and distinctive, and in process of use, especially by one family, chairs and tables and tea-kettles acquire a semi-humanity which creates that subtle and enduring thing called atmosphere. The portraits on the walls gave an inhabited look to the room—it was never without company.

While Thorndyke was considering the curious fact that all the mere money in the world could not create a drawing-room like Constance Maitland's, she herself entered the room with her slow, graceful step. She wore a gown of a delicate gray color, which trailed upon the floor, and at her breast was a knot of pale yellow cowslips. A bowl of the same old-fashioned flowers was on the tea-table.

Thorndyke had never been able to contemplate without agitation a meeting with Constance Maitland. But, as on the two previous occasions, so soon as he came face to face with her nothing seemed easier, sweeter, more natural than that they should meet. He placed a chair for her, and they exchanged smilingly the commonplaces of meeting and greeting. At once Thorndyke felt that delicious sense of comfort, security and well-being which some women can impart so exquisitely in their own homes. The quiet, fire-lighted room seemed a paradise of peace and rest, which was accentuated by the northeast storm without. The surety that he would have the room, the fire, the sweet company of Constance Maitland to himself made Thorndyke feel almost as if he had a place there. And Constance, by not taking too much notice of him, increased the dear illusion. She got into a spirited discussion with the negro butler who rejoiced in the good old-time name of Scipio, to which Constance had added Africanus. Scipio had his notions of how tea should be made, which were at variance with his mistress's. After the manner of his race, he proceeded to argue the point. Constance entered with spirit into the controversy, and only settled it by informing Scipio that where tea was concerned he was, and always would be, an idiot, at which Scipio grinned in a superior manner as he departed. Thorndyke thought Scipio in the right, and said so, as he drank a very good cup of tea.

"But I can never let Scipio believe for a moment that I am in the wrong about anything," replied Constance with thoughtful determination. "You dear, good Northern people never can be made to understand that with a negro everything depends on the personal equation. He is not, and never can be made, a human machine. He is a personality, and his usefulness depends entirely on the recognition of that personality."

"The commonly accepted idea of a servant is a human machine," said Thorndyke, willing to champion Scipio's cause for the purpose of seeing Constance Maitland's soft eyes glow and sweet voice quicken in discussion. In the old days they had many hot wrangles over the North and the South.

"Ah, if you had been served by human machines for eighteen years, as I was, you would understand how I longed to see an honest, laughing black face once more! My negro servants do much toward making this house a home for me. You would laugh at the way we get on together. When I am in an ill humor they must bear the brunt of it. I am a terrible scold when I am cross. But when the servants are lazy and neglectful then I bear with them like an angel, and so we hit it off comfortably together. Even Scipio Africanus, who is altogether idle and irresponsible, becomes a hero when I am ill and a gentleman when I am angry."

"Another cup of tea, please."

"Already? You will become a tea drinker like Doctor Johnson. However, my tea is so good that you are excused."

The conversation went on fitfully but to Thorndyke delightfully. Like all women who truly know the world, Constance had a charming and real simplicity about her. She made no effort to entertain him; she talked to him and he replied, or was silent, according to his mood. Every moment increased Thorndyke's sense of exquisite comfort and quiet enjoyment. He had reached the inevitable stage of life when amusements are no longer warranted to amuse; when only a few things remained, such as certain books and certain conversations, which were a surety of pleasure. Nor had it been much in his way to enjoy those simple pleasures which are found only in quiet and seclusion. It was as much a feeling of gratitude as of pleasure which made him say to Constance:

WHO REJOICED IN THE GOOD OLD-TIME NAME OF SCIPIO

"I did not think there remained for me such an hour of rest and refreshment as you have given me."

Constance turned toward him her eyes, pensive but not sad. There was something soothing in her very presence. She had known and suffered much, and had led a life far from serene, and now, in her maturity, she had reached, it seemed to her, a haven of peace and quiet. She had acquired a knowledge worth almost as much as youth itself—the knowledge that never again could she suffer as she had once suffered. And the meeting with Thorndyke had confirmed her in a belief that had been her chief solace under the sorrows of her life of exile and disappointment. She knew then, that he loved her well. For some years of her youth she had been haunted by the thought, cruel to her pride, that Thorndyke, after all, had been only playing at love. But as time went on, and she knew herself and others better, she had become convinced that Thorndyke had truly loved her, and his leaving her was only what any other man of honor burdened with poverty would have done. And he had remembered and suffered, too. As this thought came into her mind Thorndyke made some little remark that referred vaguely to their past, something about a song from one of the Italian operas, those simple love stories told in lyrics which she had often sung in the old days. A blush swept over Constance's cheek, and after a little pause of silence and hesitation she went to the piano and sang the quaint old song. She had a pleasing although not a brilliant voice, and her singing was full of sweetness and feeling, the only kind of singing which the normal man understands.

When she returned to her chair Thorndyke leaned toward her with eyes that told her he loved her, although he did not utter a word. Constance, in turn, resting her rounded chin on her hand, leaned toward him with a heavenly smile upon her face—the smile a woman only bestows on the man she loves. Even if he could never speak his love she was conscious of it, and that was enough for her woman's heart. Under the spell of her eyes and smile Thorndyke felt himself losing his head—how could he refrain from touching the soft white hand which hung so temptingly near him!

"Mr. Crane," announced Scipio Africanus, and Julian Crane walked in.

Every man receives a shock when he finds he has interrupted a tête-à-tête, and Crane's shock was augmented by finding that Thorndyke was the victim in the present case. Thorndyke had not said a word about going to see Miss Maitland and Crane had meant to do a magnanimous thing in taking him there! And while outside the door he had heard Constance singing to the piano. She had never mentioned to him that she had such an accomplishment.

Thorndyke behaved as men usually do under the circumstances. He spoke to Crane curtly, assumed an injured air, and took his leave promptly, as much as to say:

"It is impossible for me to stand this man a moment."

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Constance, womanlike, showed perfect composure and politeness, bade Thorndyke good-by with a smile, and then, by an effort, brought herself to the contemplation of Julian Crane. She saw then that he was very pale, and the hand which he rested on the back of a chair was trembling. The first idea which occurred to her was that Crane had heard bad news; but she could not understand why he should come to her under the circumstances. Perhaps it was only nervousness, the relaxation after great tension. With this in mind she said pleasantly as they seated themselves:

"So you waked this morning and found yourself famous."

"My speech appears to have been well received by the country," replied Crane in a strained voice, after a pause.

"It is a pity Mrs. Crane was not present to enjoy your triumph," she said.

"Mrs. Crane does not care for politics," replied Crane, still in a strange voice.

"I can't say that I am deeply interested in politics," replied Constance, "but I am interested in contemporary history of all sorts."

"And interested in your friends, Miss Maitland, when they are in public life."

"Extremely. I was at the House yesterday to hear you speak, and read your speech over again this morning in the Congressional Record."

"Which, no doubt, you received through Thorndyke," Crane answered pointedly, after a moment.

Constance felt an inclination to get up and leave the room, as she often did when Crane was talking with her. He had no reserves or restraints, and said just what was in his mind—a dangerous and alarming practice. She controlled herself, however, and looked closer at Crane. He was evidently deeply agitated, and Constance forebore the rebuke that she was ready to speak. Like a true woman, to feel sorry for a man was to forgive him everything. Suddenly Crane burst out:

"Have you heard the news? Senator Brand—our junior Senator—was run over by a train at Baltimore this morning, and died within an hour."

There is a way of announcing a death which shows that the speaker is contemplating the dead man's shoes with particular interest. Without fully taking in what it meant to Crane and what he wished to convey, Constance at once saw that in Senator Brand's death lay some possible great good for Crane. She remained silent a minute or two, her mind involuntarily reconstructing the horror and pity of the dead man's taking off.

Crane rose and walked up and down, his face working.

"I have committed a great, a stupendous folly," he said. "At the very outset of my real career I may have ruined it. I couldn't describe to you what I have suffered this day—yet no one has suspected it. I felt the necessity for sympathy, the necessity to tell my story to some one, and I came to you. I know I have no right to do it—but it seems to me, Constance, that ever since the day I first saw you you have had some strange power of sustaining and comforting me."

As Crane spoke her name Constance involuntarily rose and assumed an air of offended dignity. But Crane's distress was so real, his offense so unconscious that her indignation could not hold against him.

Without noticing her offended silence he came and sat down heavily in the chair that Thorndyke had just vacated.

"You know," he said, "in cases like this of Senator Brand's death the Governor appoints a Senator until the Legislature meets and can elect, which will not be until the first of next January. Just as I had heard the news about poor Brand at my hotel I ran into Sanders, our Governor. I didn't know he was in Washington. Sanders is a brute—always thinking of himself first. He buttonholed me, took me into his bedroom, locked the door and closed the transom. There were three other men present—all of whom I should not wish to offend. One of them has indorsed two unpaid notes for me. Sanders told me he had been looking for me, and with these other fellows—practical politicians every one of them—had already formulated a plan of campaign. The Governor would appoint me to fill the vacancy until the Legislature met in January and elected a Senator for the short term, provided I would give him a clear track then. In further recompense, he agreed to support me for the long term—the election is only two years off. Sanders has had the Senatorial bee in his bonnet for a long time, but the State organization is not over kindly to him, and Senator Bicknell is a little bit afraid of him, and naturally wouldn't encourage his aspirations. And do you know, after an hour's talk I allowed Sanders and those three fellows to wheedle me into that arrangement—and that without consulting Thorndyke, or a single friend I have in the world! Sanders is a long-headed rascal, and he knew very well that I was under money obligations to those men, and among them, aided and abetted by my own folly, I was buncoed—yes, regularly buncoed."

The rage and shame that possessed him seemed to overpower Crane for a moment, and he covered his face with his hands. Then he dashed them down and continued:

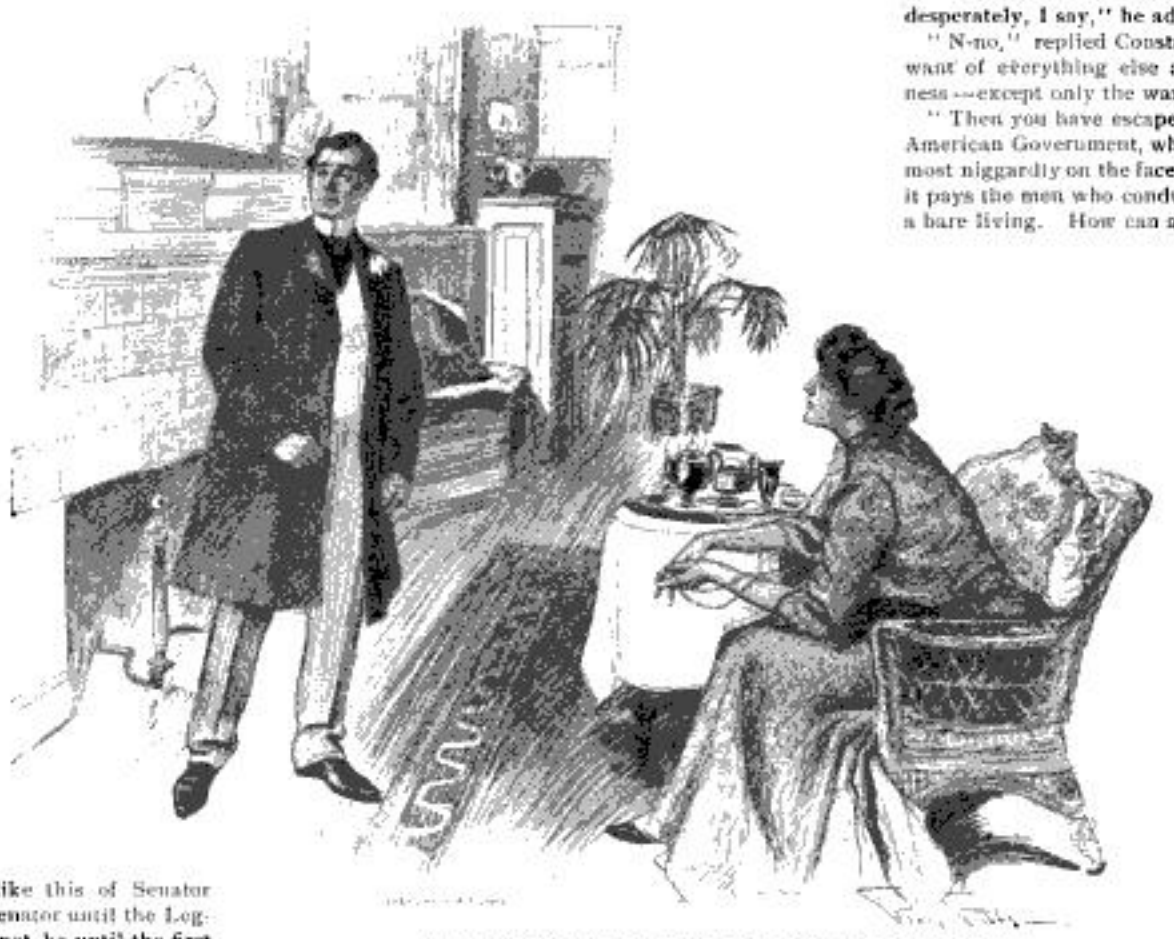
"Of course, I could have made a good showing in the race in January, and after my success of yesterday I believe I could have won. Senator Bicknell is not by any means the czar in the State which he would wish people to believe. But because Sanders dangled before my eyes the bauble of the appointment to the Senate—a present mess of pottage—and because I owed money I could not pay, I gave up the finest prospect of success any man of my age has had for forty years. Who ever heard of a stop-gap Senator that amounted to a bag of nails! And talking about two years from now, when I have just thrown away the game!"

Crane struck the arm of his chair with his clenched fist. His furious and sombre eyes showed the agony of his disappointment.

"As soon as it was done I knew my folly, and since then I have been almost like a madman. I went to my room to recover myself before going to the Capitol and managed not to betray myself while I was there. But I couldn't stand the strain until adjournment; I had to come to you."

Constance sat looking at him; pity, annoyance and a kind of disgust struggled within her. This, then, was politics. Accomplished woman of the world that she was, this natural and untutored man thoroughly disconcerted her. If only she had not felt such pity for him! And while she was contemplating the spectacle of these elemental passions of hatred, disappointment, revenge and self-seeking, Crane's eyes, fixed on her, lost some of their fury, and became more melancholy than angry, and he continued, as if thinking aloud:

"Suddenly I felt the desire to see you. You would know how insane was my folly, but you would not despise me for it. That's the greatest power in the world a woman has over a man: when he can show her all his heart, and she will pity him, without scorn or contempt. Ah, if Fate had given me a wife like you I could have reached the heights of greatness!"



"I HAVE COMMITTED A GREAT, A STUPENDOUS FOLLY"

At those words Constance Maitland moved a little closer to him so that she could bring him under the full effect of her large, clear gaze.

"I think," she said in a cool, soft voice, with a rebuke in it, but without contempt, "that you are forgetting yourself strangely. I have often noticed in you a want of reticence. You should begin now to cultivate reticence. What you have just said has in it something insulting to me as well as to your wife—a person you seem to have forgotten. As for the political arrangement which you regret so much, I can only say that it seems to me to have been cold-blooded and unfeeling on both sides to a remarkable degree. You have spoken plainly; I speak plainly."

Constance leaned back quietly in her chair to watch the effect of what she had said. She felt then a hundred years older than Crane, who was older than she, and who knew both law and politics well, but was a child in the science of knowing the world and the people in it—a science in which Constance Maitland excelled. But even her rebuke had a fascination for him. No other woman had ever rebuked him—his wife least of all.

"Do you complain of me," he said, "for telling you my weaknesses, my misfortunes? Don't you see that what you have just told me is proof of all I have said? You see my faults, you tell me of them, you inspire me with a desire to correct them. No other woman ever did so much for me. Is it forbidden to any one to utter a regret?"

"Very often it is forbidden," replied Constance promptly. "Unavailing regrets are among the most undignified things on earth. Is it possible that you have lived past your fortieth birthday without getting rid of that schoolboy idea that our environment makes us—that a man is made by his wife, or by any other human agent except himself? So long as self-love is the master passion, so long shall we heed our own persuasions more than any one else's."

"I hardly think you understand how things are with me," replied Crane, his eyes again growing sombre. "Yesterday was an epoch-making day with me. To-day, the first of the new epoch, I make a hideous mistake. It unmans me; it unnerves me. Not often do two such catastrophes befall a man together. I follow an impulse and come to you, and you are angry with me. Bah! How narrow and conventional are women, after all! Nevertheless," he kept on, rising to his feet and suddenly throwing aside his dejection, "no man ever yet rose to greatness without making vast mistakes and retrieving them. This moment the way of retrieving my mistake has come to me. I will go to Sanders—no, I will write and keep a certified copy of the letter—saying that I shall withdraw from my engagements with him. I will refuse to accept of the appointment as Senator and will contest the election with him before the Legislature. But—but—if only the man who indorsed my notes hadn't been in the combine!"

As suddenly as he had rallied Crane again sank into dejection.

"You don't know what it is to want money desperately—desperately, I say," he added.

"N-no," replied Constance slowly. "I think I know the want of everything else almost which is necessary to happiness—except only the want of money."

"Then you have escaped hell itself, Miss Maitland. This American Government, which you think so impeccable, is the most niggardly on the face of the globe. With untold wealth, it pays the men who conduct its affairs a miserable pittance—a bare living. How can a man give his whole mind to great governmental and economic problems when nine out of ten public men owe more than they can pay? I owe more than I can pay, and I owe, besides, a host of obligations of all sorts which the borrower of money, especially if he is a public man, cannot escape."

Constance, at this, felt more real pity and sympathy for Crane than she had yet felt. Women, being in the main intensely practical and in their own singular way more material than men, the want of money always appeals to them. And she had an income much greater than her wants—that is, unless she happened to want an American husband. Every other luxury was within her reach. This idea occurred to her grotesquely enough at the moment. She said after a moment's pause:

"It seems to me that to make your disentanglement complete, you should, if possible, pay your debt to the man that you say helped to wheedle you into the arrangement. You might easily borrow the money—it is probably not a large sum. If—if—perhaps Mr. Thorndyke—might arrange——"

Crane instantly divined the generous thought in Constance Maitland's heart.

"No," he said. "I know what you would do—through Thorndyke. But it is not to be thought of. With all my shortcomings, I can't think of borrowing money from a woman. But your suggestion is admirable—the payment of the money is necessary. It is not much."

Crane named something under a thousand dollars.

"Mr. Crane," said Constance after a while, "what advice do you think your wife would give you as to that money?"

(Continued on Page 22)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶Oil and water won't mix, unless it's Standard Oil.

¶Boast not of dress. Brag is only garb spelled backward.

¶Love would rather eat green apples than have no pain at all.

¶Explanations don't count—except against the explanationer.

¶Ridicule is only a shower; hoist your umbrella and let it rain.

¶The laggard's idea is to press a button for everything and do nothing but rest.

¶The laborer who works to get higher is the laborer who is worthy of his hire.

¶We really hate no one; we merely abhor the lack of our own virtues in others.

¶Candor once went forth boldly and in smiles, but it crept home in tatters and tears.

¶He is a good man who makes two thoughts grow in as much language as one thought occupied before.

¶The man who does things makes many mistakes, but he never makes the biggest mistake of all—doing nothing.

¶Congressmen who wear high hats with white ties, low-cut waistcoats and bobtail coats are bitterly opposed to American diplomatists appearing in uniforms.

If the Great "Merger" Stands

A GENERATION ago a daring speculator cast about for some way firmly to establish himself where he could get caste as a "financier." There was a great railway system which was in the possession of the heavy-witted sons of the men who had projected and built it. The speculator swooped upon the sleeping sons, bought control and bore off the prize amid wild shrieks of "Adventurer! Robber! Swindler!" With that "grab" as his foundation he became "eminently respectable," a "bulwark of conservatism," a "right arm of stability."

A generation passed and along came another daring speculator. He found that this railway system had passed into the hands of the descendants of the deceased "right arm of stability." And they were asleep, and off he made with the railway amid cries that were an exact repetition of the shouts of a generation before.

The moral to this tale is: Whatever may be the price of getting millions, eternal vigilance is the price of keeping them.

But this is the condition of affairs which Mr. Morgan and his multi-millionaire associates and lieutenants wish to see abolished. By the fiercest kind of competition they rose. Now that they have reached the climax of financial power, have got all there was to be got out of the competitive principle, they wish to abolish it in order that they may sit secure, unafraid of audacious raiders who might otherwise disturb and dispossess them—or their heirs. Having completed their conquest they cry "Peace! Peace!"

More interesting even than this call for disarmament from the victorious conquerors is the method by which they purpose to establish a peace in which orders may flow out from them to be everywhere obeyed, and dividends may flow in upon them in ever increasing rivers. The Assistant Attorney-General, Mr. Beck, lucidly described this method in his brief on the Northern Securities Company—the greatest, though not the most heavily capitalized, of Mr. Morgan's "peace" measures. Mr. Beck showed that this "merger" was:

First, of unlimited duration.

Second, of unlimited power to engage in any and every kind of enterprise.

Third, of such inviolable secrecy that only the "inside ring" could ever find out anything about the affairs of the "combine" and its constituent companies.

Fourth, of such curious construction that directors owning only a small part of the stock could assign to two men, who might own almost no stock at all, absolute power to do what they pleased without consulting anybody or without regard to the interests of the "combine" or its real owners.

Now, if Mr. Morgan were going to live forever, or if he could transmit his power, his purposes and his brains by some sort of hereditary arrangement that would be held sacred by everybody, then this scheme might be regarded as sound—though it is difficult to conceive of any circumstances in which it could be regarded as a good scheme for anybody but Mr. Morgan and those in favor with him. But as Mr. Morgan is not going to live forever and has not been anointed with the holy oil of kings, how is it possible to consider this scheme as anything but a standing invitation to the most unscrupulous kind of wrecker who need only wait until lazy or thick-headed sons are in possession? Under the present system the wrecker was, and is, forced to turn conserver because he has to invest his fortune in the property before he can get control of it. Under the "merger" system the wrecker need invest nothing but his wits, and the only way he could make anything would be by impairing the property and ruining its owners.

Socialists, philosophical anarchists and the like are often laughed at as short-sighted and visionary. Are their visions any wilder than such dreaming of peace and stability and *status quo* preserved? If the Supreme Court should reverse the Circuit Court and decide that there is no legal bar to the operations of the new breed of plutocratic socialist-dreamers, would it not be a mercy to them to pass a law that would compel them to keep to the ways which the example of nature and the experience of the race through the centuries mark out?

In their old age these men, and after their death their children, might hope to hold on to at least something under the competitive system. Under this system of their devising only the forbearance of rogues and "rustlers" would save them or their estates from spoliation.

The Revival of a Lost Art

WE HEAR constantly that letter writing is a lost art and that it does not belong to the rush and terseness of these modern days. There is no time for long epistles, and the polite pen is in the bottom of the hair-covered trunk or on the dusty shelf of the museum.

But is it? The other day the head of a great concern gazed at an expanse of sheets on the big flat desk before him. Quickly but unerringly he flipped the sheets away until a half-dozen remained. "Neatness," he said laconically. Then he carefully read the six and made his final selection. "A very excellent letter," he declared; "well written, aptly phrased, correctly punctuated and altogether attractive." And the writer of that letter received an appointment that meant not only opportunity but liberal compensation.

Big men are so busy they do not bother about letters, say many. Wrong again. Here is proof of recent occurrence: A boy of less than a dozen years has been trained in letter writing; he is rewarded for his good work; he takes pride in it; he tried on his own account an interesting test; he wrote to several men of world-wide reputation, and the first two replies that came were from J. Pierpont Morgan and Andrew Carnegie. Last year a young man wanted the opinion of one of the busiest men in the country on a matter of interest to himself. He took pains with his inquiry. Promptly an answer was received and it began: "I am not able to reply to all the demands that are made upon me, but your letter is so admirably expressed that I am only too happy to make this an exception," and it went on to an interesting length and was signed by Abram H. Hewitt.

We have before us one of the publications devoted to the development of the South, especially to attracting the better class of settlers from other sections, and it contains a long article on courtesy in correspondence, meaning the money value of good letters. That man has the right idea. The polite letter is a power in immigration as well as in business. It has made whole counties rich; it has lifted the life and prosperity of communities.

In the mass excellence wins. There are millions of letters in every State. For the whole world the annual total is something over twenty billions. The number is beyond the imagination, but it keeps on growing hundreds of millions each year. You know how it is by your own correspondence and you also know how few of the letters you get make an impression upon you. A really good letter is a surprise, an enjoyment, a stimulus. You keep it almost as a curiosity.

A young man who can write a good letter has in that single ability a profitable resource. He is wanted in business, in politics, in journalism, in most of the higher callings. The letters need not be long but they should be neat, correct, attractive—and they should say something and say it out of the routine.

As Sure as Death and Taxes

IN ONE of our smaller cities the two most conspicuous citizens are:

First, a nonagenarian—he is ninety-six—who in look and activity is no older than the average man of sixty. All his life he has been a notorious violator of the laws of health.

Second, a multi-millionaire—he has at least ten millions—who in his private life, so far as it is known, and in the respect paid to him by the community, has all the advantages of having led an honest and honorable life. From the very outset of his career he has been a persistent and notorious violator of the laws of morality, even to those embodied in the penal code.

On one side of that city there is a graveyard. It is almost wholly tenanted by men and women who were cut off in or before the prime of life through trying to follow that nonagenarian's program for long life. On the opposite side, a few miles away, there is a penitentiary. It is filled, filled to overflowing, with men who have been sent there for trying to follow that multi-millionaire's program for success.

For every man who cheats the graveyard there are a thousand thousand who fail. For every man who cheats the jail there are a thousand thousand who fail.

He who sets out on a career of deliberate violation of law is a leader of the forlornest of forlorn hopes. No matter how conspicuous he may become through winning the long life or the prosperity he ought not to have won, he gets only a tithe of the conspicuousness he has earned. The miracle of his escape in running the gauntlet pales the miracles of Middle Ages justice in which persons walked unharmed on red-hot ploughshares.

And if there were a sort of court where the claims of candidates for fame as successful law-defiers were tested, probably only a very few of those who presented themselves would be accepted. For example, the hardy nonagenarian has been for thirty odd years a sufferer from chronic rheumatism, and at certain seasons he has many successive days of agony that are said to be horrible to contemplate. Chance visitors hear nothing of this rheumatism—though they always hear how the old man has never worn an overcoat and has always eaten and drunk what he pleased. In like manner, there may be facts in the case of the multi-millionaire which are not placarded on his palace doors. George Eliot never said anything more profound than "Consequences are unpitying." If private lives could be exposed, if history and biography could be rewritten in truth, if *all* the facts in any given case could be known instead of only the often misleading glimpses of a few facts which may not really be important, we might realize more clearly that the moral law is as capable to enforce itself as is the law which says, "If you put your fingers in the crack of a door and then shut it, your fingers will be pinched." Ten-table anticipations of the Day of Judgment may not be so wise or so just as they fancy themselves.

One of the great difficulties in the way of education in moral law is the same as the one that makes slow and painful education in physical law: human unwillingness to believe that every cause has an effect and every effect a cause. It is so much more comfortable and so much less troublesome to believe that things "just happen." Then the man who falls into difficulties can rail against his luck and save his vanity. "Hard luck" lost him his job or got him into the hospital or the jail. And the person who comes along with the cold, unsympathetic, brutal "cause and effect" theory is more dreadful than the doctor with his drugs or the jailer with his cell. For he cuts into the most sensitive part of the human organism—vanity.

The laws of the universe in their application to man are all of a piece, are all part of a general scheme of cause and effect, are all grounded in supreme common-sense. The healthy man, the successful man, the good man are simply persons who are perfectly adapted to their environment, as a fish is when it is in the water, or a polar bear when it is in regions of eternal ice, or a man when he wears an overcoat on a cold day or keeps his hands off his neighbor's goods.

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PRESIDENTS THAT PUSH

THE REASONS FOR THEIR SUCCESS MADE CLEAR IN THE RECORD OF THEIR CAREERS

By Forrest Crissey

I—A. J. EARLING

AT THE mention of the "Golden Age of railroad building" the public mind reverts to the pioneer period of the West when the great transcontinental lines celebrated their completion with imposing ceremonies. The strokes that drove home each golden spike were heard by the whole nation and the people exclaimed: "Another mile-post in the history of American civilization!"

In strange contrast to the noise and enthusiasm of these celebrations is the present public indifference to the monster expenditures for the rebuilding and extension of the leading railways of the West—expenditures which make those of the pioneer days seem small by comparison! Very few persons outside of those best informed in railroad and financial circles are aware that, in the past three years, more millions of dollars—about three to one—have gone into permanent railway improvements in the "Great West" than were expended in an equal period in the palmiest days of the pioneer era of construction.

And by the same token, mention of the "kings of American railroad building" calls to mind, even with the younger generation, the names of Huntington, Stanford, Oakes Ames, Jay Cooke and Henry Villard, with scarcely a thought for the group of men who to-day are changing the map of this continent and writing a new chapter in the history of American commerce.

But these men are worth knowing and worth knowing about. Because the world of affairs has expanded to so vast a total, with interests so diversified, the doings of these men make far less noise and attract only a tithe of the public attention drawn by the achievements of the old-timers; but there is as much romance and inspiration in the careers of the quieter modern "kings of rail" as in those of the earlier time who stood in the limelight of popular attention when the West was young.

Most of these modern men are chief executives of the most progressive lines and systems spreading westward from Chicago; they have come up from the bottom and gained their mastery of railroad construction and management in the passage from the humblest and the intermediate to the highest steps of the service. What each of these men stands for in the modern railroad world, how he has arrived at his measure of influence and what are the lines along which he is working are matters of moment to those who keep pace with the vital elements in present-day progress.

President Earling a Veritable Glutton for Work

OF A. J. EARLING, President of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company, it is often said: "No other president knows his road as Earling knows the St. Paul." This, however, is the view of the outsider, and a claim which the quiet head of this great organization would probably be first to repudiate were it brought to his attention. But the soundness of the observation can scarcely be questioned when it is stated that he entered the service of the St. Paul as a telegraph operator thirty-seven years ago and has ever since been continuously in its employ.

There is genuine inspiration to the ambitious young man in the humbler ranks of railroad work in the bare recital of the stages by which Mr. Earling has progressed to his present position. At the age of eighteen he was put on the pay-roll of the road he now serves as president. After six years of service as a station operator he was promoted to the train dispatcher's table at division headquarters. Here he remained for five years. His next advance was to the position of assistant division superintendent. Four years at this post brought him promotion to the division superintendent's desk, where he put in two years. Here he made a big jump ahead, being appointed assistant general superintendent. Another two years pushed him forward to the place of general superintendent. Still another two years were sufficient to see him advanced to the office of general manager, where he remained for nine years, during a portion of this period being also the second vice-president. Finally, in 1899, he reached the presidency of the road with which he had begun as telegraph operator.

In view of this remarkable record of continuous service, is the statement that he knows his road more intimately than any other road is known by its president to be questioned?

In the course of Mr. Earling's last seven years of service at the telegraph key he was actually on duty, so far as the dispatching of trains was concerned, for twenty-four hours a day and did not miss fifty days out of the whole period. Nothing can indicate better than this fact the completeness with which he has given himself to the road he now directs. During all the years in which he did train dispatching he had a telegraph instrument and a train sheet on a little table close beside his bed. A night operator attended to all other messages save the "orders" for the movement of trains. When a call of this kind came the wire leading to Mr. Earling's bedside was "plugged in." At the first click of the call he would swing himself from between the sheets, get

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles on successful railroad men.

MR. A. J. EARLING
PRESIDENT C., M. & ST. P. RAILWAY

the location of the trains on his line, dispatch the requisite orders, and then swing back into bed again and drop to sleep almost as quickly as he had awakened.

Although a strict disciplinarian, President Earling has been known to confess to friends that he once failed to hold a subordinate to the stern letter of the law. But the question of his justification for the leniency may safely be left to the reader on the statement of facts—a statement which is significant as not only showing the character of the man but also that of the service in which so many years of his life were spent.

Through one of those strange mental elisions which have contributed many a bloody chapter to the history of railroad wrecks, a night dispatcher on Mr. Earling's line gave conflicting orders involving the certainty of a head-end collision of a fast freight and a passenger train.

Only a few moments after he had given the orders the dispatcher discovered his terrible blunder. Both trains had left the last stations at which they could be reached with orders, and as the dispatcher realized that they could not be intercepted by human agency, a vision of the accident, of the dead, the maimed and the dying, flashed upon his mind with the distinctness of a stereoscopic view.

The Train Dispatcher's Prayer

IN AN agony of despair he "plugged in" upon the wire running to the private room of the chief dispatcher, to whom he clicked the message, "Come down at once." Then he started in to face the awful interval of waiting for the call for the "wrecker" that would come from the station nearest the fatal meeting-place of the trains.

From pacing the floor, the half-crazed dispatcher who had made the blunder suddenly wheeled about and passed into an adjoining room. There he threw himself upon his knees, and in an agony of prayer appealed to God mercifully to spare the doomed passengers and train crews from the fate which could only be averted by divine intervention.

Although not habitually a religious man, a strange composure took possession of him as he rose from his knees. Without analyzing his course he returned to the telegraph key, again called up the chief dispatcher and sent the message, "Don't come."

After a seeming eternity of suspense he heard the call from the operator at the station nearest the probable point of the wreck. He almost fell to the floor with faintness as he listened to the report: "Passed No. 46 on the siding." Although weak and spent from the sudden relaxation which this news of deliverance brought, he nerved himself, by almost superhuman effort, to pick up the run of his train sheet and issue orders for the movement of the trains. When the train which had taken the siding came into division headquarters and its conductor and engineer entered the dispatcher's room there was a moment of silence and an exchange of glances which told more than words. Then the engineer said:

"I'd just struck the long, straight stretch of track across the bottom, Jim, when I saw the flicker of a headlight coming. I pulled up with a jerk, reversed and backed for that siding faster than any train ever backed on this line. There was just time to throw the switch and pull in on the siding when that freight zipped past us at a fifty-mile clip. The back coach just barely cleared the main track in the nick of time. But all this is just between us."

There was no need of this pledge of secrecy, for the next day the dispatcher faced Mr. Earling and made a frank confession of the "lap order." His face, however, spoke of the awful sufferings of that night, for the agony of those few hours had added years to his age.

As he looked at the dispatcher's face and listened to his strange account of the answered prayer, Mr. Earling felt his sense of discipline dissolve in sympathy, and he replied:

"Under the rules you ought to be discharged at once, but the circumstances are peculiar. If the incident were known among other men, so that it would weaken the discipline of the road generally, we should have to let you go, but as it is you may go right ahead with your work as if nothing had happened."

When the dispatcher found his voice he answered:

"I'm much obliged, sir; but I shall never handle a train sheet again. That's my last order."

And so it was. At the dispatcher's request he was transferred to another department of the work. This episode was the basis of Frank H. Spearman's graphic story of The Last Order, and is one of the few incidents of President Earling's variation from the strictest line of discipline.

No better illustration of Mr. Earling's devotion to the interests of railroad men can be given than the fact that he declined to take out a patent on the "manual block system," of which he is the inventor, and which has been generally in use, for years, on many of the Western railroads. Knowing that it would greatly contribute to the safety of train operation, he desired that its adoption should be unhampered by the monopoly guaranteed by letters patent. Therefore he sacrificed his private interests and gave the railroads the free benefits of the invention.

Thoroughness and independence are perhaps the two most distinctive features of Mr. Earling's policy. In many important particulars his road has been a pacemaker in modern railroading. Since 1896 the St. Paul road has built all of its freight cars and its big shops have turned out an average of fully fifteen cars a day. This innovation has been so successful that the company is now preparing also to construct all the locomotives needed for the operation of its lines. At first these will be turned out at the rate of eight a month.

One-management control is a keynote in the St. Paul policy, and this great corporation has more miles of road under the control of one managensent than any other road in the world. Its administration believes in the policy of direct responsibility and simplicity of organization, and consequently has no subsidiary lines or companies, no "wheels within a wheel."

In theory and practice Mr. Earling holds that a high development of the territory through which a railroad runs is a fundamental obligation upon the company and that this obligation continues long after the territory has been developed into well-settled country. He is a firm believer in such expansion as is best calculated to strengthen the property and develop its immediate and adjacent territory.

His Office in His Hat

"WHEN I was elected to the Forty-seventh Congress," said Representative William P. Hepburn, of Iowa, "a good friend of mine, who had assisted in managing my campaign and knew the sentiment of the people in the Eighth Iowa District, said:

"'Hepburn, I've got only one piece of advice to give you, and that is: don't get the big head there in Washington and come back here with a high hat. Stick to your slouch, and your chances for reëlection are excellent.' Acting on his suggestion I shunned high hats and was sent to two Congresses.

"During the session of the Forty-ninth Congress, however, I was chosen with others to escort the body of a deceased member to San Francisco. As a mark of respect I wore a high hat with the rest of the conventional attire. On the way back, still wearing that hat, I stopped off at Iowa.

"'See here, Hepburn,' exclaimed my political adviser, 'that hat won't do. It'll ruin you here.'

"I ventured to believe that my constituents would not turn me down merely on account of the style of hat I wore. But I was woefully beaten at the next election.

"I promptly discarded my offending head-gear, and although it was too late to redeem my reputation for that year, I managed in time to live down my indiscretion and was reëlected to the Fifty-third Congress. Since then I have been honored by the confidence of my constituents and no occasion has tempted me to forswear the slouch hat."

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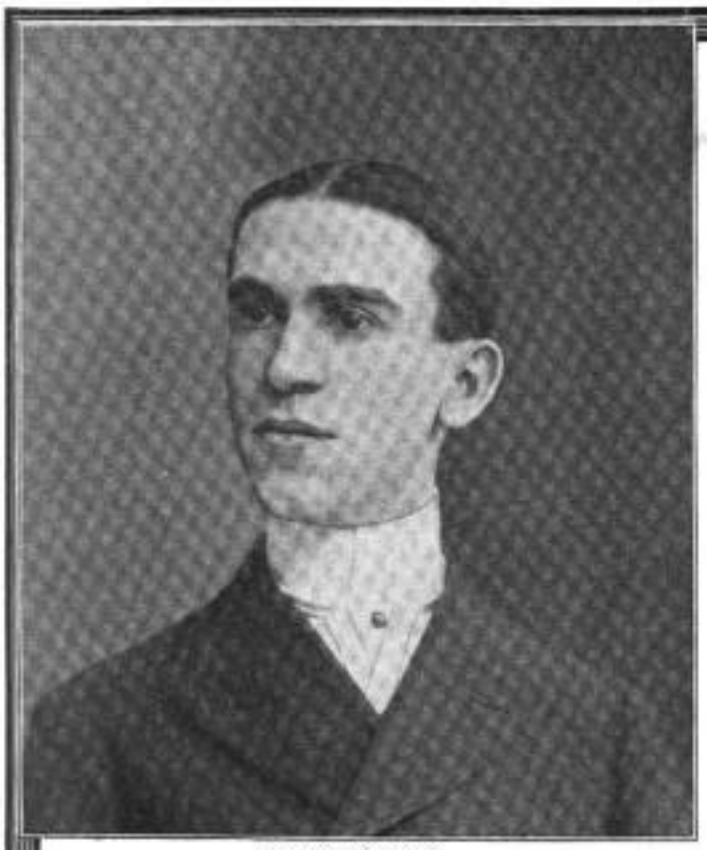

M. L. HALLETT

LEARN ADVERTI

Many others are doing what this student has done

In a recent contest in New York our graduate was pronounced the best advertisement writer.

Some wonder why it is that the country boy can make a success in the commercial life—in the advertising world—and in the social whirl of a great city. They can see how a young chap may become a successful farmer, but that he should cut loose from his daily associations and training, and enter the arena of a Metropolitan city, without any certainty of success, baffles the ordinary person.

Now we have an example of prominence coming from the little city of Stroudsburg, Pa., and we expect to see him climb the ladder of prominence in the advertising field. He has chosen a profession where hard work, ambition and determination are rewarded and a business that pays a man while he is living and does not wait until he dies to bestow its riches.

The following clipping is from the Stroudsburg, Pa., Times:

Won the Laurels!

A most interesting contest in advertisement writing took place between M. L. Hallett, of Springfield, Mass., and H. D. Sanborn, of Elmira, N. Y., in which Mr. Hallett was declared the winner and awarded the prize of a handsome gold medal. Both young men are capable ad-writers.

Mr. Hallett, the successful contestant, is a bright young ad-man of no mean ability, is 22 years of age, and hails from Stroudsburg, Pa. He is a graduate of the Page-Davis Advertising School of Chicago, and is a credit to that institution.

This is what Mr. M. L. Hallett says about his victory:

Really I cannot help feeling a little proud of my success over Sanborn. Consider it quite a "feather in my cap." Thanking you for your kind interest, I am as ever

Very truly yours, Student
M. L. Hallett

GEORGE A. WRIGHT a prize winner twice in succession

MR. GEORGE WRIGHT

Led by a flattering offer to go to England, Mr. Wright accepted the advertisement-writing of the Ille Bean Co., Leeds, England. After a short stay, Robt. Wright & Co. induced him to return and resume charge of his old position, where he is now located.

The PAGE-DAVIS CO. is in receipt of the following notice, taken from the Brockville Recorder and forwarded to us by Mr. Geo. A. Wright.

FOR THE SECOND TIME
Geo. A. Wright Wins the Bissell Carpet Sweeper Advertisement Prize

For the last two years the Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, have instituted an advertisement contest, offering handsome cash prizes, to be competed for by handlers of their goods in all parts of the country. The prize for 1900 was won by Mr. George A. Wright, advertising manager for Robt. Wright & Co., of this town. To-day Mr. Wright was notified that he had also been successful in winning first prize in the 1901 competition, and a check for the amount of the prize, $75.00, was inclosed. Mr. Wright thus wins the big prize for two years in succession, which is certainly quite an honor and a high tribute to his genius and ability in that line. The advertisement with which the prize was won was one that appeared in the Recorder last December, and the Recorder's ad-artist, it is needless to say, also feels very happy over the result in that his work has achieved such signal distinction.

There were over 3000 competitors for the prize, including all the leading newspapers in Canada and the United States. Mr. Fred Macey, of the Fred Macey Co., Grand Rapids, was judge, and after a very careful examination awarded the prizes. The Recorder congratulates Mr. Wright on his success and trusts he may go on achieving still greater fame as an ad-writer.

Brockville's Greatest Store.

A SATISFACTORY GIFT.

BISSELL SWEEPERS

THE PRICE

Robt. Wright & Co.
Importers.

FIRST PRIZE $75 00. ROBERT WRIGHT & CO. Brockville, Ont.

The letter written by Mr. Wright to his instructors, Page-Davis Co., Chicago:

THE PAGE-DAVIS CO., Chicago, Ill. Brockville, Ont., February 17.

GENTLEMEN: You will no doubt be pleased to know that one of your scholars has been successful for the *second* time in winning the Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.'s Prize Ad. contest over a host of competitions in Canada and the United States. Ten prizes were given, seventy-five dollars for the first, and Canada is on top and the Page-Davis people deserve their share of the credit.

Respectfully yours,

George A. Wright

Advertising Manager R. W. & Co.

WHAT HAPP

The following letters are ranged consecutively as recei from Mr. Jones and mark progress in the study and ultimate success. This yo man rose from a silk salesman advertising manager.

The following is the story of a succ ful man who received his entire adve ing education through the Page-D Correspondence School. He is making a good salary. We might ture to say, more than he ever could h hoped to command in his previous p tion.

How It Happened

J. E. Jones, a silk salesman for W. Foley in the small city of Houst Texas, noticed our "ad" in one of Sunday papers that read as follows:

We are prepared to privately teach by mail practical advertisement writing; good salaries; big demand; send for prospectus. The Page-Davis Co., Chicago.

He answered it on the morning of June and in five days from the date of recei our prospectus he forwarded his applicati He then began his life's work in earnest. appreciated the opportunity we offered to th who have the desire to rise from their best path of routine and took hold of the new wo with a desire and will to progress. He realiz the prospects that awaited him if he persever and followed our directions, and the possibiliti to throw off the shackles of servitude.

Houston, Texas, June 5.

PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN: In answer to your "ad" in Sun day's paper, kindly send me your prospectus an all further information concerning your cour of instruction. In advance I must say I am a sil salesman, and I believe I can do something mo than waste my life behind a counter. I believe see an opportunity to make something of myself

Yours truly,
J. E. JONES.

We answered the above letter and presented the facts fairly and honestly before him and his reply was:

Houston, Texas, June 18.

PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed find draft for six months' tuition. I believe I can make a success I am looking for a change. I am not much in the "ad" line, but I am a good dress goods and silk salesman. Would rather not sell if I can help it.

Yours truly,
J. E. JONES.

Mr. Jones displayed energy and ambition from the very start and he diligently followed out our instructions in every instance. After he had progressed one month he moved to Marlin, Texas, where he soon secured a position as a salesman in a dry goods house. On July 28, 1899, Mr. Jones writes as follows:

Marlin, Texas, July 28.

PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN: I must say your system of teaching the advertising business is far beyond my expectations. I am surely gaining points that I would not expect outside of practical experience.

Yours for success,
J. E. JONES.

READING THIS ANNOUNCEMENT IS BUT A START TO SOMETHING BETTER.

Now answer it at once — it takes one minute and one cent. Mr. Page and Mr. Davis will be pleased to correspond with you and explain everything to your fullest satisfaction.

Send for our Handsome Prospectus — It tells all — It's FREE

Page-Davis Company

Suite 518, 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago
***or* Suite 1518, 150 Nassau Street, New York City**

Notice to

Concerns desirous of engag writers at a salary of $25 to communicate with us. Th

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O WRITE
SEMENTS

NED TO JONES

We now progress to four months later and after arduous work Mr. Jones began corresponding with Garbade, Eiband & Co., the large and well-known dry goods house, Galveston, Texas. The following explains itself:

Marlin, Texas, Nov. 5.

PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN: After the 12th send no mail to me here. I have secured a position in Galveston, Texas, where I will conduct the "advertising "for Garbade, Eiband & Co., the leading dry goods house of that city.

I would like to make a good start. If you could assist me with something flashing or catching for an "ad" introduction it would prove a great help to me. Yours truly,

J. E. JONES.

Galveston, Texas, December 10.

PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN: I am beginning to realize I am making marked progress under your instruction —compared to what I did two months ago. The thing I need now is to be assisted in my work.

I send herewith my last "ad." It still has lines in it. Do you mean that there should be no lines whatever in an "ad"? I see most all the large "ads." have lines all through them. Next week I will send you a full page "ad"—don't know what amount of matter for composition as I never got up over 3 full page "ads" in my experience.

Thanking you for your courteous words and kind expression, I remain,

Yours truly,

J. E. JONES.

Galveston, Texas, December 23.

PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN: The "ad" inclosed is following out your instructions. I have omitted all the column rules and employed all my knowledge gained. The result is that last Monday our sales were ....., which is an exceptional day's business for this burg. Yours truly,

J. E. JONES.

Galveston, Texas, January 2.

PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN: About preparing the page "ad" —I just haven't time. I will mail you proof of 5-col. "ad" that will appear in Sunday's "News," with the hopes that it will answer for this lesson. If it doesn't I'll sit up all night, if necessary, to prepare one.

Respectfully, J. E. JONES.

Galveston, Texas, January 15.

PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN: In replying to your criticism on the "ad" of 2nd inst., will say the Galveston papers haven't followed out my instructions as they should. I repeatedly give instructions regarding contrast in light and dark type.

Regarding illustrations, I have carte-blanche and will use cuts in all my future "ads." To give you an idea of my work: we have contracted for 175,000 lines per annum in the morning papers; also advertise in the afternoon papers; that amounts to about $50,000 per year. You will see that our extensive advertising keeps me pretty busy at present.

Yours respectfully, J. E. JONES.

And now to conclude, Mr. Jones writes:

Galveston, Texas, January 20.

PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN: In closing my connection with your institution I wish to express my high appreciation of the service you have rendered me. I am now holding a nice position as advertising manager for one of the largest department stores in the southwest, due solely to knowledge acquired through your system of instruction.

I heartily commend your system as thoroughly practical to others who may wish to take up this interesting and fascinating work.

Respectfully, J. E. JONES.

What Louis G. Booth has done you too can do

From Clerk to Advertising Manager of One of the Largest Wholesale Jewelry Houses.

What we have done for him we want to do for you. Will you give us the opportunity to prove our claim? Our students are successes—we are a success and to be successful deal with successful people.

A year or so ago Mr. Booth was a jewelry salesman on a small salary: today he is the advertising manager for one of the largest wholesale jewelry concerns in the country—Benj. Allen & Co. A few words from his own pen tell the story.

Messrs. Page-Davis Co.

GENTLEMEN: Pardon me for not answering you before, but as you realize the busy season keeps me humming I simply neglected it. You ask me what do I think of you. It is impossible for me to write it. It would take too much paper. Just let me say that when I began the study of advertising I knew nothing at all about it and held a menial position. Today I am advertising manager for Benjamin Allen & Co., one of the largest wholesale jewelers in the country. Under these circumstances what more could I say? Yours respectfully,

Booth

L. G. BOOTH

A R. B. LA FONTAINE

D E. K. HEILWAY

These twelve men are now earning $735.00 every week. Before they studied the PAGE-DAVIS COURSE they were earning $225.00 per week.

The reason for you to qualify yourself in this most important factor in business is as plain as your A B C's.

Each case forcibly and practically illustrates the varied uses and advantages of this substantial acquisition.

INDEX

(A) It will quickly lift a man out of a mediocre position. —*La Fontaine.*

(B) It will make your services more valuable by letting your knowledge be known to your employer. —*Johnston.*

(C) It does away with that fear of losing a position, inasmuch as your services are always in demand. —*Ryan.*

(D) It affords an opportunity to create a new field of usefulness for a concern. —*Heilway.*

(E) It immediately places a man in his proper sphere and does him from devoting many of the best years of his life "working his way up." —*Peck.*

(F) It raises the standard of your present duties. —*Richline.*

(G) It prepares a man to realize his ambition to live in a large city. —*Rothstein.*

(H) It perfects a man who was handicapped by a limited knowledge of the advertising business. —*Webster.*

(I) It qualifies a man to accept a previously proffered position. —*Rohn.*

(J) It furnishes the training necessary to complete a man's mercantile education. —*Gates.*

(K) It broadens a man's intellect and increases the horizon of his knowledge. —*Taylor.*

(L) It qualifies a man to successfully engage in business with small capital. —*Martin.*

G N. ROTHSTEIN

J V. W. GATES

B F. K. JOHNSTON

E V. H. PECK

H W. A. WEBSTER

K LESTER TAYLOR

C D. A. RYAN

F R. J. RICHLINE

I A. J. ROHN

L M. B. MARTIN

DO YOU REALIZE THE FULL SIGNIFICANCE OF THESE FACTS TO YOU?

We are glad to have you ask us what has the Page-Davis Company done, what our students are doing, and what we can do for you. We will answer promptly and completely, if you write to us for our large prospectus, mailed free.

Send for our Handsome Prospectus—It tells all—It's FREE

Page-Davis Company

Suite 518, 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago
***or* Suite 1518, 150 Nassau Street, New York City**

Employers

ing competent advertisement-
$100 per week are requested
is service is gratis.

Page and LeQuatte Advertising Agency.

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ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

The Best Extract of the Best Beef

For Soups, Sauces
Gravies and Beef Tea

Sold in JARS only Never in Bulk

INSIST ON ARMOUR'S
The brand that makes the demand

FREE SPOON OFFER

FREE

A Silver-Plated Measuring Spoon

A new and novel means of accurately measuring fluids and solids for all household purposes. Its use insures economy and satisfactory results

A Spoon is Given Free with each jar of Armour's Extract of Beef

If your grocer or druggist cannot furnish it, we will send one postpaid on receipt of metal cap from top of jar of Armour's Beef Extract.

Offer Expires on August 1st.

ARMOUR & COMPANY
CHICAGO

The Reading Table

The Spoonerism

OUR candidates for the Rhodes Scholarships, it is understood, will have to undergo some kind of examination as a test of their qualifications. If in the course of this ordeal they were confronted with the proposition, "Define a Spoonerism and give illustrations," few of them, however well coached in textbooks of rhetoric, would be able to supply an answer. Yet it is safe to say that every successful candidate, before his first term at Oxford is over, will be a competent authority on this remarkable figure of speech.

It derives its name from a distinguished Oxford "don" who, after a tutorship of many years, has just been appointed to the headship of New College. He suffers from a tendency to misplace the initial consonants of some of the words he uses. For instance, it is reported that he once had to rebuke an undergraduate for idleness. The point he wished to emphasize was that two whole terms had passed without fruitful results. "I am sorry," said Mr. Spooner, "to have to speak so severely to you, but I am informed that you have broken many rules of the college, you have been incorrigibly lazy, and to cap it all you have deliberately tasted two worms!"

No doubt some of the stories attributed to Mr. Spooner are invented, and some should be attributed to other persons. It may be convenient, however, to group together here a few that are reported to spring from this source, with the proviso that no sworn affidavits are offered in confirmation. Some are concerned with the pulpit, which, of course, gives many opportunities for confusion of expression. The Mr. Spooner of fable is said to have aroused sympathetic feelings among the boating men in his academical congregation by declaring that "Peter coxed, and the crew went out and wept bitterly." Preaching in the college chapel at the time of the diamond jubilee of her late Majesty he remarked impressively, "Now, my brethren, you have a very queer dean, a very queer dean indeed." As his own relations with the dean of the college were not just then the most amicable, this observation was especially enjoyed. In his farewell sermon at the parish church where he was once vicar, he called his congregation to witness that he had always been a shoving leopard to them. On another occasion he is said to have asked, with much dignity, "Who is there among us that has never felt a half-warmed fish within his breast?" And he is declared to have announced a hymn as beginning "From Iceland's greasy mountains."

One of the stories attributed to Mr. Spooner bears on the face of it evidence that it belongs properly to some one else, for he is an accomplished musician. The rightful hero of the tale, whoever he may be, was asked if he were fond of music. "Yes," was the answer, "but I have a very poor ear. In fact, the only tunes I can really remember are 'God save the weasel' and 'Pop goes the Queen.'"

If rumor is to be believed, Mr. Spooner's tendency to verbal confusion once caused him considerable personal inconvenience. He was wandering about Greenwich, inquiring in vain for a hotel called "The Dull Man." No inn of that name was known anywhere in the neighborhood, and passers-by whom he consulted could not suggest any clue. At last a happy thought struck a policeman at the street corner. "I see what you mean, sir; what you want is not The Dull Man at Greenwich, but The Green Man at Dulwich."

Yet another story is of even more value to students of the Spoonerism for it suggests that the gift may be hereditary. A little son of the house at breakfast one morning, wishing his father to give him the marmalade, made request as follows: "Please pass the parlor-maid, mamma."

A Player's Memories

SEATED, the other day, in the office of one of his London theatres — he is managing two and building a third — Sir Charles Wyndham said: "During my first visit to Washington I met John Wilkes Booth, destined later to play so lamentable a part in his country's history. Our first approach to an acquaintance was made on the steps of Willard's Hotel. I gave an organ-grinder a penny. Booth, who was standing there, did the same, and turning said to me with a smile, 'What a bond between us is art.'

"He was a remarkable man, one whom you would instantly single out in a crowd. His eyes were black, penetrating and flashing, possibly the flash of insanity. He was a man who knew nothing at all of conventionality, and did not mind pain. One night he was

A SPRING DAY

By Charles Battell Loomis

8 A. M. It doth appear that spring is here,
For verdant blades are seen:
The robins sing like anything,
The lilac bush is green.

10 A. M. A summer breeze and then a freeze.
Black clouds, a lusty gale;
The robin's toes are deep in snows,
He's buffeted with hail.

12 M. Anon a thaw, though winds be raw,
And now the Torrid Zone
Has spilled its heat on field and street,
And roasting people groan.

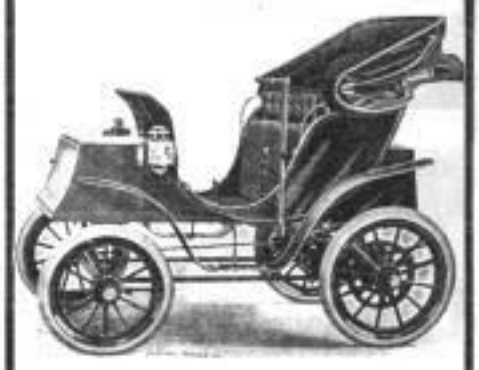
2 P. M. The blossoms come and young bees hum,
We don the shirtwaist gay;
Now cooling drinks at golfing links —
"It's like a summer's day."

4 P. M. Once more it blows and likewise snows,
The lilac buds are freezing.
5 P. M. While home we fare for winter wear,
6 P. M. Poor spring retires, sneezing.

Columbia

ELECTRIC VICTORIA

Mark XXXI



THIS vehicle presents the most effective combination of art and utility to be found in a single-seated electric automobile. Its comfort, elegance and ease of control adapt it admirably to ladies' use. The new model has various improvements, including noiseless driving gears and removable battery covers.

Our New Catalogue will be mailed on request

In print and illustration this catalogue is the most artistic book of its kind ever issued. The pictures and descriptions cover the full line of Columbia automobiles, including electric **Runabouts, Victorias, Phaetons, Surreys, Tonneaus, Cabriolets, Coupés, Broughams, Hansoms, Busses, Special Service and Delivery Wagons, Trucks** and the new **24-H. P. Columbia Gasolene Touring Car.**

Electric Vehicle Company
HARTFORD, CONN.

NEW YORK SALESROOM: 134-136-138 W. 39th Street
BOSTON: 74-76-78 Stanhope Street
CHICAGO: 1421 Michigan Avenue

Bailey's Won't Slip TIP

This Tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, on smooth ice, or mar the most highly polished floor. It is made of the best quality of rubber, and will wear ten times as long as others. The TEETH form a CUSHION, which is EASY and noiseless, to the bottom of the Crutch or Chair. Made in five sizes, internal diameter: No. 17, ⅝"; No. 18, ¾"; No. 19, ⅞"; No. 20, 1"; No. 21, 1⅛". Mailed upon receipt of price, **50c per pair.**

Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1, **25c**; No. 2, **35c.** Mailed on receipt of price.

At Dealers or sent on receipt of price. Agts. wtd.

C. J. Bailey & Co., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

ONLY 10c POST-PAID

For Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo or Violin

You can learn without a teacher. Saves you $50 in teacher's lessons. Attachable to any instrument. **Any of our Catalogues FREE.** Oil Violins, No. 60; Guitars, Mandolins, etc., No. 45; Band Instruments, No. 51; Talking Machines, No. A.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
172 East Fourth Street Cincinnati, Ohio

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SIZE: 5 ft. 7⅝ in. long; 5 ft. wide.

Ivers & Pond PIANOS.

The Small Grand.

We show above photographic reproduction of our latest triumph, a Grand Piano in miniature. It is one of the smallest Grand Pianos made. It's not so very much more costly than the Upright, and doesn't take up much more room, fitting beautifully into the corner of a room (if you can't give the middle up to it), yet by an ingenious arrangement it has strings as long and a sounding-board as large as are usually put into larger Grands, thus producing a tone of remarkable volume and purity. No amount of money can buy a better Grand, for no better can be made.

Are you interested to know more? Our catalogue will be sent for the asking, and other circulars, together with a letter fully explaining all you wish to know.

HOW TO BUY.

Our unique method of selling may interest you. Where no dealer sells our Pianos we sell direct; practically bring our large Boston establishment, Factory and Warerooms to your door. We will quote you our lowest prices, explain our Easy Pay System, as available in the most remote village in the United States as if you lived in Boston or New York. More than this, if our careful selection of a Piano fails to please you, in other words, if you don't want it after seeing and trying it, it returns to us and we pay railroad freights both ways. We solicit correspondence.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,
103 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Automobiles

PANHARD

C. G. V.

Renault, Mors

Smith & Mabley
Seventh Ave. cor. 38th St., New York

Make Muscle by eating muscle-building food. Nuts contain much Nitrogen (which makes muscle) besides Carbonaceous material. Our Nut Foods have these elements in Condensed Form. Nut Cheese, Nut Bread, Malto-Fruited Nuts, Nut Butter. Samples of all, 25c., prepaid. Recipe book FREE. CHICAGO PURE FOOD CO., Cottage Grove Ave. and 40th St., Chicago. Eastern Office: KUMI MFG. CO., 3 Devereux Bldg., Philadelphia.

playing in The Marble Heart, although that day he had had a bullet extracted from his neck, which was stiff and bound up in a handkerchief. He had an apology made for him before the curtain, but went on playing his rôle with a passion that carried no trace of physical pain.

"He was a charming and delightful companion, and would have been the greatest actor of his day. He was far superior to his brother, Edwin Booth, and of better instinct and spontaneity.

"Mr. Joseph Jefferson and myself were the first to take out our own companies. In those days traveling arrangements were far below the perfect standard to which they have now been brought in America, but though comfort was sacrificed the picturesque was enhanced.

"I recall an amusing and unique incident that occurred while my company was journeying from New Orleans to Memphis, where an engagement was to be played. On arriving, one morning at eight o'clock, at a little town called Granada, we were told that we should be delayed for twenty-four hours by a breakdown. We went off to the hotel for rooms and breakfast. In about two hours a deputation of citizens called to ask whether I would not give a performance there that night, as we were bound to stay. Three difficulties presented themselves: our baggage had gone ahead and there were no costumes; when I looked at the hall I found they had no scenery, and, quite an important point, in view of the limited population, I feared we should have no audience. The first two they were obligingly willing to dispense with, and I was assured that they had no doubts as to an audience. If I consented they promised to send mounted runners out into the country round about, and felt sure of a crowded house. Upon this I took my chances and agreed. At about four o'clock I looked in at the hall and asked the manager how they were doing. 'Go upstairs and see,' he said, settling himself back complacently. When I looked in I saw a great collection of chairs, kitchen-stools, armchairs, library-chairs, chairs of every make and description. Going back I said, 'I see nothing except that the place which was empty this morning is half full of chairs.'

"'That's exactly it,' he answered with genial assurance. 'Every one who books brings his or her chair, and for every chair that you see there will be an occupant to-night.' And there was. Beyond that, many more arrived equipped in the same practical manner. People arrived from all over the country bringing chairs in their carts, while whole families came trooping up later with servants marching behind, each carrying four or five chairs on his head. It was an extraordinary sight and a most pleasant experience, and so far as the performance and its reception were concerned the night was declared a record one for Granada.

"When I played in St. Petersburg the first intimation the manager had that the Czar and members of the royal family would be present that night was the arrival of the Imperial cook to make coffee and pastry to be served to them during the presentation. The Czar, Alexander III, a charming, reserved man, frequently attended the performances with his family. It was an unwritten law that an actor should never turn his back on the Imperial box, no matter what the demand of the scene on the stage might be, an unwritten law that I transgressed.

"Another inevitable custom was that in acknowledging a recall the actor must bow first to the Imperial box, whether it were full or empty.

"During our stay the Czar placed a carriage and pair at my disposal, and on the occasion of the blessing of the Neva had the further attention to detail an officer to be with us during the ceremony.

"One night at the opera, after the close of our engagement, the request was sent through the Minister of Interior that we play in English privately before the Czar the next evening, which we did in a little piece called The Happy Pair. Prior to that we had played in French. Four weeks after our return to London we received a communication from the Russian Ambassador, M. de Stahl, asking us to come to the Embassy as he had gifts for us from the Czar. We thought it a hoax, and would not go. Four days later I happened at a supper-party to sit next to Lady Kilmury, who told me that M. de Stahl had said he could not understand why we declined to come. The next day we went and received them, after having narrowly escaped hoaxing ourselves by staying away." —*William Armstrong.*

Angelus Piano Player

WHAT more exquisite enjoyment than the music you can produce from your own piano—*if you have an Angelus?* Ever since 1897 this most remarkable instrument has brought unbounded pleasure to thousands of persons to whom music in the home was a rarity. Now, with the aid of an Angelus, you can play on your own piano anything you like—the dear old songs, the popular music of the day, or the classical compositions. Any or all of these are within your scope, and you do not need to know one note of music from another, for the Angelus reads the notes and strikes the proper keys for you.

The expression devices are so very ingenious and complete that you can obtain effects equal to the best pianists—the delicate shading, the phrasing, the accenting of notes or chords, the sustaining or emphasizing of the theme or melody while subduing the accompaniment. The sweet-toned reeds in the style 65 are a most delightful feature. With these you can enhance to a marked degree the beauty of many compositions. **We put the question straight to you—Why don't you buy an Angelus and make your piano worth something to you as a musical instrument? Price only $250.00.**

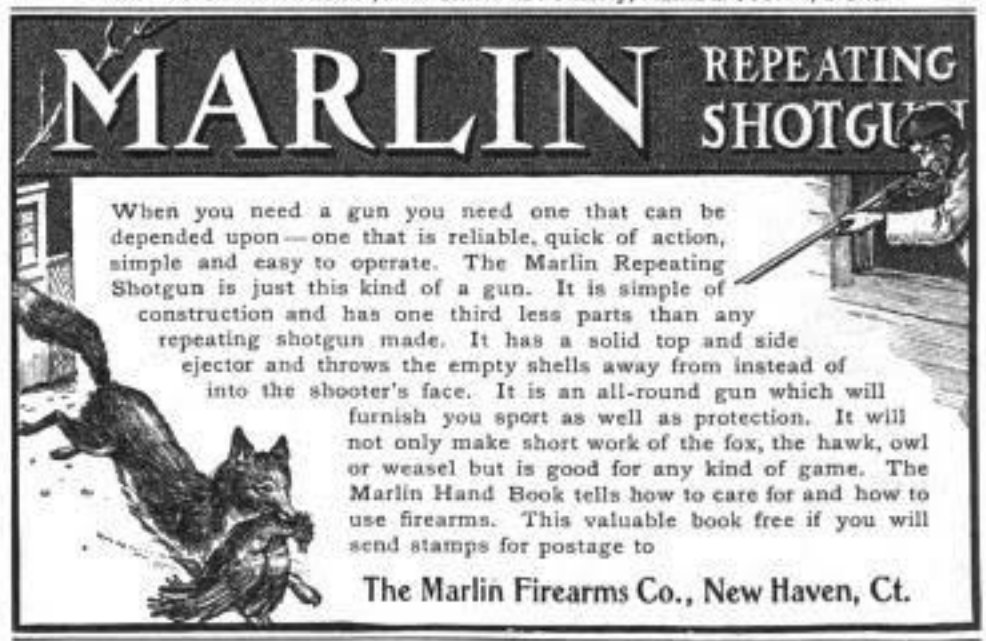
OUR HANDSOME NEW BOOKLET WILL BE SENT UPON APPLICATION.

Baltimore, Joelg & Co.	Galveston, Thomas Goggan & Bro.	Omaha, A. Hospe Company.
Boston, C. C. Harvey & Co.	Kansas City, Carl Hoffman Music Co.	Philadelphia, John Wanamaker.
Chicago, Geo. P. Bent.	Los Angeles, The Barbier Music Co.	Pittsburg, S. Hamilton.
Cincinnati, The W. C. Woodmansee Piano Co.	Minneapolis, Foster and Waldo.	St. Louis, The Estey Co.
Cleveland, J. T. Wamelink & Sons' Piano Co.	New Orleans, Junius Hart Piano House.	San Francisco, Sherman, Clay & Co.
Denver, Knight-Locke Piano Co.	New York, John Wanamaker.	Washington, Joelg & Co.

And other local agencies throughout the country. J. Herbert Marshall, Regent House, Regent Street, London.

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO., Main Offices and Factory, MERIDEN, CONN., U. S. A.

MARLIN REPEATING SHOTGUN



When you need a gun you need one that can be depended upon—one that is reliable, quick of action, simple and easy to operate. The Marlin Repeating Shotgun is just this kind of a gun. It is simple of construction and has one third less parts than any repeating shotgun made. It has a solid top and side ejector and throws the empty shells away from instead of into the shooter's face. It is an all-round gun which will furnish you sport as well as protection. It will not only make short work of the fox, the hawk, owl or weasel but is good for any kind of game. The Marlin Hand Book tells how to care for and how to use firearms. This valuable book free if you will send stamps for postage to

The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Ct.

Do You Want Money?

We desire the names of all Life Insurance agents in America, to present to them a side-line proposition which they can sell to those to whom they cannot sell life insurance. Liberal compensation. Little effort required. Clean, legitimate and conservative.

While appealing to the highest class of successful insurance writers, the proposition is particularly important to those finding difficulty in placing life insurance.

UNITED CITIES REALTY CORPORATION
Home Life Bldg., 256 Broadway, New York

Invalids want to insure; healthy men hesitate. You may be healthy to-day, and an invalid to-morrow. Think of the consequences to your children! Send for "The How and the Why"—tells how to insure and save. **We insure by mail.**

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

A QUESTION of MONEY

Safely Invested

and bearing good earnings will be answered to your entire satisfaction by the

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS AND LOAN CO.

Our business, established 16 years, is under supervision of and regularly examined by New York Banking Dept.

5 Per Cent. Per Annum

will be paid on your savings. Subject to withdrawal at any time, bearing earnings for every day invested. Prominent clergymen, business and professional men in every State of the Union heartily endorse our methods.

Capital and Surplus, $1,100,000
Assets, $1,600,000

Write for full particulars.

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
1135 Broadway, New York

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Dr. Deimel (Linen-Mesh) Underwear

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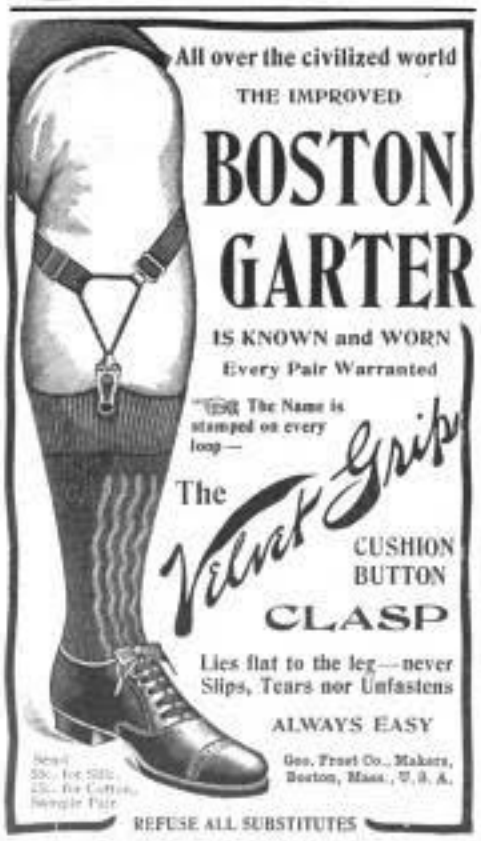

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Recollections of M. de Blowitz

(Continued from Page 3)

"Yes, but in the mean time they have not hesitated to violate my rights. It was a great trouble to me, as I value their friendship very highly, and I fancy that mine is not to be despised by either of them. In so many different points we come into contact with each other, and the policy of a nation should take this seriously into account. Then, too, friendship between nations is not only manifested by diplomatic actions, it is shown also by the equitable way in which it judges a country. My country is judged superficially and that is the reason it is calumniated. I value the opinion of Europe and I wish that credence were not given there to those who amuse themselves with spreading satirical reports about us. I am told that you have seen a great many people here, and, as you must be in the habit of observing, will you tell me whether you have drawn any inferences from what you have seen?"

"If Your Majesty will allow me to speak frankly, and I can scarcely do otherwise, as if I did I might be obliged to write to-morrow the contrary of what I said to-day, my opinion is this: I believe that every evil from which this country is suffering could be remedied, and easily remedied. But there are two difficulties: the first is, that all depends on the unique will of Your Majesty, and consequently Your Majesty would have to give up to a certain degree this absolute will. The second difficulty is that, when Your Majesty decided to do this, those whom Your Majesty commands would have to agree to this partial and progressive abdication. Now, the curious part is that those who depend on the absolute will of Your Majesty will probably be the first to resist a change which would prevent them from screening their own faults under the cover of the absolute orders of their Sovereign. But, if once this were obtained, if Your Majesty could succeed in creating an administration with the capabilities and the energy necessary for carrying out the reforms decided upon, it would be an immense step toward the improvement of Turkey. Your Majesty holds in his hand all liberty, because he alone can will everything. If Your Majesty would open his hand, little by little, setting gradually free this liberty, in proportion as the country is capable of accepting and of using it, Turkey would rapidly rise from her present position."

"I understand perfectly well what you have just said," answered the Sultan. "I am glad to find that you do not share the opinion of those who believe that this country cannot recover. As to what you say with regard to myself I am of your opinion, and I have quite decided to gradually open my hand. The difficulty is to know just how far to go. When it was seen that this country could not support a constitution, and a parliament which was not the entire representation of the country, but only of a part of the country, people came to me and began to talk about responsibilities. It was another way of reorganizing a constitution. I refused this. Those who talked about responsibilities only saw in this a means of substituting their will for mine at the expense of others, and the great mass of the country would only have changed from the will of one to that of another. I am now trying, as you have just said, to prepare this country for the more independent part it has to play, and I have already modified many things which are not seen outside the country, but which are producing an effect within."

Then returning obstinately to his first idea he asked:

"Do you think that the English will soon consent to evacuate Egypt?"

"I have already had the honor of replying to Your Majesty on this subject," I said. "But I will take the liberty of remarking that England is in Egypt against her will. When she asked Your Majesty to go with her to Egypt, influenced as she was by that secret dread which takes possession of all who are laying their hand on no matter what Ottoman territory, she was absolutely sincere. It was a great and terrible mistake of Turkey to refuse to accompany her, thus obliging England to go alone, which meant to remain there. History will confirm with equal astonishment both this proposal of England and Turkey's refusal. The only consolation of Turkey, if there can be any consolation, is that in this question France was no wiser than she was."

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I knew perfectly well that I had just attacked the Sultan directly. I therefore awaited his reply with some impatience. I thought, or rather I feared, that he would bring forward some of those subtle arguments, which the organs of the Ottoman press have endeavored to circulate, in order to attenuate the effect of the refusal of the Porte. But Abdul-Hamid, I repeat and I proclaim it, is a man of superior mind, who when he is struck by sound reasoning is perhaps annoyed, but at the same time influenced by it. As he had no good arguments to offer, and he would not stoop to poor ones, he did not reply, but changed the subject. This was, as any one can see, a tacit approval of what I had just said, and I learned later that it was to be interpreted in this way.

"When are you leaving?" he asked.

"To-morrow, Your Majesty."

"So soon! I am sorry you are not staying longer. But I should like you to bear in mind that, if you write to me, either about things that have happened or about current topics, I will answer you. If, for state reasons, I am unable to, I will tell you plainly that I cannot do so. Take note, too, that if ever you come again to Constantinople you must come the very day of your arrival to see me. You have only to say that it was my wish that you should come, that it was by my order you asked to see me, and I promise you that I will receive you. And as I am now talking to some one who understands the gravity of the mission confided to the veritable journalist, who endeavors to find out the truth and to publish it, remember that I do not wish to suppress existing liberties but to give new liberties; that I do not wish to increase the financial troubles of my empire but to remedy them, and that I do not wish to confiscate justice but to establish and consolidate it. Remember that this nation which bears in itself those causes of its weakness also contains the elements of great strength, and that I wish to cure the former and make use of the latter."

Abdul-Hamid rose and at this moment there was an expression in his eyes which showed that he was deeply moved. I quite understood that he felt sincerely what he had just been saying to me, but that at the same time he saw rising up before him all the obstacles which stood between his plans and their realization. He had just been pleading, as it were, to a European journalist the cause of his race and of his people, and a struggle was perhaps going on within him between the duty of the monarch and the pride of the Kalif. It did not last long, though. Abdul-Hamid drew himself up, went a few steps with me and then, taking my hand in his, held it a few minutes while he spoke.

"His Majesty thanks you for your visit which he will remember with pleasure," interpreted Raghib Bey, "and he begs you to accept this in memory of this conversation."

He handed me a box containing the insignia of the second order of the Medjidie, just as I had bowed to Abdul-Hamid for the second time at the door of the room in which he had received me.

I found my friends where I had left them. They were rather surprised at my long absence. I explained to them what had happened and we decided to go to Osman Bey, the first chamberlain, and present my thanks according to the custom of the country.

Osman Bey, one of the most enlightened Turks, who has established and endowed the largest existing printing works in the Ottoman Empire, received me with the affability peculiar to Turks of the educated class, and, after offering us coffee, called one of his officials, who appeared to be accustomed to this duty, to fasten on the right side of my coat and to place round my neck, in spite of my tourist's costume, the insignia of my new dignity, so that as Osman Bey said, according to the prescriptions, "the will of the Sultan may be accomplished."

I then left the Yildiz Kiosque with my friends. The numerous Turks whom we met saluted me respectfully without appearing astonished at my accoutrements which made me feel somewhat embarrassed.

The guards of the Palace shouldered arms, and when I had passed through the last gateway and saw the crowd looking at me, understanding that I had just had an interview with the Sultan, I said to myself:

"I only hope that no caricaturist will catch sight of me!"

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Despotism and Democracy

(Continued from Page 13)

Crane smiled a little.

"Annette is a regular Spartan when it comes to practical matters. She would advise me to give up my rooms at the expensive hotel and go into the country near by for the remainder of the session."

"Could any advice be more judicious?" asked Constance. "And is it any disadvantage to a public man, who is known to be a poor man, to live plainly?"

"By Heaven!" exclaimed Crane. "You are right! It would show those fellows in the Legislature next January that I have clean hands. What an admirable suggestion! And I can save at least enough to pay half what I owe on that note before the end of the session!"

"You forget," said Constance gently, "that the suggestion really is your wife's. Perhaps if you had listened to her oftener you would have found life easier. You are perhaps like many another man—he marries a pretty little thing, and she remains to him a pretty little thing. Meanwhile, she may have developed a capacity for affairs far superior to his."

Crane did not like the hint that perhaps Annette's head for affairs was better than his—but he had heard several home truths that afternoon.

He rose to go, and his changed aspect confirmed his words when he said earnestly to Constance:

"I came in here with shame and despair in my heart. I go away enlightened and encouraged and comforted beyond words. You will at least let me say that it is to you I owe it."

"Good-by," replied Constance cheerfully.

The feeling that another woman's husband or lover can be enlightened, encouraged and comforted by her is a very awkward circumstance to a woman of sense.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Home-Coming of Bill

By Hayden Carruth

NOT all of the former denizens of Sentinel Butte had been notable for strenuous wrestlings with material things: it appeared there had been men of studious and artistic impulses as well. One of these had been devoted to the study of fiction, according to Mr. Milo Bush, whose memory supplied the following details:

There just never was a man so took up with reading as old Henry Barleyback. Greatest reader you ever seen, 'less it was his wife, who was 'most as bad. Their son Bill was some on the read, too, but not so much, alternating his hours of stoodiousness with periods of artistic effort with the fiddle, as the old man used to say. They took the New York Weekly Fambly Fudge, a journal devoted to Art, Science, Literatoor, Philosophy and Political Eeconomy, which always had chunks of eight long stories with the lovely heeroine a-hanging over a percerpice at the end in every case. Says I to the old man one day after looking over a copy: "Old man, them there lovely critters do hang over percerpices pretty unannermous, don't they? What's their object?" "The villain persoos 'em relentlessly," says the old man, heaving a sigh. "Bully for the villain," says I; "more length to his legs," not ever taking much stock in Art, Science, Literatoor, Philosophy and Political Eeconomy. "Ah, they will be rescood," says the old man; "the heero is a-coming licketty-split." Then he goes on sort o' speaking to himself: "Begun in our No. 76,485. To be continnered in our next. By the author of The Poisoned Gumdrop; or, The Candy Woman's Revenge."

Powerful reader of books, too, the old man was. Got 'em mostly with coupounds for cakes of soap and six cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. "The books make it much lighter on the heeroines," he used to say; "they don't have to hang on the percerpice nothing like so long. You can just chase along to the next chapter and get 'em rescood. Though it's some aggervating when they say, 'We must now, reader, take leave of the

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References: First National Bank.

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509 Kent Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. A.

lovely creeter, Lady Pentonville, only darter and heiress of the stern old Lord Newgate, Marquis of Tyburn, and return to the boodoor of the Comtesse of Clichy,' and she a-hanging over a percerpice by a single hair, and the country full of villains and redskins. But it can't be helped—these here authors will harrer you up this way."

The old man got so took up with reading that he didn't pay much attention to anything else. One day a stranger come along moving West with one mule and one ox hitched to a kivered wagon, and he stopped and borrowed $5 of old Barleyback; and the old man never got over looking for him to come back and restore that five, as he said, and mebby make it five hundred. "That's according to my reading," says he; "you help the young man when he is struggling and back he comes a'ter a while and mebby marries your darter." It was always a great trouble to the old man that he didn't have a darter to be romantic about. But he made the most of his boy Bill, while he lasted, for along towards one spring Bill up and run away from home and disappeared. At first this rather pleased the old man as being storified. "Bill has gone to seek his fortune," says he. "He will return to the old home and make us all rich." But it soon got pretty lonesome without the boy, and the old man worried a good deal and got some thin and downcast.

It went on all summer and fall, and still Bill didn't come back. Then as it came along two days before Christmas the old man got an igee. He was half tickled to death over it, and though he was coming down town he turned around and walked straight back home. It was dark by the time he got there, and he went right out into the kitchen and says he to his wife:

"Jane, don't you know how they always come back to the old homestead Christmas Eve?"

"Yes, that's so, Henry," says she. "Or just as the minister stands up to marry the girl to the other feller."

"Never mind about that," says he; "Christmas is our game. Bill will be back to-morrow night."

"Well, I hope so," says she.

"Hope so!" says old Barleyback, cross as a bear; "he *is* coming. He's read the books 'most as much as us—*he* knows what's proper. He may be far away, and it may be a hard pull for him to get here in time, but he'll make it, see if he don't. Only we've got to play our part."

"We must be setting by the fire a-mourning him as dead," says the old lady.

"Correct," says Barleyback, "with the lamp in the winder, like this." And he takes the kerosene lamp and goes over and sets it on the winder-sill. "Its durned beams shine out and guide the wanderer, you know," he goes on. "He sees 'em and says he: 'Home at last, thank Heaving! Alars, I have wandered fur since here I passed my innercent youth! Ah, will they be glad to see me? Does any heart still beat for the Wanderer? Oh, there is the old gate, and the old willer tree, and the old barn sheltering the patient kine, and the old grindstun, and there, Heaving be praised! the old doorway out of which I passed. Home, mother, joy, alars! I will creep up, raise the latch and walk in!' That's the way it always is, and we must be ready for it."

"Well, there'll be time enough to get fixed 'fore to-morrow night," says his wife.

"Oh, yes; but I was kinder rehearsing," says the old man. "Mebby we can have Mis' Jones come in and play the organ soft-like in the front room—that always adds. Then we'll set right here 'fore the fire," he goes on, setting down near his wife by the stove. "We'll be setting here and a-talking 'bout him, as I said. Does seem a pesky long time since Bill went away," says the old man, sort o' solemn.

"Yes, it does," says the old lady, wiping a tear with the corner of her apron.

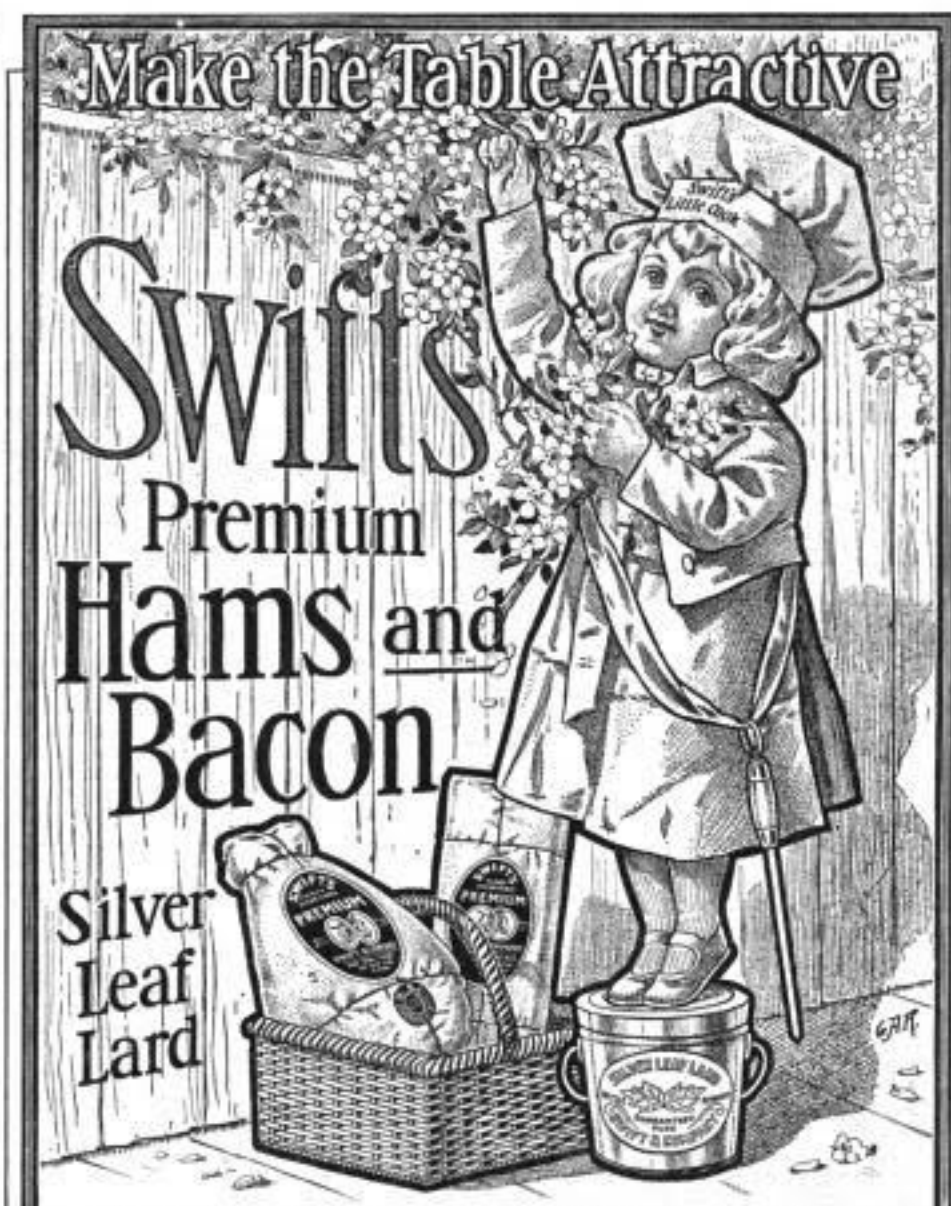
"And Bill was a fine boy," goes on the old man. "Our only son. It's been mighty hard to get along without him. I ain't said much about it, but my heart has been full. We think we have troubles, but they will be all gone with our darling boy back in our arms once more. He *must* come. I *know* he will come."

Just then they heard the door open and they rose up and turned around. There stood Bill. The old man give him a look like a thunder-cloud.

"You jim-fizzled fool," shouts he, "you're twenty-four hours ahead of time! Get out!" and he grabs up the fire-shovel and makes for him, and Bill retreats. And I'll be hanged if the boy didn't have to go down to the hotel and stay till next evening 'fore they'd let him come near the house.

Make the Table Attractive

Swifts Premium Hams and Bacon Silver Leaf Lard



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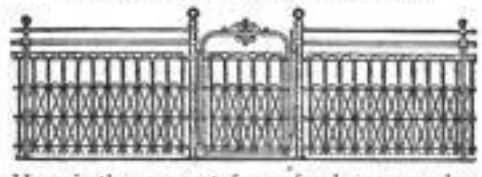

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Practical Business Precautions

By Otto Young

NO AMOUNT of petty precautions and complicated checks can make up for a failure to exercise good judgment in selecting sound timber for executive and responsible places in any business establishment. Here is where the head of any big enterprise finds himself put to the test. If he is not able to form a ready and reasonably accurate judgment of human nature he is lacking in the most essential requirement for success.

Let it be said, then, that the cardinal precaution which every business man should exercise is that of surrounding himself with honest, capable and active men. Inability to pick assistants of this kind makes all other precautions of doubtful value and discounts the most painstaking system of checking that may be devised. Carelessness in the choice of men for positions of any considerable responsibility is inexcusable. Lack of thoroughness in running down the records of all employees who are considered for responsible places is, however, of too common occurrence. This is a piece of inattention that accounts for many losses sustained by large business houses which suffer from employees who "go wrong."

The merchant or other man of business who is an extensive employer of clerical, accounting and executive labor should insist upon knowing the complete record of every man who handles his money or goods. This does not mean that he should accept a letter of commendation from the man's latest employer as proof of the applicant's desirability or integrity. Nothing short of a complete abstract of the applicant's record as an employee, beginning with his first position and continuing in an unbroken chain to his latest place, makes a really satisfactory and substantial basis for employment.

Of course, this is sometimes impossible to obtain, but it should always be approximated and serve as the standard of requirement. Why should a man be less particular about knowing the complete record of the employee who is to handle thousands of dollars of his money than he is to be certain that there are no weak spots in the title of a piece of property in which he desires to invest? To leave a possible cloud on the record of a lieutenant selected for an important place is a stroke of business as bad and careless as would be that of leaving a chance for a cloud on the title of a piece of real estate.

Watching an Employee's Way of Living

After a man's record has been sifted to the bottom by personal and searching investigation, and he is found to be above suspicion and is accepted as an employee, the next important precaution is that of studying his manner of living. If a man drops into the habit of being late in the morning, the conclusion that he keeps late hours at night is a fair inference, which is generally sustained by investigation. Promptness, on the other hand, is a fairly reliable indication of a steady and well-ordered life. Not many men who live fast and keep late hours at night are able to be invariably on time in the morning.

It may be put down as a safe rule, then, that late in the morning quite generally means late night hours—and the latter ordinarily also carries with it the proofs of fast living. To say the least, the employee trusted with responsibility, but who is not prompt, becomes a proper subject for investigation. If he is found to be living beyond his salary—spending more than he earns—there is only one more vital fact to be determined—that is: has he a private income which warrants his expenditures? If such is not the case, the wisest course is to dispense with that man's services after the accounts or affairs under his charge have been thoroughly overhauled.

It is not a general practice on the part of large mercantile houses to employ auditors or examiners outside the ranks of its employees, but this may be a prudent custom to follow. Whether the checking is done by an outside expert or by a person regularly in the employ of the establishment, there is no doubt that the overhauling of accounts should be carefully and systematically prosecuted at regular intervals.

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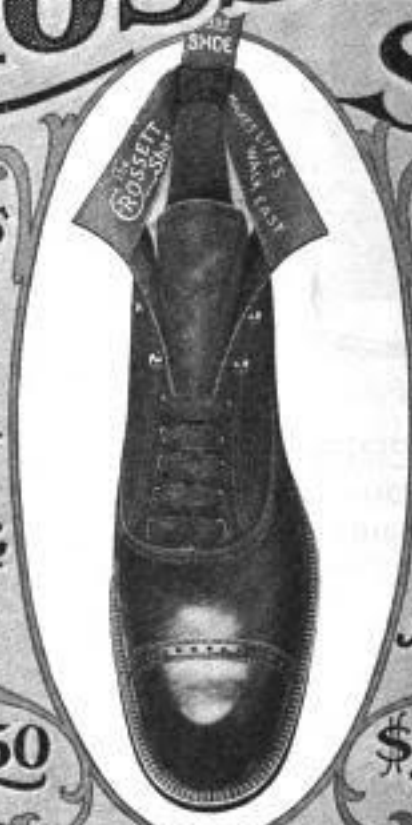
"Makes LIFE'S WALK EASY"

For MEN of TASTE and JUDGMENT



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THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
No. 67 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

Surveillance over the receiving end of a mercantile concern should be quite as strict as over the selling end. Collusion between drivers, receiving clerks and inspectors offers an opportunity for fraud on a larger scale than is to be found in almost any other department. Peculations here "run into money" with astonishing rapidity, but the operation is so difficult to accomplish without detection that it is, generally speaking, not often attempted. There are too many different checks upon each transaction to make ventures in this field of dishonesty particularly tempting or popular. However, it is possible, and therefore this loophole should be carefully guarded by the merchant who would not leave his business at loose ends.

In a well-organized mercantile house there is little chance for drivers or delivery-men to make away with goods. They are stolen from more often than they steal—for they are held responsible for the goods placed in their care and must make good all losses. Perhaps this requirement sometimes works a hardship on some who, in spite of fair diligence, have packages filched from their wagons while making their rounds. Not to have this rule, however, would be to encourage carelessness and dishonesty and to court constant leakage in the department.

Precautions Made Possible by System

Even in an establishment having several hundred employees it is difficult to exercise all the precautions I have stated, but I know from personal experience that they may be carried out with a fair degree of precision and success in a concern having nearly four thousand persons in its employ. System will accomplish seeming impossibilities, and the mercantile business, large or small, that is not carefully systematized, cannot hope for success in these days of keen competition and small profit margins.

A fruitful source of leakage in a large mercantile business is that of careless measuring and inspection. This may seem, to the layman, to be getting things down to a decidedly "fine point"; but when it is remembered that thousands of yards of valuable fabrics are measured each day on the counters of a big city store the possibilities of careless measuring may be realized. The loss of an eighth of a yard on each dress pattern would amount to hundreds of dollars in the course of a month's sales in a big metropolitan store. The same observation applies with equal force to careless inspection. The inspector who allows better goods, or more of them, than are paid for, to slip through his fingers is a dangerous and costly source of leakage in any house. Small items make large totals with astonishing rapidity in an establishment having annual retail sales mounting high into the millions of dollars.

Any extensive retail store in a metropolitan city sustains a constant assault from the thieving fraternity. There is no way of arriving at the volume of loss from this unrelenting raid, but it may be said that the total would seem very large to the average country merchant and to the layman. To the sum actually lost in goods stolen must be added the cost of maintaining a system of house detectives. This runs into a very considerable amount in the course of a year.

Goods in a great department store must be freely displayed and exposed. This places them within reach of all comers. Where the shoppers number from 50,000 to 75,000 a day the task of keeping them under anything like careful surveillance is almost an impossibility. One precaution is to have experienced detectives posted near the entrances to "spot" the well-known and professional thieves and shoplifters. Men charged with this duty become remarkably expert and literally carry in their minds an extensive "rogues' gallery." When an incomer is identified in this manner he—or more often she—is requested to leave the establishment. This request is generally complied with, and that without words or argument. Only a hint is needed to the thorough-paced professional.

Schemes Devised by Shoplifters

Some unique and astonishing schemes are devised for the purpose of robbing the big city stores. Perhaps the most bold and dashing feat of this kind which has recently come to my attention was successfully carried out by a little girl not more than fourteen years old. She had been well coached and costumed for the trick. Whether she planned her campaign herself or was managed by some criminal more mature is a matter of conjecture.

In a rush of bargain-day trade a clerk made

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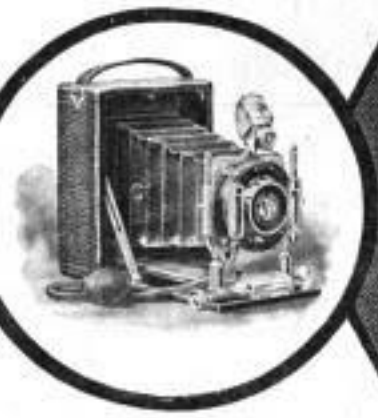

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A practical Suspender idea. A simple self-adjustment that instantly conforms to the slightest shoulder movement; insures perfect ease to the wearer. **Cyclo Ball Bearing Suspenders** are unconditionally guaranteed. **Trimmings will not rust.** French gilt, price 50c. If your dealer doesn't keep them, send his name with price and receive sample pair.

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a sale, received from the customer a ten-dollar bill, and rapped on the counter for a cash girl. Another customer was waiting for the clerk, and when a voice answered "Number forty," and a girl in the regulation "cash" uniform of the store came up, the check slip, the goods and the ten-dollar note were handed, without second thought, into the upstretched hands of "Number forty." The latter disappeared in the direction of the cash and wrapping desk—and was never seen again! She contrived to secrete the goods under a counter without being seen and to make her way out of the store—perhaps under cover of a wrap hidden at a convenient place for the purpose of aiding her escape. Of course this scheme could not be repeated, as all the clerks thereafter were alert for another attempt of the kind and carefully scrutinized all unfamiliar cash girls.

The greatest care must be taken in the matter of accusing any person of theft, as a single mistake of this sort would lead to a costly suit for damages. One court judgment on this ground might easily mount high into the thousands of dollars and go beyond the value of all the goods stolen in the course of an entire year. No clerk in the establishment with which I am connected would presume to accuse a customer or bystander of stealing even if the latter were plainly seen to pick up an object and make away with it. Instead, a house detective would be summoned and the suspect shadowed until there was absolute corroboration of the theft by a second person, one experienced in the detection of shoplifting and capable of exercising mature judgment.

The cleverest ruse ever employed by a store detective to induce the return of stolen goods was that habitually followed by an old man who held a position on our detective staff. He would push close behind the person with the stolen goods and begin muttering: "Better put it back! Better put it back!" If the suspect looked around, the detective's eyes were rolling in another direction. But his words almost invariably did their work and the goods would be slyly left somewhere before the shadowed criminal reached the door. His warning seldom failed to produce the desired effect. This saved disagreeable scenes and complications, and also the risk of making an accusation not capable of absolutely legal proof.

The Problem of Wealthy Kleptomaniacs

Many kleptomaniacs are caught, and among them women of wealth and social position. While these seem to have a considerable amount of public sympathy, it is difficult to see how they deserve it so much as do the poor and desperate unfortunates who steal to satisfy the pangs of hunger or some other pressing form of necessity. If any offenders of the shoplifting fraternity are entitled to extreme leniency, they are those who are driven to it by desperate want, not by a freakish monomania.

It is possible to steal something besides the goods of a store. There is a class of persons who make what may be termed fictitious purchases. These are monomaniacs on the subject of buying. They make purchases of goods on a "transfer" or order them delivered "c. o. d.," never for a moment intending to receive or to pay for the articles ordered. If bought on a "transfer ticket"—which is devised for allowing various purchases in different departments, and by which the packages may be bunched and paid for at the "transfer" desk—the purchases are left unclaimed and without settlement. In case the goods are to be paid for "c. o. d.," they are refused when delivered. These transactions are made purely for the excitement of buying, and the practice robs the store of the time of the employees and forms one of the most irritating nuisances possible in the routine of traffic.

Close watch should be kept on the work of his buyers by every merchant doing a large business. He should be sure that they are not unduly influenced by the men from whom he buys; that they are, in other words, wholly above favoritism.

If their purchases are generally sound and in line with good judgment, and if they do not accumulate undesirable goods, it is fair to presume that they are honest and competent men. On the other hand, if they are prone to pick up bad bargains, it matters little whether their error is one of judgment or favoritism—they are not to be retained in either event and should be dispensed with. An unsound buyer is one of the most expensive luxuries which a merchant can possibly maintain.

HOW TO SECURE THIS

$25 Set of Books=Free

To just one hundred young men I am going to present **"The Art and Literature of Business,"** which comprises six well-bound octavo volumes of approximately 400 pages each. It deals with the history, science and art of advertising, and tells exhaustively of every branch of the business.

The mechanical details, such as printing, engraving, etc., are taken up in their regular order, and the book is thus admirably adapted to the needs of the student of advertising and the business man who appreciates the necessity for a deeper insight into recognized methods of publicity, but who has heretofore been unable to secure a suitable reference work.

In a recent review *Public Improvements*, New York City, says:

"Each page contains some well-turned phrase that gives the whole a distinct literary flavor not generally met with in books of the kind. It is crowded with aphoristic philosophy that arouses and carries an interest from page to page. To all busy men this book will give great pleasure, for it treats of advertising in such a way as to make it as good a literary feast as a classic of the day."

J. F. LILLY, of Wright, Lilly & Co., Financial Agents, Colorado Springs, writes:

"The first volume of the Edition de Luxe of **'The Art and Literature of Business'** has been read with much interest and profit. I consider this volume well worth the price it cost. Any young man contemplating a business career should make a careful study of advertising—the new force—and I have failed to hear of any set of books containing as comprehensive and authorized statements of the principles of advertising as this series. If there is anything better, the author will find me an easy victim."

CARL ABNER REAM, Advertising Agent, Canton, Ohio, says:

"I consider **'The Art and Literature of Business'** a masterpiece, and don't think any person engaged in business of any nature whatever can afford to be without it."

The price of the six volumes, complete, is $25 cash, or on installments

I Will Give Away One Hundred Sets

To those who take my Course of Instruction in Advertising Writing and Management

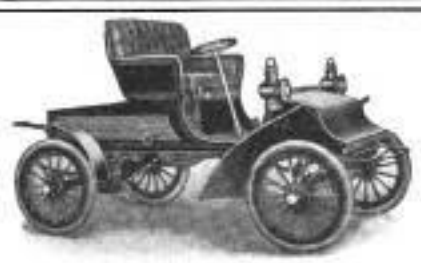
There is no other thing so needful to the young man in business as a knowledge of advertising. It is the great force of modern business and no merchant or manufacturer succeeds without it. The advertisement writer and manager is one of the highest-priced employees in any business, and his opportunities for advancement are the best.

Any man with a good common school education, energy and common sense can win a place for himself in the advertising world. Many of those who have followed my instructions now hold positions with leading concerns, and are receiving from $30 to $125 a week. Good ad-writers usually earn from $20 to $100. The accompanying picture will give you an idea of what one man has done in less than ten years, beginning with a desk and a fountain pen. My course of instruction costs $40 cash, or $50 in installments. It is the best investment any father can make for his son or that any young man can make for himself. A remittance at once will secure the full course and a $25 set of **"The Art and Literature of Business" free.**

A handsome prospectus of the course, giving full particulars and evidence from students as to its benefits, will be sent on receipt of three two-cent stamps, to pay cost of mailing, and there will be included my booklets, **"How Shall a Young Man Succeed," "Other People's Brains,"** and **"The Ill-Fortune of Brother Bill."**

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES
50 Spruce St., New York

This Building erected and occupied by one of the world's greatest advertisers, Mr. Robert Bonner, publisher of the *New York Ledger*, now contains the most complete and efficient advertising plant in America. Five floors are occupied by cylinder and job press rooms, paper stock rooms, composing room; art, literary and publication departments, general offices and newspaper and magazine advertising agency. The advertising school is on the third floor, and has the benefit of the special skill and knowledge in every department of the entire business.



THE "HARDY" (Flint Roadster)

"The Touring Car for Two"

A GASOLINE automobile with the size, power, strength, comfort and elegance of the touring car but the price of a good runabout. Run by our own full 8H. P., gray metal, water-cooled gasoline engine at from 6 to 30 miles an hour over any kind of roads, and with **one filling will run full 175 miles.** A thoroughly tested and proven machine that makes constant friends wherever it goes. Runs very quietly—at small cost—small repairs—has big roomy seat and long body—with Box b Box seat if desired—*storage locker in front*—and is all controlled from seat *by one lever.* Price with tools—but not extras—**$850.** With our complete facilities, we are ready to make shipments without delay. Write us for catalogue "A" and address of your local agency before placing your order and get a satisfactory machine delivered **when you want it.**

FLINT AUTOMOBILE CO., Flint, Mich.

Smith's Adjustable Index Tags

"Save 20 per cent. of a book-keeper's time."

Instantly applied or moved to meet changing conditions. **400** kinds of printed tags, including Alphabets, Months, etc., kept in stock. Tags to **write** on. Used by U. S. P. O. and War Depts.

Cat. & Price List Free. Sample Tag 5 Cents.

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How to Converse

Your body testifies to your physical strength. Your speech shows your mental ability.

How to Converse

Is the strongest Link in Your Chain of Accomplishments

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Why not take your proper place in society?
You can learn to fill the awkward pauses.
You can be an interesting dinner companion.
You can learn to tell a story or a joke.
You can learn to raise conversation above the gossip line.

Why not be a success in business?
Learn to say the right thing in the right way.
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Learn how to interest people in your schemes.

Salesmen, Agents, Managers, Social Aspirants, need our Course of Study.

We teach you how to acquire an active brain, a bright eye, elastic muscles, symmetry of figure, clear complexion, proper carriage, ease of manner.

Write at once for our information booklet.

20th CENTURY INSTRUCTION CO.
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Our 200-page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering" sent Free to any address. Enclose 4 cents to pay postage.
LEWIS STAMMERING SCHOOL, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

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Hoskins' Imprint — Stands for Perfection

So closely identified with the art of social engraving is the name of

HOSKINS

that it stands as the criterion of form, style and execution in all such matters pertaining to the functions of society.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

Tea and Visiting Cards, Invitations for Receptions

and for special occasions are engraved promptly and in a manner possible only to the most skillful artists. If you are interested in any particular form, write us and we will send samples and prices. If you would have the proper stationery for polite correspondence, write for samples and learn to buy it *by the pound* — our method that saves you money.

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PIANOS

Have been Established over 51 Years

They combine delicacy of expression with durability of construction.

The *Pure Tone* is fortified with an absolute mechanical strength that is a distinguishing feature of every *Vose*.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. *Send for our descriptive catalogue H, which gives full information.*

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.

161 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Why Not Shave Yourself — Don't Be A Barber's Slave

"Griffon" SAFETY RAZOR

gives a close or an ordinary shave, instantly adjustable, easily cleaned and kept keen. For sale by all dealers, or sent on receipt of price.

Price, $2.00 GUARANTEED

Send for our handsome booklet, FREE

Griffon Cutlery Co., 443-444 Broadway, New York.

Pennsy PIPE Rack, $3

18 inches long.

U. of P. Seal, of embossed gilded brass, enameled in colors, perfect facsimile of original. Mounted on Flemish oak, with pipe holders and stein hangers. Also made with seals of Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Cornell, Columbia, Trinity, etc. *Delivered anywhere on receipt of* $3.00. Circular of seals, in colors, on request. Representatives wanted in all college towns. Designs and estimates furnished for class pins and badges. Cecil H. Sherman & Co., 23 So. 11th St., Philada.

Literary Folk
Their Ways and Their Work

The Red Terror

DURING the last two years an unprecedented number of translations of French memoirs and autobiographies have been issued by both English and American publishers. They have proved to be so popular and form now so large a portion of the literary food supplied to the public that they ought to have a special notice.

Some of these books have been given by their publishers to translators who had a critical, even a scholarly, knowledge not only of the French and English languages, but of the subjects treated.

But others have been left to the handling of ignorant hacks who not only have lost the flavor of the text in transplanting it into another tongue, but have abridged it mercilessly. It is not only a dead body which they give us but one cut and hacked beyond recognition.

With all these drawbacks, however, the recent large output of these translations affords an opportunity to the American boy and girl who know only their own language to begin their study of French history through French biography, which is, after all, the only way to begin it. An amusing proof of the avidity with which these books have been read was the sudden fury with which book reviewers here and in England lately pounced upon Mrs. Humphry Ward when she lifted the plot of Lady Rose's Daughter bodily out of the life of Mlle. d'Espinasse and made a novel of it. Two years ago, before the publication of the translation of the love letters of the French Sappho, the "borrowing" would most probably have passed undetected. The fictitious English heroine is, by the way, but a feeble reflection of the real Julie, whose words still scorch and whose tears sear the heart of her reader, long as she has lain in the grave.

Among the American translations, those of Miss Katherine Prescott Wormeley *(Hardy, Pratt & Co.)* are conspicuous. She has chosen the most important books to work upon and has been usually accurate and intelligent in her work. She showed this intelligence by making the famous memoirs of Mme. de Motteville the initial book of her series. The condition of France under Anne of Austria and her lover and master, Mazarin, are nowhere else pictured so sharply. The Queen's waiting-woman and confidante each night locked her door and sat down to record the doings of the court and people during the day with what Sainte-Beuve calls "a most reasonable mind and decent pen." A shrewd little woman, but neither romantic nor malicious, her pictures are correct as photographs. Day after day she showed the slowly changing relation of sovereign and people, the growth in the masses of the spirit of revolt which showed itself in the rational demands of the Fronde, and was to end thereafter in the guillotine and the Red Terror.

Aside from its historical value, no novel holds us with so rapt an interest as this story of Anne, a woman whose blood was that of a race which had ruled for centuries, to whom her subjects always were inferior creatures, akin to dogs or rats. With smiling contempt she faced mobs of them crying out for her blood; yet in soul and body she was the slave of a greedy, vulgar plebeian, whom she loved. The Cardinal, while he lived, did not spare the lash on his poor chattel. But when he was gone she stood upright, and presently died like a queen and a holy martyr.

It is a unique story. Having read it, our young student should take up the Memoirs of the Duc de Saint Simon. There are twenty volumes of this book in the original, which Miss Wormeley has cut down to four. She usually shows fine discretion in her abridgments. But slaughter so wholesale as this necessarily degenerates from murder into butchery. To use a homely simile, there is the same difference between the original work and its translation as between a royal sirloin and a pot of hash. But even this mutilated summary makes, for the careful reader, a consecutive page to Mme. de Motteville's memoir in the history of France. The great Duke, like the obscure waiting-woman, secretly wrote for many years at night in the solitude of his chamber the story

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Please send, without cost to me, the sample pages of the NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA containing descriptions, sample pages, colored illustrations and maps and information regarding discount and little-payment plan for SATURDAY EVENING POST readers.

Name .....
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Diamonds

Diamonds are getting scarcer and increasing in value — are an excellent investment.

We Buy and Sell Diamonds for Cash

Our method of doing business will please you, and save you money besides. If you are interested write us — do it right now.

Two large Stocks of Gems.

MITCHELL'S DIAMOND STORES
37 S. 8th St. and 36 N. 8th St. PHILADELPHIA

Boys' Own Toy Maker

Tells how to make Toys, Steam Engines, Photo Cameras, Microscopes, Telegraphs, Telephones, Magic Lanterns, Æolian Harps, Boats, Kites, Balloons, Masks, Wagons, Toy Houses, Bow and Arrow, Pop Guns, Slings, Stilts, Fishing Tackle, Rabbit and Bird Traps, and many others, all so plain and simple that any boy can easily make. 200 illustrations. This great book by mail, 10 Cents.

BATES & COMPANY, Box 34, Boston, Mass.

WANT every family to know that they can quickly find the mercury in a "Ruckstuhl's Patent Lens Finder Fever Thermometer." Price $1.25 from your druggist, or postpaid direct.
CHAS. S. RUCKSTUHL, 518 Elm Street, St. Louis

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The Most Popular of All Beverages

The great Spring tonic and health drink, in thousands of American homes.

Purifies the blood and gives vigor and vim.

HIRES Rootbeer

A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts.

CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY
Malvern, Pa.

Keep Out the Sun— Let In the Air

Vudor Porch Shades make your home life delightful and enjoyable on the hottest days—add practically another room to your house—the coolest and most comfortable of all in summer—ideal for entertaining, perfect for pleasure. Easy to raise or lower. Made in artistic colors to harmonize with your decorations. Very inexpensive; most economical.

Vudor Lawn Pavilions are strong, durable, cozy; inclose 28 square feet. Six sides equipped with Vudor Shades, each of which can be raised or lowered as desired.

Write for booklet, "Story of Comfort," It's free.

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION
33 McKey Blvd., Janesville, Wis., U. S. A.

BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY

STRAIGHT BACK

THE NEW KIND

STRONG DURABLE

COSTS NO MORE THAN OTHERS

"On Approval"

THESE HINGES GUARANTEED 25 YEARS

THE ROMER YOUNG CO., Ltd., Toledo, Ohio

of the court and of the black tides of human life around it.

In the world there is no such gallery of portraits as we find in this book. Saint Simon gave his life to the making of it. From his boyhood to old age he secretly, daily sketched the people around him. Unconsciously, too, he sketched the progress of the canker in the body politic; on one hand the quick and enormous growth in power of the great financiers, and on the other the drainage of the life of the lower classes to support that power. The great Louis, supported by the Sorbonne, declared that the property of all subjects belonged primarily to the King, and proceeded to take it by the poll tax, the salt tax and at last the tithe tax. Saint Simon and many decent wise men of his order fought against this slow, monstrous strangling of a nation. But the King and great financiers calmly persisted. With each decade money in France accumulated into fewer hands and the starving mob held a class and not a system guilty.

It is a story not without significance to Americans.

The student would do well to next read Horace Walpole's and Madame de Sévigné's Letters, if he would make the court of the grand Louis as familiar to himself as are his own street and his neighbors. Whether his sympathy will be with the brutish fellow in the fields who boils grass to keep himself from starving or with his mistress in the château who may lose her virtue, but never her good breeding, is perhaps a matter of temperament. There certainly was a strong and just case on both sides.

Several translations have recently appeared bearing on the two following reigns. M. de Saint Armand's Life of Madame de Pompadour (*Scribners*) is, like his other books, perfunctory and lifeless, and bears the marks of a literary job undertaken for a given price. But as far as it goes it is correct.

The Memoirs of Madame Du Barry, translated by H. T. Riley, and of which a limited number were printed for the Caslon Society, were compiled with much skill, and probably give as faithful a picture of the famous courtesan and of Louis XV and his court during his old age as can be found. Nothing can be more foreign to modern eyes than the glimpse of Versailles with its magnificence and its filth, the couches of solid gold and the open sewers in the halls, the priceless pictures and statues crowding the chambers, with not a single bathtub in sight; lace fichus and strings of diamonds worth a principality covering necks still red with smallpox, and strangest of all, the homage, the servile worship given to a family coarse in body and brutish in habit beyond other men, even in that brutish age.

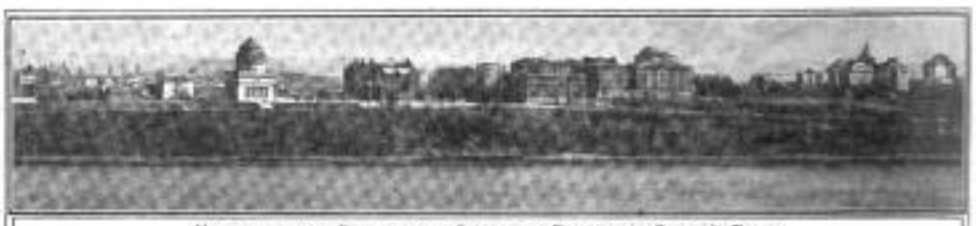
A little Memoir of the Princess Hélène de Ligne, edited by Lucien Perey (*Richard Bentley & Son, London*), throws a significant side-light upon the position and character of the noble women of France at that time.

Hélène was the daughter of a Polish prince of enormous wealth and was sent when eight years old to the Abbaye aux-Bois, a convent where only French girls of the highest rank were educated. There they were taught to sing, to dance, to speak one or two languages and to bear themselves in every strait as noble women of France. They learned that lesson well. These were the women who held the famous salons of Paris during that century, where wit and good breeding reached their finest flowering, and they were the women who looked down silently from the carts on their way to the guillotine with a calm surprise at their shrieking murderers.

At thirteen the parents usually notified the child that a husband had been chosen for her and brought him the next day to the convent. Great was the anxiety of the bride and her playmates to see him. If he were young and smiling, what universal joy! But no girl ever doubted that the bride would be pleasant and courteous in this new relationship. That was a matter of course. Presently, no doubt, the lover would come. They whispered of that with smiles and finger on the lip.

The child bride was betrothed in great state, then went back to her playmates and in a year or two was married and carried away to the court and the great world. Presently—the lover came, and she loved him. Was she so much to blame? Our little Polish Princess Hélène was married and afterward found her lover, and made her way to him, as she tells us, over three coffins. The story is worth reading. There is something to be said even for those faithless wives of Paris.

When the beginner in French history has come thus far there are a dozen memoirs



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Our properties are at New York's threshold—35 minutes from the great commercial and financial centers of the city.

GRANTWOOD-ON-HUDSON AND MORSEMERE

are directly opposite Grant's Tomb and Riverside Drive, the Geographical Center of Manhattan and but 15 minutes distant. Macadam streets, flag walks, curb, water, gas, unexcelled sewerage system. Beautiful parks completed and others in construction. Handsome schools and churches. $7000.00 new R. R. Station. Trolleys in operation and more contracted for.

65 new houses built in **GRANTWOOD** in the last 2 years and 22 at **MORSEMERE** within last 12 months. Lots similar to those sold in 1899 for $450.00 now selling at $950.00. Values have doubled and should double again in another 3 years.

Lots at MORSEMERE, $350. to $700. At GRANTWOOD, $700. to $2,000. (all lots 25 x 100); as desirable for residential purposes as those sold for same price in Harlem or Bronx (in the upper part of New York City) ten years ago, which now bring from $4,000. to $20,000. each.

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These properties have already proven their profit possibilities; but to demonstrate our faith in their future increase, we will guarantee that if the actual increased value within two years from your purchase is not equal to 15 per cent. per annum on your cash investment (as determined by the price at which we are selling similar lots at that time) we will refund the entire cash paid us, with interest at 6 per cent.

If interested we will give you a

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK

paying your railroad fare both ways for the purpose of having you inspect our property. But don't delay. Reserve lots at once, and thereby secure them at present prices, as all lots advance 10 per cent. on or before July 1st. Write to-day for testimonials from **buyers who have already sold at a profit,** photographic views, etc.

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Columbia Investment & Real Estate Co.

1133 Broadway, New York City

Capital and Surplus $335,131.69 Assets $939,471.87

R. R. STATION AT MORSEMERE.

Spencerian Steel Pens

The Standard American Brand

FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS

Samples for trial on receipt of return postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, New York

PYROGRAPHY

As a special inducement, this month only, I offer my COMPLETE PYROGRAPHY OUTFIT, No. 2, for **$3.00,** express prepaid. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

J. JAMES, 55 West 24th Street, New York

Instruction by mail free with every outfit.

LUCKY PIN!

Oxidized Silver, Ruby Eyes—Unique—Attractive—**Appeals to everybody,** Sent post paid for **25 cts.** Stamps or Silver. **Order to-day.** You'll be delighted.

THE J. ARTHUR CO.
32 Colonial Arcade, CLEVELAND, O.

For Breakfast

WHEATLET

"All the Wheat that's fit to eat"

CAN YOU TALK?

Can you talk well? Can you talk to the point? There is a vast difference between merely talking and talking well. Ready, winning talk is called a gift, but it is never that. It is an acquisition. You can learn the secret at your own home if you will, through

The Lorin de Lorme System of Self-Cultivation in the Art and Science of Thought and Talk

Have you ever wanted very much to say something particularly well and felt your thought fall humiliatingly flat because of your poverty of speech?

Self-Expression is the Secret of Power

If you are one of those who think, you know that you yourself can possess that power.

You know how valuable such power would be when

TALKING FOR BUSINESS **TALKING IN SOCIETY**
TALKING ON YOUR FEET **TALKING IN YOUR CLUB**
TALKING FOR SOCIAL GRACE AND CHARM

My system divides talk into sections and reduces it to an exact science. It is quite probable that you do not believe this can be done. I do not care what you believe now, if you are open to conviction. I want you to write your name and address on a postal card and send it to me. I will send you free in return a little book on the Lorin de Lorme System, which will both interest and surprise you. If you care to improve your power of speech you will be glad to have it. Write at once before the present edition of this free book is exhausted. Address,

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because the experience of the greatest number of users and builders of vehicles has shown that the Kelly-Springfield Tire is the best. Send for our booklet.

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Four trains a day from Chicago over the only double-track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River. Compartment and drawing-room sleeping cars, dining cars, buffet-library and smoking cars, free reclining chair cars. Fast schedules.

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THE SAVIN ICE PAD
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saves 15 to 33 per cent. of the ice bill and keeps provisions much better, by surrounding the ice with a blanket of cold dry air. The sweet antiseptic action of the pad prevents the accumulation of microbe-teeming slime, and thus does away with the offensive "stale odor" noticed in some ice chests.

For sale by all first class hardware, housefurnishing, and department stores. Price, 75c. a sq. ft. Or write to us for estimate, stating size of bottom of ice chamber. Ask for booklet "10."

SAVIN ICE PAD COMPANY
1023 Filbert St. Philadelphia

STEEL SWINGS Every Part A Spring

3 Seats—Room for 9

Strong as a bridge. Self-lubricating. No noise. Fine Canopy and Seats. Satisfaction or money back. FIRST in each town at WHOLESALE.

D. H. BAUSMAN, Bausman, Lanc. Co., Pa.

which he should read simultaneously. Every historian of that period oddly becomes a special pleader either for or against Jacques. The student can correct the exaggerations of one biographer by those of his opponents.

Among these books are the first six volumes of the series of thirteen by Imbert de Saint Armand upon the Famous Women of the French Court *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*.

A Life of Marie Antoinette, by Maxime de la Rocheterie *(Dodd, Mead & Co.)*.

The Secret History of the Court of France, by De Challice *(Henry Colburn, London)*.

When the student has learned the details of the great tragedy of modern history from these private gossips he will be ready to listen more calmly to the foremost of all special pleaders, Carlyle.

The Guardian of Marie Antoinette, just published *(Dodd, Mead & Co.)*, is the most important recent contribution to the history of the period. It is an abstract of the private letters written by the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, Ambassador from Austria to the French court for the Empress Marie Thérèse. They date from the arrival of Marie Antoinette in France a bride until the birth of her second child, eleven years later. The shrewd Comte was, in fact, a friendly spy sent by the Empress to watch over her daughter and to advise her. His report was dispatched weekly to her, not through the mails, which were open to the King, his ministers and his mistresses, but by secret messengers. These letters have been kept in the Royal Archives of Austria and are translated into English now for the first time.

They show us the court and the nation of France as they appeared to the keen eyes of a foreigner. There is no special pleading here. His sketches are bald facts; the senile old king who would not give a sou to the starving people whom he loathed, but who spent millions on his vices; his daughters, grown old and malignant in their virtue; his sons, one "fit to keep the bar of a country inn," the other the heir to the throne, an overgrown child, half-witted and filthy in person; both court and people under the rule of the vulgar, kindly mistress of the king, the illegitimate daughter of a hostler. Into this little world came Marie Antoinette, a child of fifteen, innocent, affectionate, tactless and as eager for amusement as any other girl of her age.

We all know the miserable story.

But this book shows us that the most tragic figure in it was not the young girl dancing gayly down the road to the guillotine, but her mother who had set her feet upon that road.

Marie Thérèse was the last of a long race of kings. It was natural that she should give her life to placing her children on thrones.

Once, the story goes, she opened the map of Europe before her little girl and asked: "What country should you like to rule over?"

"France," promptly replied the child, "because it has had the greatest and the holiest king of the world."

The shrewd mother reported the saying to Louis, who thereafter was resolved that this child should become the dauphine.

The marriage was urged on hastily. The vigorous old queen anxiously trained the little girl in the art of ruling. She taught her how to dress, how to speak, how to hold the impertinent in check, how to control her own curiosity and impulses, and above all, to submit to God. She knelt beside her daily and prayed with her. The great ruler was as vehement in her religion as in her policy. When the girl was married and gone, her old mother besieged God for her incessantly, and wrote her interminable letters of advice.

One is glad to find that the young girl always gave back her love. When she first set foot in her new kingdom her only words were: "I never shall see *her* again," with bitter tears.

She never did see her again. The old Empress, warned by Mercy year after year of the gathering dangers around her child, wrote endless warnings to her, and prayed and wept and sent little presents from home to comfort and please her just as any poor mother would do.

She died, fortunately, before the end came.

Another genuine book is the Memoirs of Mlle. des Echerolles *(John Lane, London and New York)*. It is the true story of a child, one of the *haute nobleste*, during the Reign of Terror, written in after life by herself. It is inartistic, inconsequent and real. One hears the thud of the ax in it and smells the dripping blood.

With this book our student will probably have had enough of the phases of the Red Terror.

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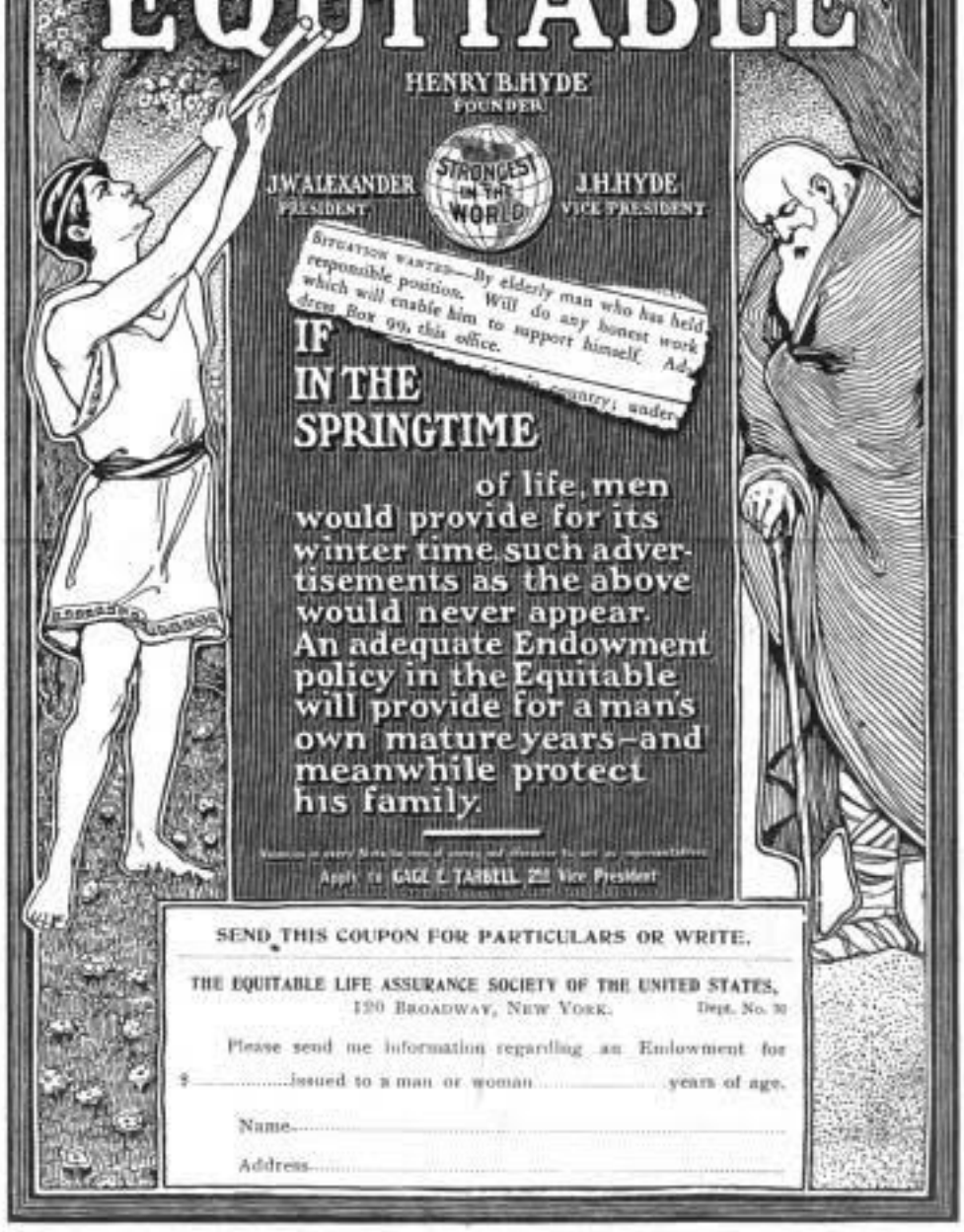

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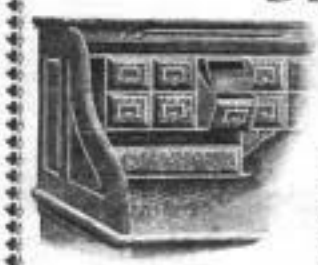

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A BICYCLE contrivance has been invented which is said to be a novel improvement on similar attachments, inasmuch as it enables any bicycle of standard make to run on one of the rails of a railroad track. It consists of a braced frame intended to be connected to the frame of the bicycle, with guide-wheels that engage both rails of the track and hold the plane of the two bicycle wheels in true alignment.

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THE CONTRABAND BIRD TRAFFIC—The strange transformations undergone by familiar friends in the vernacular of the trade.

TAME birds are beginning to reappear in many localities where, a few years ago, it was believed they had been practically exterminated. In some places this is the result of the protection afforded the birds by Government and State authorities.

In the work of safeguarding threatened species many interesting incidents occur. It is unlawful at any time to sell or kill robins in the District of Columbia. It was known that in defiance of the law a fashionable café included robins on its menu. They were served as "Jerusalem pheasants." The waiters were wary, and when Government ornithologists tried to get evidence against the establishment by ordering these birds, the establishment was always just out.

Stratagem was employed. A man who had none of the telltale airs of the scientist was used as a decoy. He regaled himself on "Jerusalem pheasants" and smuggled the bones into his pockets. The next day he reported to the Biological Survey. The skeletons of his feast were reconstructed and examined and found to be the remains of robins.

Doctor Palmer confronted the café management with the evidence. The restaurateur sent for his lawyer, a prominent man who had once been on a hunting trip with President Roosevelt.

"These fellows," said the café owner, "cannot prove I sold robins inasmuch as the heads and feet of the birds were cut off and destroyed."

"On my Western trip," counsel replied, "there was a bird expert in the party. That ornithologist could identify any species if we passed him the wish-bone or any bone of the breast. As you can't very well serve your 'Jerusalem pheasants' minus the breast, I advise you to compromise and do it quickly."

The restaurant man weakened. His two thousand robins in cold storage were confiscated and a liberal fine imposed. Robins are safe now in Washington. This season they have appeared in numbers.

Every spring, particularly just before the Easter display of millinery, Doctor Palmer organizes an inspection of all establishments in Washington dealing in ladies' hats. In simultaneous cooperation with him throughout the various States are local wardens.

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All hats trimmed with feathers of gulls and terns and other protected birds are seized. In some places the penalty imposed upon this contraband traffic is severe, but action is suspended where dealers agree to return the proscribed feathers to the wholesalers. The result is that most dealers are becoming wary of purchasing a stock of hat trimmings liable at any time to get them into trouble.

The trade, therefore, in artificial birds manufactured from feathers of barnyard fowl, ingeniously fixed to wire and wadding, with eyes of colored porcelain and beaks of bone, is growing prodigiously. In fact, in recent enactments prohibiting the importation of birds into the United States special exception is made of birds and bird plumage manufactured from the feathers of hens, roosters, ducks, geese, peafowls, Guinea fowls and turkeys.

Doctor Palmer was asked why such persistent effort had been made to protect gulls. He cited three reasons for their preservation. The first is that their piscatorial habits are an unfailing guide to the location and movements of schools of fish, the gulls thus rendering a great economic service to the fishing industry. In the second place, the work of the birds as scavengers in populous harbors is incalculable. Their destruction would be a menace to health. The third point in their defense is that they are picturesque, adding much attractiveness to many of the great American ports.

SCIENTIFIC RICE CULTURE—The Gulf planters are introducing Japanese methods, but do not fear Japanese competition.

SCIENTIFIC agriculture promises a new system of rice culture in America which will greatly lessen the cost of harvesting and will double the productivity of the plantations. It is an interesting fact that, in order to obtain this important secret in rice growing, America has been obliged to turn once more to Japan.

A few years ago it was found that the rice then grown in America was not sufficiently strong to stand machine methods. A new variety, called Kiushu, was introduced into Texas and Louisiana from Japan with results that have been very satisfying to planters. This variety is not subject to breakage in milling.

A new problem soon developed. Rice could be planted in the Gulf belt in March, April, May and June, but the time of harvest for these crops was about the same, regardless of the date of planting. Centuries of cultivation along regular lines had fixed the time of ripening. If the seed was planted late it grew to maturity with that much greater rapidity. As harvest rates for labor are high it has multiplied expenses to have to gather the crop in a short space of time. Experts, therefore, were sent to Japan recently to select seed of early, medium and late maturing varieties so that American planters can prolong the harvesting over several months. Fifteen varieties have been brought to the United States. Under scientific auspices this seed has been planted, and when fully tested will be distributed throughout the rice belt. It is believed that the experiments will disclose that the Japanese rice will retain the habits of growth fixed by ages of cultivation. If so, rice growers will be enabled to regulate the maturing of crops so that harvest-time can be extended over three or four months, and will require little, if any, more hired help than planting. It is estimated, moreover, that with this promised innovation the increase of rice production for each farmer will be from fifty to one hundred per cent.

Although the visiting scientists found much in Japan of profit to American rice husbandry, what they saw convinced them of the groundlessness of the economic fear prevalent in some quarters that Japanese agricultural products may ultimately compete with American in the home markets of the United States. Japan has a ratio of population of 3000 to every square mile of arable land. If Iowa fields were cultivated on the Japanese plan, that State would sustain a population of 150,000,000, while Texas would support over 600,000,000 people. In Japan there is a very narrow margin between consumption and the greatest possible production. The rice farmers of Japan have perfected their methods in fields many of which average about thirty-five feet square. The tax on these diminutive plantations is enormous, being not less than at the rate of eight dollars an acre. If an American farmer owning one hundred acres had to pay eight hundred dollars in taxes he would have little zest for agriculture.

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(Concluded from Page 7)

eye of his around the chamber and endangering the chandelier's integrity with the thunders of his voice.

"Then I came down to imitations of people I had seen and heard, and told stories, and those boys applauded everything that was worth applauding and I don't know but some things that weren't worth it.

"Well, when I went off and Captain Randolph came around to congratulate me I felt that little Bob Green, ex-hotel clerk and man-in-want-of-a-job, had found it, all right.

"Why, I felt as if I were seven feet high, and as if the United States were Heaven and the cadets were angels, and that it was perpetual summer outside, and that dates were growing on all the trees irrespective of the kind of tree, and that if Daniel Webster could have looked in on my triumph he would have said, '*Never* in my life, young man, did I *ever* enthrall an audience as you have enthralled this one.' Consider what I had been before supper and you won't blame me for getting the big head.

"The boys went trooping out with their military stride, imitating my imitations, and followed by the officers and their wives and last of all the soldiers of the post, and then the business man of the combine came into the little room and said, 'Well, I suppose that now you'd like me to do a little business with you. It was a good show.'

"And then, for the first time, it struck me that I was in a fair way to become dishonest. Whoever that money belonged to it didn't belong to me and I said impulsively, 'I want to see Colonel Miller.'

"Colonel Miller is the high muckamuck of West Point, and I suppose it was a little like saying to a man in front of the White House, 'Say, will you run in and tell the President that I want to see him out here for about five minutes?' But I got the Colonel and he was a very unassuming, agreeable gentleman, too. I didn't give him a military salute, but I gave him an ex-hotel clerk's bow and then I said, 'Colonel Miller, were you satisfied with the entertainment this evening?'

"He expressed himself as having been very much delighted and said that it would do the boys good, and when he was through I said:

"'Thank you, I feel repaid; but I want to say that I can't accept the money that this gentleman wants to give me because—well, you see, I've played a trick on you all.'

"The Colonel stared at me in surprise.

"As hastily and as briefly as I could I told him all about myself and the events of the evening and the temptation to which I had yielded, and I wound up by saying, 'If you think I have earned a fee, all right, but, of course, the money this gentleman has was intended for Mr. Ingraham, and does not belong to me.'

"The Colonel thought a minute, plumping his right fist into his left palm and then reversing the process, and at last he said:

"'Your course was a little unconventional, but you certainly succeeded in amusing the boys, and that's what they came here for to-night, and although you don't seem to be a *regular* but only a *volunteer*, still there's no doubt but you're the hero of this occasion, and to the victor belong the spoils.' Then he offered me his hand, waved me toward the treasurer and left the room.

"But just then I had a new thought, almost as brilliant as the first one. I said 'Wait a minute' to the treasurer and I followed the Colonel out into the auditorium. 'Colonel Miller,' said I, 'would it be out of the ordinary run for me to ask for a testimonial that I can use in a circular? I feel that this is a turning point in my career. If I can entertain West Point cadets I suppose I'll do for 'most anybody.'

"The Colonel elevated his brows prodigiously, coughed deeply and pursed up his lips, and then he said, 'Young man, I wonder *why* you never succeeded before.'

"That was all. Then he left me with the treasurer."

The train slackened up as it ran into Albany. The little group began to say appreciative things to Mr. Green, but the most eminently practical one of the lot, the one who was engineering the excursion, said:

"I'd like to know, if it's a fair question, how much the treasurer had in his pocket for Mr. Ingraham?"

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"And the owner of the thirty cents got it?"

"He did."

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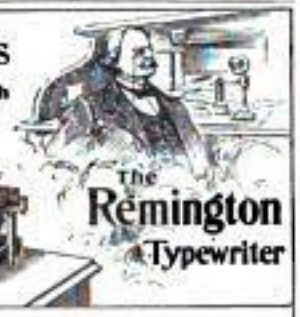
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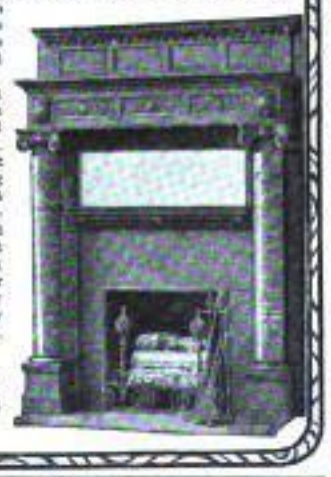

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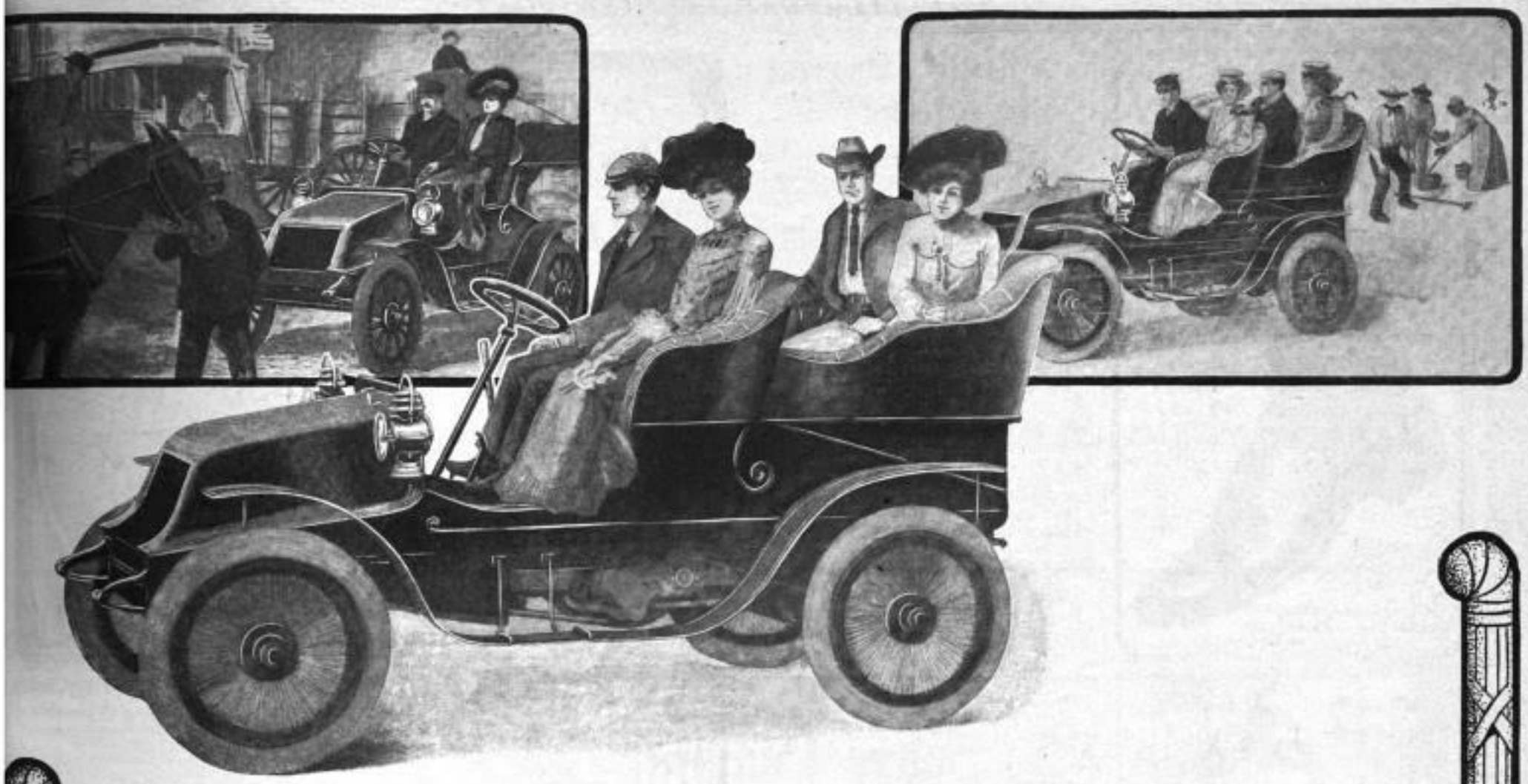

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Americans of To-Day and To-Morrow—By Albert J. Beveridge

THE END TO WHICH OUR POWER AND DOMINION MUST BE SHAPED IF IT IS NOT TO BE OUR UNDOING

WHAT is the secret of your power?" said one of those who sat by the bedside of the dying Richelieu. "Tell us, that we may continue your work for the good of France." And the dying statesman-soldier-priest answered: "Some say it is courage—that I am a lion; some say it is craft—that I am a fox. It is neither. It is justice." So runs the noble anecdote. Doubtless it is not true as a literal fact, but it ought to be true; therefore, for the purposes of human instruction it is true. Every man of sensibility occasionally finds a story which so interprets man and the world to him that henceforth it becomes a part of his character.

Such a tale is the legend of Richelieu. Apply it to the Republic. Justice! This Nation must be just. The first paper was designed to show our power, growing out of our location on the map of the world and the resources within us; the second paper attempted to show that out of the elements of our very being springs our first national and individual necessity of character: to wit, the necessity of conservatism, moderation, thoughtful poise. This paper is to demonstrate that this power which, unrivaled in the world if well conserved, must pass all other human influences and is worth while only when used justly.

And if the Nation must be just in its dealings with the world, its citizens must be just. Why? Because no citizen of the Republic can disassociate himself from the Nation. The Nation's necessities are his necessities; the Nation's characteristics, his characteristics; the Nation's opportunities, his opportunities; weightier than all, the Nation's duties are his duties. And duty is a great word. It is a greater word than the word wealth; greater than the words money, power, glory, dominance. It is the word which makes all the other words worth while. No sane man, no lover of his kind, no gentle man, can tolerate mere strength which is not directed to high purposes. Every one of us dislikes cant and all hypocrisy. Pretense of high purposes, which we know very well is not in the heart of the man who professes them, is repellent. But every one of us uncovers before the man whom in our very being we know to be both powerful and just. This is true even when such a man is a bitter personal enemy. "I hate him, but I must follow him. I cannot help it," exclaimed a local politician of a political leader whose boldness and forgetfulness of self in a great emergency had chained the attention of a State. "I must follow him—him, because he has been just." And so the ward politician of an American town repeated in substance the dying words of France's most accomplished statesman.

What Shall We Do With Our Power?

OUR critics assert that we are defective in art and the graces of life, but admit our power. In sheer might we are a Berserker people. Very well! What are we going to do with that power? We are going to conserve it, save it, regulate it, of course. But what for? To get fat upon? No! Merely to vaunt ourselves? No! To flaunt our flag before the world? No! To have it said of us that we are "unrivaled" or any other word of vainglory? No! What is all this power and wealth and domination for, then? Let any American search his soul and he will answer: "For righteousness—for justice—for the good of the world."

So we see that justice to other peoples (and therefore justice among ourselves) is the second element of national (and therefore individual) character which this Nation must possess. In these papers it would have been put first but that our strength will come to naught for good as well as for evil unless it is conserved.

We are "up against" all other nations—"up against" the world. (Let us not disdain our vernacular—the phrase of the "man of the street"—and therefore let us say "up against.") It is neither our merit nor our fault that this is so. Progress has made it so. Ocean greybounds have made it so. The cable has made it so. The wireless message will make it so even more than it is now. If Lettré said a century ago that "the globe is a very inferior planet," what would he say to-day? Whether we will or no, we are mixed up in the world's controversies. So, to-day, is every nation. We cannot keep to ourselves if we would. It is useless to argue whether this is bad or good. It is so.

Consider an analogy. There was a certain tragedy recently. The press carried its details in full. One cannot help but think that such advertisement of wickedness is a bad thing. But what is the use of moralizing? The press spread the news because the Nation was interested; the Nation was interested because to-day the Nation is a family; and the press is the national family gossip. The telegraph, the telephone, the electric railway, rural free delivery, everything has made the American People a single community. A town in Iowa is now a suburb of New York. Crawfordsville, Indiana, knows all about Boston. What happens in New Orleans happens in Chicago so far as the knowledge of the event is concerned. In the same way the American Republic is a member of the family of nations—a controlling member and destined to be more so. Preach against it as you will, the fact remains.

Having this condition, therefore, what is to be done? Justice is to be done. Righteousness is to be done. High purposes are to be accomplished. It is not cant to insist that we are agents of divine purposes.

> The hand that rounded Peter's dome
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
> Wrought in a sad sincerity;
> *Himself from God he could not free.*

So wrote Emerson. And he wrote truly of the artist. Did he not also write truly of this Nation? What American has not entertained from his youth the dream that this Nation shall be the arbiter of the destinies of the world? But the arbiter for what ends? Let us survive in history, at least, and in ideals wrought into deeds; for we shall surely have a physical ending (perhaps hundreds of years away, but none the less we cannot hope to escape the universal law of dissolution). A nobler race than ours will take our place. But let us be the noblest thus far evolved. Let us live up to our possibilities. And our possibilities! No contemporary mind can grasp them. The mind of the future will grasp them but not the mind of the present. The mind which the world will produce a thousand years from now will consider our work and problems very easy to do and very easy to solve, just as we now consider the conditions of mediæval times almost absurd in their simplicity. Very well. Let us show history that we lived up to the best that was within us. Let us show the future that we Americans were the best possible product of our times. We shall do all this if History writes of us: "The American People in their time were known of all men as 'the just nation.'"

We all read the Bible. Why do we read it? Because those ancient Hebrews (say what you will against them) gave the world moral ideas. They gave us those moral ideas along with crudeness and cruelty of conduct, it is true; but we forget the barbarity and we make the moral ideas our ideals and try to live up to them. The point is that truth, the loftiest views, genuine brotherhood are the only things worth while. And who would confine brotherhood to locality? It is "a contradiction in terms," as the logicians say, is it not? And if so, let us expand our thought and then ask: Who would confine brotherhood to boundaries—to nations?

By a chain of the logic of events, so strong that the wisest cannot account for it except upon the hypothesis of a divine wisdom which confounds statesmen, we have many foreign problems on our hands—the Philippine problem, the Cuban problem, the South American problem; in short, we have world problems. How are we going to

Editor's Note—This is the third paper in a series by Senator Beveridge. The next will appear in an early number.

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solve them? For the good of ourselves? Certainly. The instinct of self-interest which is ineradicable settles that. But what is our self-interest? Dollars and cents? Yes, that is an element; because dollars and cents represent comforts, intelligence, ideals in the homes of the millions; and it is in the homes of the American millions that all these questions are going to be settled. But are they going to be settled exclusively for the comfort of those homes? Certainly not; for we are more than mere animals. They are going to be settled for the comfort of those American homes and also for the comfort of all other homes which our American influence reaches—and for the comfort of all these homes as a condition of their realizing the highest things of life. Therefore all our policies must be determined by those principles to which Richelieu's secret is the key—justice.

But what is justice? We have so many different opinions that it is hard to decide? Take the Philippine problem for illustration. Strenuous dissenters from the Nation's policy affirm that we should leave them to themselves—that it is unjust to force upon them other ideas than they have. Others—and a majority—assert that the firm hand and, gradually, as they can comprehend instruction, the ideals of civilization are the true method with them, as with a child. In this the writer shares. But of this one thing we may be sure: that whatever is just, whatever is best, the American millions will decide upon regardless of cost. In other words, power is worse than useless unless directed to the best ends which the possessor of that power is capable of conceiving. And the moral desire to do the right thing will give us the light to see what that right thing is.

Good manifestations of American spirit are found in those powerful Americans who "do things" in business. One such—a real "captain of industry"—said in young manhood: "I am going to do something in this world; I do not care whether it brings me millions or not. I know I shall organize vast industrial and commercial forces. I have it in me, and when I realize my plans I am going to do justice between capital and labor. Capital and labor, what misleading terms! Why not oneness? Why are not our interests all the same?" These words of the dreaming youth twenty-seven years ago are now the accomplished deeds of the mature man. For that young man is now the directing mind of large industrial organizations. And beneath what others call self is an almost religious desire to do his duty, not to the American People only, but to humankind. He has introduced "publicity"—a statement to the American Nation, to the world—of the assets and prospects of his corporations. He has developed and put into practice profit-sharing among scores of thousands of laborers. He has given the toiler a "stake" in the enterprises the toiler's labor helps create. And in all of it as high an ideal of justice as that which inspired King Arthur at his Round Table has governed him. More and more it is governing most of America's eighty millions. It is true that there are among us those who are sordidly self-seeking. They will not prevail in private business or in public life. They are not worth considering.

Be sure, young American of the twentieth century, that you may succeed temporarily with selfish plans and unjust practices, but all your large and far-reaching and permanent designs will fail unless they are based on justice to your fellowman and to the world.

The Obligations of Strength

A WEAK person may be tolerated for taking little advantages, but never a strong one. Putting it on the lowest plane, a strong man or a strong nation can afford to be just. It is good business. It begets a respect and confidence which are the best possible asset. And so it is that out of the very fact of our overwhelming powers grows the corresponding necessity of justice in our dealings with the world. Like conservatism, it is an element of our national character which our situation compels. The American statesman of to-day will fail even in the regard of his own countrymen if, in foreign controversies, he does not do justice even though that should work apparent sacrifices of American interests. All admit the power of public opinion in our internal affairs. Similarly, there is such a thing as international opinion, world opinion. He is a daring and foolish man who refuses to heed the settled convictions of his fellow-citizens in town, county and state; and just so the nation is unwise which despises the esteem which the rest of mankind puts upon it. When it is seen that, through the years and decades and centuries, a nation is just, a moral regard is earned more powerful than fleets and armies.

As before insisted upon, the principles of national conduct must be the principles of individual conduct of the citizen. Let us repeat, a thousand times if necessary, that no true American can separate himself from the Nation and its destiny. Let us weld and fuse our destinies into the Nation's destiny. Thus, the Nation's ideals become our personal ideals; and if the American Nation must be just, so must the American citizen. If "charity begins at home" no less does justice begin at home. Let every young American know that sharp practice is a certain method of business and social suicide. When a man after years of right living and upright dealing has it said of him, "He will do what is right," he has achieved a power among his fellows which millions could not give.

We have a class of practical people who want to get at the physical machinery for doing a thing which ought to be done. It is a good thing that we have such a class. But sometimes their practicability makes them unpractical—in great affairs, at least. If you cannot point out just how a desired end is to be reached they will say, "What is the use?" And so of this general necessity for justice as the ruling element in American policies and character, they will exclaim: "We agree, but by what device will you determine justice and enforce it?" But the large things of human life and history are not to be determined by any devices, but by a thing more effective than any mechanism of legislation. That thing is the spirit of the people. That is what we are pleading for now. If a people have woven into the fibre of their moral and mental being the element of justice, they will work out right conclusions as each occasion arises.

This Government is based upon public opinion; and public opinion is the composite conviction formed in the familiar conversations of the American fireside. In our early days we had in each colonial home the wheel and spindle and distaff; and the clothing of the family was wrought and made beneath the roof-tree by the American mother and daughter. They have disappeared; but the loom of intelligent talk from which emerges the fabric of a family's convictions has taken their place. And this fireside loom of family conversation is the mechanism which is going to work out all of our national problems for us. It is the machinery which is going to weave justice for ourselves and national justice toward other people.

In the Opinion of the Million is Justice

NOBODY who knows anything of American life ever appeals to the individual. He appeals to the family. No man's individual opinion is sure to be right upon anything; but it will not be far from wrong if his opinion is the conclusion of all around his hearthstone. It is amazing with what economic sense the mother, wife or sister will modify the views of husband, brother and son; and even the boys and girls, when large questions of right are put to them, are swift with elemental ideas of large and rough justice. And so the opinions which issue from the millions of American homes, combined, are in the long run going to be right opinions.

This is not only sentimentally so; it is practically true, and also scientifically correct. "Nature cares nothing for the individual," said an American scientist of universal and permanent reputation. "Nature eliminates the individual; Nature cares only for the pair—for the family." And so in the science of public affairs, individual opinion may be neglected; but the opinion of the family cannot be.

Let each American family, then, be the Nation in miniature and decide all questions, foreign and domestic, as though it were the court of the last resort. There is one thing that everybody who has studied Russia must admire about that singular people, however much he may dislike other things about them—the whole nation is built upon the idea of the family. It is a natural method of national solidarity. It is our American method, too. We are a Nation of families; and, as pointed out, these families are so connected that the whole Nation is a family. So that if the American family adopts justice as its ideal in daily conduct, the Nation is naturally going to adopt justice as its ideal in international conduct. And the American family will—does—make justice its ideal. For selfishness, individual advantage, personal gain of one member of the family as against the common good of all, is a thing abhorrent to the very idea of family itself. Given the principle of selfishness in sufficient force and the idea of family explodes. Given the idea of justice and forbearance, and the family is vital and enduring.

We are at present used to the word "commercialism." I like it very well if it means prosperity and happiness for the American home. But nobody likes it if it stands for mere animal opulence. But should any reader of this paper have reduced his habits of thought to dollars and cents, let us spend a paragraph in showing that justice pays higher dividends than anything else. Take mercantile life. In early practice, when he was studying possible clients, a young lawyer heard a leading business man referred to as the "sharpest buyer in his line." Investigation showed that he was a man who took advantage wherever he could. For a while it really appeared that success was the slave of his cunning brain. But it was only for a while. Not two decades have passed and that man is not only a business failure but has rendered further business success an impossibility. He lost credit and countenance among those with whom he dealt. "Advantage" and not "justice" was his motto, and that motto led him to the brink over which he plunged.

The Rewards of Sharp Practice

A YOUNG lawyer, brilliantly endowed and who started out with fine performance which argued a still finer promise, was seen by the judges on the bench and by his professional brethren to indulge in "sharp practice." He became fond of finesse in professional work. The ethics of the law were to him "foolery." He said one day in the intoxication of success over one of his masterpieces of craft: "Well, I admit it; I like sharp practice, and it wins, too. Besides, it is such fun to disarm a fool." What was the result? With all his finished swordsmanship he soon found himself dueling with all society; and that master antagonist disarmed *him*. With his superb abilities he has been quietly eliminated from his profession and from all human usefulness.

Take politics. It is noteworthy that the great "bosses" are scrupulous of their word and prize the reputation of "never going back on a friend" dearer than real statesmen prize the authorship of great laws, the championship of high ideals. This is an acknowledgment that even from their viewpoint these bosses make personal justice the mainspring of their machines. They would fail otherwise. And how many times has the country noted the collapse of individual careers because of inherent selfishness and injustice. Sometimes a man by wealth or other means reaches a position of power. If his ambition gets the better of his common-sense, his fears of possible rivals distort his whole moral perspective. He becomes unjust to other public men. He schemes for the downfall of those he thinks dangerous to his selfish hopes. If he controls a newspaper he is sure to see that his organ over-capitalizes his public work to the people and also that it discredits and conceals the work of other public men. What is the result? In the American home (that temple of American conscience) a great question mark vaguely forms in the family mind and constantly grows more definite until it is a burning sign. And before that blazing interrogation point the schemes and ambitions of this public worker of injustice dissolve and come to naught. Why do they come to naught? Merely because the ambitious one has forgotten justice; and he who forgets justice, justice will forsake. And justice is the ruling deity of the American household and the American Nation.

This paper and many more might be taken up with incidents like the above—true ones and typical; and each reader can supply scores within his own observation. Each reader, too, can supply scores of the reverse—hundreds, where the doing of just work day by day has made those of moderate and even poor talents permanently successful.

Into our daily conduct, then, let us each weave this all-powerful element. Its growth, upon cultivation, will surprise the most skeptical. Mr. Porter, in his work on Moral and Mental Philosophy, which years ago was a textbook in all colleges, speaking of the force of habit, said something to the effect that "Neglect conscience in your daily deeds and it will soon be atrophied. Cultivate it and it will soon become as delicate as a woman's blush." And Hamlet tells his mother that "habit is a second nature." Modern scientific thought will not go that far; yet all will admit as a matter of daily experience that the influence of habit has a power something akin to the power of Nature itself. The power of habit in moral ideas is just as great as in immoral practices. So, if the habit of our daily lives is justice, it will grow after a while into a fixture of our character. Conversely, if all resolve that the deeds of the Nation in our transactions with foreign people shall have, above all, the ingredient of justice in them we shall soon come to apply to ourselves the same thought which makes us require the Nation to be just.

Justice, then, Americans of the twentieth century! Pride in the Republic is false if not based on justice. Hopes for the Republic's destiny are mere mirages unless justice makes them real. Neglect not ideals. They are more permanent than cities or farms or railroads in a nation's career. And of all ideals, justice is the first; over all ideals justice presides.

A Feverish Berth

EUGENE H. PLUMACHER, of Tennessee, has been consular agent at Maracaibo since 1878 and consul since 1883. Many patriots, who desired to serve their country for the $2000 salary Consul Plumacher enjoys, have gone to Maracaibo, but none has remained. Plumacher attends to that.

At the State Department in Washington they say when a ship arrives bringing a consul appointed to Maracaibo Plumacher is on the dock with effusive greetings.

"My dear sir," says Plumacher, "I extend to you the heartiest of welcomes. I——." Then, as if struck by a sudden thought, Plumacher withdraws the hands he has outstretched and says: "But, no, I must not touch you, for I have just returned from officiating at the last sad rites for two dear friends who died of the yellow fever."

The consul shudders. Later in the day, after he has dined with Plumacher, they take a stroll. The newcomer sees a row of graves, each decorated with an American flag.

"Do they decorate the graves of soldiers here, too?"

"Oh, no," replies Plumacher. "Those are not soldiers. There rest the remains of several fellow-countrymen, each of whom came here to be consul. They all died of the yellow fever and I strive to honor their memories."

That is enough. The next ship takes the quaking patriot home, and Plumacher settles down to the routine of official life until another ambitious successor arrives.

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TALKS WITH A KID BROTHER AT COLLEGE—By Jesse Lynch Williams

HORSE PLAY

I HEAR they have been electing you president, or is it manager, of one of the teams—what's that? Only assistant manager, is it? Same thing; as you are to be graduated into full importance of managership next year.

How did I find out about it? Not from you; you said nothing about this momentous matter in your last letter. But it wasn't necessary. I am a fairly intelligent American citizen; I keep in touch with the more important processes of civilization. This piece of history was spread broadcast to the metropolitan newspapers—took its place along with news of Congress' action about that little Philippine matter, and the trouble with the Northern Pacific, and the attempt at assassination of some foreign potentate or other, who wasn't important enough for me to remember.

Think how proud I must be! I am his brother. I knew him years ago. Didn't I point this item out to every one within hail of my chair at the club? And when I finally put the paper down I left it on the table folded over at that place so the next man who picked up that copy would be sure to see the news about the family—only just then along came Peter, a most unimaginative servant, who smoothed it out straight again, just as if it were an ordinary newspaper. Say, Dick, you ought to subscribe to a clipping bureau now; think of the number of times your name will be in the papers during the next two years: "At the close of the meeting, Manager Dickie was asked to make a statement, but declined to discuss the matter." Ah! "declined to discuss the matter!" Think of waving the reporters aside magnificently, jumping into a cab and dashing away with an important scowl upon your brow! Been bothered with many requests from boarding-school girls for your autograph?

"Horse you?" I wouldn't do that for the world. Quit grinning and looking foolish. No. You needn't wear that resigned look of silent suffering, either. I'm not going to preach to you against the danger of a swelled head. You fellows are keen enough about spotting symptoms of swelled head in one another. Sometimes you overdo the thing. Now, there was Chesty Chisholm.

A charming fellow; not prominent, like you—that's right, blush and dodge behind yourself—but a nice, normal chap, of more than average intelligence and breeding, who had an efficient sense of humor and therefore a fairly adequate appreciation of the mutual attitude and inter-relations of himself and the universe. But he had an odd gait, carried his shoulders with a conceited swing, looked chesty. So they called him "Chesty."

This is a good illustration, by the way, of how some fellows get an undeserved reputation. He inherited this peculiarity from his father, class of sixty-something—was back here for a reunion one commencement; we noticed he walked in exactly the same way. But Chesty did not know he had an odd walk, and, for that matter, he did not worry much over being called Chesty—until he was more than half-way through his college course.

One night in the spring of his junior year a gang of his pals happened to be passing by—I believe this is the way the thing began—when one of them saw Chesty standing at his window, and so naturally bawled out, "Hello-o, Chesty Chisholm!" Chesty looked down at them and nodded. "Hello, you fellows," he remarked casually.

"Hello-o, Chesty Chisholm," yelled another of the gang.

"Hello, Chesty Chisholm," bellowed a third—you know how I mean. Then, being in a jocular mood, they all began shouting it together in a way that would seem very foolish to older people who are not in sympathy with youth, or certain youths who are as self-possessed as they are self-conscious.

Chesty stood at the window grinning at these wild Indians for a moment, and then telling them where to go or some other proper or improper retort, slammed the window and thought that was the end of a little episode like hundreds of campus episodes which happen nightly, and which would not be worth mentioning except that the next night the same gang happened to be coming home from the grill-room, and the same thing happened again.

This time some other fellows across the quadrangle, hearing the racket, poked their heads out of their open windows and also yelled, "Hello, Chesty Chisholm." Then some others way down on the back campus, being tired of poling, and desirous of a diversion, echoed the refrain from the distance. Chesty grinned, kept on undressing and went to sleep.

That was the last good sleep he had for two weeks. As soon as he appeared the next day the gang reminiscently saluted him from a distance in the same manner. For no reason in the world except that they felt like it they continued to do so. By nightfall all of his classmates were shouting, "Hello-o, Chesty Chisholm," whether they spied him a quarter of a mile away or did not see him at all. After that everybody, whether friends of his or not, took it up like a war cry. Even under-classmen joined in who did not know him, except by sight as a man who looked stuck on himself. On the way to lectures, coming back from the club or at the close of baseball practice, some one would think to shout, "Hello, Chesty Chisholm"; then some one else, then every one would echo it. After senior singing the front campus sounded like a riot. No one had anything against him, you know, but it seemed worth while to join in the chorus.

He stood it pretty well for a while; smiled and went on about his business, swinging his shoulders; but eventually it got on his nerves. He wondered why they did it; hadn't thought much about himself before; and decided that there must be something queer about him. He tried to keep out of the way as much as possible; stuck to his room—even there he could hear them yell when any one in the crowd thought to start it going. Came late to his meals. If they hellooed at him he grinned outside, but within he cringed.

One day he did not appear at the club at all. After dinner some of the gang went up to see if he were ill. They found him standing over a half-packed trunk.

"Where're you going, Chesty?" they asked.

"Thought I'd take a little trip," he said.

"Why, see here, your books are all boxed up!"

"Yes, boxed up."

"Do you mean to leave college entirely?"

"Yes, I'm leaving."

"What in thunder are you doing that for?"

Finally they got it out of him.

"Oh, there's nothing tragic about it," he added, flushing. "You needn't look at me that way. I suppose I could stick it out if I wanted to, but I don't care to. It doesn't pay, that's all. I've had about enough. Everybody yells at me all day and most of the night. Even freshmen I never saw before point me out—yes, they do; I can see them grin and punch each other and they say, 'There's the man they call Chesty Chisholm.' I don't blame them, I don't blame you fellows or anybody. If you want to call me Chesty go ahead, I can't help it. I suppose I must be sort of objectionable. So I'm leaving. Good-by. I've got to finish packing."

Well, of course, he wasn't allowed to do any more packing that evening. But, do you know, he was so determined that it took them half the night to dissuade him. They had to drag him by main force out of the room. Then, while the rest unpacked his things, two of his best friends took him off and filled him up with a good supper and afterward walked him away out into the country and talked him out of it. For the first time in his life he found out how well he was liked. Next day, of course, they spread the tip among the class to let up on Chesty. The novelty of the gag had worn off by this time, anyway, so it was comparatively easy to silence the rest of the college by hisses and loud orders to "cut it out" whenever anybody began it. So it gradually ceased entirely and every one forgot all about it. But no one, except his intimate friends, knows how near they came to queering the college course of a man they liked and respected—all because they did not know when to stop their "horsing."

That, of course, is an extreme case, but all the same from my observation the modern young man is not so often hampered by conceit as by the lack of it. Of course, we all know exceptions—and exceptions are always more obtrusive, or else they wouldn't be exceptions. But, at any rate, there has been quite enough said already about the assurance of youth; and so, though it always goes, I don't intend to join in. Youth and conceit are supposed to dash blindly forward, hand in hand: that is proverbial, but if proverbs are sound they must teach something—that is the object of proverbs, isn't it? Well, by this time I believe youth has learned a little from this one. If not, then it isn't worth teaching: Q. E. D. either way. Most of you overwork the modest act. "Oh, my, no! really I am of no account—I can't do anything—please let me crawl into my hole and hide," seems to be your attitude.

Sometimes it takes several years out of college to get over it; more than once I've seen a young man sort of wake up suddenly, when he has found himself, rub his eyes and seem to say, "Well, for Heaven's sake! why didn't I realize this before!"

Just between you and me there is a great deal more simon pure overweening conceit among men of my age, or, say, when they're a little older and have begun to take on fat. And to my mind this calm, impenetrable self-satisfaction, this fatty degeneration of the ego, is much more absurd than the yawping, barking confidence of the puplike age, which at worst is merely amusing.

The fact is, I sometimes wonder how you fellows can keep on listening with so much respectful patience when these old boys come down here and blow off the same old hot-air bombast. But how did we stand it? I can see them now standing before us, smiling kindly, a frock coat buttoned tight across the stomach to make it look like a chest, and seeming to say, "Am I not (as my wife tells me) a fine figure of a man!" as they let fly at us about youth and its futile dreams of conquering the world: "I know how it is, I was once a young man myself (astonishing thought!) I, too, have trod yonder classic, elm-shaded paths," and so on as usual. We used to sit very still and try to look duly impressed as became our youth and inexperience. But sometimes I couldn't help thinking, suppose we did not know our place, suppose instead of holding our peace and filing out modestly while he beamed down upon us, with a patronizing smirk, pronouncing us a fine, manly, modest lot—just suppose we were to let loose and say, "Hi there! Fatty, don't judge us by yourself. Simply because you happened to be a conceited prig in college it does not necessarily follow that all of us are. You were a young man at the most artificial period of the century. You read Byron and took Bulwer Lytton seriously, and sat on horse-hair sofas, and curled incipient side-whiskers before ugly walnut bureaus. What do you know about us, anyway! But you do know something about the real world, presumably; why don't you give us some straight talk about that. What we, who are kids, want from you, who are men, is a little substantial encouragement once in a while, a little assurance that there's a fighting chance for a fellow across the great divide; not so much discounting of the future and a little more faith in it. Give us something solid to take hold of, to fasten on to, to live by—then we'll rise up and call you blessed."

But nowadays, Dick, I find myself on certain occasions assuming the same irritating note. You will come to it yourself, some day. In freshman year you thought you would always be above "horsing," but when you came to sophomore year you did it too—was it to get your revenge?

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of Mr. Williams' "Talks." The next will appear in an early number.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Some Humors of the White House

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

"IT SHOULD be about this place," said Bronson Howard, the playmaker, tapping on the sidewalk with his umbrella. He was on Pennsylvania Avenue at the time. "I was a toddling youngster of say three to four. My father, having first shaken me as though I were a bottle of medicine, gave me an emphatic cuff on the ear. I was turning these phenomena in my small mind and wondering thereover, for my father was in no sort prone to such manual vivacities, when he called my attention to a coffin being borne through the doors of the National Hotel.

"'My child,' said he with vast solemnity, 'I cuffed you to impress upon your childish memory how that coffin carries the body of the great Henry Clay, and that you and I are in Washington in attendance upon his funeral.'

"In such fashion," concluded the author of Aristocracy, "did it happen that the first thing I can recollect in this life was the death and burial of the Kentucky compromiser, albeit I, at the time, far from approved my parent's methods and wailed dolefully thereat. My tears, however, much dovetailed with the funeral occasion and gave me, I was told later, a most respectable appearance."

President Hayes during his White House residence had a better place in Washington estimation than he now owns in history. He was liked by the folk about him, and came to be almost as often and as easily in the streets as his predecessor. Mrs. Hayes was much upon his arm for these walks; and on Sundays she would have him across Lafayette Square to their church, where he was heroic enough to sit through dull sermons and act as though he liked them. Mrs. Hayes was a lady of elevation and no little fineness as well as force. In one respect this stood unfortunate for Hayes, since it is ever the husband's fate to be underestimated when discovered in contrast with a wife who overshadows him.

Hayes had his own dry wit, too, and could say a sharp thing when spurred. Here would be a specimen: A certain Senator—very arrogant was this statesman—had crowded and pressed hard upon Hayes to fill a vacant collectorship. Hayes, though often urged, seemed in no headlong mood to act. One afternoon the arrogant Senator was at the White House on business other than the collectorship. As he went about his departure it occurred to him to take a sneering shot at the President over the delayed appointment.

"I trust, Mr. President," observed the arrogant one, "that your industry will get around to that collectorship in time to give it to my executor?"

"Believe me," said Hayes, turning a grim eye on the other, "I should be most pleased to give it to your executor."

The Airing of the Presidential Linen

RECURRING to the subject of Presidents' wives, when Mrs. Harrison came first to the White House she accomplished one feat of housecleaning which sent a profound thrill throughout the red-tape contingent, and was a shock to folk with whom precedent or custom has the place of moral principle.

It would appear that since the days of the pipe-smashing Jackson it had been usage, so soon as a resolution or a bill was printed, to send two copies thereof to the White House for the enlightenment, if not the improvement, of the Presidential mind. None of these precious documents was read, since the President—whoever he might be at the time—held always that it would be soon enough to burden himself with such knowledge when the measure passed House and Senate and came beneath his nose for veto or approval. Still these copies were not destroyed; they were pigeonholed as they came in, and when enough had been assembled to make a sizable bundle, given a belt of red tape and filed away in the empty garret of the mansion, there to sleep and put on coats of dust as part of the dormant machinery of State. There abode no public reason why these papers should be preserved; but then their collection and subsequent hiving in the garret gave employment to a brace of clerks and formed the basis of a pair of salaries, and that, you should know, is—practically speaking—a great first purpose of all government. And since bills and resolutions, in their multiplication, are a thriving industry, during those sixty years to fall between the Harrison régime and that of the far-away Jackson, the garret had grown quite choked with the accumulated many tons of these documents.

Editor's Note—This is the second of four papers by Mr. Lewis. The next will appear in an early number.

THE EX-SPEAKER SAT COCKED UP IN AN EASY CHAIR

Now to Mrs. Harrison's glory, be it written, her instincts were emphatically those of the housewife. She had not been in the Executive Mansion an hour before she began an exhaustive exploration of her new domain. The vasty attic caught her eye; it would be a pearl of an attic wherein to dry the family washing when Monday chanced to be a rainy day. But these stacks and cocks of musty, dusty papers were in the way. What a world of them there was, too, to clutter the place!

To one of experience, however, solution should be easy and instant. The ragman was summoned and the obstructing bills and resolutions were disposed of at two cents a pound, and therefrom a tidy sum was harvested. Also, with the disappearance of this lumber Mrs. Harrison rejoiced in a garret as empty as a political promise and almost as big as a ten-acre lot. The largest washing on the most rainy Monday of all time might have found a refuge there.

But these improvements made a cry, I warrant you! When the next bundle of collected bills was ready for a final filing away the clerk discovered the loss. His heart was almost made to cease its beat; he wrung his hands and lifted up the wail of one made desolate. What might he do? That devastation was the fact accomplished; the archives of the nation had gone the way of rags, and in their sacred stead there hung the Presidential washing undismayed.

Harrison's Pet Anecdote

HARRISON was a soul of silence and reserve; one meeting him felt a distinct chill, as though a wind blew off an ice field. For these Arctic attributes of silence and frigidity there came few to be warm friends of Harrison. Notably was he distasted by high spirits of his own party, and such frank discussionists as Teller of the Senate went to utter lengths in criticism against him, even to the point—on very slight occasion, too—of declaring that he ought to be impeached. This is quoted rather in illustration of how bitless and bridleless an irritated Senator will go, than because there was a least foundation therefor in anything the President had done. Still, as he lost adherents among his own party folk in the Senate, he drew the enemy about him in friendly bonds, and his chief spokesman and champion on the Senate carpet was Morgan, of Alabama.

For all his ice and chilly quietudes Harrison owned a sense of humor, and would now and then get hold of a joke and treasure it as a schoolboy might an apple, having it frequently out of his pocket to exhibit and admire. One such would be a story he was ever quick to tell on the austere Justice Field, who didn't like it.

Complaining letters of all sorts come to a President. One day a Western marshal grew querulous because an item in his accounts, by which the Government was charged with a carriage furnished Field from his hotel to the court, had been disallowed. The marshal's grief was made the sharper since his fellow-marshal of an adjoining State had likewise furnished a carriage for Field when he held court within his district, and the charge had been allowed and paid.

Commonly, little attention is given to these cries of the wronged beyond what is required to shunt them upon a "proper" official—usually the one against whom complaint is lodged. But in this instance Harrison asked his secretary to discover the truth of the trouble. Why was one charge allowed and the other refused?

The secretary took a look into the riddle and learned that the fortunate one had been sagacious enough to include the carriage for Field in his item of expense "For care and transportation of prisoners." In that way it was allowed. It used to give Harrison much pleasure to relate this yarn; Field, however, saw nothing funny in it.

"BELIEVE ME," SAID HAYES, "I SHOULD BE MOST PLEASED TO GIVE IT TO YOUR EXECUTOR"

Cleveland's Liking for a Good Story

CLEVELAND, though of warmer currents than Harrison, was, when all was in, by no means so easy of access. Harrison felt inclined to see everybody in an iceberg way, while he thawed to none. On the other hand, Cleveland in no sort yielded to the theory that any who might find his way to the White House was entitled to clip a yard or two from his time. His friends might come at any hour and stay to any length; but strangers were made wholly and solely to deal with that very lamb's wool of private secretaries, the gentle Thurber. Of course they could get nothing from Thurber, not even information; still they failed not to bring away a vague glow about their soul's roots which Thurber's genuine, even though it were pointless, amiability had furnished. The milk-mild Thurber is dead now and adrift on other seas than these; yet it should be said of him that of those who came about Cleveland in his second term there was none more honest, more patient or more true.

Cleveland, like many another tenant of the White House, was sharp to enjoy a good story and could not hear too many. It is the mark common of genuine fisherman, as shown by Izaak Walton; still with that we have nothing to do. And Cleveland could be mightily tickled with an apt characterization of a favorite, as when Vest, of the Senate, while discussing Ambassador Bayard because of certain unguarded and somewhat flamboyant utterances of that diplomat, referred to Bayard as "that Ambassador of solar walks and lunar ways." This was a fair dab at Bayard, who possessed equal fame for an incoherency of method and a manner sun-kissed and glorious.

Speaking of stories, it may be safely printed down—since folk will do for laughter what they will not do for right—that more bad measures have been helped over the stile by good stories than by all sly bribes to fill the pocket, or lies and sophistries to fill the ear. The man who laughs, like the man who hesitates, is lost, and Cleveland could be moved and mollified by a story; so could House and Senate. Once Cleveland vetoed a private pension bill; in his message reciting his reasons he, among others, said that the would-be pensioner was a drunkard.

Jones, in the Senate from Nevada, was the author of the measure. He moved to pass it over the Presidential veto. Then, promptly pitching upon the charge of drunkenness as though it were the lone veto reason given, he told a story.

"It was long ago," said Jones. "I was loafing through an idle day in San Francisco. To kill the time I went into a courtroom and put in an hour listening to a trial then and there in progress. The plaintiff had broken his leg—he had alleged a defective sidewalk and sued the city. The attorney for the city interposed a plea of contributory negligence; he said he would show how the plaintiff, when he broke his leg, was drunk. But the Judge stopped him in mid-career; he was a good Judge and had a nose of vigorous red.

"'The Court will not entertain such a defense,' said the Judge, looking sternly at the lawyer for the city. 'Both the law and the equity are against you. Why should drunkenness on the part of this plaintiff be a bar to his recovery? Sir, a drunken man, under the law, is as much entitled to a perfect sidewalk as a sober man, and needs one more.'"

The Senate laughed, and on the tides of that laughter the pension bill came riding into port over the President's veto. When Cleveland heard the story he, too, laughed; also he informed Jones that had he in the beginning come to the White House and told him that tale, he doubtless would have foregone the veto and signed the bill.

The Blaine-Reed Feud

WHEN Blaine was Secretary of State with Harrison he went in for bolts, drawn curtains and secrets. The whole Department was quick to take on this locked-door atmosphere, and even to walk in the corridors of the State Department building was to feel one's self wading in knee-deep mysteries. The most open attitude of Blaine was his antipathy to Reed while the latter gentleman of brilliant wit and point reigned Speaker of the House. The feud in its inception had fallen forth over an ancient collectorship; and engendered of opposing interests in politics it was continued through jealousy. This left Reed—very much by his own choice, however—decisively alone as far as official folk from Maine were concerned, for Blaine's frown was equal to exile in his State. Blaine feared the spreading importance of Reed; he might scarce forgive him that Speakership which made him a power second only to the White House.

It was during that drastic rule of Reed when he "counted" a quorum and drew so much of malediction from Democrats

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HIS HEART WAS ALMOST MADE TO CEASE ITS BEAT

—albeit the precedent therefor was made by no less a Jeffersonian than Thurman, who when President *pro tem.* of the Senate also "counted" a quorum—that an article of vitriol appeared in criticism of Reedian gavel methods and to denounce the Speaker as a House Nero. Reed supposed the article to have been written by Blaine himself. This was error; it was the bitter off-put of Gail Hamilton's pen—she was Blaine's sister by marriage—but since Blaine would on every chance read the attack to any who might come equipped with leisure to listen, Reed was not wanting justification for his belief.

It has been stated how the difference with Blaine, which was never repaired, left Reed to himself and marked him in Maine politics for a sort of Robinson Crusoe. He was a maroon—a kind of castaway of party. This isolation—confined, of course, to Maine—gains suggestion when one remembers that while both Frye and Hale were Senators of his State for years, and at the north end of the Capitol while he ruled as Speaker at the other, Reed never spoke with either or so much as enjoyed the formality of an introduction until after the passing of Blaine and when Reed was given the gavel for the second time. One gathers, too, a thought of the burly independence of the great Speaker from the fact that when his first meeting with the Maine Senators did take place, the Speaker's room at one corner of the House was the theatre chosen for that peace-making. Frye and Hale would have to do the walking.

"When a man attacked me," said Morrison, of Illinois, when retelling his tariff estrangements with Carter Harrison, "it was never my custom to seek him and show him he was wrong. I fought with him until he found his error out."

There was much in Reed that displayed him for a born brother to Morrison; he who could bend him could bend iron.

Blaine was a man of prides and sensibilities easily touched. If wounded, whether through carelessness or by design, he would requite the debt. This justice to be revenged would exert itself in smallest things, and once shone forth in a certain incident of social give-and-take between Blaine and the British Ambassador—then a Minister.

The latter, in converse with Blaine at the time, made an engagement to meet with him in the Diplomatic Room on the next Thursday at four o'clock.

"You will," said the Englishman, calling his secretary to his elbow, "remind me at the proper time how I have an engagement to meet with the Secretary of State on Thursday at four."

The following evening the Englishman encountered Blaine at a White House dinner.

"Let me see," he cried; "I've an appointment with you for Thursday at four?"

"I don't remember," replied Blaine with a sour twinkle; "you should ask your secretary."

Reed on the Cleveland-Hill Love Feast

THOUGH Reed was of a perverse and stiff-necked generation whenever it became a question of dealing with force, he abode a miracle of splendid frankness and open-door democracy at such times as the calls of their craft took the folk of newspapers to him on a quest for information. And yet Reed was of closest counsel; he told no news, and his frankness came to be rather a frankness of wit than of information. One might always rely on being flung some epigram, though he withheld the sought-for fact.

"MR. SPEAKER, HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH?"

It was about eight of the clock one evening when the sudden word descended upon newspaper row that Hill, Senator from New York, and until that hour reckoned among Cleveland's implacable enemies, was having his dinner with the President. This amazing story carried the wilder thrill, since it came at a time when Gorman and Vest and Harris and Morgan and Turpie and others of fiery kind were grilling both Cleveland and Hill in the Senate as cooks broil partridges. Among sages of eminence whose views were sought that night was Reed at the Shoreham. The ex-Speaker sat cocked up in an easy chair nursing a sprained ankle. He was asked what he deduced, as a scientist of politics, from this abrupt reconciliation of Cleveland and Hill over terrapin, canvas-back and burgundy.

"Why, then," returned Reed, bearing in evident mind those Senate fires whereon the two were just then stretched, "I deduce only the truth of the aphorism, 'Misery loves company.'" This in his usual drawling manner of speech, irresistibly comic.

Crisp, who was Reed's successor for the Speakership, and whom Reed in his turn would succeed, stood the sole figure among House Democrats who could match Reed in debate. Reed spoke all in one tone like the wind in a pine tree, and paused after each fourth word as though dictating to a leaden stenographer. There were no phrase-flourishes, no dictional graces; but the epigrammatic pelt of it and the hailstorm of sarcasm would beat the opposition as flat as a field of turnips. More often than once was Crisp driven to call a member to the chair and in person take the floor against Reed.

In figure and manner there were few likenesses between Reed and Crisp. The latter was exceedingly the Southern gentleman, affable, sincere, easy, wide in his friendships and his sympathies. He would as soon think of suicide as giving an insult or accepting one. Withal, he was fair in his judgments, and held the scales as Speaker evenly. In person Crisp was groomed and fine, and while physically large had an air of elegance and lightness. Reed was more the oak and solid—a giant, too, in height and chest girth. His forebears had been ocean-goers for over two centuries, and something of this aquatic ancestry would show even in his walk, which was like a ground-swell. As easy of approach as Crisp, he was not so urbane, and could be counted on for hot flashes of wit which not uncommonly were set to singe the one in converse with him. And yet, while the opposite might have been guessed from any casual study of the two, Reed was more led by rule—had, as it were, a deeper respect for law, as law, than Crisp.

FOR ALL HIS ICE AND CHILLY QUIETUDES, HARRISON OWNED A SENSE OF HUMOR

How the Great Speaker Feared the Law

THE House was in session. There came to the "Speaker's door," so called, an ex-Member and his wife. The ex-Member desired to have his wife into the rear lobby where the portraits of former Speakers hang. Particularly, he wanted to show the lady that portrait of Reed which, though no likeness, is reckoned for reasons known only to artists a transcendent work.

The ex-Member might, under the rules, invade the lobby, and for that matter the floor of the House itself; but he couldn't take the other member of his family. In this dilemma the ex-Member sent his card to Reed. That gentleman responded; Reed and the ex-Member were close friends and had been House cronies but the Congress before. The ex-Member presented Reed to his wife, and explained his anxiety to take her into the lobby and give her a view of Reed's famous picture. They were to leave town on the four o'clock; if she did not then see the picture it would have to take its place with privileges missed.

"Do you think," said the ex-Member, "it would be possible to hold the rules in abeyance for a moment while I take Mrs. M. into the lobby? A glance at the picture is all she wants."

Reed was troubled; it stood plain on his face that he would give a deal to comply with the ex-Member's request.

"I am sorry," he said at last, "but in all honesty, I shouldn't like to violate the rules."

Reed returned to the House, and the ex-Member and his wife were about to depart, the lady in mighty disappointment. At this pinch Crisp came out of his room. He paused to greet the ex-Member. Being made known to the lady and observing her look of discontent, Crisp asked the reason in his polite, half-smiling fashion.

"She wanted to see Reed's picture," said the ex-Member, "but the House is in session, and of course the rules forbid."

"The reason of the rule," responded Crisp, "is to guard the House from being disturbed. Now Mrs. M. could not possibly disturb the House with her light foot and little figure. And so you see the 'reason' of the rule disappears. You know the aphorism, 'When the reason ceases, then ceases the law.' I think Mrs. M. with the greatest propriety may come into the lobby." And the Georgia Chesterfield would have the lady enter and look on Reed's painted features.

"I'm afraid," laughed the ex-Member to Crisp, while the trio stood about the picture, "that Reed is more law-abiding than you. Now he would not take Mrs. M. inside."

"Then," responded Crisp with a laugh, "he should have collected his ingenuity as a Yankee and turned the flank of the situation. He should have called one of the House messengers and had the picture brought out to Mrs. M. You see, Madam," concluded Crisp, bowing as his visitors took their leave, "I believe a lady should ever have her free, uninterrupted way; it is with me a life principle."

What No Gentleman Should Weigh

REED'S vast physique gave him no little uneasiness, and the story the scales told was one of his secrets. Little, flighty General Wheeler—himself not to weigh one hundred pounds—being struck by the Speaker's proportions, put the question: "Mr. Speaker," piped the midget warrior, looking the House Colossus up and down with wide eyes—"Mr. Speaker, how much do you weigh?"

It was the last query Reed would answer. He bent a look—half cynicism, half reproof—on the tactless small Wheeler. In the end he shook his head reproachfully and said: "General, no gentleman ever weighs over two hundred pounds."

"BUT THE JUDGE STOPPED HIM IN MID-CAREER"

The Don Quixote of the Senate

HAVING the House fast in his clutch with Crisp, Gorman, who had Presidential ambitions, would now step in to take the Senate organization from the Republicans so soon as ever the bars were down. That was a day which mightily promoted the impressiveness of the populist Peffer. Long, lean, with a beard like unto Aaron's and a Don Quixote face, Peffer theretofore had been granted little or no countenance by either Democrats or Republicans. Now both parties made a pet of him and were scrambling for his good will. He went finally with the Gorman folk.

It was about this time, too, that a gentleman of the press asked the celebrated Jerry Simpson what he had to say of his party's Senator from Kansas.

"It would do no good to print it," observed Jerry; "he's there until the end of his term, and he'll never come back. However, I don't share the common view of Peffer. Some say he's like a turkey with his lean neck and long legs; others insist—thinking perhaps more of his appetite than his looks—that he resembles a turkey-buzzard. But for myself, he reminds me of nothing so much as a sea-green wolverine."

Ike Hill, the Democratic "whip" of the House—on duty yet, is Hill—paid a special visit to the Senate to form his own personal estimate of Peffer. "He won't do," said Hill when he returned, his stony eye more than usually indurated, "he won't do. His head is built like a quail trap. No man with a head like that will ever rival Webster."

But whether Peffer should do those deeds or no to wrest the wreath from Webster, Gorman knew that he counted for reorganization to the extent of one vote, and Webster himself on that question could have counted for no more. Wherefore, Gorman, always plausible, ever specious, knowing men as sailors know a channel, brought Peffer over to his standards, and in the end tore the Senate from the Republicans with Peffer and his fellow-agrarians.

Lest one should drift to some impression of a mental insufficiency on Peffer's part, it were but justice to come to his rescue with a story. Peffer could say a good thing when the time was fair; and he did, too, although his want of fashion—for some men of the Senate are fashionable while others are not—would limit its circulation by the papers.

It was when Hatch's Anti-Option bill was before the Senate; a vote was being called. The legislatures of both Missouri and Kansas, with that boundless aplomb which is the frequent attribute of legislatures, had by resolutions instructed the Senators from those States to vote "Aye" for the measure. When Vest, himself a vehement "trader in futures," and interested in still nearer ways as a shareholder of the St. Louis Board of Trade, was called on to vote, he arose to a question of privilege. First reciting in mournful tones how the legislature had instructed him to vote "Aye," Vest then on outspread pinion began to soar with the occasion.

"But, Mr. President," cried Vest, "I have my oath and my duty under it as a Senator. I regard this measure as one pernicious in its purpose; it would be unconstitutional should it become a law. I am therefore bound by my oath to vote against it. The legislature of my State cannot instruct me to commit perjury. I will accept defeat, but I will not violate my oath. I say again, no legislature shall instruct me to commit perjury, and I vote 'No' against this bill."

Vest sat down with that air of sombre grandeur which should belong with one who accepts ostracism when it comes with honor and who, rather than be separated from his virtue, will take it with him into exile. It was highly dramatic.

But the situation was to receive a jolt. The saturnine Peffer, who had been absent on the first roll, was called squarely in the wake of Vest's oration. "Mr. President," said Peffer in his saw-filing voice, "the legislature of my State has instructed me to vote 'Aye' for this bill, and since my private interests do not make it perjury for me to do so I desire to be thus recorded."

There was a pause; Allison and other superheated Senators looked toward Vest to see if he would be upon some retort; but the Missourian held stolidly to his chair, and the next moment the Senate swung again into the channel and forged ahead with its affairs.

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The Princess Romanova

The Strange Dance that Fortune Led a Boston Cotillon Leader on the Plains of Siberia

BY GEORGE HORTON

—AND EVERY DAY HE LOOKED AT IT

PERHAPS it all happened because she was fair and vivacious and he dark and of a serious turn. At any rate, he had succeeded in creating a sensation among the fashionable Boston set among which he moved until he lost his money. Mrs. "Tom" Ghoram, whose protégé he was, says it reads like a story out of the Arabian Nights; and yet she was the first one of his old friends to give entire credence to the cabled account of the affair. For, as the reader will remember, the mere statement of the principal fact aroused international interest. But we must not anticipate; the details, which have never been told, are as follows:

It began on the deck of an Amur River steamer, bound from Vlagoveshensk for Stretinsk; a stern-wheeler, drawing three feet and a half of water. They had stopped to take on wood for the boilers for the third time that day, the men bringing it, two and two, upon long bars down the steep bank and across the springy plank to the deck. The task completed, the whistle blew loudly to summon the passengers wandering about on the shore, some of them half a mile or so away. They all came, eagerly running, their hands filled with bouquets of the glorious flowers for which Siberia is famed: wild peonies, tiger lilies, and tall lilies of a blood-red hue, great, fragrant roses, wild lilac, priceless orchids of many varieties. The Princess came last, walking leisurely, carrying three long tiger lilies in her hand. The sight of her, and especially her air of imperious nonchalance, in view of the fact that she was keeping the boat waiting, aroused Courtland Hopper from his train of gloomy reflections as he stood there leaning against the rail and looking down from the high deck. The sailors stood ready to pull the plank aboard, the passengers were grumbling in all languages, seemingly, save English, and the fiery little captain, there on the bridge, was biting his nether lip and clenching his fists, but did not say a word. This was an imperial mail steamer and he had his position of the Government; he would have been foolish indeed to affront Romanova, one of the richest heiresses in Russia, and member of a most influential family.

"By Jove, she's a thoroughbred, and a beauty, too!" mused Courtland Hopper, looking at her with sudden interest. She was tall, slender and exquisitely graceful, with a languid movement that somehow suggested cultured restraint. A Russian of the purest type, her complexion was marvelous, and her hair the color of ripe wheat. Her eyes were a laughing blue and her features, though noble, yet were of that Slav type by virtue of which the Russian peasant claims kin with his Czar. She was attired in a traveling costume of light blue and a hat of expensive straw, daintily trimmed with corn-flowers—a Paris confection, by the way—one of those simple, effective creations of which no male man knoweth the price, whether it be seventy-five cents or seventy-five dollars. Over her left shoulder she twirled carelessly a parasol of brilliant hue, imported from Yokohama.

Directly ahead of the Princess puffed frantically a little, fat old woman in black, the chaperon of a German opera singer on her way to Moscow. The little old woman stepped upon the plank and teetered timidly up its precarious incline, a comical figure, antiquely coquettish. The Princess stopped about two feet from the shore end, and, smiling demurely, danced upon tiptoe, balancing herself by means of the gaudy parasol and the long tiger lilies. The result, if one could overlook its slight suggestion of cruelty, was highly satisfactory from a comedy standpoint, as the audience upon the boat enthusiastically testified. The fat, little old lady did not fall off the plank, but her efforts to stay on, and the upward speed which she made despite those efforts, were grotesque in the extreme. She suggested one of those semi-aquatic birds that cannot fly, but yet attain great speed upon land by flapping rudimentary wings. Nor was her voluble indignation, expressed in fluent German and bad Russian when she at last stepped upon the hot metal deck, less diverting. The Romanova flashed one merry glance—a fleeting vision of white teeth and mischievous blue eyes—at her audience and then came fearlessly up the plank, again the graceful and haughty aristocrat.

Hopper had noticed, as no one who travels in Russia can fail to notice, the general high spirits and kittenish gayety of the women, but he had not been prepared for this mischievous outbreak on the part of the Princess. It gave him something to think about besides his own homesickness and general disgust, and lighted a faint hope in his bosom; perhaps, after all, life among these people would not be unendurable. For Frederick Courtland Hopper, of the Courtland-Hoppers, one time cotillon leader and popular club man, had come to Siberia to stay. How he lost his money is no concern of ours here. It's always easy enough to lose money, and there's nothing harder than to get it back. He simply had to begin again, and as he was trained for no profession it would be necessary for him to begin at the bottom. Now, all work is honorable, of course, but it's not pleasant for an ex-cotillon leader and clubman to sell ribbons over a counter or keep books. There was a girl in the question, too, who married another soon after Hopper lost his money. About this time old Franklin Emerson, of the Russian-American Trading Company, came to Boston, a millionaire who had made his money along the Amur, and several of the papers contained interviews with him and accounts of his romantic career. Hopper went to see him. The young man wanted to get as far away as possible and Siberia appealed to him in the matter of distance. He found Mr. Emerson enthusiastic.

"Teeming with opportunities!" he cried. "A great, splendid empire, just opened up. Vast wealth to be had for the taking—princely domains of land, treasures of mineral wealth, lumber, mercantile chances. Any young man is a fool who doesn't go there and go now. It's a new America, waiting to be occupied, but now's the time to go. French, Germans, English are pouring in, and every year diminishes a man's chances of getting in on the ground floor."

Emerson took a liking to young Hopper and the latter went out to Siberia to take a position in the company's new store at Stretinsk. As there were friends in the West to whom he wished to say good-by, he journeyed to Siberia by way of the Pacific Ocean, Japan, Vladivostok, the Amur. And so it happened that he stood to-day on the deck of a little steamer, unhappy, yet bravely determined to make the best of life, watching one of the greatest heiresses in all Russia play a childish prank. The Romanova occupied two of the luxurious cabins in the forward part of the boat, one for herself and one for her maid. There were only six of these cabins, and the Military Governor of Irkutsk occupied three of them, himself in one, his trunks in another, and his Great Dane dog with its attendant in a third. The main body of the passengers, without reference to wealth or social position, were crowded together upon an upper deck beneath an awning. There they preempted places to lay down their blankets and slept at night as neatly packed as sardines, or sat about all day rolling cigarettes, playing cards and gossiping in twenty different languages. It was a dappled, conglomerate scene, a medley of strange costumes, bright handkerchiefs tied about feminine heads, long boots, blouses, ribbons of Little Russia, Tartars, Bouriaks, Germans, French, moujiks, Jews—and one American. From the rafters of the awning hung a most extraordinary assortment of personal belongings: cavalry sabres, loaves of black bread, bundles of Chinese arrows from Aigun, boots, bottles, tiny samovars, hams, half-eaten fish, and a few feminine hats resplendent with cheap, gaudy flowers. Every inch, available and unavailable, on roof and floor had been seized. F. Courtland Hopper, ex-cotillon leader, occupied a space two feet wide and six long, between a florid-faced and cheerful German and a Bouriak cavalryman. The German could speak a little comical English. He was returning to Amsterdam from Port Arthur, whither he had taken out a dredger for a Dutch company. He knew one Russian word, "peevo"—beer, and he descended frequently to the bar on the deck below and yelled "Peevo! Peevo!" so loudly that he could be heard all over the ship. The Bouriak, who resembled a cross between a Chinaman and a North American Indian, sat patiently for twenty hours on a stretch looking at the tips of his long cavalry boots. He was returning from a scene of carnage on the Chinese frontier, enough of which had leaked out to horrify the entire civilized world, despite the Russian censorship, and was on his way to receive further orders from the White Czar. While sleeping, Hopper turned his face toward the German.

Among the other passengers were a tea merchant, who had a cargo from China in the hold, which he was moving across the vast continent, for shipment to England; an opera troupe from Vladivostok—pretty Viennese girls for the most part; exiles whose terms were expired; Europeans looking for mines; noisy students on their way to Holy Moscow. From Julius Smulders, the German engineer, Hopper learned who Romanova was, and that the rest of her name was Anna Michaelovna. Smulders obtained this information from one of the Viennese singers, who had learned Russian in Vladivostok. These two talked together for hours, and even sang duets. The girl was coquettish and nearly drove Smulders to desperation, causing him to sigh deeply and exclaim, "I love her very heavy, but she will not much, so what can I do? So I think I drink a little." Whereat he would wade through a sea of heads, plunge down to the bar below and shout "Peevo!"

The incident of the plank and the fat old lady so interested Hopper that he devoted much of his time to watching for the Romanova to appear on the little first-class deck forward, where she walked up and down, attired in cool, bewitching costumes, or talked with the General.

"She would have been in my set a year ago," reflected Hopper. "She seems to have the exact carriage of a chic, up-to-date American girl."

The fact that he was traveling third class made him feel like an emigrant, immeasurably separated from the fair creature over there with the gods. He was in no mood to reflect that the question of funds had not entered into his choice of a third-class passage; that the first-class places on the Government steamers are only obtained by influence, and that one must sometimes wait for weeks to get accommodation. Here he was among the Bouriaks and moujiks, and there was she, the sort of woman he was accustomed to, separated from him by a great gulf.

And patiently the steamer forged ahead through vast stretches of virgin solitude, unutterably lonely; past interminable forests. After many hours they would come to a Cossack village, perched on a bluff, a few square log houses with white window-frames. But this was always on the Siberian side, on the right. On the Manchurian bank there was no sign of human habitation or life, for the dread Russian bear stood growling just across the swift, yellow river and the Chinese had taken their families and vanished. From time to time log rafts drifted past, carrying emigrants with their families, their horses and cattle to the lands in this vast solitude, promised them by their Father, the Czar. Sad, wondering women sat in the doors of the tiny huts built upon the logs, with their children clambering about their knees, while the men stood at the corners with huge paddles guiding the clumsy craft. The cattle loomed large and monstrous in the uncertain light of the evening or the early dawn, as though they were standing upon the surface of the water itself.

Hopper was saddened by the sight of these people, going they knew not where nor to what—going down stream with no hope of ever coming back up. He felt that he, too, was an emigrant.

It was through his skill with the revolver that Courtland Hopper first attracted the attention of the fair Romanova. The steamer had stopped at the foot of a bluff to take on wood, and the passengers learned that there would be a delay of about three hours. Hopper and Smulders went for a long walk in the woods and on their return heard the sound of

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shooting. Emerging into the open near the shore they beheld the Russian General shooting at a bottle on a stump, at a distance of about twenty paces. He fired five times and missed, much to the amusement of the Princess, who stood near. In fact, her derisive laughter so irritated the pompous General that he threw the weapon spitefully on the ground and began to explain volubly to his fair tormentor.

"What does he say?" asked the German of the opera singer, who was also one of the spectators, and a moment later he explained to Hopper:

"He says it's an American pistol from Vladivostok, and that it's no good."

Courtland Hopper picked up the weapon and examined it. It was not an expensive model, but a practical arm, of honest blue steel. He tossed it familiarly in his hand and then said to Smulders: "Will you ask our fair interpreter here to present my compliments to the General, and tell him that I am an American and beg the privilege of proving the excellence of this American weapon?"

As the Viennese addressed the General, Hopper lifted his hat gracefully. The Princess clapped her little hands, nodded pleasantly at the American and cried, "Bravo! Bravo!" It was she, evidently, who persuaded the General to reload the weapon and accede to the request.

Now, as usual, there was a group of peasant women standing about, who had come down to the boat, from the Lord knows where, to sell milk. Hopper tossed fifty kopeks upon the earth, and picking up five bottles walked to a log near the stump, where he set them in a row. Then he returned to the group standing about the General and commenced firing. The distance was in reality not great nor the feat difficult for so good a shot. The effect, however, was spectacular, for between the rapid "cracks" of the weapon could be heard the "ching, ching, ching" of the breaking bottles.

Hopper offered the revolver to the General with a polite salute, but the latter generously complimented his marksmanship and begged that he would keep it, adding to the gift the box of cartridges which he produced from a coat pocket. The American was somewhat embarrassed. His pride was averse to the acceptance of the gift, yet he was unable to explain that he meant no offense. He stood offering the pistol to the Russian, while the latter pressed the cartridges upon him. The Princess relieved the situation by taking the cartridges and handing them to Hopper with a beseeching little *moue*. He accepted with a courtly bow, as graceful as though he were saluting a cotillon partner. The Princess responded in kind and walked away on the arm of the Military Governor. The whistle shrieked and they were off again, purring up the broad river. Occasionally a wild duck would arise ahead of them and whiz away, or a goose with long, inquiring neck, writhing to right and left like a snake. Once a huge bear lumbered down upon a spit of sand and looked at them, clumsily curious. The two men, on either side of the prow, sounding by means of stakes attached to ropes, swayed rhythmically as they cast their wooden spears, chanting the depths: "*Chetyre, chetyre-polovena, pyat!*" (Four, four and a half, five!) As often as a down-coming steamer passed, the little captain made a trumpet of his hands and shouted, "How much water is there in the Shilka?"

The disquieting rumor that the water was rapidly falling was gaining confirmation by each report. Once the men with the poles cried "*Tres-polovena*" (three and a half) and the steamer scraped on the bottom. At Pokrovka, a dreary Cossack village near the junction of the Amur and Shilka rivers, they found a smaller mail boat awaiting them that drew but three feet of water. They changed over with a multilingual hullabaloo and a grand scramble for places—all save the Governor, the Princess and the opera singer, who moved leisurely into the first-class cabins like the superior beings that they were. Hopper still clung to Smulders as the most promising material for one wall of his sleeping apartment. For the other, by the way, he could do no better now than to secure the smokestack. They got off at noon and were immediately attacked by an immense drove of flies of the size of small bumblebees and having two fierce projecting tusks, plainly visible. For several hours now Hopper forgot the Princess and even his homesickness. Life contained no possible interest save the repelling of these enthusiastic boarders, as the slightest relaxation of vigilance meant a sharp pain and a nasty sore. At night, however, when the great Siberian moon was shining brightly upon the long silver ribbon of water and the dim, untenanted solitudes, and the faithful engine was breathing softly, like a huge behemoth swimming up the stream, he wondered if she could dance, and if a merchant in Russia had any social standing. Then he would sigh at the reflection that in any case after Stretinsk he should never see her again. The next day they stuck fast on a sand-bank, and a boat's crew carried the anchor far up the river and dropped it, attached to a stout hawser. Then, by means of the windlass, they deliberately warped the steamer loose. At dark of the same day they grounded for good in two and a half feet of water, a few yards below a great tramp steamer firmly imbedded athwart the channel. There was no hope of going either up or down for many days to come. The peasants took the matter philosophically: they would simply live where they were, rent free, buying their bread and milk of the Cossacks. When God saw fit to send water they would go on.

But what would the General do, the Governor of Irkutsk? For, as everybody knew, he must be at his post on a certain date, and the White Czar would not be apt to take the will of God into account. Within two days the General's intentions were made manifest, for his orderly arrived with several long dugouts, each having a mast at the prow. A long rope, fastened at the stern, was passed through a pulley at the top of the mast and the other end attached to a shaggy horse. The Governor's baggage was piled into one of these dugouts

HE CAME SUDDENLY UPON A SIGHT WHICH THRILLED HIM WITH RAGE

and he seated himself comfortably in the midst. A moujik with a paddle occupied the stern, another mounted the horse and they were off, the animal scrambling over the stones by the shore or splashing through the shallow water, while the man with the paddle kept the boat clear of the bank. This is the ancient mode of ascending Russian rivers, the method of "*loshat and lotka*," and two military stations or about thirty miles can thus be made under favorable circumstances, by getting under way at four o'clock in the morning.

To Hopper's consternation the Princess and her maid followed in a second dugout. But there were two more waiting on the bank, their owners hoping that others of the passengers would wish to avail themselves of their use.

"Come on," cried Hopper to Smulders. "Let's follow them. It will be a lark."

"A lark? What's that?"

"A lark? Why, fun, sport."

But Smulders sighed and shook his head, thinking of the fair Viennese. "Ah no," he said, "I care not if it be an eagle. I cannot leaf Chulia. I loaf her too heavy."

Hopper lost no time. By signs he conveyed to one of the sailors that he wished his luggage carried ashore and piled into a dugout. Soon he, too, was seated in the bottom, reclining gracefully against his impedimenta, his horse scrambling along in the wake of the Princess' *lotka*. It was an exhilarating method of travel, combining novelty with an element of danger productive of excitement. No one tipped over, it is true, but the American considered it a marvel that these narrow pig-troughs with their towering piles of baggage should remain upright for a moment. The voluble wrangle that went on, moreover, between the two moujiks at the extreme ends of the tow-line, and the gurgling of the current rushing past at the rate of six miles an hour, contributed liveliness and even an impression of speed. Sometimes, when the water was shallow, the horses waded a quarter of a mile from shore, with a wide expanse of yellow river on either hand; and if they came to a deep place the little animals plunged boldly in, swimming silently, with nothing but their heads and half of the postilions' bodies above water.

They made but one military station the first day, a large square building, where a samovar is kept always ready for travelers and the sledges that carry the mails over the ice in winter. The old General and the Princess were extremely courteous to Hopper and made him understand by signs that he was welcome. The General's orderly foraged and produced some black bread, some milk and a quantity of delicious fresh caviare of the kind the Russians do not export.

The Princess presided charmingly at the samovar, after which she disappeared for the night. Hopper spread his blankets upon the floor and was soon fast asleep. But he seemed no sooner to have closed his eyes than he was awakened again by the voice of the General shouting at him in Russian. It was only three o'clock, but the place was all a-bustle with preparations for departure Ere the mists had risen from the river they were again under way, dim as ghosts. Hopper reclined against his luggage and slept deliciously until the sun arose, when he was awakened by the stinging of a cloud of gnats. Sitting upright, he noticed that the *lotka* of the Princess was deserted by its fair passengers. Casting his eyes about, he observed maid and mistress strolling along the Government road that follows the course of the Shilka and that serves itself as the channel for a stream of Cossacks that are being poured into Manchuria. The bank was high at this point and the women were above him, plainly visible in the bright sun. The Romanova, twirling her Japanese parasol upon her shoulder, walked rapidly and with a joyous freedom of motion that testified to her love of the open air.

"I wonder if she plays golf?" mused Hopper, and at that very moment he perceived that he, too, was cramped, sitting there in the boat. He got out, accordingly, and struck out vigorously across a wide stretch of sand deposited during high water. He was some fifteen minutes climbing the steep bank and when he at last reached the road the Princess was nowhere to be seen. Indeed, the road at this point turned sharply away from the river and disappeared around the foot of a hill. Hopper knew, however, that it must wind back to the river, and he therefore followed the wide, dusty trail confidently, although it seemed to plunge into the heart of the wilderness. Once or twice he asked himself why he was walking so rapidly, and each time made answer: "Why, to keep up with my *lotka*, of course." He was too thorough a gentleman to admit to himself that he was pursuing the Princess; he would not have done such a thing on Beacon Street; why should he do it on a Government road in Siberia? At any rate, it would be an indiscreet thing to do, as she would be sure to crush him for his presumption. But he certainly had just as good a right to get out and walk as she. As he was soliloquizing thus and had about come to the conclusion that he was in a fair way of making an ass of himself, he thought he heard a shrill scream in the distance. Listening, with his heart in his mouth, he was sure, for the first cry was followed by others—wild, despairing shrieks, as of a woman in the most excruciating fear.

"Coming! Coming!" shouted Hopper, and feeling in his pocket for the General's American pistol, which, thank God! was there, he ran as he never ran before. Rounding a little turn in the road and a clump of trees he came suddenly upon a sight which thrilled him with rage and sickened him with fear—not for himself, but for the Princess. There she was, struggling in the arms of a big Chinaman, one of those tall, fierce creatures who inhabit the wild regions of Manchuria. The beast had lifted her in his arms and was running toward the woods with her, while another carried the maid. Two other Mongolians, with long war bows in their hands, completed the strange picture. Hopper shouted again, and the four Chinamen wheeled about and regarded him at first with startled malignancy that turned on the instant to amusement. Those four great brutes beheld one rather small, dark man, of dapper appearance despite his week's river travel—a

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American Nights Entertainment

THE SONG THAT SOLD

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of A Man of Putty, Etc.

THE STRANGE PARTNERSHIP OF THE SEVENTH-FLOOR-BACK TONE HITTER AND THE ADVERTISING MAN WHO WAS THE WHOLE THING

IT WAS on the return trip from the T. M. A. dinner at Syracuse that a demand for a story was made on Tom Chandler. Why it is that when grown men are traveling together and want to have a good time they turn to story telling I do not know, unless it is to prove that at heart they are nothing but children. But that really doesn't need proof, because we all know that the biggest kid at a game of baseball is the old gentleman with the close-clipped siders who howls his head off with delight at a three-bagger. Despite our average solemnity we Americans are children, and children of a pretty decent sort, too, which naturally brings us back to that big child and thorough-going good fellow, Tom Chandler.

After ministering to the necessities of the crowd that sat around him in the easy wicker chairs and assuring Isaac, the ebon-headed darky, that nothing more was needed of him, Tom made himself comfortable in the swiftly but smoothly moving car and struck a few preliminary chords on his organ of speech.

"I don't know anything you haven't heard—unless it's about myself," said he.

The actor looked as if he would like to deliver a discourse on the same topic, but he said nothing, being a man with a strong grip on himself—"reserve force" the critics call it—and Tom plunged into his story without further delay.

"I believe most of you know," said he, "that I began as errand boy in the office of which I am now the Whole Thing and most of my money has been made in advertising, but I once took a flyer in music that—well I might as well tell you all about it, because it goes to show that once in a while a Happy Fluke will net a man more of the Needful than months of Honest Toil, and it also shows that Little Tommy knew too much to follow the Will-o'-the-Wisp any farther after he had succeeded in grabbing the gold off her wings.

"About five years ago, when I first began really to realize that there was big money in the advertising business, there was a poor little chap who lived in the same apartment house that sheltered me. I used to meet him climbing up to his room near the clothes-lines, and he had such a sad face that he interested me and I struck up an acquaintance with him. He was an Artist with a capital A and no mistake—wedded to his Art and pledged against divorce, as my friend George Ade would say. Now, I'm not an authority on music, but that little chap could certainly knock some very fetching tones out of that rattletrap piano of his, and when he was playing you forgot that it only cost him about two dollars per month in the way of rent. Upon my word, if you had shut your eyes you would have imagined that it was that Alma-Tadema piano that Henry Marquand paid $60,000 for.

"It was a rattlebox, all right, for whenever I tried to knock harmony out of it chaos resulted, and I used to think it wasn't worth thirty cents. Possibly it was I who made it look like thirty cents, for I am not a Beethoven a single day in the week.

"The melancholy-eyed musician was not only a pianist but a composer as well, and, as near as I can make out, he believed that he was in the same line as some of the old Harmony Kings who ruled in Europe in the last century, and I am dead sure that as far as externals went he was leading the same kind of life they led. He was up against it morning, noon and night except when he was composing, and then I really believe he was in a suburb of Heaven—just about six miles out and going in as soon as the drawbridge closed.

"He told me that there were four or five musicians in town who believed in him, and who knew that after the sod was nicely knitted over him people would be getting gay with his music, but that for the present every publisher turned down his music so quick that he had given up showing it at all, and just went on composing to keep himself from being miserable.

"Once or twice I staked him to a dinner because he seemed lonesome eating by himself, and anyway, bread isn't half so interesting as a table d'hôte dinner with music. However, I want to say that after the first table d'hôte with music my sad-eyed friend suggested that if there was to be a repetition of the festive affair I cut out the music, as it gave him the Willies to hear it.

"Of course you understand that the languages I am using are my own and not the composer's. He could understand me all right because he came of Proper Americans in the vicinity of Hartford, and in his boyhood—before he became engaged to Music—he had indulged in slang, but now, the boy—he wasn't over twenty-five—was generally too miserable to use anything but the best English and he left the slang to me. But he was on to my curves all right and had a kind of humanness about him that made me sorrier than ever for him. Some of these musicians are dead to the world and to everything but themselves and music, but this chap would laugh when I read him a bit out of Dooley, and I understand he had Stevenson by heart, and he knew good architecture from bad, and used to tell me that some day people would wake up and find that we have buildings right here in New York that would have made a Greek happy for a fortnight.

"One day I took one of little Seventh-Floor-Back's compositions to a musician who is way up in G and I handed it to him to play, telling him that it was a song that my grandmother used to sing when she first landed from Warsaw in 1802, and that I thought it was rubbish, but that maybe he'd like it because it was so old.

"Well, that musician—he was a real lover of music and not a professional critic at all—he played that thing over and over and over, and he said that it might have been composed by a modern of the moderns, that Richard Strauss would have been glad to father it."

"Don't you mean Johann Strauss?" said the actor with a wise look.

"No, I *don't*. I asked *him* that, and he looked at me kind of tired with a Went-Away-Willy look and said, 'Tom, Richard Strauss is the chief apostle of the music of the future,' and then he said that he didn't believe it possible that my grandmother could ever have sung this in 1802.

"So then I told him that, come to think of it, my grandmother wasn't born until 1830 and that she didn't know Old Dan Tucker from Marching Through Georgia, and that this music was by a little starving American composer with a face that would make Russell Sage burst out crying, and a knack with a piano that would make a concert grand out of a melodeon.

"Well, his enthusiasm cooled somewhat, but he still said that it was a very notable piece of music, and that if the young man kept at it long enough he might do something very much worth while, and that if it had really been by Richard Strauss he should be glad to play it in public, but that no one would stand for it as the work of a man living between Third and Fourth Avenues, Borough of Manhattan."

"Hadn't the courage of his convictions, eh?" said the cartoonist, who was the only free silver man in his particular suburb and was proud of his backbone.

"No; few people have," said Tom, flicking the ashes of his cigar all over the waistcoat of the man on his right and then apologizing for it.

"Well, now, I've got to side-track the Dope-Eyed Musician and talk about myself again, and that's always a pleasant task. One day I took it into my head that I could compose a song myself because it seemed to come so easy to my friend. I have a pretty good ear and I can pick out a tune on the piano with any one finger of either hand, including both thumbs, and I found a piece of verse with a catchy line in it and just picked out a tune to it. As soon as I had got it so that I could play it the same three times running I went up six flights and knocked at the door of the composer's room. As good luck would have it he had just finished a piano composition or I might have knocked until I had fox bites on all my knuckles and never got a response. But having got rid of his idea he was lying down on the haircloth-granite sofa that took the place of three chairs and a bed, and when I knocked he said 'Come in.'

"He looked as pale as a ghost and as hungry as a rat, and I found out that he had been at work on his composition for ten hours straight away, and, when you realize that he knew that not a publisher in New York City would touch it and that it was all done to the Glory of God, as my old mother used to say, you'll believe that I felt the little Tone Hitter was something of a hero. And I also thought some thinks about the publishers that would have taken up all the dashes in the font to express.

"But quick, before the wonderful air could escape me, I went to the piano and I said, 'Say, Theodore, you're not the only Beethoven on the block and I want you to hear me make Chopin look like thirty cents.'

"Theodore was always a good-natured chap. (By the way, he was named Theodore Thomas after the orchestra leader; his mother had been a great admirer of Thomas when he had an orchestra in New York and so she saddled his name on her first-born, and was tickled to death when he decided to starve by music.) Well, as I say, he was a good-natured chap, and he actually sat still and let me play my abomination on the piano, and when it was finished he said, with a sort of second-hand smile, 'That is different from both Chopin and Beethoven. It wouldn't have entered their heads to do that.'

"And I told him that I knew *that* was no bouquet from the way it was put up, but if he would set the notes down on paper and then harmonize them so that a no-handed deaf and blind man could play them on sight I'd give him ten dollars.

"Say, boys, it was honest pathetic to see the way his eyes widened when he heard the words Ten Dollars. Gee, the poor chap hadn't supposed there was that much left in the world. In a twinkling he had pushed me from the piano and had played my tune all through without making a mistake, and when he'd finished I said to myself, 'You're all right, Tom Chandler. Maurice Grau will want you to write an opera for the De Reszkes and Madame Sembrich before the winter is over, and you'll have Harry B. Smith begging your music in his four hundred and fifty-fifth libretto. Oh, I tell you I felt like a conservatory, I was throwing so many bouquets at myself. And it was all in his touch, you see.

THE LITTLE COMPOSER FOUND THAT AMONG THE FURNITURE WAS A GRAND PIANO

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. Loomis' American Nights. The next will appear in an early number.

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"Of course I had a scheme in my head. I wasn't really such a loo-loo as to suppose that I was marching ahead of Mendelssohn, Wagner and Reginald De Koven, the sidewalks lined with the populace, and plutocrats in the Waldorf-Astoria waving thousand-dollar bills and crying 'Hurrah for Tom Chandler, the World's Greatest Composer.' I was simply an advertising man with a scheme. I believe that you can place anything from a Uneeda firecracker to a fake actor if you advertise enough. I asked Theodore about how many days it would take him to harmonize my immortal work, and he gave me another of his shopworn smiles, and taking out a pencil and paper he began work at once. Talk about musicians being unbusinesslike! I never saw a man who attended to business like him. Why, the whistle blew six while he was at work, but he never turned a hair, but kept right on, and inside of half an hour he had produced the entire line of goods and spread them out on the keyboard for me. Oh, Motherdearjerusalem, that tune of mine was glorified! It was as if you picked up a bit of dirty, mouse-colored cloud and allowed the escaping sun to saturate it with its rays for a few seconds until it was turned into a rainbow-colored palace. I could hear Wagner splashing over the River Styx on his way to tell me that the Chandler-Theodore combine was the best ever, and that if we wouldn't mind taking Tristan and Isolde and not doing a thing to it he would return late that afternoon perfectly happy.

—"AND I SAID, 'SAY, THEODORE, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY BEETHOVEN ON THE BLOCK'"

"As soon as the thing was on paper I handed Theodore a ten-dollar bill and then I blew him off to a dinner *without* music. He gave me the address of a music copyist to whom I took the music and the verses and asked him to make me a fair copy.

"He was an old, long-haired German on Second Avenue, with a collar that he had begun to wear when Wilhelm moved into that Berlin residence of his, and he had never taken it off out of respect to the Emperor—but he knew good music, all right.

"'Dot iss de vairst tüne I effer heered, but you haf harmoniced it noply,' he said.

"The next day I took the music down to Sternmeyer & Meyerstern, the eminent publishers of coon songs.

"There was a long line of people waiting to get their songs published, and at every desk in the establishment there sat a broad-jawed tough. I am not much of a beef cooler—one can't afford to be in my business—and so I passed beyond some of those who had been waiting since early morning for an interview, and I beckoned with authority to one of the toughs. He came up, rolling his head from side to side with a 'wotderhell' swagger, and I said, 'I'm a very busy man and I want this piece of music tried by your pianist as soon as possible.'

"You see, I knew a little about their ways of doing things, as I helped advertise 'Baby Pulled the Cat to Pieces.'

"'Come in ter-morrer,' said the tough, reaching out for the manuscript.

"'Not on your immortal Sarony,' said I, pulling the music out of his reach. 'In my business there is no such day as *ter-morrer*.' Then, to prevent delay, I showed him my card and it fetched him. Even a publisher of coon songs had heard of my firm, and he said to a younger tough, not over ten, 'Petey, take dis gent's card into Mr. Meyerstern an' see dat he gits it, see?'

"In not more than a minute Mr. Meyerstern came out and bowed oilily to me and I returned the bow as quick as I could. I told him straight from the shoulder what was the matter with me and that I was an advertising man who was prepared to coöperate with him in the floating of a song. 'Never mind who wrote it,' I said, 'but let's have your Paderewski entice it from the piano!'

"The only way to get along with these men is to meet them on their own ground. I saw that I had made a hit with him from the way that he kept repeating 'Entice it from the piano.'

"We went into a little room partitioned off from the private office of the firm and containing two or three chairs, an upright piano and portraits of celebrated people that you never heard of unless you are interested in coon songs. A short-haired young man in a loud suit was playing the raggedest rag-time march I ever heard. He played as well as a mechanical piano, and no matter where he lands he'll be able to earn a living as long as he has those accurate fingers and the muscles in his arms and his sense of rhythm. Rapidity and muscle and a correct ear spell a good salary to any man who is tough enough to take with the patrons of the Coney Island resorts, and this young man *was* tough enough.

"He played my tune through without a mistake, but it did not sound as good as when Theodore had played. Meyerstern kept his head swinging to it, and when the young man had finished he called in Sternmeyer, saying, 'Otto, this is for us, sure.'

"The young man at the piano said, 'Der tune's catchy, all right, but der harmony's all wrong.' A conflict of authorities. The German copyist had thought the harmony all right, but the *air* needed ventilating in his opinion. Well, I wasn't unduly elated, as I really hadn't much opinion of the ivory thumper's taste, and I stood ready to back my little composer as against myself every day in the week.

"We soon came to terms, and as I am something of a hustler I had them get that song on the market before the end of

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Despotism and Democracy

A Study in Washington Society and Politics

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CHAPTER IV

CRANE went back to his rooms, wrote his letter to Governor Sanders and awaited developments.

Nothing happened for more than a week concerning the Senatorship. Meanwhile, he gave up his expensive rooms, and with the assistance of a note broker managed to borrow enough money from Peter to pay Paul and to relieve himself from present obligations to one of the gentlemen who had so urgently invited him to commit political hari-kari. He secured quiet quarters in one of the suburbs of Washington, and found that he was quite as comfortable as he had been at his high-priced hotel at about one-fourth the cost.

The May days that followed were cool and bright and soft, as May days in Washington often are. The called session of Congress and the necessary presence of so many officials and diplomats made the gay town gayer than usual. The whole country was in a mood of exhilaration and self-gratulation which was vividly reflected at Washington. There could be no doubt that Crane's success was real and substantial.

Crane hugged himself with satisfaction when he reflected on his escape from being interned in the Senate, forced to remain quiescent during the time that he should have been most active, and finally enter the Senatorial contest, two years ahead, with a reputation which would probably have dwindled as rapidly as it had developed. Instead of that he was in the centre of movement and interest, and even if he could not make a serious effort before the Legislature in January he was in a good strategic position for the Senatorial election two years in advance—in the event that a dark horse should be chosen to succeed Senator Bicknell—and a great deal may happen in two years.

The Secretary of State, however, was disappointed in Crane. He proved to be quite as intractable as Thorndyke had been, and with less excuse—for Thorndyke had never been asked to little dinners at the Secretary's house. The Secretary's widowed daughter, Mrs. Hill-Smith, murmured once or twice when Crane was under discussion that he was "so very Western," and assumed a rather apologetic tone for having been seen at the play with him.

"I NEVER SAW A BETTER DINNER MAN THAN HUDGINS"

Crane, like everybody else, had really forgotten the Secretary in the press of affairs. He was amazed at not receiving an answer to his letter to Governor Sanders, and so told Thorndyke one night a few days after their meeting at Constance Maitland's house. Crane had a great esteem for Thorndyke's sincerity, which was justified, and Thorndyke in his heart was forced to admire Crane's force and to expect great things of him. He never entertained any serious doubt of Crane's loyalty, but he watched curiously the development of the character of a man exposed to Crane's peculiar temptations. That Crane had both good and bad qualities in great vigor he saw easily enough, but he could not tell which were the fundamentals. Crane was desperately poor, was foolishly proud, was rash and vainglorious, and was destined to shine brilliantly in the world of politics. What was to become of such a man? What usually became of such men? It was with these thoughts that Thorndyke at his lodgings, on a warm May night, listened to Crane's account of what had happened to him in the last few days.

He assured Crane that his conduct regarding Governor Sanders and the Senatorship seemed eminently sensible, after deducting the initial folly of it. And his making his first earnest attempt to save money at the very time when it might be expected he would become extravagant inclined Thorndyke to the belief that Crane was, after all, fundamentally honest.

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Crane at that very moment suffered from a feeling of conscious guilt. He had begun to practice more than the one virtue of economy. He was practicing several others, but all with a view to his own advantage. One of them was that his wife should come on and visit him during the remainder of the session. She had not been in Washington for five years—not since that first unlucky venture in the Eleventh Street boarding-house.

He mentioned to Thorndyke his intention to send for his wife, and had the grace to say that it was because he was lonely without her—and in saying so he was conscious of uttering a colossal lie. But being inexpert as a liar he did badly, and felt ashamed of doing badly even in lying.

Thorndyke, on whom Annette Crane's simple and natural charm had made a strong impression, was pleased at the thought that Crane would pay her the compliment of having her with him and pleased at the thought of seeing her again.

"I shall be going West next week," he said, "and if Mrs. Crane is ready to come to Washington I shall be proud to escort her back."

"Thank you," answered Crane; "it would be a kindness to me as well as to Mrs. Crane. She is not an experienced traveler."

Both Thorndyke and Crane when they were together desired to keep Constance Maitland out of their conversation, but by one of those contradictory and involuntary impulses which cannot be accounted for her name always came up between them. This time it was by Crane's saying, after a while:

"Have you seen Miss Maitland lately?"

"I dined there night before last," answered Thorndyke.

Crane knew that Constance Maitland's favorite form of entertaining was at little dinners, which were perfection in the way of guests and service. He had never been asked to one of them, and thought gloomily that after Constance's very plain speaking to him at their last interview his chance of being invited was thin to attenuation.

"Was that the night that fellow Hudgins from Texas dined there?" asked Crane, who had not taken Constance's sound advice to cultivate reticence.

"Yes, and I never saw a better dinner man than Hudgins nor was ever at a more agreeable dinner."

"Bosh! Hudgins?"

"Yes, Hudgins. The fellow has a quiet manner, a soft voice, and the most delightful and archaic reverence for 'the ladies,' as he calls them. It is like what history tells us of General Sam Houston. Hudgins was a screaming success at the dinner."

Seeing that the account of Hudgins' triumph gave Crane acute discomfort, Thorndyke, lighting a fresh cigar, kept on remorselessly.

"Miss Maitland wanted to ask some really representative man to meet Sir Mark le Poer, a very agreeable and considerable Englishman, one of the permanent under-Secretaries in the British Foreign Office—he is a great friend of hers. He had been gorgeously entertained by all the retired tradespeople who are in the smart set here, but complained that he hadn't met any Americans—they *would* ask all the diplomats to meet him, fellows that bored him to death in Europe and still more so here. It seems that Miss Maitland had heard that the long, thin, soft-voiced Texan was delightful at dinner—so she asked me to bring him to call, and the dinner invitation followed. Besides Sir Mark and Hudgins and myself, there was Cathcart—a navy man—good old New England family, four generations in the navy, traveled man of the world, and flower of civilization. But Hudgins was easily the star of the occasion. There were three other women present besides Miss Maitland, all of them charming women, who know the world and command it; and the way they, as well as the Englishman and the naval officer, fell in love with Hudgins and his soft Texas accent, and his stupendous Texas yarns, and his way of looking at things—well, it was a show."

"Oh, come, Thorndyke—Hudgins!"

"Yes, Hudgins, I tell you. When the time came for the ladies to leave the table none of them wanted to go, and they said so. Then Hudgins rose and said in that inimitable manner of his, which catches the women every time, 'If Miss Maitland would kindly permit it, I'd rather a million times go into the parlor with her and the other ladies than stay out here with these fellows. I can get the society of men and a cigar any day, but it isn't often that I can bask in the presence of ladies like these present.' And the presumptuous dog actually walked off and left us in the lurch—and you can depend upon it, the women liked him better than any of us."

"If women are won by compliments like that any man can win their favor," said Crane crossly.

"My dear fellow, women know vastly more than we do. It wasn't Hudgins' compliments in words that won the women—it was his giving up his cigar and the extra glass of champagne and the society of men that fetched 'em—it was the sincerity of the thing. When we went into the drawing-room Hudgins was sitting on the piano stool telling them some sentimental story about his mother down in Texas when he started out in life, with nothing but the clothes on his back and a six-shooter in his pocket. The women were nearly in tears. As for the rest of us, including Sir Mark le Poer, we simply weren't in it with Hudgins. We stayed until nearly midnight; then the men adjourned to the club, where Hudgins kept us until three o'clock in the morning telling us more yarns about Texas. Sir Mark would hardly let him out of sight, and Hudgins has engaged to spend August with him in Scotland at a splendid place he has near Inverness. That's the way a man with great natural gifts of entertaining and being entertained can get on, if he has a chance."

Crane felt humiliated and disappointed. In all honesty, he could not imagine why he, with his recognized talents, his extreme good looks, his fondness for society, should have no such social triumphs as that long, lean, lanky Texan. He had not grasped the truth that society is a pure democracy, and until a man has abandoned all pretensions to superiority he will not be acceptable in it.

Just then along the dusky street a carriage came rolling. At Thorndyke's door it stopped, a footman descended from the box and assisted Senator Bicknell to alight.

"The Senator has come hunting you up," Thorndyke remarked to Crane. "When a man is anxious enough to see you to come after you, it is generally possible to make your own terms with him."

Crane's backbone was considerably stiffened by this remark of Thorndyke's and then Senator Bicknell walked into the room and greeted Thorndyke and Crane affably. He made an elaborate apology for seeking Crane, but said frankly he wished to discuss some matters of State politics with him.

Thorndyke at once rose to leave the room, but Crane, asking Senator Bicknell if he had any objection to Thorndyke's remaining and the Senator feebly agreeing to it, Thorndyke sat down again to enjoy the scrap. As it was not in his own party he was a perfectly disinterested listener.

"Mr. Crane," began Senator Bicknell in a dulcet voice, "I hardly think you realize what it means to our State organization to introduce discord into it at this time."

It was less than fourteen months before a national convention and the rainbow of a Presidential nomination had arisen upon Senator Bicknell's political horizon. This had happened more than once, but the Senator had never been able, heretofore, to catch the rainbow by the tail—yet, hope springs eternal in the human breast.

To this Crane replied firmly:

"I desire, Senator, to do everything I can to promote harmony in the State organization. It is Governor Sanders who is making trouble, and I shall defend myself from him, and die in the last ditch, if necessary."

Crane was by nature a gladiator, and the prospect of a fight by no means discomposed him.

Senator Bicknell sighed. He had already on his hands nine desperate fights in various parts of the State, and the prospect of a tenth fight, of a triangular nature at that, with two such sluggers as Crane and the Governor of the State, made the Senator's head ache. He looked sadly at Thorndyke and yearned after a knowledge of the secret by which his friend, Senator Standiford, could get hold of a man like Thorndyke, and keep him forever in a subordinate position, while he, Senator Bicknell, was always engaged in a tussle with his lieutenants.

Crane improved the opportunity to explain fully his position; and there could not be the slightest doubt that he had narrowly escaped from a conspiracy meant to ruin him.

A discussion followed which made a very important fact clear: that Crane had suddenly become a factor in State politics. Crane's color deepened as Senator Bicknell made a last effort with him for peace with Sanders, and when it was met with a firm refusal to accept the appointment Senator Bicknell dropped some words which indicated plainly that if forced to choose sides he might be with Crane. For a man who a month before had been obscure this was a vast though silent triumph.

After an hour's talk Senator Bicknell got up and departed. It was well on toward ten o'clock and Crane, too, rose to go. Thorndyke went out with him and they walked together as far as the foot of the hill at Connecticut Avenue. Then Thorndyke turned back, to indulge in a folly which had been his nightly since that first afternoon with Constance Maitland. It was to pass within sight of her house, then to return sick at heart to his own rooms and ask himself if he could be such a fool as to wish her to give up that charming home for lodgings such as he could afford.

Crane presently reached his quarters, a comfortable, suburban house with many verandas, and not unlike his own house at Circleville. On the table in his room lay a parcel, evidently containing photographs. He opened it and took out a photograph of his wife with her two children, Roger and Elizabeth, by her side. The children were handsome—the boy the sturdy, well-made replica of his father, the little girl her mother in miniature; both of them children of whom any father might be proud. As for Annette, the sweetness, the soft, appealing character of her beauty was singularly brought out in the photograph. Nor was there any suspicion of weakness in the face which most men would have fallen in love with on the spot.

But Crane was dissatisfied. She was not a woman even to be talked about. Crane would have liked a woman whose name would be in the newspapers every day. True, Constance Maitland kept out of them all she could, but she was too striking a personality not to attract the attention of the society correspondents. If she had been the wife of a public man she would have been in print as often as he was.

Still, Crane was glad he had sent for his wife. He had not realized until this crisis in his fate had come upon him what a mistake he had made in not having her with him sometimes. Not a man of his acquaintance who owned a wife but had her occasionally in Washington. He began to think with terror of what his enemies might have to say concerning this, and then, going to his table, wrote Annette another letter more urgent than his first, in his desire that she should come to Washington. He mentioned the chance that Thorndyke, who had never failed to show interest in her, had offered to escort her East. He felt like a hero and a martyr while writing this. But after he had posted his letter and had gone back to the balcony of his room and gazed out into the solemn night he had a return of that strange sense of guilt. He felt like a hypocrite; and, as he was not a hypocrite by nature, the feeling was uncomfortable. He put his request to Annette on the same ground he had alleged to Thorndyke—his wish to see her. And he ought to wish to see her—he *did* wish to see her; but the stillness of the night and the presence of the stars is disconcerting sometimes to one's conscience. The stars were very bright and it was wonderfully clear, although the moon was just rising. Tall apartment houses blazing with light made centres of radiance in the purple night. The Washington monolith was like a pillar of cloud, and the dome of the Capitol seemed suspended in mid-air. It was all very beautiful, but Crane saw nothing of its beauty. He saw before him only a struggle with stupendous forces—these he feared not—but also a struggle with himself; and this he feared!

He went to bed and slept uneasily. Next morning he rose with the intention of going to church—a thing he had not done for years. And in the practice of this virtue he committed an act of the greatest hypocrisy. He knew the very hour when Hardeman, the correspondent of his home paper, took his Sunday morning stroll on Connecticut Avenue. Crane timed his own appearance so that he met Hardeman directly in front of the Austrian Embassy.

In half a minute afterward Crane mentioned that he was on his way to church.

As he spoke Hardeman took a newspaper out of his pocket and, opening it, held it up before Crane. On the first page, with the most violent display head, was the official announcement of his appointment by Governor Sanders to the unexpired time of the late Senator Brand's term.

Crane turned pale. He was ready for the fight, but the fight had come unexpectedly soon. And that it was to be to the knife, and knife to the hilt, was now perfectly plain.

"Come with me," said he to Hardeman, "and I'll tell you all about it."

They turned back to Dupont Circle, seated themselves on a bench left vacant by a colored brother, and Crane told the whole story to Hardeman to be printed next day.

As he talked his course of action, simple, aboveboard and effective, at once took shape in his mind. He wrote out on a pocket pad a letter to the Governor, saying, as the Governor had thought fit to make the public aware of his action in the Senatorship before communicating with Crane himself, that he, Crane, should do likewise, and make a public declination of it. He then gave a brief statement of what had passed, inserted a copy of his first letter to the Governor and reiterated his refusal to accept the Senatorship. Hardeman, a keen-eyed man, was in the seventh heaven of delight. The letter would, of course, be sent to the Associated Press, but there was "a good story" for the home paper, and a specific mention that Representative Crane was on his way to church when the news was communicated to him.

Crane, still pale, rose and announced that he should keep on to church—a fact also certain to be chronicled. Church was a very good place to think out the problems which would come out of this extraordinary and far-reaching fight.

He went on, sat through a long sermon of which he heard not a word, listened to the musical gymnastics of a high-priced quartette and gradually became himself, or rather, more than himself, for the fight at hand brought out in him all the thews and sinews of courage, foresight and judgment. At the very last, when the name of God was mentioned in the final prayer, Crane had one moment of sincere piety. Otherwise his thoughts were very far from pious, being absolutely those of self-seeking and revenge. Like other men, he promised himself that when Mammon had granted him all he wanted then he would turn to God.

When he found himself on the street again it was a little past twelve o'clock. He turned into the side streets to escape the throng of people going home from church. As he walked under the arcade of the sweet-smelling tulip trees, with the May sunshine filtering through, he felt the ever-present longing for sympathy. He would have liked to go to Constance Maitland, but something in her tone and manner at their last meeting made him afraid.

On that former occasion he had scarcely been master of himself, he did not know when he was offending her, but now he was far more composed. Yet he dared not go.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind he looked up and saw Constance coming down the street under the dappled shadows of the tulip trees. She was dressed simply in black, but Crane had never been more struck by the distinction of her appearance. With her was a fine-looking man whom Crane surmised was Cathcart, the naval man.

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Crane intended to pass the pair without stopping, but when he raised his hat Constance halted him. There was that ever-present feeling of pity for him, and she was conscious of having said some hard things to him in that last interview.

"I have glanced at the newspaper this morning," she said, "and I fancy your friend, Governor Sanders, has treated you rather shabbily."

"Very shabbily," replied Crane smiling; "he has driven me to the wall, but he will find me fighting with my back to the wall."

Then Constance introduced her companion, and it was Cathcart, after all.

"You can't expect much sympathy from me, Mr. Crane," said Cathcart smiling. "If it had not been for you and your colleagues I might have been in command of a ship at this moment, making a run for the Caribbean Sea. You did us naval men a bad turn by forcing those beggars to back down without striking a blow."

Cathcart, like all naval men, was eager to play the great game of war with the new implements lately acquired, and did not welcome the exercise of peaceful power which had forced an amicable arrangement of a dangerous question.

Just then a handsome victoria drew up at the sidewalk. In it sat Mrs. Hill-Smith, the widowed daughter of the Secretary of State, and a beautifully dressed, high-bred looking girl, Eleanor Baldwin. Baldwin, *père*, whose cards read, "Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin," was the successful inventor of a machine for stitching shoes, which had brought him a great fortune early in life, and had enabled him to establish himself in Washington and adopt the rôle of a gentleman of leisure and of inherited fortune. His daughter looked like the younger sister of Lady Clara Vere de Vere, as Mrs. Hill-Smith, Cap'n Josh Slater's granddaughter, looked like Lady Clara Vere de Vere herself.

Mrs. Hill-Smith beckoned to Constance, who approached, leaving the two men a little distance away, talking together under the overhanging branches of the tulip trees.

"My dear girl," said Mrs. Hill-Smith, who had adopted the "dear girl" mode of addressing all women like herself over thirty-five, "you must come to the meeting of the Guild for Superannuated Governesses which is to be organized at my house to-morrow. It is a branch of the one presided over in London by the Princess Christian"—and Mrs. Hill-Smith ran over glibly a number of names of ladies of the diplomatic corps in Washington who were interested in it, winding up with, "And we *can't* get on without you."

Constance Maitland's full gaze had in it power over women as well as over men, and Mrs. Hill-Smith was not quite certain whether there was a laugh or not in Constance's deep, dark eyes, as turning them on her she replied:

"Very well—but my first proposition will be revolutionary, I warn you. I shall suggest that we pay governesses enough to enable them to save something, and thus we can get hold of the economic problem by the head instead of by the tail."

Was she really in earnest? Mrs. Hill-Smith did not know, but there was certainly a flippancy in Constance's tone which shocked both Mrs. Hill-Smith and Miss Baldwin. The serious, hard-working women by whom they were mothered and grandmothered had given them a deadly seriousness and energy in the pursuit of social schemes and pleasures, just as their forebears had industriously and seriously washed and baked and brewed.

Mrs. Hill-Smith was so annoyed by Constance's manner of receiving her communication that if Constance had not been very intimate at the British Embassy Mrs. Hill-Smith would have made her displeasure felt. But she was constitutionally timid, like all social newcomers—timid in admitting people into her circle, and timid in turning them out—so she merely smiled brightly and said as they drove off:

"You'll come like a dear, and be as revolutionary-as you please. Good-by."

Constance, with her two men, lingered a minute, and then Crane left her. He yearned for his stenographer, and set out to seek him. Cathcart walked home with Constance and left her at her door. She was malicious enough to describe to him some of Mrs. Hill-Smith's charities, at which Cathcart was in an ecstasy of amusement.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hill-Smith went home with Eleanor Baldwin to what they called breakfast, but most Americans call luncheon. On the way the two women had discussed Constance Maitland cautiously—each afraid to let on to the other what she really thought—because, after all, Constance was intimate at the British Embassy.

Arrived at the Baldwin house—an imposing white stone mansion with twenty-five bedrooms for a family of four, of whom one was a boy at school, a family which never had a visitor overnight—Eleanor led the way to the library where her father sat.

It was a great, high-ceiled, cool room, dark in spite of many windows and a glass door opening on a balcony. At a library table near the glass door sat Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin, alias Jim Baldwin, and on the balcony outside, sat Mrs. James Brentwood Baldwin, née Hogan.

"IT IS GOVERNOR SANDERS WHO IS MAKING TROUBLE"

It was easy to see whence Eleanor Baldwin had got her beauty. Jim Baldwin was handsome, Nora Hogan Baldwin was handsomer.

From the days when Jim Baldwin had carried home parcels of tea and buckets of butter in his future father-in-law's corner grocery he had cherished an honorable ambition to have a great big library full of books. In the course of time, through the operations of the shoe-stitching machine, he had been able to gratify this ambition and taste. He had all of those books which Charles Lamb declares "are no books—that is, all the books which no gentleman's library should be without." They were all bound sumptuously in calf, and editions de luxe were as common as flies in a baker's shop. The four vast walls were lined with these treasures, and from them Baldwin derived an excess of pleasure. This was not by reading them—he had never read a book in his life. Two Chicago newspapers, one from New York, and the Washington morning and evening journals satisfied his cravings for knowledge. But he got from the outside of his books all the pleasure that most people get from the inside. He justly felt that to be seen surrounded by the glorious company of the living who died a thousand years ago, and the conspicuous dead who live to-day, was to give him dignity and poise. Nobody but himself knew that he never read. His days were spent in his library—he always spoke of himself as "among my books," and shrewd, sharp and keen as he was and ever must remain, he had actually succeeded in bamboozling himself into the notion that he was a person of "literary tastes."

Mrs. Baldwin was one of the handsomest women in Washington, and considered quite the proudest. Her abundant gray hair, setting off a face of Greek beauty, gave her a look as of a queen in the days of powder and patches. She had a rarity of speech, a way of looking straight ahead of her, which were regal. But this exterior of pride was really a result of the sincerest bashfulness and reserve. When Nora Hogan, the grocer's daughter, had married Jim Baldwin, the contractor's son, Fortune was already smiling on Jim. Then suddenly she opened her apron and deluged him with gold. Mrs. Baldwin was frightened and stunned. She was afraid to say much for fear she might make mistakes—so she gradually came to saying nothing at all. She dreaded to look from side to side for fear she might find some one laughing at her. So she always looked straight ahead of her. By degrees she acquired a degree of coldness, of stiffness, that was perfectly well suited to the mother of Lady Clara Vere de Vere. She was, of course, an unhappy woman, being a misjudged one. Her chief solace lay in the practice of secret acts of charity among the poorest of the poor, not letting her left hand know what her right hand did. The promoters of fashionable charities complained that Mrs. Baldwin was so stately and so unsympathetic that they could not get on with her in charitable work. True it is that at the meetings for fashionable charities Mrs. Baldwin would be more silent, more queenly than ever, but her heart would be crying aloud for the poor who are born to suffer and to die, and to help them she would cheerfully have given the very clothes off her back. But cowardice kept her silent, as it kept her silent in the presence of her servants, whom she feared inexpressibly.

If Mrs. Baldwin was constitutionally timid, not so Eleanor. All the courage of her father had gone into his willowy, beautiful, well-groomed daughter. Her first recollections were of the inland town where they lived secluded in their big house, because nobody was good enough for them to associate with after their fortune was made. Then she was taken to Europe and returned a finished product, with no more notion of what the word "American" meant than if she had been a daughter of the Hapsburgs. As a compromise between Europe and America Baldwin had pitched upon Washington as a place of residence. His social status had been agreeably fixed by a lucky accident—he had been asked to be pallbearer for a foreign Minister who died in Washington. Baldwin rightly considered the dead diplomat worth, to him, all the live ones going—for, having assisted in carrying the dead man from the Legation to the hearse, Baldwin was, in consequence, elected to the swell club, asked to the smart cotillon, and made more headway in a month in the smart set than he could have made otherwise in a year. He repaired his debt to the dead diplomat by buying some very ordinary pictures at the sale of the Minister's effects, and paying the most extravagant price ever heard of for them.

To Eleanor their social rise was nothing surprising. She expected it, having been bred like a young princess, only with less of democracy than real princesses are bred. When she entered the room with Mrs. Hill-Smith, Baldwin rose and responded smilingly to Mrs. Hill-Smith's remark:

"Here you are, as usual, among your books."

"Yes—as usual, among my books. I dare say your father, the Secretary, spends a good deal of time among *his* books."

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Hill-Smith airily, "but he has been dreadfully put out of late. Congress has been so troublesome. I don't know exactly how, but it has annoyed papa extremely."

"Very reprehensible," said Baldwin earnestly, who had the opinion of the average commercial man that Congress is a machine to create prosperity, or its reverse, and if prosperity is not created Congressmen are blamed fools.

"I *hate* Congressmen—except a few from New York," said Eleanor, drawing off her gloves daintily. "There was one talking with Miss Maitland when we stopped her on the street just now. The creature was introduced to me at one of those queer Southern houses where they introduce people without asking permission first, and ever since then the man has tried to talk to me whenever we meet. But I really couldn't stand him. This morning I cut him dead. His name is Crane, and he's from somewhere in the West."

Now, it happened that there was another Crane in the House from the West, and Baldwin had a business motive for wishing to cultivate this particular Crane—and business was business still with Jim Baldwin. So, at Eleanor's words, he turned on her. His air of scholar-and-gentleman, man-of-the-world, and person-of-inherited-leisure suddenly dropped from him; he was once more Jim Baldwin, the shoe-stitching-machine man.

"Then let me tell you," he said authoritatively, "you made a big mistake. That man Crane is on the Committee on Manufactures, and we have been arguing with him, and sending the most expensive men we have to prove to him that we are entitled to the same rebate on the platinum used in our machines as The Oshkosh Shoe-Stitching Machine people get—and I have reason to know that Crane is the man standing in the way. I wish you had snuggled right up to him."

Eleanor surveyed her father with cold displeasure. Mrs. Hill-Smith was politely oblivious, especially of the word

(*Continued on Page 14*)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ No clouds, no rain; no rain, no crops.

¶ Avoid the luxury that becomes a necessity.

¶ The bachelor girl is the old maid in a new edition.

¶ A thing of beauty is a joy as long as she can look young.

¶ It is well to put off until to-morrow what you ought not to do at all.

¶ The man who is his own worst enemy generally loves his enemy.

¶ The devil may have his faults, but procrastination is not one of them.

¶ A father is fonder of a strapping boy than a son is of a strapping father.

¶ It is only the parrot that is valued for how it talks rather than for what it says.

¶ There are lots of people who are just about as superfluous as a tin can tied to a yellow dog's tail.

¶ Many persons never find the business they like because they want the business to do all the liking.

¶ When we reach a certain age we begin to wonder at the enthusiasm children display over their birthdays.

¶ There are much more eloquent indications of the ragged edge of despair than the fringe around the bottom of a man's trousers.

¶ Nature gives the poor an appetite that they may like what they eat. The rich do not need one as they can eat what they like.

¶ The sober-hued turkey is a more valuable fowl than the gaudy peacock. Beauty is only skin deep, while edibility extends to the bone.

The Kindergarten for Parents

CAPTAIN X, of one of the largest ocean steamers, said recently: "I never make a voyage without being struck by the overindulgence of American parents of the well-to-do classes. They make only the feeblest attempts to discipline their children and encourage them in every breach of manners and of the laws of health and conduct. On my last voyage there was a boy of eleven whom his parents permitted to eat and drink precisely what they did; to interrupt them and order them about. He began dinner every night with a handful of nuts; he drank claret and champagne; he was up early, yet was on deck as late as the latest. His father said to me: 'His mother and I feel that we owe it to him to make him happy. As children we were both handled strictly and severely, and we resolved that we would not give our children the memories of childhood and of our parents that we have.'"

After due allowance for the difference between American and European ideals of manhood and womanhood, it must still be admitted that there is much justice in this English sea-captain's criticism. And the last sentence of the preposterous parent's remarks to him explains many and many an amazing case of what he attacks. Of the volumes that could be written on "man's inhumanity to man," the thickest and most heart-rending would be that on the sufferings of children through the mistaken notions of grown people as to child nature and child discipline. Children have been almost universally misunderstood, have been in all times and places punished instead of corrected, have paid unjust penalties for innocently following the instincts of heredity and the example inadvertently set them by their very human parents.

Of late, in America there has been a sudden burst of repentance and regret, a sharp swing of the pendulum from the extreme of sternness to the extreme of softness. And no doubt this has been expedited by the American passion which is responsible for the best of our good fortune and the worst of our woes—our passion for the sentiment expressed in Walt Whitman's advice to us—"Obey little; resist much!"

We do not want English or German discipline of children introduced here—we are not in the business of manufacturing either subjects for kings or "cannon food." What we want is sovereign men and sovereign women. The two main attributes of that sovereignty are:

Self-respect.

Self-control.

Beating children will not produce these qualities, nor will bullying them. On the other hand, license is fatal to any proper self-respect, is inevitably fatal to any sort of self-control whatsoever. On paper and in theory it is very easy to draw the line between license and liberty, between the discipline that will develop and the discipline that will degrade. In practice it is by no means easy—not because children are difficult to teach, for they are easy to teach; but because so few of us frail, halting human beings have proper working conceptions of self-respect and self-control.

But it is possible, though perhaps difficult, for a parent to develop himself to the point where he can teach his child—it must be largely by example—to set a high standard of self-respect, and to try to help his child to the self-control which living up to that standard calls for. It is certainly possible not to breed fear in a child's mind. A child that fears its parents is in the beginnings of lying and cowardice.

A child that has been beaten is a child that has been brutalized. And as for the parent who gives the beating, does he, or she, never think how it came to pass that a being absolutely under his, or her, control needs to be degraded with a whipping; does he, or she, never think what must be the nature of his own manhood, or of her own womanhood, when its highest conception of correction is physical torture?

Beating and bullying teach only deception—is it not generally conceded that there is no moral turpitude in deceiving a tyrant who takes advantage of helplessness to torture?

Perhaps, on the whole, the best way to teach a child self-respect and self-reliance is never to do before it anything which one would not be perfectly willing for it to do. Does that mean self-sacrifice? Does that mean cutting off one's own pet self-indulgence? Undoubtedly. But, of course, all parents will gladly do this. They are always assuring everybody that they live chiefly for their children, that they love them, that their highest ambition is to see them grow to sound manhood and womanhood. It will be all joy to them to suppress in themselves the angry word, the inconsiderate action, the bad habit which they would have to punish severely in their beloved offspring should it "do as papa and mamma *do*" and not as papa and mamma *say*.

Parents can learn as much about themselves from their children as they can about their faces from a mirror. If the image is repellent, is the mirror to blame?

The Fatal Plunge

A VEHEMENT controversy has been going on lately between some of our contemporaries as to the relative cost of living in different American cities. The newly-married couple with a small income are the objects of this anxious solicitude. Details of information are lavishly poured out upon them. They are assured that they can rent a whole house in Philadelphia for the cost of a tiny flat in New York; but on the other hand, New York will give them ready-made clothes for a song; Chicago will sell them meat at a reduction of three cents a pound; in Baltimore shell-fish are almost as cheap as air, while in Boston, food, rents, gas and fuel mount to an impossible height—only books are free.

Tens of thousands of young married folk—or young folk who want to marry and dare not make the fatal plunge—are no doubt studying these price lists with bated breath to-day. But, after all, it is not the price of flats, or butter, or coal that will determine their future expenses, but a fact much more subtle and important: the Public Opinion, the unwritten law of the community in which they elect to make their home. That is a bodiless ruler which controls all of us, whether we know it or not. It regulates our outlay, our behavior, and, sooner or later, our lives.

In one city money is the gauge by which each man is rated. Has he millions, a comfortable salary or nothing? Then is he noble, respectable, or of no more account than the brutes. No matter what the income of our young couple may be they will always be wretched there, because it is not bigger.

In another town, if they can claim some old soldier at Valley Forge as a grandfather, they may live over a baker's shop and give dinners of mutton hash; they still will rank among the ruling class.

The challenge at the gates of still another American town is—"What have you done?" If our beginners can write a book, or paint a picture or start a new religion, or a new doubt of the old religion, they will have friends and applause enough to warm and feed them.

Every American village and every clique in a village has its unpublished law as to the quality which constitutes the "better class" and the scale of outlay proper for that class, and it is this which should decide our beginners in the choice of a home rather than the current price of mutton or potatoes.

It is a curious fact that most young married couples try to push their way into a neighborhood of richer and more pretentious people than themselves. Tom is a scholarly fellow and Jessie has a good ear and a fine touch in her music. Why should they choose to live among people who value their songs or clever talk no higher than the tricks of animals, but who value them by the cost of their clothes or their dinners? Why not find friends at the outset among their own kind? Why should Tom struggle to visit and keep pace with millionaires and so bring on himself the ridicule of his neighbors now, and paresis in his old age? He probably never can buy a yacht for his son or a poor earl for his daughter. Then let him keep out of sight of yachts and earls and so command comfort and peace in his life at the outset.

Some of our modern preachers urge us to consort with millionaires while we live a simple life. St. Francis, they tell us, trampled his rich clothes under foot in the face of the nobles, and Epictetus, in the midst of the glories of the court, rejoiced loudly that his soul was above these things.

If there be a St. Francis or an Epictetus among us let him carry his message to Newport or to Fifth Avenue.

But for the rank and file of us it will be wiser to live in the shade and keep out of temptation.

An Important Baby

MOST Americans would be astonished if told that the birth of an heir to any European throne was of any great importance to this country; and yet the future of the United States, the future of the Monroe Doctrine, and the future of South America may be very seriously affected by the failure of the young Queen of Holland to have issue.

The heir to the throne of Holland, in the eventuality of the Queen dying without issue, would be a German Prince, who, though he would be obliged to swear allegiance to the Dutch Constitution and must promise to protect the independence of the Netherlands, would nevertheless be strongly German in sympathy, and therefore could hardly be expected to make a very sturdy battle against any attempt of the German Emperor to possess himself of the little Kingdom. That Germany wants Holland every one knows, and that the other Powers would hardly be likely to interfere very seriously if Berlin found some excuse for gobbling her up is also very near a certainty. If France protested she might be allowed to annex Belgium. Russia and Austria, of course, would not take a hand in the matter, as it is too remote from their spheres of influence and interests, and England alone is hardly likely to undertake a war over Holland with Germany.

If Holland should pass to Germany of course her colonies would go with the mother country, and the German Emperor would have acquired by means that it would be impossible to prevent, or even to protest against, the much-desired territory in this hemisphere. Dutch Guiana is an immense territory in itself, but of more importance yet are the Dutch islands in the Caribbean Sea, especially Curaçoa.

It cannot be doubted that, with that island and its two or three Dutch neighbors in his possession, the German Emperor or his successors would at once fortify them strongly, and would make them the headquarters for a West Indian fleet which would be a continual menace to the Inter-Oceanic Canal, and a constant cause of irritation to the United States. Troops could be landed not only on the island but on the Dutch mainland as well, and the independence of Brazil would be continually menaced. If the Germans, who now number 400,000 in Brazil, should start a revolt against the Brazilian Government the German troops would be at hand to help them, and would have both a nearer and a better base of supplies than the United States.

It is clear, therefore, that it is a matter of no little concern to Americans that there should be a Dutch heir to the Dutch throne, so that all danger of the Dutch American colonies passing to German control may disappear.

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The Business Side of Cup Racing

THE BUILDING OF A DEFENDER HAS BECOME A VERY SCIENTIFIC, UNEMOTIONAL AFFAIR, CARRIED OUT AT GREAT COST WITH GREAT PRECISION AND WITH THE UTMOST SECRECY

BY WINFIELD M. THOMPSON

ONE often hears the principle laid down that business methods should not be applied to a gentleman's sport, yet the highest development of the leading sport of the day—racing yachts for the America's cup—has been attained along the lines of careful business organization.

Under existing conditions the America's cup is defended by a syndicate of business men with ample means, who, as soon as a challenge is received, voluntarily subscribe sufficient money to build and equip a proper vessel for the defense, and keep her in commission throughout the racing season. None of these men need know the rudiments of sailing a vessel, for their responsibility ceases when they have written checks sufficiently large to cover all contingencies of the defense. Their money acts for them as soon as it is placed to the order of the specialist, and they never know the sentiment and pleasure that thrilled the old-time yachtsman when paying for the vessel in which he dreamed of cruising, entertaining, and perhaps racing, as chance came; for the business methods of the day have put sentiment to flight in cup racing, so far as it may be held by financially interested individuals.

Whatever sentiment clings to the defense of the cup pertains no more to one citizen than another, and the man who pays for a boat can lay claim to no more of it than the urchin in the street; while his enjoyment may be dulled, if he is of nervous temperament, by the fear that defeat may come through some shortcoming in the elaborate arrangements that must be made for the match.

As in every highly specialized field of effort, the business of racing for the defense of the cup must be in the hands of one master. The man capable of assuming leadership in this field is in the highest sense an expert. By courtesy he is an amateur, or Corinthian yachtsman, as he receives no fixed sum for his services; but in fact he is an expert at defending the America's cup, and is recognized by the public solely in this connection. His ability does not lie in skill in sailing the cup yacht, for he is not called upon to do that, but in organizing a crew and "getting everything out of them"; a man of iron will and great energy, known aboard ship as a "driver," and distinguished in the racing field for allowing nothing to come between him and his chance of victory. He is fully conscious that the difference between victory and defeat may lie in some minor detail of arrangement, and he makes himself and all his men slaves to the need of preparedness. He is not there for health or pleasure, but to keep the cup for his syndicate and his club. If his crew prove better in concerted action, and win a close race—perhaps the deciding one in a series—by expeditious and careful handling of sails, their work is his reward of merit with the men for whom he acts, and a hard-earned tribute to his ability as an organizer. He has trained his men according to special rules of conduct applying to cup racing, and not according to the older canons of seamanship. He has drilled each man to consider himself a part of the whole, while performing unquestioningly the duties of his special post without considering what his neighbor may be doing, except as it affects his own work.

No Room for Sentiment or Chance

IN THE preparation of a yacht to race for the America's cup nothing is left to sentiment, impulse or chance. The proposition rests on business principles throughout. Only the famous designer known to have produced winners in the past is intrusted with an order to build a vessel intended for the defense. Other designers may yearn for an opportunity to show the world their genius, but it would not be safe to give them a chance. Their boat might lose.

The famous designer has the confidence of the syndicate to such a degree that he is not asked to show the lines of his boat. They are quite sure to be as good as could be produced; and if they are not, the syndicate has the benefit of a businesslike reservation that its defending yacht need not be named until the week before the date set for the first race, while the challenger must have committed himself to sail only with the boat named in his challenge sent ten months before the event. Thus, as an example, the yacht Constitution was designed in 1901 to sail against Shamrock II. She did not prove satisfactory, and Columbia, which defended the cup in 1899, was again used as the defending vessel. On the other hand, the challenger's vessel proved in her trials to be of doubtful powers in construction and design; but the challenger was obliged to sail the races with her, as he did not enjoy the privilege of making a change.

In this connection it may be said that the failure of Constitution was charged largely to lack of training of the crew and absence of decision in handling; a charge, in effect, that her manager was not sufficiently expert at the business of developing speed in a cup-racing machine. The same conditions were held also to have affected the fortunes of the challenger.

As the craft used in racing for the America's cup represent the limit to which yacht designing and construction have been carried, it is but logical that their production should be a special industry. Among all the ship-building plants of the world there are scarce a half-dozen that could satisfy the demands made on the industry by the construction of a cup-racing yacht; while in the designing field are but three men who in the past decade have had a chance to show their powers in this branch of design. There is in these facts ample evidence of the specialization existing in the sport of cup racing.

Twenty years have wrought as great a change in this line of industry as in any in our rapidly-growing country. In 1881 the order was given by the flag-officers of the New York Yacht Club for the first vessel to be specially constructed as a defender of the America's cup. Her builder was David Kirby, of Rye, New York, who worked out his models by the old-time method of rule-of-thumb plus experience, and then built the craft himself, in the light of day, shaping her timbers from such honest wood that the yacht, called Pocahontas, is alive to-day and giving good service. That she was rejected for the defense showed she represented the end of an epoch, for the yacht which displaced her, Mischief, was built of iron, from lines drawn by A. Cary Smith, now dean of American naval architects.

In these days yachts are designed and built after the methods of the magician in producing a rabbit from his hat. All the labors of the designer, who in the case of recent defending yachts has been also the builder, have been secret. He is a man of mystery, a wizard working in his hidden chamber, and he recognizes the right of none, even the men who pay for his boats, to see the lines from which his racers are built. Sentiment does not rule him. He owes the sport of yachting nothing. He is moved by no desire to give the world the fruits of his genius, except in concrete form, for racing purposes, at very high prices. He represents the business spirit of the age as applied to the sport of yachting.

The old days when the builder set up his vessel's timbers in his open yard by sea or sound, and friendly critics came from far and near to view them and to add a word of cheer or a well-meant suggestion, are far away indeed. The builder of to-day knows, before a blow is struck on his vessel, how she will look when in the water, and to what line on her hull she will float. Her weight has been calculated to a pound. Her displacement and its distribution, her probable resistance when under sail—all have been set down in advance, in accordance with the demands of modern business methods.

When the boat is launched the results obtained by such methods is witnessed in her appearance. Everything in her hull and rig has been designed to obtain lightness of construction combined with sufficient strength to carry a great spread of sail. The plates of her hull, made from a composition of metals manufactured by a secret process for this special purpose, are no thicker than a dinner plate. She has no bulwarks or rails, as sea-going craft have. Her deck is of thin aluminum, covered with canvas or cork to give the men a foothold. A sharp marlinspike dropped the distance of three feet would pierce it.

The towering spars of a cup racer are hollow, built of thin steel plates over truss work of steel. Such spars have the merit of lightness, but can be used only for racing. When a yacht crosses the ocean, as in the case of the challenger, her tall racing mast is shipped by steamer to the yacht's destination.

The majority of the lighter spars on a racing yacht are made of wood, except the main-boom, which is of steel. The use of hollow wood spars is a direct result of the demands of the day for lightness aloft, and their manufacture is a special business, practically controlled by one American firm. The wood used is the lightest pine, a spar being made of two or more hollowed parts glued together and shaped.

Costly Sails of a Special Weave

IN KEEPING with hollow spars are the cup yacht's racing sails, which are made of "special yacht duck," a fabric manufactured from a particular kind of cotton, and woven in a particular kind of way. One American firm enjoys the distinction of making the best American racing sails, and this distinction has been gained through developing the business along special lines. The senior member of the firm, for example, learned the business of weaving cotton duck in order to produce a fabric suitable for the exacting requirements of large racing yachts. He experimented with many kinds of duck before finding one that stood the test of severe usage in racing. Egyptian and sea-island cotton, ramie and other fibres were used and discarded, but at last a cotton was found that proved satisfactory. The cotton-mill agents at first laughed at the sailmaker who thought he could tell them something about weaving duck. They ceased laughing some time ago, while the special duck of that particular firm has done much toward placing the firm at the head of the business of sailmaking in America. So much for specialization in that particular branch of yachting.

But cotton is not always considered good enough for making light sails for a vessel of the cup class. The ill-starred Independence, of Boston, had a spinnaker made of equal parts of white silk and mercerized sea-island cotton, at a cost of something more than $1700. The sail was never spread.

Great ingenuity is displayed in obtaining lightness and strength in the rigging of a modern racer. Hemp has been entirely displaced by wire of plow steel for standing rigging, while flexible steel is now used for running rigging, such as halyards. The use of steel wire greatly increases the strength of a rig, and reduces resistance to the wind. Wire rigging came into use on American yachts in the early seventies, and the tendency has been to make it lighter with each succeeding season.

When the cup racer is put in commission a period of hard work and worry, that will end only with the races, begins for all hands, from the manager to the last man in the crew. Of necessity the veil of secrecy behind which the boat was built and equipped is now lifted, and the men in charge of the vessel enter upon a sort of stewardship to the public; for the public has a way of considering itself concerned in the races by reason of inalienable proprietary rights in the trophy to be sailed for.

The Flotilla of Caretakers and Tenders

ONE of the first duties of her crew is to see that no harm shall come to the yacht. This necessitates ceaseless vigilance. As the vessel may draw twenty feet of water she cannot be sailed in shallow places, or near sands, rocks or reefs. As she is too fragile in hull and spars to be risked unnecessarily in a seaway, she must not be taken far to sea, nor must she be exposed needlessly to squalls. Hard usage at sea might start her plates at some point in the hull where the strain is great, possibly near the mast-step. This might cause a leak that could not be made tight, and lead to loss of time, endless worry and apprehension, and perhaps defeat.

In harbor the yacht must be anchored always in sheltered places, where tugs with tows of barges cannot come into collision with her, or vagrant coasting vessels foul her. She must have good holding ground in deep water, and some one must be always on watch to see that she rides well to her mooring.

As a cup defender has no living quarters on board for her crew, quarters must be provided for them on an accompanying vessel or tender. This is generally a steamer, and each racing year sees a larger tender procured for the use of the defender's crew. Then a launch is generally employed as a tender to the tender. This craft may belong to one of the syndicate, and be a seventy-foot, high-power boat with a twenty-knot speed.

The yacht's tender must be fitted with sleeping and victualing accommodations for the crew, enlarged space for cooks and stewards, and a clear space for extra spars, sails and fittings that cannot be carried on the yacht. Sometimes, if the tender is comparatively small, the spars are carried on a lighter, which must be towed about by a tug. This increases the number of vessels in the yacht's entourage to four; while in the case of one cup racer in recent years no fewer than seven satellites followed in her wake.

The disbursements on account of a cup-racing yacht, for a season, including first cost, are from $200,000 to $350,000. The only authentic statement available of the cost of a vessel of this class was published by Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, owner of the Independence, who showed that the boat cost him $205,000 to build and operate for three months. The money was spent with a lavish hand, but the total reached doubtless was less than that for a cup defender, chiefly because of the high figures at which everything connected with a cup yacht is charged to the syndicate. Constitution was said to have cost her owners $320,000 by the end of her first season. If this were a correct figure, her building and equipping was not without a handsome profit.

For crew the present cup defender carries about forty men, who are paid forty or forty-five dollars a month, with a bonus for each race won. Her sailing master is said to receive $5000 for the season, which is higher than is paid the best of ordinary skippers, from the fact that he is a specialist in sailing vessels of this class. The mate receives about $1500. The manager receives no salary, but is said to have an allowance of $10,000 for expenses, which would appear to be ample.

National pride is not permitted to enter into consideration in selecting the crew of a defender. No one on the yacht need be native born. The crew of Columbia in 1901 was composed of Scandinavians. Her captain, who is again chosen to sail the defender this year, is a Scotchman.

In 1895 a fine glow of patriotism warmed the popular heart when an all-Yankee crew, from Deer Isle, Maine, was chosen to sail on the Defender. The crew was composed of as fine sailors as ever took a turn, but they did not commend themselves to their manager as superior to Scandinavians. "They're too cute, them down-Easters," said a racing skipper. "I'd rather have 'square-heads': you can lick 'em into shape better."

Wherein is shown that in cup racing appreciation of the independence of American seamen, like many another popular sentiment, is made subservient to considerations of organization.

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AMERICAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT

(*Concluded from Page 9*)

the next week. When it comes to hustling Sternmeyer & Meyerstern are supposed to be pretty quick, but, if I do say it, I had them gasping. I made them get out an edition of fifty thousand at the start with a cover design made by one of my own artists—the fellow who did those stunning posters for the Block Island Road that I showed some of you the other day in my office—and owing to my influence as an advertising man I induced some of the old-line houses to handle the song. I also hired through my representatives small boys who belonged to church choirs in the various big cities of the country. They were trained to stand outside of the matinée houses just about the close of the play and sing the song as a quartette and also to distribute handbills at the same time—and it caught the caramel chewers on the first bounce. Of course the little choristers were voted too sweet for any use and the song sold like hot cakes. Then I took up a column in every one of the leading papers all over the country asking the question, 'Do you sing (never mind what song it was)? If not, why not? It is good for the voice. Indorsed by every one with a throat. For sale at all music stores.'

"Not only that, but I induced every orchestra leader in New York to play my song at least twice every evening, and in one fashionable uptown church it was sung as an offertory with religious words, and that started up a rumpus that was worth good money to me. And of course I got them to sing it at Feber and Wields.

"Well, most of you knew at the time how the song took hold, although I haven't mentioned its name, purposely. It went like wild-fire all over the country, and Sousa, who was at the Paris Exposition, played it in that city, and it made quite an impression on the boulevardiers as being pretty good music for Indians. I also secured a French edition of it, and three months from the day I sat down to outdo old Beethoven I had cleared $50,000. I had outdone him.

"It goes to show what advertising will do," concluded Tom as he rose from his chair and cleared his throat.

But his auditors did not seem satisfied. "You're not through," said the actor. "What became of the sad-eyed composer?"

Chandler sat down in his chair again and cast his eye around the expectant ones.

"Well, honest," said he, "I attempted to make him accept half of the money but he wouldn't hear of it. And what's more, he wouldn't allow me to advertise his own music as being by the author of the other thing. He acted a good deal like an ass, I thought. He said, 'I must be true to my feelings, Mr. Chandler. Money is a nice thing to have and I wish I could make such a sum by my music, but I would debase my art if I allowed myself to be advertised through such a song as that. You paid me liberally for my hack work and that ends it.'"

"And did that end it?" persisted the actor.

"You bet it didn't. I happened to have a little house up near New Rochelle that was without a tenant. I told Theodore that if he didn't want to make me his enemy for life that he'd have to be its caretaker, and he finally accepted. But that was a good deal to make out of a single song, wasn't it?"

"Chandler, why *don't* you finish your story," asked the clergyman, who was a next-door neighbor of the advertising man and knew him intimately.

"No more to tell," said Chandler.

"Nonsense," said the clergyman. "You haven't any idea of an artistic finish. Well, then, I'll tell it."

All eyes were now turned on the clergyman and he went on: "When the little composer moved up to the cottage at New Rochelle he found that among the furniture was a grand piano and a music cabinet for his manuscripts.

"And the Parisian house recognized the musical worth in the harmonization of the song and asked Mr. Chandler if they might see more of his work, and he sent in one of Theodore's sonatas for piano and violin, and it was immediately published and performed at one of the Colonne concerts. And of course the Parisian *cachet* gave Theodore a start in America and the publishers tumbled over each other to get hold of his work."

"Yes, but that's Theodore's story; that's not my story," said Tom.

"Well, the whole thing sounds like a fairy story," said the actor, "one of the too-good-to-be-true kind."

"But it *is* true," said Tom; "every word of it except the name of the publishing firm. But what jars me is that I've never had another inspiration."

Despotism and Democracy

(*Continued from Page 11*)

"snuggled." Coming, as she did, of a very old family which dated back to 1860, she felt a certain degree of commiseration for brand-new people like the Baldwins, who had not appeared above the social horizon until 1880—twenty years later. But she really liked them, and with a diplomatic instinct inherited from her father she relieved the situation by rising and saying:

"I see dear Mrs. Baldwin on the balcony and must go and speak to her."

And as she flitted through the glass door a deep masculine voice just behind Eleanor said:

"Good-morning, Miss Baldwin."

It was the Honorable Edward George Francis Castlestuart-Stuart, third secretary of the British Embassy, whom Eleanor had asked to breakfast that morning. She grew pale as she rose to greet him—suppose—suppose he had heard that remark about the shoe-stitching machine? And what was more likely? The shoe-stitching machine was the family skeleton, and was usually kept under lock and key. By some occult and malign impulse her father had hauled it out and rattled it in Mrs. Hill-Smith's face, and perhaps it might be known at the British Embassy!

Baldwin himself realized the impropriety of his conduct, and tried to rectify it by saying, with great cordiality, to the Honorable Mr. Castlestuart-Stuart:

"Good-morning—good-morning. Very pleased to see you. You find me, as usual, among my books—my best and oldest friends."

To this Castlestuart-Stuart replied simply, like the honest Briton that he was:

"I hate books."

Baldwin was nearly paralyzed at this, and still more so when the honest Briton quite eagerly went out on the balcony to speak to Mrs. Baldwin. Only the day before in one of his rambles about town he had come upon her getting out of a cab before a poor lodging-house in Southeast Washington, her arms loaded with bundles. A swarm of poor children had run forward to greet her—they evidently knew her well. Her usually cold, statuesque face had been warmed with the sweet light of charity, and a heavenly joy shone in her eyes in the process of feeding the hungry and visiting the sick.

As Castlestuart-Stuart went out on the balcony and took Mrs. Baldwin's hand cordially she blushed—but not painfully. She, too, had seen him yesterday, and he had managed to convey with that peculiar art of a simple and candid nature that he admired her for what she was doing. Again did she feel this sincere and admiring approval—and was profoundly grateful for it. Castlestuart-Stuart knew perfectly well the history of the family—all the diplomats in Washington know the family history of those who race and chase after them. He remembered hearing Constance Maitland say that "Mrs. Baldwin redeems the whole family." Goodness such as hers could redeem much worse people than the Baldwins, thought Castlestuart-Stuart, and he proceeded to be bored by Mrs. Hill-Smith and Eleanor with the best grace in the world. His chief had told him to take what was set before him in a social way, asking no questions for conscience' sake. In the performance of his duty he had dined, breakfasted and lunched with pork, dry goods, whisky, shoes, sewing machines, and every other form of good, honest trade. But the word trade was never so much as mentioned among its beneficiaries—certainly not at the breakfast which was now served.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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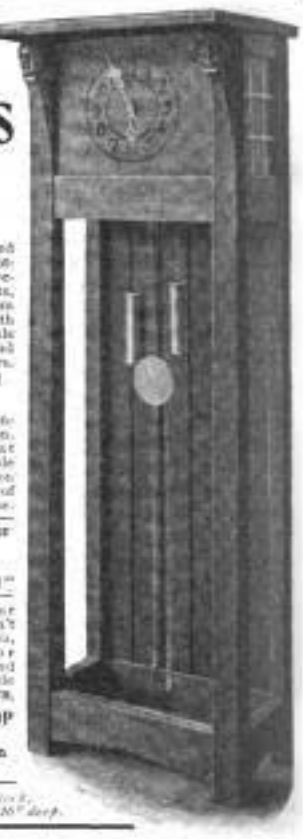

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LITERARY FOLK
Their Ways & Their Work

THE ILLUSTRATOR — He is the newspaper man of painting, and often he suffers from bad assignments.

¶ The relation of the illustrator to his text has always been a painful subject. It is admittedly impossible to publish a popular magazine without illustrations, and yet there remains a very large class of readers who judge the likelihood of disappointment in any illustration to be so much greater than the chance of added pleasure that they prefer plain print and their own unaided fancy to very excellent black and whites, and very intricate and more or less successful color work, which conflict with their own and, so they believe, the author's ideals.

The author's complaint is that his illustrators are preoccupied with problems which in no way touch his mood or intent — that they see nothing in him but a chance to pose smart young women and sleek young men in attitudes of frozen boredom, or to elaborate structures of technique and composition which may be wholly meritorious in themselves, but which, as examples of illustration, of insight and interpretation, are in no less degree, but only in differing quality, as childish as his friends of the fashion plates. Stevenson has one of his happy phrasings for this protest:

"Such numbers of people can do good black and whites, so few can illustrate a story, or apparently read it . . . the great affair is that you" (he was writing to Gordon Browne) "have been to the pains to illustrate my story instead of making conscientious black and whites of people sitting talking."

The illustrator in turn is constantly bewailing the restricted intelligence of authors who, with obstinate disregard of the limitations of all painting and in narrow ignorance of the painter's aim and method, insist on illustrations which are more like explanatory diagrams of the action or printed directions to the reader. The illustrator's profession is no easy one. He is the newspaper man of painting. It is his business to cover murders and merrymakings, weddings and wakes — and to cover them all well. He stands to the world of letters in the same relation that the reporter stands to the world of news. Each has his fact, and between the man and the fact stands for one the managing editor, for the other the art editor — retail dispensers, as it were, of destiny, with an eye to the market and the visible supply. In the mad scramble for copy the reporter does not always get his right assignment. Just as the exigencies of the moment sometimes bring him his chance — the personified entity for which every new man is waiting — so in the revolution of the wheel they bring him his failure, his "fall down" he would call it: or if he sees with equal eye the varying face of Fortune in all her contradictory moods, that is but the other way for saying that he sees all indifferently.

So with the illustrator. To take a present instance, Mr. Peter Newell, in his illustrations of Mrs. Freeman's The Wind in the Rose-Bush, is suffering from a bad assignment. The art editor is supposed to see to these things. It is his business as retail dispenser to fulfill the publisher's standing prescription of the right man for the right work — but if Lake is busy Gamboge has to take it; and Gamboge, you may be sure, *will* take it whether he likes it or not, because his connection with his publisher is not a thing to be severed by such slender excuses as preferences, for the publisher also has his preferences. The art editor has his. Between them they settle their differences and little of their quarrel is heard in the land; but what, in the arbitrament of the event, appears clearly enough is that the agreement reached is often based on faulty reasoning.

THE WIND IN THE ROSE-BUSH — Mrs. Freeman's book of ghost stories is hurt by inadequate illustration.

¶ Because Mr. Newell has excelled where he had full freedom for his own admitted and individual talent it does not follow that he will excell in a field where it is the author who has full freedom — in, say, Mrs. Freeman's ghost stories, the case in hand. Mrs. Freeman's manner is by this time pretty well known to her readers and should be to her publishers. She is sparing in her use of adjectives; her work is chiseled, not colored; she touches only the familiar, the well-worn detail, but she touches it in a way and at a moment to make it glow from the inside with a dramatic intensity which does not need, which would not bear, a more elaborate and ornate treatment. When she comes to these stories of the supernatural it is again the familiar, the long known, commonplace furniture and accidents of housekeeping which change, with ever so slight a shifting, into the sinister, malignant expressions of foreboding and ill-will — a pot which does not smell of what can be seen seething inside, a mirror which does not give back the face that looks into it, a rose-bush which rustles when there is no wind. The artist who is to get the horror out of these mutations — all the more horrid that they are wrought out of every-day life — must supply all that Mrs. Freeman leaves out. It is for him to be fluent with light, and portentous with the uncertainty of shadow, to be explicit where the author is suggestive, and suggestive where the author is explicit. And above all, in treating an author who works with such repression, who is so intent on each detail, he should always, as Stevenson recommended, *read his story*. The Miss Flint of The Wind in the Rose-Bush is described as a "very large and handsome woman, . . . placid, pink and dimpled, . . . a great, handsome blonde creature." It would be difficult to recognize her in the frontispiece, where she appears large in the sense of being fat — dumpy, dowdy, rather worn, and sour-visaged. Luella Miller in the story of the same name has been a "beauty" with a "long, lovely face" and "a wonderful grace of motion and attitude." "If one of them willows over there on the edge of the brook," says one of the characters who had known her, "could start up, and get its roots free of the ground, and move off, it would go just the way Luella Miller used to." Luella of the picture is hollow-cheeked, thin, pathetic, dank. In the story called The Vacant Lot particular stress is laid on the fact that Mrs. Townsend is "small," physically small. There is a prodigious crash in the house and every mirror from the basement to the attic is shivered with the shock. Mr. Townsend rushes in and asks his wife if she had a fall. The question has an absurd, puzzled impossibility about it, born of the man's blind terror, but all inconsequentiality vanishes in the illustration, where it becomes perfectly evident that Mrs. Townsend, had she fallen, would have shivered not only all the mirrors but the very ribs and rafters of the house itself in her descent through successive ceilings to the cellar.

The truth is, Mr. Newell does better where he works at his own bidding; the two best illustrations in The Wind in the Rose-Bush are the two farthest removed from the limitations of the text. His work is too pronounced in its own characteristics to lend itself readily to the promptings of another talent.

THE SEARCH FOR A TITLE — The plight of a man confused and hopelessly lost in a forest of signboards.

¶ Now, if some one with Mark Twain's humor and Henry James' subtleties of psychology would record an author's search for a title, benighted, lost in the familiar surroundings of his own creation, he might become immortal at a bound. It is not only difficult to find a good title, but it is often nearly impossible to find a fitting title that has not been used before. The Shakespeare and Biblical concordances, dictionaries of familiar phrases and quotations, and the cumulative indexes of one sort and another have grown dog-eared and grimy in the search. Even then the possibility of mistake is not eliminated. We notice among current books Before the Dawn, by Joseph A. Altsheler (Doubleday Page & Co.). Perhaps it may be remembered that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. published a Before the Dawn, by Pimenoff-Noble, in 1901. And in one of Messrs. Harper Brothers' monthly publications for April is a short story entitled The Eternal Feminine — a much-worn phrase, to be sure, but one which happens to have been appropriated some time since by Mr. Israel Zangwill, who now publishes the short story to which he lent it in a volume called The Grey Wig, brought out this spring by the Macmillans.

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SOME LONG-LIVED SEEDS — Many unexplained phenomena of germination are being looked into.

A STRANGE interment recently took place in a field adjacent to the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia. Caskets filled with the seeds of a great variety of plants and trees were lowered into the ground in many gravelike openings.

They were not planted. They were buried. A company of botanists, pathologists, agrostologists and other scientists presided over the unique and puzzling ceremonies.

Once every year one of these "graves" will be opened, a casket disinterred, its contents planted and the ensuing growth watched with scientific interest. Before the last seed casket is exhumed the experimenters who have inaugurated the tests will have long since passed away. In fact, the experiments are to continue for a century or more.

The purpose is to determine the duration of the germinative property of seeds. At present scientists are unable to tell how long seeds retain the life principle. On this topic puzzling requests for information come from various parts of the world.

It is reported that in soil carried into Western valleys by hydraulic operations in the mountains, trees of a variety previously unknown either in the mountains or the valley spring up. Where did the seeds come from? Had they lain dormant for years, or perhaps ages, in the earth? The supposition is that they are the survivals of former forests. The theory awakens speculation as to the vitality of seed life.

Often when sod land is broken for cultivation noxious weeds spring up which, so far as the farmer knows, never grew before in that locality. The theory is that the seed lay in the ground for generations, awaiting certain conditions necessary to cause it to germinate.

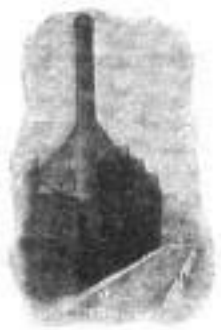
In a park in Paris a species of *Lathyrus* which had once been abundant disappeared on account of the growing shade of trees. Thirty years from the time of the plant's apparent extinction in that locality the trees were thinned and the leguminous vine reappeared. A more mysterious instance was that of plants of the rush genus *(Juncus bufonius)* making their appearance in earth obtained from a great depth in an excavation in Paris. In another section of France, on the banks of a ditch in a stretch of country reclaimed by drainage, alders suddenly began to grow broadcast. So far as human knowledge goes, that tree was never before known to exist in that or any neighboring locality. The supposition is that in some prehistoric period that part of the country was an alder forest, whose surviving seeds, after a lapse of ages, now reappear.

The information along these lines is vague and unsatisfactory. Similarly, the statement that wheat found in Egyptian sarcophagi grew readily when planted, 4000 or 5000 years from the time of harvesting, cannot be accepted as proved. Yet, in the absence of definite knowledge, experts reserve opinion. It is to supply exact data on the subject that the burial of seed has taken place at Arlington.

THE POISON-PROOF PRAIRIE DOG — Arsenic, corrosive sublimate and potassium cyanide he eats like oats.

THE use of a new and singularly powerful poison is redeeming millions of valuable Western acres. In Kansas alone, where the mixture has been thoroughly tested, its efficacy in exterminating destructive rodents, which until now have been poison-proof, will save over half a million dollars' worth of forage crops annually. Besides that, it assures the safeguarding of the horticultural interests of the State which have been seriously menaced.

Hitherto prairie dogs *(Cynomys ludovicianus)* and pocket gophers *(Geomys bursarius)* have wreaked widespread havoc in Kansas, all efforts to stay their ravages having proved inadequate. Arsenic, corrosive sublimate, barium carbonate, potassium cyanide and strychnine have been persistently administered, but the hardy and predatory rodents have survived this chemical diet. Efforts have been made to suffocate the pests by forcing sulphur fumes into the burrows, and to do it on a large scale machines were specially designed. It was also hoped to



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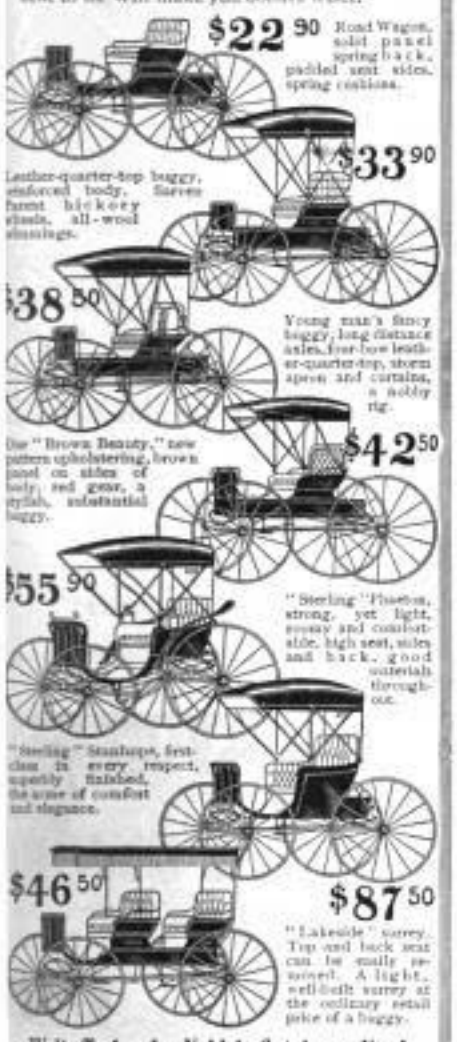

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decimate the prairie-dog villages and gopher colonies by introducing contagious diseases. Notwithstanding all attempts it was found that they were on the increase. Until a few months ago prairie dogs held dominion in sixty-eight counties in Kansas, their depredations covering an area of 2,000,000 acres. Even on pasture land whose native-grass meadows offer more resistance than cultivated crops, the damage done by prairie dogs has been fifty per cent. Wheat and alfalfa fields have been frequently totally devoured by these pests, which figure in Cooper's novels somewhat more romantically as "prairie-marmots" and "wish-ton-wish." The total annual loss caused by the prairie dogs in Kansas has been not less than $80,000. Pocket gophers have been a still greater scourge. In some years they have destroyed one-tenth of the entire alfalfa crop of that State, representing a loss of over $500,000. In addition they have menaced the existence of orchards and nurseries, destroying thousands of trees by girdling them.

Finally, after years of fruitless efforts at extermination, a secret poison has been concocted which gives promise of ridding Kansas entirely of the animals. Quantities of the poison are sent, upon application, to farmers throughout the State, but the formula is withheld from the public. The operation of mixing the poison is exceedingly dangerous and is conducted under the personal supervision of State chemists. Thus far the subtle and powerful compound has absolutely exterminated prairie dogs on more than a quarter of a million acres, and the demand for the poison is taxing the State's facilities for its manufacture. So potent is the mixture that a half-gallon can of it has destroyed the inhabitants of 1200 burrows, which comprised a prairie-dog village covering 160 acres.

That this discovery of an effective poison for the rodents marks an important chapter in the development of the State will be realized when it is known that the question had assumed such importance that the Legislature of Kansas at the last session passed a formal law declaring war on the animals and making appropriation for the campaign. Under the provisions of this enactment the authorities have been enabled to test the new poison extensively.

State officials conducted the initial experiments. Within twenty-four hours from the beginning of operations every prairie dog on an eighty-acre tract had been killed by the poison. Now the slaughter is growing into a general crusade, the officials and farmers working in zealous coöperation to rid Kansas entirely of these active enemies of husbandry.

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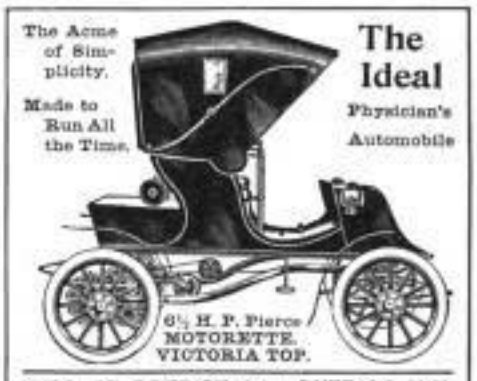

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How Men make FORTUNES

By

Orva S. Duff

In the last issue of "The Saturday Evening Post" appeared one of the largest display advertisements this publication ever printed—two full pages devoted to a subject which for the first time in the history of World Fairs is now being promulgated by the St. Louis Exposition.

A RECENT discussion by the executive board of the St. Louis World's Fair on the subject of Advertisement-writing, in their decision to set aside space for a "Department of Publicity," which is in itself an innovation in the history of World Fair propositions has awakened considerable interest. It is indeed surprising to note that so few people realize the important part advertising has played in the success of men. Fortunes are spent and fortunes are made. The profession of advertising is comparatively new, however, and offers innumerable opportunities to those who are trained in its details and have become qualified.

Hundreds of millions of dollars are spent yearly to promote a marketable article, and one needs but to look about him to see evidence of its potent power. There is more money spent in advertising than in the commerce of the world. The accumulated sum of a year's expenditure would double the United States surplus. The magnitude of this amount can be estimated when we say:

Place each copy of the advertisements appearing in all of the publications during one year end to end, and there would be an announcement ribbon over a hundred thousand miles long—assuming 250 clipped advertisements would make the thickness of an inch, placed sheet upon sheet they would erect a pile over a *hundred* million feet high. So essential is the proper handling of the appropriations and the proper construction of the advertisements appearing in the papers and other media of publicity, that it has become a science—a profession, followed by young men who are fortunate enough to have been thrown into that sphere.

Yet with this vast interest there are fewer men actively engaged in the preparation of advertisements than there are in any other field of honorable endeavor, where one-third the capital is represented.

This is doubtless due to the undeveloped comprehension of the profession and the man whose perceptive facilities are awake to the existing conditions is asking: "What advantage does this profession offer to the young man of to-day?" This question was recently advanced to ten young men who have studied the profession and are now engaged in active service, and the opinion of each is herewith given:

"The knowledge of advertising immediately places a man in his proper sphere and frees him from devoting many of the best years in his life 'working his way up.'" —*Pierson H. Peck.*

"It furnishes the training necessary to complete a man's mercantile education." —*Victor W. Gates.*

"It qualifies a man to successfully engage in the business with a small capital." —*Milford B. Martin.*

"It will fit a man to accept a previously proffered position." —*A. F. Kohn.*

"It will help a man out of a mediocre vocation." —*Russell B. LaFontaine.*

"It perfects a man who was previously handicapped by a limited knowledge of the advertising business." —*W. A. Webster.*

"It will make your services more valuable by letting your knowledge be known to your employer." —*F. K. Johnston.*

"It does away with that fear of losing a position, inasmuch as your services are always in demand." —*A. F. Ryan.*

"It affords an opportunity to create a new field of usefulness." —*E. K. Holloway.*

"It broadens a man's intellect and increases the horizon of his knowledge." —*Lester Taylor.*

No less an authority than Forrest Crissey says:

"Advertising is the great Expansion Agent of modern enterprise; the writing of advertisements is a science which joins the hands of COMMERCE and ART in a union giving to industry a progeny of prosperity beyond the dreams of yesterday. A few years since it was the science of amateurs, the idle hour job of cheap talent. Although this art is in its youth, the ranks of its experts contain a considerable number of men who receive salaries of ten thousand dollars and upwards; many who are paid above five thousand dollars, and hundreds who earn a yearly income of several thousand dollars. These are not fancy figures; the business world is looking for more opportunities to pay these and greater salaries to competent men. Every science, in its inception, was a haphazard way of doing certain things by those who 'had the knack.' And these generally declared that theirs was a gift of the Gods that came by birth and not by training. So it was with the science of advertising—until certain men of analytical mind came along and saw the clearly defined principles that were at the bottom of this, as of all other sciences; that its practice could be taught, and taught successfully—to those having even a moderate amount of common-sense and the faculty."

In the archives of the Page-Davis Co. (the institution to whom credit must be given for placing the profession upon a firm foundation), is found the records of men and women trained to manage departments of advertisement-writing, and who receive salaries ranging from $25.00 to $125.00 per week. Their testimonials show instances without number of thousands who have wisely taken up the study of advertising with that institution, and in a comparatively short time have made rapid advancement with correspondingly large salaries.

If the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will write to the Original Correspondence School of Advertising, Page-Davis Co., Suite 618, No. 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, they will receive free, an interesting prospectus setting forth the advantages of the advertising education—a most profitable, enlightening and fascinating business for ambitious men and women.

The Reading Table

Mark Twain as a Statesman

SENATOR STEWART, of Nevada, tells a new story of Mark Twain's apprenticeship. The humorist who was to make the world laugh was then employed as a reporter in Carson City, and was on duty one evening in the City Council when the session was presided over by a municipal statesman of exceedingly pompous manner, who cherished no great fondness for the young Clemens. This councilman, ordinarily of no intellectual resource, became hopelessly confused in a parliamentary tangle. Finally a motion was made to expunge from the records a certain matter which the presiding officer was extremely anxious should not become part of local history. The motion, having been seconded, was eagerly passed.

"The matter has been ordered expunged," declared the presiding councilman gravely, "and the clerk will proceed—to expunge. It should be effectively wiped out, obliterated and totally destroyed." He paused to notice the effect of his sentence of annihilation. "Where, gentlemen," he asked, "will you have the expunged matter deposited and placed?"

Mark Twain caught the attention of the councilman nearest him. "Let the expunged matter be worn under the Chairman's hat," he suggested; "no one would ever think of looking there for anything."

A Defense of Hunters

DR. A. K. FISHER, of the United States Biological Survey, is not only a profound student of natural history in general and birds in particular, but is also a great hunter for the sport of it. Like John Burroughs, who has often accompanied him on his expeditions, which have ranged from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic, Doctor Fisher has a poet's regard for the specimens he studies.

A few days ago with a fellow-scholar he was discussing the ethics of shooting birds. "How," he was asked, "can you reconcile your delight in killing birds with your unmistakable love for them as a scientist?"

"Song birds, insectivorous and plume birds," replied the naturalist, "are of inestimable value to the country, both economically and æsthetically, and should not be killed, save to a very limited extent for scientific purposes. I have no hesitancy, however, about shooting game birds in open season. The sport should be vigilantly controlled by intelligent legislation, but all efforts absolutely to prohibit the bagging of game birds, except in the case of diminishing species, are misdirected.

"And when the time comes," added the naturalist, "that the men of America no longer have the spirit to reach for their guns in the open season and go tramping the plains and mountains in search of game—when that condition overtakes us, any old nation will be able to step in and take the government off our hands."

By Another Name

A FEW evenings ago Secretary Cortelyou was enjoying a stroll in Lincoln Park which happens to be not far from his home on Capitol Hill. In front of a bronze statue of Lincoln which adorns this square Mr. Cortelyou noticed two colored women, one of whom, as evidenced by her dress, was from the country and taking in the sights of Washington with a city relative.

"And you can't guess who dat is?" the Washington woman was repeating, pointing to the statue of the Emancipator.

"I don't guess I can," was the response of the visitor. "Who is it?"

"Why, chile," said the ebony guide proudly, "dat am de instigator ob our renown."

SYMPATHY

By Charlotte Becker

We laughed together, love and I,
When all the world was bright;
We mocked at pain, and thought we spanned
The measure of delight.

We wept together, love and I,
When all the world was gray;
And yet, we had not known how fair
The world was—till that day!

ALUMINUM
IN THE KITCHEN
adds brightness and cheerfulness to the whole house.
Aluminum Cooking Utensils
make work lighter, easier, more pleasant. They are the only cooking utensils in the world that can not rust or burn, that never crack or scale, have no joints or seams to catch dirt or leak—that last a life time—are always clean and bright—and that cost no more than other high-grade ware.
Write to-day for the booklet "What to Serve and How to Serve It." Free for the asking.
THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL COMPANY
PITTSBURG, PA.
Box "K." Be sure this Trade-mark is on every Piece.

Pears'
is not only the best soap for toilet and bath but also for shaving. Pears was the inventor of shaving-stick soap.
Established over 100 years.

ATTEND THE ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
A delightful profession, quickly learned. Pays well. Good positions secured for graduates. Only college of photography in the world. Annually graduates students from all states and foreign countries. Terms easy, living inexpensive.
FREE—beautiful illustrated catalogue.
ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
933 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Ill.

Invalid Rolling Reclining Seashore Chairs
Rested, and made for long wear. This is the largest factory in the world—built by highest quality at lowest prices. If your dealer does not carry our line we will ship you direct and pay freight charges anywhere in the United States. Special needs supplied to order under personal supervision.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue.
Philadelphia Baby Carriage Factory
753 Spring Garden Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century
PREPARED BY
J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

While You Are Well
You can provide for your future—and your children—at little cost. When you get sick or an invalid, you can't at any cost. "The How and the Why" tells—send for it. We insure by mail.
PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

Ten Days FREE TRIAL
allowed on every bicycle bought of us before purchase is binding. We ship C. O. D. on approval to anyone without a cent deposit.
NEW 1903 MODELS

"Bellise,"	complete	$8.75
"Cossack,"	Guaranteed	$10.75
"Siberian,"	High Grade a beauty	$12.75
"Neudorf,"	Road Racer	$14.75

no better bicycles at any price.
Any other make or model you want at one-third usual price. Choice of any standard tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. *Strongest guarantee.*
RIDER AGENTS WANTED in every town to buy sample wheel at special price and take orders for our improved 1903 models. *There's big money in it.*
Est. 13 yrs. 500 Good 2nd-Hand Wheels $3 to $8
DO NOT BUY a bicycle until you have written for our free catalog with large photographic engravings and full descriptions. MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 54-G, Chicago

Hard leather heels, say doctors now,
Will ache us while they shake us,
But rubber cushions, they avow,
Will ward off undertakers.
The hygienic influence and correction of carriage acquired through wearing O'Sullivan Rubber Heels receives the recognition of the medical fraternity. When you need a lift on your heels ask your dealer to put O'Sullivan Rubber Heels on. 35 cents and small sum for attaching. All dealers, or O'Sullivan Rubber Co., Lowell, Mass.

Learn Civil Engineering
By my new methods. I teach Civil Engineering as no other man or school—resident or correspondence—has ever taught it. I teach it as only a practical man can teach it. I not only personally prepare each lesson, but I correct and criticise the work of each student myself. Instruction by mail. Prospectus and sample lesson, including a 9 x 12-inch blue-print, free.
WILLIAM E. McELREE
Late U. S. Transit Surveyor. Hannawville, Missouri

Does Your Camera Pay or is it a Constant Expense
Any amateur of average ability can easily make his camera profitable during a week or two vacation without interfering with his other pleasures. For 1 dollar we will send our neatly printed booklet fully describing how this is done. No further expense. Others do it. Why not you? Write at once and be prepared. Don't wait until you haven't time. PHOTO. SOUVENIR CO., Boston, Mass.

ALABASTINE
We want to tell you of the durable and sanitary wall coating and tender the FREE services of our artists in helping you work out complete color plans; to give kalsomine or patterns wall paper. Address Alabastine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., or 105 Water St., N.Y. City

The School that Shows Results
All "Brainys" who have talent for drawing join the National School of Caricature. Send stamps for book with artist's photos and free lesson. Teaching from model and by mail.
D. McCARTHY, Director
First Floor, World Building, N.Y.

LAUNCHES
Steam and Sail Yachts, Row Boats, Canoes. Send 10c. for our handsome catalog giving the truth in detail about the best boats built. Write for it to-day. Address
RACINE BOAT MANUFACTURING CO.
Box P, Racine, Wis.

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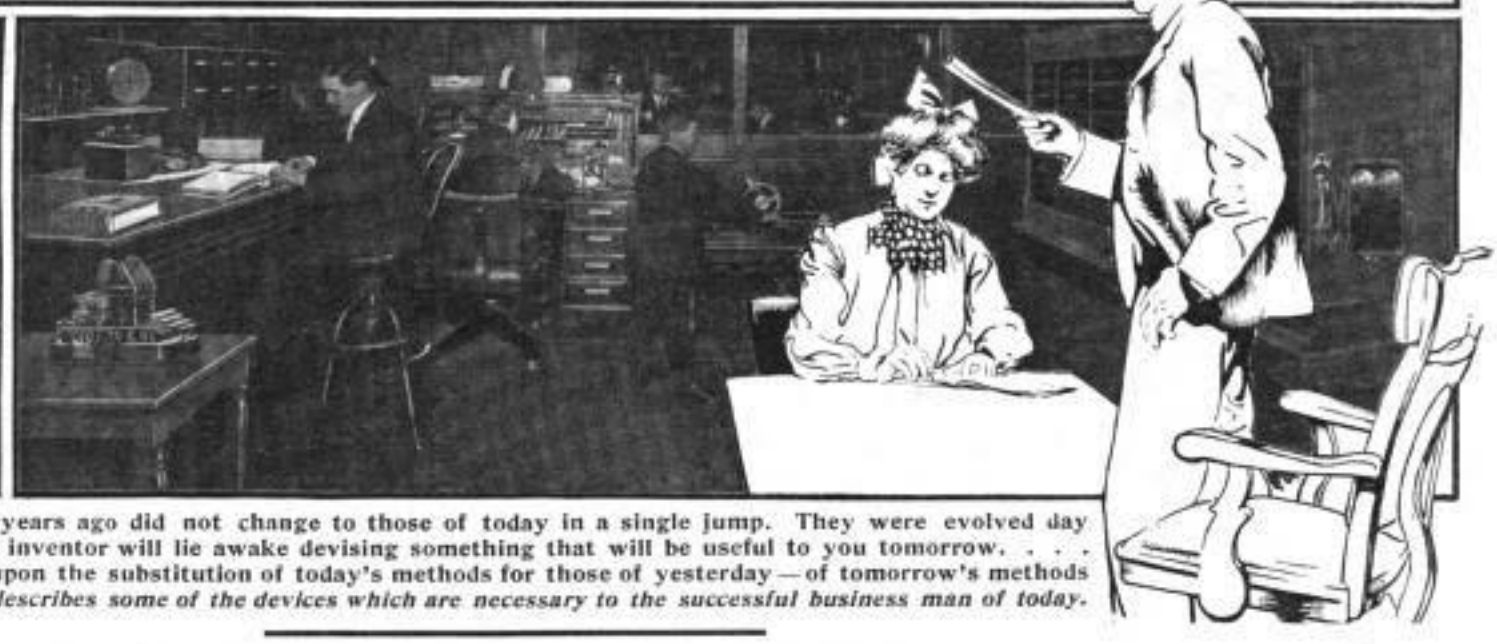
Practical SYSTEM in BUSINESS



The business systems of twenty years ago did not change to those of today in a single jump. They were evolved day by day. . . . Tonight some restless inventor will lie awake devising something that will be useful to you tomorrow. . . . Continuous business success depends upon the substitution of today's methods for those of yesterday—of tomorrow's methods for those of today. . . . *This page describes some of the devices which are necessary to the successful business man of today. READ THIS PAGE CAREFULLY.*

Every man who conducts correspondence is interested in the question "Which is the best typewriter?" There are twenty-five substantial reasons why the OLIVER TYPEWRITER is the best machine the world has produced. So phenomenally successful has this machine become that it has proven its unqualified right to the title, "The Standard Visible Writer," and the business world has decided that its adoption increases quantity, improves quality and reduces expense. Strong claims—but easily proven. The wide range of the Oliver Typewriter's usefulness makes it easy to adopt systems heretofore impracticable except with the pen. Catalog 2 explains in detail.

The ADDRESSOGRAPH is as necessary to a modern office as steam is to an engine. With it an office boy can do in one hour what it formerly took ten clerks two hours to do. It not only addresses envelopes in exact imitation of typewriting, but also fills in names on duplicate letters, prints names and addresses on shipping tags, pay envelopes, time tickets, monthly statements and loose leaf systems. Thousands of business houses now have their lists of names arranged for the Addressograph and kept by States or Territories so that printed matter can be speedily sent to any special list. There is at least one place in your business for the Addressograph. Learn now what it will do. Catalog 7 describes it, and illustrates its many uses. Write for it to-day.

Modern business methods presuppose a convenient and orderly arrangement of papers. By the most approved system all orders, forms and records are spread on punched loose sheets, which are filed and classified according to the varying needs of each business. While in active use these loose sheets are kept in Holders if there be few, and in Binders if there be many; and when old the sheets are consecutively filed away in Transfer Binders as permanent records. The TATUM HOLDERS and BINDERS comprise 3 styles and 78 stock sizes. With them any one can easily start and maintain a loose-sheet system. These and other office devices are described in our printed matter. Ask for Catalog No. 16.

No office is considered complete without an EDISON MIMEOGRAPH. In these days of commercial competition there is no surer, quicker or cheaper way of quickening business than by employing the many means offered by this valuable machine. There is a place in almost any business where an Edison Mimeograph will save time and money. Perhaps you see no use for it in your office. You probably will after you read Catalog 6 and understand what a Mimeograph will do. It will pay you well to read it. Simply cut out and sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement, or better still write us a letter stating your business, and we can suggest methods to meet your requirements.

Time is money. This is particularly true in the commercial world. BAIRD'S No. 12 TIME STAMP makes an absolutely accurate record for every purpose where time counts. The receipt of correspondence, job time, the arrival and departure of employees and in countless other cases time is measured to the minute by this—the only durable time stamp. It is made of the finest materials, with finely polished steel bearings. The clock movement, being in an entirely separate compartment from the stamping mechanism, is unaffected by the hammer action. The price is remarkably low. Catalog 3 describes and illustrates the Baird Time Stamp.

For many years methods of accounting did not change materially, but when the BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE was placed on the market this branch of office work was revolutionized. To-day there are 12,500 of these great time savers in banks, mercantile houses, factories, wholesale and retail stores, etc. Wherever this machine is not part of an office equipment it is because its merits are not understood. The Burroughs Adding Machine bears the same relation to figures that the typewriter does to correspondence. It adds figures with ten times the speed of the quickest clerk and it is mechanically impossible for it to make a mistake. Described in Catalog 13. Write for it.

File your clippings, memoranda, and manuscript. Every busy man—literary, business or professional—realizes the great necessity of properly filing and classifying memoranda, clippings, data, etc.

Any one who has spent time searching through a mass of papers for a paragraph once marked, a misplaced clipping or memorandum, will appreciate the tremendous advantage of having such data arranged in order and at his fingers' ends.

The LIBRARY FILING CABINET is the solution of the problem of classification. It is the acme of simplicity and ready reference. Send to-day for Catalog 8. It gives valuable information that cannot be acquired from any other source.

No matter what you want to file—information, papers, samples, documents—there is a Shaw-Walker way to do it. And that way is the best way because it is the most simple. Shaw-Walker card systems are better than books—Shaw-Walker vertical letter files better than flat sheet cabinets—Shaw-Walker sectional bookcases better than solid ones. All are built in sections so they will grow as your business grows. Send to-day for Catalog 19. It tells all about SHAW-WALKER SYSTEMS. The book is concise, terse, yet complete. Costs the Shaw-Walker Company 38c. to send it, but they will do so gladly if you simply sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement.

Old fashioned bound books for accounts are impractical and expensive. Loose leaf books allow of arrangement, rearrangement and expansion. They save time, for the yearly or semi-yearly opening of new books is done away with. They are self indexing. No outside index is required. The JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S LOOSE LEAF BOOKS have every advantage of any loose leaf book and more—absolute alignment of the leaves—a strong binder in which the leaves cannot move a hair's breadth. Every progressive business man should read Catalog 1. It explains JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S LOOSE LEAF BOOKS and how you can use them in your business. And there isn't a mercantile house in the country where they cannot be used to advantage.

Some business men are prejudiced against fountain pens. And that same prejudice has kept them from knowing how great a saving WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS would make in their office work. Continuous writing without dipping and blotting saves so much of a man's own time—and the time of his stenographers and clerks—that a pen pays for itself in a short time. But the fountain pen must be a "Waterman," else the bother and leaks and breaks might offset the saving. Catalog 5 tells all about Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, and of special pens made for modern office work. Write for catalog. If you are specially interested in manifold work, tell us.

The PROTECTOGRAPH will absolutely secure the integrity of your checks. It impresses a line like this:

NOT OVER FIVE DOLLARS 5

in strictly indelible ink upon any preferred part of the check so deeply as to make the line a part of the document itself and absolutely unalterable and ineffaceable. It is used by the U. S. Treasury and more than 10,000 financial and industrial institutions. The machine is a model of mechanical beauty, simplicity and efficiency. Write for Catalog 15 which tells some things about check raising and check protection that you may not know. A postal card will bring it.

The little things in an office sometimes save the most time, labor and money. RUBBER STAMPS, NUMBERING MACHINES, ETC., suited to your business, will aid you in a countless number of ways, and at little cost considering the valuable service they can render. There is system in using stamps, too, that you ought to know about. An ingenious little holder called "Rex" keeps them in order, clean and handy. The best ideas on Rubber Stamps and kindred articles are described in Catalog 12. New ideas for Rubber Stamps are being discovered almost daily. If you send for this catalog you will receive not only the latest and most practical ideas discovered up to date, but will be kept informed of new schemes that are being constantly originated in the leading mercantile houses.

AN ERICSSON INTERIOR TELEPHONE SYSTEM shortens office work, saves actual time, saves confusion. To some men such a system seems a luxury. All who have installed the system *know* it is an economy. Cheap interior 'phones soon get out of order. That's worse than no system at all. But the Ericsson is built to last—the same quality and style used on long distance lines. No other concern anywhere has studied the telephone system so thoroughly, or devised so many special instruments and attachments to save time and bother in office communication. The Ericsson system contains all the best features of other 'phones and some features found in no other 'phones. Ask now for Catalog 4.

There was a time when any old chair would do for the office. Business and comfort were not partners. But times have changed and ideas of business comfort have changed with them. MCCLOUD'S NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY ADJUSTABLE SPRING BACK CHAIRS have been important factors in the improvement. "Back Resters" they call them—because they give complete back rest while at work, thereby enabling the man at the desk or woman at the typewriter to accomplish more work with greater comfort. Catalog 14 describes the McCloud Chairs and shows the adjustment which fits the back.

To save time and labor, to insure neatness and accuracy, to facilitate work, use the THEXTON ELECTRIC ENVELOPE SEALER. It is practical, durable and simple. Endorsed by over 1,000 concerns as a paying and profitable investment. It performs the labor of several people, requires no attention, is always ready for instant use. So simple any boy or girl can use it and feed envelopes at a minimum speed of 100 per minute. It is being used by the largest trust companies, banks, commercial and mail-order houses in the country, who have installed it after thorough and practical tests, and found to fulfill every claim made. Sent out on free trial to sell strictly upon merit. Ask now for Catalog 11, with list of users.

Free information is offered you here. Mail us this coupon or write us a letter

To System
Chicago

Please send, without cost to me, the books checked in the list following:

....Catalog 1
....Catalog 2
....Catalog 3
....Catalog 4 ....Catalog 12
....Catalog 5 ....Catalog 13
....Catalog 6 ....Catalog 14
....Catalog 7 ....Catalog 15
....Catalog 8 ....Catalog 16
....Catalog 11 ....Catalog 19

Name .....
Address .....
.....
Business .....

I enclose..... Send SYSTEM, the magazine, for .....on approval. If I am not satisfied when the subscription ends you agree to return my remittance.

DOLLAR OFFER

There are many little things—and big things—in your business which will need improving tomorrow—which, perhaps, need improving today. **System**, the 96 page magazine, will show you how to improve them—brimful of brightness that will help you to devise clever systems for yourself.

This is really a half price offer. The publishers will double the price and treble the value of SYSTEM. Two dollars the year is the cost. But this introductory offer is available: send a single dollar now and you will receive the next six numbers of SYSTEM and six valuable back numbers for immediate reading. Or, better still, send two dollars for a full year's subscription and the six back numbers. Send the coupon or write a letter TODAY. YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO CLOSE YOUR CASH DRAWER AGAINST SYSTEM.

SYSTEM

Edited by A. W. SHAW

Marquette Bldg., Chicago

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Reduced Prices on Suits and Skirts.

BECAUSE one of the best manufacturers of dress goods wants to keep his mill busy during the dull season, he offered us his most desirable materials at greatly reduced prices. We are prepared to make these goods up into suits and skirts and pass them on to you at one-third less than our regular prices. Nearly all of our styles share in this sale.

Suits and Etamine costumes in the newest summer models, former price $10, reduced to $6.67.
$12 Suits reduced to $8.
$15 Suits reduced to $10.
$25 Suits reduced to $16.67.
$30 Suits reduced to $20.

Latest designs in Travelling, Walking and Dressy Skirts, made of cool Summer weight materials, former price $5, reduced to $3.34.

$6 Skirts reduced to $4. $7.50 Skirts reduced to $5. $10 Skirts reduced to $6.67. $12 Skirts reduced to $8.

Reduced prices on Jackets, Walking Suits, Travelling Dresses, etc.

All orders are filled with the greatest promptness, very often in three days' time. Any garment that fails to give entire satisfaction may be returned promptly and *your money will be refunded.*

Catalogue and Supplement of the latest styles, together with samples of newest materials, sent FREE by return mail. If possible mention the color of the samples you desire, as this will enable us to send you a full assortment of just the things you wish. Write to-day; the choicest goods will be sold first.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
109 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

At Factory Prices

On Approval

To be returned at our expense if not satisfactory

$25.00 for this elegant Buffet—would retail at $45. Extra choice quarter-sawed golden oak, beautiful figure, piano polish; hand-cut carvings, French bevel mirror 42x18 in.; roll-drawer fronts, cross handles, one drawer plush lined; solid brass trimmings, ball-bearing casters; 48 in. wide, 56 in. high.

CATALOGUE B—Dining room furniture, FREE, if you address 54 N. Iowa St.

$18.75

buys this polished, Golden Oak, 48-inch Desk. Quarter-sawed front; built-up writing bed; tablets and panels; large center drawer with Yale lock; right-hand lower drawer partitioned for books. Pigeon-hole boxes, 25c. each, extra. **WE PAY FREIGHT** east of Omaha and north of Tennessee — points beyond equalized.

CATALOGUE A—Library and office furniture, FREE, if you address 54 N. Iowa Street.

Grand Rapids Furniture Mfg. Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

COLT Acetylene Gas

CARBIDE-FEED GENERATOR

CHEAPEST AND BEST

Complete Gas Plants from **$48 to $5,000**

More brilliant than gas or electricity. Costs less than kerosene. Suited for any building anywhere.

Write for booklet G.

J. B. COLT CO.
21 Barclay St., New York

The largest makers of Acetylene Apparatus and Stereopticons.

Boston
Philadelphia
Chicago
Los Angeles

We Carpet Your Floor for $3

To introduce our new, sectional and healthful

BRUSSELETTE ART RUGS

Attractive and artistic patterns, woven on both sides and in all colors and sizes. Easily kept clean and warranted to outwear higher-priced carpets. Sent prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Illustrated catalogue showing rugs in actual colors sent free.

Sanitary Mfg. Co. (Inc.) Dept. S, 233 So. 5th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

INVENTIONS

PATENTED & SOLD. HIGH-GRADE WORK. BOOKLETS.
PATENT DEVELOPMENT CO. OF AMERICA. 180 BROADWAY, N.Y.

Farmers Who Advertise

By David Buffum

AMONG the advocates of "modern" or "improved" farming there is often a noticeable tendency to treat agriculture as an exact science rather than a business. This is a mistake. It is true that accurate scientific knowledge plays an important part in farming; indeed, without it the highest success in agriculture is impossible of attainment. But good farming, as I have pointed out in a former article, is a business, and, as such, the application of established business principles is essential to its every department. It is my purpose here to speak of a department so important as to demand always the most careful consideration. I mean the marketing of the output.

There is no question but that the aggregate loss to farmers from selling their goods in a poor market is very great. In a certain New England watering-place, for instance, I have known eggs, before the advent of the summer visitors, to be almost a drug on the market; while at another city, only thirty miles distant, they were in brisk demand at ten cents more on the dozen. This is a great difference in price and was far more than the extra cost of transportation, which could hardly have exceeded one cent on the dozen. And yet very few farmers took advantage of the situation, the inertia of long-settled habit keeping most of them in their accustomed channel of trade.

I also recall an instance in my own farming, when I had a lot of turkeys to dispose of, as I hoped, at a fancy price. I sent one wagon load to a wealthy residence town and another to a manufacturing city, the two men in charge being about equally expert as salesmen. The lot sold in the manufacturing city brought twenty cents a pound (two cents above the price current of best turkeys), while the lot sold in the residence town brought twenty-five cents and sold quicker. The manufacturing city was much the larger place of the two, but it had not the class of people who were willing to pay outside prices.

It is argued that many farmers are unable to pick and choose their environment and that force of circumstance constrains them to make use of such markets as lie near at hand, the cost of transportation being too great to warrant sending goods to a better one. This argument is rarely tenable, unless the output is inconsiderable in quantity. Farms do not lie very extensively in cities, and even if suburban land were within the means of the farmer, the tolls and interest upon it would generally far more than offset its advantages. The cost of transportation must assuredly be considered, but it is seldom such a drawback as is commonly supposed.

I had, a few years ago, a stallion that I bought for my own use and that of my neighbors, but the latter made little use of him and his earnings in the stud rarely exceeded three hundred dollars a year. The trouble was that though I was myself a breeder of horses, the great majority of my neighbors were not. Meanwhile I had procured another stallion that I liked better and I decided on a change for the first one.

In one of the Western States was a locality where raising horses was the principal business of the farmers, but where I knew there was no stock-horse equal to mine, and to that locality I determined to take him. I recall vividly the look of amazement on the face of one of my neighbors when I told him of my decision. "Why!" he gasped, "yuw must be crazy. It must be nigh on to a thousan' mile to that 'ere section o' country." I told him it was certainly all of that. "What'll it cost to take the hoss there?" he asked. "About thirty dollars," I replied; "then, say, forty more for hotel bills, etc., while I'm getting him placed in the hands of some reliable man, and thirty to return—about a hundred dollars in all, in round numbers." He gave a long, low whistle. "Whe-e-ew! An' yuw expect a job to pay that's attended with such blame inordinate expense as that? Well, I'm dum'd!"

The program was carried out. The first season that the horse stood in the West he earned me $650, the second $925, and the third $825. I then sold him for a far larger price than I could have realized had his only record in the stud been the one that he made in the East.

Another instance that comes to my mind of advantageously seeking a good market,

SAVE HALF YOUR CIGAR MONEY AND GET A BETTER SMOKE

Our proposition is a simple one. We save you 50 per cent. of ordinary retail cigar prices, not by price cutting, but by **cutting out** the profits and expenses of the Jobbers, Salesmen and Retailers who successfully sold the output of our factory for years, and who each made a profit **out of you, not** out of **us.** We are now selling exclusively to the smoker direct by the box the same identical time-tested, popular brands of cigars that we formerly made for the wholesale trade in case lots, at precisely the same factory prices we formerly charged jobbers, shipping your choice of these same brands

Direct from Our Factory to You

All charges prepaid. We get the same profit, you get the same cigars; you also get the profits of the other fellows. Every box, and each cigar in every box, is covered by our perpetual guarantee to suit you, or to replace the cigars with others until you **are** suited, or to

CHEERFULLY REFUND YOUR MONEY

We have a simple method of finding and suiting your individual taste—as easy as going through a retailer's show case. For **75c.** we will send a trial package of twelve regular 10c. and two-for-a-quarter cigars; for **50c.** twelve 5c. and 10c. values. Each cigar separately wrapped and described. Write for our FREE illustrated booklet, ROLLED HEYERIES, showing how two-for-a-quarter and 10c. cigars can be bought in boxes of 25 and 50 for from 4c. to 6c. each; others from 2c. to 3c. **Transportation always prepaid** anywhere you say. Do not delay; you will always be glad you made the trial.

References:—Any bank or any of our customers in every part of every state or territory.

John B. Rogers & Co., 40 Jarvis St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Hoffman Motor Car

$800 - $950

Equal to any $2,500 automobile made. 8 horse power gasoline engine, clash gear, the simplest, most easily controlled and most reliable machine on the market. A combination single seat or double seat for two or four persons.

Can be changed in 15 seconds.

"IT NEVER BALKS"

but is thoroughly practical and fills all requirements. *Send for Catalogue.*

The Hoffman Automobile & Mfg. Co.
1516 Lake St., Cleveland, Ohio

The Improved Method of

FINISHING FLOORS

Filling cracks with Griffin's Filler and Patent Applier.

old or new, for rugs or otherwise, with GRIFFIN'S WOOD CRACK and CREVICE FILLER and FINISHING SPECIALTIES, is very simple and economical, not requiring skilled labor though the highest degree of perfection is attained. We give full instructions for treating all surfaces. Write today for our descriptive matter to

GRIFFIN MFG. CO.
Dept. 4, Newark, New York

WATER MOTOR FAN

$1.50 Can be connected with any spigot or attached to wall. Any person can adjust it easily and without effort.

Diameter, 10 inches. Makes 2000 Revolutions a Minute.

Throws a current of air as strong as any $15 electric fan, without any noise or annoyance. It has no equal for the sick room. Descriptive Circular Free.

PRICE, COMPLETE, $1.50

AGENTS WANTED

DELAWARE RUBBER CO., Dept. 84, 631 Market Street Phila., Pa.

IN YOUR HOME

This very day you need the Angle Lamp. You need it because it is more brilliant and more economical and because it is easier to handle than the light you use now, no matter what it is. If you could conceive of the beauty and grandeur of its light, its simplicity and the entire absence of the various faults that cause dissatisfaction in other systems, you would marvel at yourself for having been without it so long. The comparatively little heat given by the Angle Lamp makes it a luxury during the warm weather. It is handled like gas, being lighted and extinguished in exactly the same way, can be left turned low in the room for any length of time without odor or any danger of explosion and burns but 10 cts. worth of oil a month. Send for our catalogue "E. P."

The American $40 Typewriter

Standard key-board, high speed, heavy manifolding. Meets every requirement. Send for catalogue and special trial offer. Mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

$60 less than other high-grade machines

AMERICAN TYPEWRITER COMPANY
204 Broadway New York City

Battery Table Lamp, $3.00

Battery Hanging Lamp	$10.00
Telephone, complete, $2.50 and	3.50
Electric Door Bells	.50
Electric Carriage Lamps	5.00
Electric Hand Lanterns	2.00
$3.00 Batteries	1.75
Telegraph Outfits	2.25
Battery Motors	$1.00 to 12.00
Bicycle Electric Lights	2.00
Electric Railway	3.50
Pocket Flash Lights	1.50
Necktie Lights	75c to 3.00

Send for free book. Describes and illustrates many of the most useful electric devices, at wonderfully small prices. All practical. The lowest price in the world on everything electrical. Agents can make handsome commissions and many sales. Write for complete information.

Ohio Electric Works, Cleveland, O.

Squab Book Free

Squabs are salted in one month, bring *big prices.* Eager market. Astonishing profits. Easy for women and invalids. Use your spare time profitably. Small space and capital. Here is *something worth looking into.* Facts given in our **FREE BOOK,** "How to Make Money With Squabs."

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.
2 Friend Street Boston, Mass.

USE ENGRAVED STATIONERY You can afford handsome Engraved Stationery if you buy from me. Send 2c. stamp for Sample Book No. 7, showing latest styles. **$2** buys *2 quires* of finest note paper on which your name, address or initial Monogram will be embossed from an engraved steel die—envelopes to match. Cost elsewhere $3.50 to $4.50. Equally low prices on Engraved Cards.

BROMLEY, Stationer, 139 Fifth Ave., New York

STAMPS 100 all different Peru, Cuba, Bolivia, Mexico, Argentine, Brazil, Costa Rica, Turkey, Persia, Tonis, etc., **and ALBUM, ONLY 10c.** 1000 **fine mixed, 20c.** 1000 hinges, **10c.** 60 different **U. S., 25c.** Agents wanted, 50 per ct. 1903 List **Free.**

C. E. Stegman, 3041 Cote Brilliante av., St. Louis, Mo.

The man that carefully **explains things** to his pupils in a personal letter with each lesson.

Mr. Misplaced Man

Here's a Hint that May be Helpful. To Struggling Women Workers, Too

In a rut? Then get out of it. Learn advertising, the new profession; it's uncrowded; it pays well; competent men and women are in demand. The Helms course of ad-writing has been successfully taught by mail for the past two years. The graduates, without a single exception, endorse it. They're all quite willing to do this, because they're all in good positions, obtained and held because

They Know the Business

My course is not taught by "form letters." Every lesson is prepared and corrected by Mr. Helms himself, and is accompanied by a letter personally dictated by him. He has no assistants. Consequently, but two hundred pupils can be taught at one time. If you're willing to give up two or three hours a week, and to ask questions about whatever features of the work are not clearly understood, you may be one of the summer students, and you'll be equipped in four to six months. Only earnest men and women are wanted in this course. Their instructor will be unless conscientious in his work.

Interested? Write without delay to

ELMER HELMS, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York
Formerly ad-writer for John Wanamaker

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gives

Vitality
Vigor
Vim

Colorado

The delightful country of health-giving, dry air and inspiring scenery is the ideal place for a

Summer Vacation

A country perfectly suited for rest, recreation or sport, abounding in good hotels and boarding places adapted to any man's means. Excursion tickets will be sold at very low rates. Only one night en route from Chicago.

All agents sell tickets via the

Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line

Illustrated booklet on application to
W. B. KNISKERN, CHICAGO ILL.
or R. L. LOMAX, OMAHA, NEB.
C84

LAZY COFFEE

Another Name for the "Sloppy" Sort

Postum Coffee is not made like ordinary coffee for it takes at least 25 minutes' cooking to bring out the heavy food value of Postum. It requires some effort for those things which are really worth while—making Postum requires a little care.

The grocer is in a position to hear of those lazy ones who will not take the trouble to make Postum correctly. "I am well acquainted indeed with Postum," says a grocer of Camden, N. J., "for I meet it not only at my breakfast table but I am also associated with it daily in my business.

"Coffee drinking used to affect my nerves and stomach but since we have been using Postum in our family in place of coffee the bloated feeling after eating has disappeared and my head is now clear and stomach and nerves all right. We all feel better in every way and find Postum just as satisfactory to our palates.

"I have met customers who complained that Postum was not good but we always found this due to the fact that they tried to make it as they used to make coffee. Of course we set them right by pointing out the reasons, telling them they must boil Postum 15 or 20 minutes after boiling commences, then they get fine, choice and delicious Postum." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

regardless of a considerable distance, is that of a New England farmer whom I know well. He lives in a very fertile reach of country, but his farm is fifteen miles from the nearest railroad station, and from there fifteen more to the city. Most of his neighbors "trade" at the country store, but this farmer goes twice a week to the city, taking with him large quantities of butter, eggs, poultry, fruit and farm produce. In the city he hires two wagons, one to deliver the wholesale orders, and the other for the family trade. It is needless to say that he pays more for these teams than he would for the same accommodation in his native town, and one of his neighbors, reflecting on this "blame inordinate expense," observed that "payin' out what that crazy cuss does in car fares and for teams in the city, he didn't see how he ever made his dum'd business pay—and he didn't more'n half b'leeve it *did* pay, either." And yet the "crazy cuss" is to-day rated as one of the wealthiest men of his town, while his critic, though owning by inheritance a larger and better farm, is comparatively poor. It is right for me to add, however, that the latter is an acknowledged oracle in the country store, an accepted authority on all things, from points of theology to the digging of wells—to say nothing of his neighbors' affairs. It is not given to one man to compass all the heights of greatness, and personally I never knew a thrifty, prosperous farmer who was a country-store oracle.

I could cite other instances but I think I need not multiply examples to show the extreme importance to the farmer of placing his goods in the right market. Failure in this respect minimizes the result of the greatest economy and good management in others, and a bad market—or even a good one, poorly utilized—is often sufficient to wreck a farming enterprise otherwise conducted with the best of judgment.

How is a good market poorly utilized? By dumping into it cartloads of stuff to be sold by commission houses, thus losing not only the middleman's profit but sharing with the commission man a large part of the profit that properly belongs to the farmer himself; by letting gilt-edged fancy goods go along with the indifferent or poor to fetch what they may chance to bring; and last but not least, by sending inferior goods which bring so low a price as hardly to offset the cost of transportation. The competition in farm products of ordinary quality is tremendous, often running the price down to a very low figure. It is the superior goods that pay and that place the farmer on such a footing in the market that he can boldly state what he asks for them, instead of humbly inquiring of some third-class dealer what he will give. Be assured that *in every large city there is a class of people who are willing to pay the very best of prices for farm products if they can only have the very best of goods.*

This brings me to the proper means of reaching this class of customers and introduces another important factor in the marketing of goods: advertising, a thing as essential to the farmer as to any other business man. It is true that, having once got a foothold and established a reputation for his goods, he may need much less advertising than at the start; but it is doubtful whether he can afford to wholly dispense with it at any time. Advertising, in various ways, has long been practiced by one class of farmers—the stock-breeders; indeed we should hardly know how to get along without it. To my mind it is clear that it would very often be of just as much value in other branches; but custom—a strange thing, I have sometimes thought, in the powerful grip that it has on farmers—has long restricted advertising to stock-breeders alone.

Let me cite a few instances from my own experience of what judicious advertising will do.

Many years ago circumstances threw into my hands the care and management of a large dairy. The cows were of good quality, but the butter was no whit better than the average. It was marketed at the country store and in turn sent to the city by the storekeeper. It brought twenty cents a pound, which was the price current for "farmers' butter" at that time; and in honesty, that was all it was worth.

My first move was to call the attention of my butter maker to certain principles which, though simple and few in number, must invariably be observed if good butter is to be made. The result was that we soon began to turn out a very fancy article indeed. I now had a lot of sample half-pounds very nicely put up and sent among the people whom I wished to secure as customers, each package accompanied by a printed letter,

OFFICIALLY APPROVED BY THE NEW YORK CITY SCHOOLS, AND NEW YORK STATE REGENTS.

The Kind of Reading the Busy Man Likes

For the man of affairs, with countless calls upon his time, the hours for reading are few, and, therefore, should be well spent. They could not be better utilized than in company with the **WARNER LIBRARY**. Summing up, as it does, the best literary thought of the whole world, it is indispensable as a reference work for the hurried moments of the day, and a source of quiet, pleasurable reading at night. Your hours for reading will be enjoyable with **WARNER**.

Hon. Lyman J. Gage said:

"The volumes composing THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE form in themselves a valuable library."

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"It is a pleasure to commend THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE, so admirably edited and selected as to meet all the requirements of its title. It is a most valuable addition to my library, and I prize it highly."

The Famous Warner Library of The World's Best Literature

(IN 46 SUPERB ROYAL OCTAVO VOLUMES)

THE WORK OF 300 EMINENT LITERARY SPECIALISTS

Assisting Charles Dudley Warner were Hamilton Wright Mabie and 300 other editors, critics and scholars. In a series of splendid essays by the greatest living writers, every great author is discussed. With this immense work at hand no one need ever plead ignorance of any literary subject.

THE BEST OF FICTION, HUMOR, POETRY, SCIENCE, ETC.

The *Warner Library* contains 20,000 pages of fiction, humor, science, philosophy, travel, essays, letters—in a word, all the best and lasting literary thought of sixty centuries. In poetry alone nearly 1000 complete masterpieces are given. The *Library* also includes a complete course of reading. It is profusely and beautifully illustrated.

Less Than Half Former Prices

On account of our superior advertising facilities we were able to secure control of the entire "Memorial Edition"—newly revised and enlarged, and will supply these splendid sets at only a fraction above factory prices—*less than one-half* the publisher's prices of the work. We will also accept

Small Monthly Payments

So small that you will not feel the outlay. But prompt action is needful, as the demand for this new edition is already very large.

Send This Free Inquiry Coupon To-Day

INQUIRY COUPON

Free Inquiry Coupon

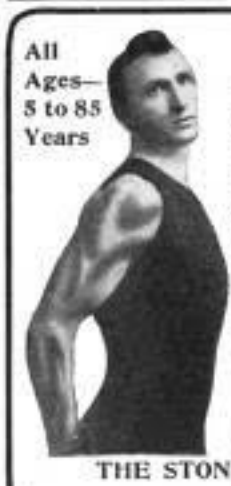
The American Newspaper Association,
91-93 Fifth Ave., New York

Gentlemen:—Please send me, without cost, booklet and full particulars in regard to the Memorial Edition of the Warner Library of the World's Best Literature.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BUREAU

All Ages—5 to 85 Years



The Stone Method

This picture illustrates the muscular and chest development of one of our pupils, Mr. George Bosworth, of Beatrice, Nebr. Mr. Bosworth wrote us an interesting letter giving his opinion of **The Stone Method.** We will send you his letter if you desire it. **The Stone Method** is a system of exercise which requires no apparatus, and only 10 to 20 minutes' time each day, in your own room, just before retiring. **Does not overtax the heart.** Women receive as much benefit from **The Stone Method** as men. We are the only instructors of prominence who pay special attention to instruction of women and children. Mrs. Ellen Walker, who has charge of this department, has had an extensive experience, and alone opens and answers letters of a private nature. Address confidential letters

WOMEN

"Mrs. Ellen Walker, care The Stone School"

24-Page Booklet with photos from life FREE

We have prepared one for men and one for women, which contain many photos from life, showing what others have accomplished by **The Stone Method**, and what you may accomplish if you will. We are glad to send them FREE.

THE STONE SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
1668 Masonic Temple, Chicago

Buy a Wood Mantel

and buy it of us. We have the largest variety and give the best value for the money. Beautiful Oak Mantels complete with tile and grate, $13.50 to $150.00. Freight prepaid to all points east of the Mississippi River. Prorated beyond.

No. 576 as here illustrated, gives a fair idea of our prices. Beautiful Golden Oak, 5 feet high, 5 feet wide. French bevel mirror 18 x 36 inches, complete with best tiles and grate, delivered as above, on receipt of $30.00. Absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. **$30**

Send for our 56-page illustrated catalogue showing 50 new and exclusive mantels.

C. F. BROWER & CO. - - Lexington, Ky.

"The Mail Order Mantel House"

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Cut to Your Measure

None but skilled and experienced workmen ever find employment in our cutting room. Cutting from measurements taken by the customer is necessarily more difficult and particular work than if we had measured you ourselves. But long experience has made our work wonderfully accurate.

We guarantee Fit, Materials, Style and Workmanship. Our prices are absolutely lowest for reliable, satisfactory tailoring.

Our Catalogue for Spring and Summer contains samples of the season's latest fabrics in large variety from which to select. It also illustrates the prevailing styles of garments, quotes prices, and gives full instructions for measuring.

Send for Catalogue VH To-day

A postal request will bring it. You save 30 to 50 per cent. over regular tailors' prices and take no chance in ordering your clothing from us. We take back all unsatisfactory garments, refund your money in full and pay express charges both ways. Your procrastination is at the expense of your best interests. Write to-day.

Montgomery Ward & Co.,

Michigan Ave. and Madison St., Chicago.

Our reputation protects you.

Columbia Seal

Reproduced in gilded brass, enamelled in colors. Mounted on 14 inch Flemish oak shield.

Price $2.50 delivered

Also reproductions of seals of Yale, Princeton, Harvard, U. of P., Cornell, Trinity, etc.

Circular of seals in color on request.

Representatives wanted in all college towns. Designs and estimates furnished for Class Pins and Badges.

CECIL H. SHERMAN & CO.
29 South 11th Street, Philadelphia

GUYOT SUSPENDERS are the easiest and most comfortable suspender made. Have indestructible buttonholes. If your dealer doesn't keep them send 50 cents for sample pair.
OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, New York City

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN—SUMMER SESSION
July 1—August 14, 1903.
Literary Department—21 Professors—31 Instructors—139 Courses. Preparatory, Undergraduate, Graduate, Teachers' Courses—Tuition $18. Room and Board $3 to $5. Healthful location. Special Announcements for Law and Medicine.
JOHN R. EFFINGER, Secretary, 760 E. Univ. Ave., Ann Arbor

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

More than 13,000 appointments made last year. Chances better for 1903. Hundreds whom we prepared by mail have been appointed. Established 1893. Full particulars *free* concerning government positions, salaries paid, examinations—when and where held in every State, our methods, etc. Write to-day.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE (Inc.), 19-45 Second National Bank Building, WASHINGTON, D. C.

TELEGRAPHY Circular free. Wonderful automatic teacher, 5 styles. $2.00 up.
OMNIGRAPH CO., E 39 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Learn Letter and Monogram ENGRAVING
On silver and jewelry. Write for booklet.
Dept. P, ELMIRA TYPEWRITER SCHOOL, Elmira, N.Y.

stating that I was prepared to send by express butter of this quality at thirty-five cents a pound to any one ordering ten pounds or more at a time. Smaller orders than this I did not care for, on account of the cost of expressage. In less than a month we had orders, at this price, for all that we could make; and from that time on the demand was greater than we could supply.

Much of this butter was sent nearly two hundred miles by rail and the remainder went to a city some thirty miles distant. In looking back now I feel certain that a larger price could have been obtained, but I was new to the business (having previously confined my live-stock operations almost wholly to horses and sheep), and I did not realize how very scarce the finest butter was—and still is—in the market. But seventy-five per cent. is nevertheless a great advance in price.

As I have intimated, the use of advertising does not need to be recommended to stock-breeders, but a certain live-stock transaction that I recall so aptly illustrates its general value that I think I may very properly relate it. I had a large flock of Southdown sheep to sell and I wished, if possible, to make a clean sweep of them and close out the whole flock at once. I therefore put an advertisement in a journal that had a large circulation among stock men, calling attention to the pedigrees and individual merits of the sheep, and stating that if the whole flock was taken a low figure would be named.

I do not think any of my immediate neighbors ever saw this journal, but through that bureau of general information, "the store," it became known that the sheep were for sale. One of my neighbors had long kept what he called Southdowns—that is, unregistered mongrels in which Southdown blood predominated—and this gentleman came to me and offered eight dollars a head for the flock, "and take the hull on 'em, good, bad and indifferent." Common sheep at that time were quoted in the stock-market reports at from two dollars and a half to four dollars a head.

I fancied that my neighbor turned pale while making this generous concession to the merits of blooded stock, and he apologized for his conduct by saying that he didn't know but he was a blame fool, but he wanted them sheep bad. I saved him from further folly by declining his offer. He told me that no one else in the neighborhood would give me any more, and he told the truth. But in this fancy-stock business I had never depended on the neighborhood for a market, and a few days later I sold the sheep to a distant flock owner for twenty dollars a head.

This, to be sure, was not a large price, individually, for Southdowns—though it was a very good one when it is remembered that it included the whole flock, some of which were aged, and some lambs running with their dams. I mention it, however, not to show that it was a large price, but to show the vast difference between it and what could have been realized without advertising.

"Advertisin' never created a customer!" said a country sage to me once. Perhaps it does not create customers—though I have known cases where this might be questioned—but *it brings together the man who wants to sell and the man who wants to buy.*

In speaking of the value of advertising to farmers, I would not, of course, be understood as advocating its indiscriminate or excessive use: it is simply one of the factors in the proper marketing of goods and, as such, is to be used with discriminating judgment. No hard and fast rules can be laid down, and it is for the farmer to decide when it is to his advantage to advertise and, what is of equal importance, what form of advertising will best serve his purpose. In the marketing of staple products, such as wheat, corn, hay, potatoes and the like, in which the price current for each grade is very definitely fixed, advertising would serve no purpose, and such crops, if produced in any considerable quantities, are best disposed of through the regular channels of trade.

The whole matter of marketing farm products resolves itself into what is necessary in any well-conducted enterprise: a careful study of the situation and the exercise of common-sense. I would say, in conclusion, what I have often said before when speaking of the possibilities of agriculture, that, as the demand for the best farm products is always in excess of the supply, he who has them has a great advantage in the market if only he knows how to profit by the situation. And if he has practiced a proper economy in their production and follows up with sagacity and perseverance the advantages that the market conditions afford, he need have no fear of the result; his reward will be ample.

Dentist to $100 Draftsman Through the I. C. S.

When I enrolled in the International Correspondence Schools, I had a good dental practice in Maxwell, Iowa, but my opportunities were limited, so I decided to become a draftsman. While the Schools were training me for this work, I made and sold mechanical drawings, receiving as high as $15 for a single drawing. Just one year after enrolling, through the help of the Schools' Students' Aid Department, I became chief draftsman for the Smith Metallic Packing Co., 861 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill. (for whom I had previously made some drawings), with a salary of $100 per month and expenses. Any one of average intelligence who follows the instruction can succeed.

H. E. Hoag.

Do You Want a Better Position?

The mission of the I. C. S. is to train ambitious people for better positions. Our courses cost from $20 up. Terms easy. No books to buy. The foregoing indorsement is one of thousands in our possession from those whom we have helped toward success. The technically trained man does not have to hunt for work; the work waits for him. That we furnish the right kind of training is proven by our 48-page booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," which gives the names, addresses, and progress of over a thousand I. C. S. students, many in your own locality. It shows what we have done for others, and what we can do for you. To those inquiring now it will be sent free. Cut out, fill in, and mail the Coupon.

DO IT NOW!

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

Please send me your booklet "1001 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X

	Mechanical Engineer		Textile Designer
	Mech. Draftsman		Show Card Writer
	Electrical Engineer		Metallurgist
	Electrician		Chemist
	Telephone Engineer		Ornamental Designer
	Steam Engineer		Navigator
	Marine Engineer		Bookkeeper
	Civil Engineer		Stenographer
	Surveyor		Teacher
	Mining Engineer		To Speak French
	Sanitary Engineer		To Speak German
	Architect		To Speak Spanish

Name _____
St. and No. _____
City _____ State _____

The Life of a Watch

25

JAS. BOSS
Stiffened GOLD
Watch Cases

are guaranteed for 25 years. Few solid gold cases will last that long without wearing too thin, to safely protect the works. If you want a watch case for protection, durability and beauty, get the **Boss** with the keystone trade-mark stamped inside. Send for booklet.

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO.
Philadelphia

Indian Moccasins BY MAIL

In All Sizes

The Ideal House Slipper
Very Desirable for Summer Wear

Infant's,	1 to 5	$0.50
Child's,	6 to 10	.75
Misses',	1 to 13	1.00
Ladies',	1 to 6	1.50
Men's,	7 to 12	2.00
Men's Laced,	6 to 10	2.50

In Natural Tan, Red, Brown and Grey
Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Remit by Express or Money Order.

Hyde Exploring Expedition
24 W. Twenty-third St., New York

"Opechee" Cigar

An honest smoke—Best 5c. value—Our price $4.00 per 100—We sell direct to the smoker only—To prove its worth we will gladly send a cigar FREE on request, to any address in the U. S.—Try one at our expense.

THE STEEL CITY CIGAR COMPANY
6014 Centre Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

A Living from 5 Acres

If you have a small farm, a country place, a suburban or village home, and wish to learn how to make a living from a few acres, write for **The Small Farmer.** Beautifully illustrated in two-color plates. Something new in farm and country literature. **Send 10c. for 3 months' trial.**

THE SMALL FARMER, Dept. 6, 31 E. 17th St., New York

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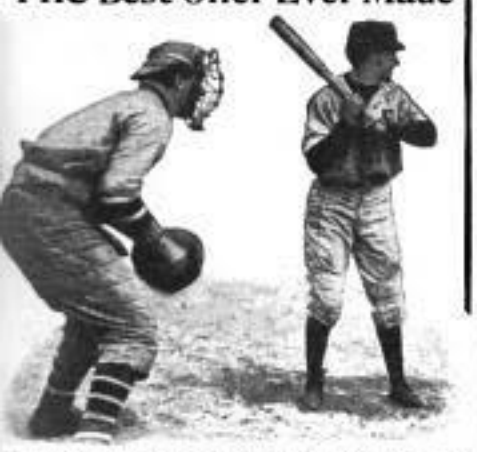
BOYS

The Best Offer Ever Made



Send your name and address and we will mail you 16 pieces of **ART JEWELRY** to sell at only 10 cts. each — no trash. Everybody you offer it to will probably purchase one or more pieces at sight. When sold send us the **$3.60** and we will send you promptly and without charge by

Express a BOY'S **League Baseball Outfit**

containing 9 Baseball Caps, 9 Baseball Belts, 1 Baseball, 1 Baseball Bat, 1 Thrower's Glove, 1 Catcher's Mitt, 1 Catcher's Wire Mask, 1 Book Complete Base Ball Rules. Here is a chance to get a complete outfit without costing you a penny. Jim dandy goods and latest league pattern. This outfit would cost you at least $5.00 in any store that handles sporting goods.

Form a Baseball Club

Get nine boys in your locality and organize a baseball club for the summer. Let each boy earn his share in this large outfit by selling four pieces of jewelry. This will take but a few minutes of each boy's time, and will be a source of enjoyment for the whole summer season. We will guarantee you honorable treatment and shall expect you to treat us the same. Such an offer as we make you has never been made before by any reliable concern. Your credit is good with us, and we trust you for the **JEWELRY** until you have sold it. Write today. Address us this way:

STANDARD JEWELRY CO.
Dept. 13 BOSTON, MASS.

CAPITAL $500,000.00
SURPLUS $750,00000

This bank accepts deposits by mail and allows interest at the rate of

4% Compounded Every Six Months

Write today for our booklet which explains the system fully.

OFFICERS: Geo. M. Laughlin, *President*; W. H. Nimick, *Vice-President*; A. S. Beymer, *Cashier*; Edward E. McCoy, *Asst. Cashier*.

DIRECTORS: Geo. M. Laughlin, Joshua Rhodes, Jas. I. Buchanan, Frank L. Hearne, G. W. C. Johnston, William Witherow, S. H. Vandergrift, William B. Rhodes, William C. Magee, J. C. McDowell, W. H. Nimick, David P. Collingwood, Irwin B. Laughlin.

The Keystone Bank of Pittsburg, Pa.
320-322-324 Fourth Ave.

PRETTY CHEEKS

A Food That Makes Girls Sweet to Look Upon

The right food for young ladies is of the greatest importance to their looks, to say nothing of the health. Thin, sallow girls don't get the right food you may be absolutely certain. A Brooklyn girl says: "For a long time in spite of all I could do I was thin, skinny and nervous. My cheeks were so sunken my friends used to remark on how bad I looked. I couldn't seem to get strength from my food — meat, potatoes, bread, &c. So I tried various medicines without help.

"I often read about Grape-Nuts, but never tried the food until one day something impressed me that perhaps if I would eat Grape-Nuts for my nerves and brain I could digest and get the good of my food. So I started in. The food with cream was fascinating to my taste and I went in for it regularly twice a day.

"Well I began to improve and now while on my third package I have changed so my friends congratulate me warmly, ask me what in the world I have taken, &c., &c. My cheeks are plump and rosy and I feel so strong and well. I sleep sound and it seems as though I couldn't get enough to eat. Thank you sincerely for making Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason for Grape-Nuts.

The Princess Romanova

(Continued from Page 7)

slender, dark man in a blue serge suit and negligé shirt, who mechanically adjusted his gold pince-nez as he advanced now at a slower gait. The two Chinamen with war bows fitted long arrows to the strings, and with a sudden lifting of the left foot and widening of the arms they let drive. One arrow whizzed by Hopper's head and the other pierced his clothing, making a nasty scratch on his left side. Then the pistol cracked twice and the two Chinamen fell sprawling, with bullets through their bodies. The other two promptly dropped the fainting women and started to run. Hopper aimed deliberately at the one who had seized the Princess and fired. It was a long shot, but the bullet took effect, as a scream of pain testified.

Neither the Princess nor the maid evinced any signs of reviving, but lay there huddled upon the ground as though dead. Hopper ran to the edge of the bluff and there, as good fortune would have it, was the General's *lotka*, and the General himself strolling along leisurely upon the sand. The American shouted so loudly and flung his arms about so wildly that the orderly, the two moujiks, and even the Governor himself were soon scrambling up the steep bank toward him. The Romanova had revived by the time they all reached her, and sat in the tall grass doing up her abundant hair, woman fashion, and looking about with awakening eyes. She was pale as a ghost and held out her hands appealingly. Hopper and the General helped her to her feet, and it was the American who supported her until her trembling limbs regained their strength. The General surveyed the dead Chinamen, and then, standing squarely in front of Hopper, removed his cap and made a low bow.

At the next station they found a small Government boat awaiting them that drew but one foot of water. It had been sent down by the authorities to pick up the Governor, and Courtland Hopper, ex-cotillon leader, was taken on board and given one of the four cabins all to himself, although one of the greatest heiresses in all Russia was thereby compelled to occupy a room with her maid. There was still a special apartment left for the Governor's dog.

During the remainder of the journey Hopper scarcely left the Princess' side. Indeed, she showed little desire that he should keep at a distance, for she greeted him every morning with a dazzling smile, and remained till all hours of the night with him upon the little deck, looking at the moon and the ghostly Cossack villages that now became more frequent. They could not talk to each other, but as often as he would make her understand by signs she would cry sweetly, "*Da, da!*" which means yes in Russian, and whenever he failed to catch her meaning she would murmur sadly, "*Nicheevo*," which signifies "Nothing at all," or "No."

They arrived at Stretinsk all too soon for the American, who deemed that he should never see the Princess again after bidding her good-by at the gangplank. He was more affected than he cared to show, but by making the interview brief he managed to get through it creditably. The lady pressed his hand lingeringly, and looked unutterable gratitude at him out of her now serious eyes, in which the tears trembled. Hopper bowed very low and kissed the little hand, then he turned resolutely away and walked off. As he was leaving the boat the maid gave him a letter, written in the Russian language and bearing the Romanova crest at the head of the page.

Hopper found the store by repeating the magic word "Emory, Emory," to an isvosjik, and there he was greeted by a young Russian who spoke considerable English. With this man's aid he set to work immediately, and was soon up to the neck in business, studying the demands of the trade, getting in new stock, writing letters, and attending to a thousand and one details. Every spare moment he devoted to the study of Russian, and within two weeks knew enough words to render him less helpless. Meanwhile he carried the Princess' letter in his pocket, and every day he looked at it to see whether or not he could as yet recognize any of the words. Once or twice he was tempted by impatience to ask his assistant to translate it for him, but Hopper's training, somehow, and his instinct, prevented his showing a letter from a lady to another. So he worked away at that letter, word by word, and at the

Ad. Writing as a Money-Making Business

How Taught, and Why Skill Acquired by Mail Instruction Brings From $1200 to $6000 a Year

By GEORGE H. POWELL

THE modern business of advertising writing is arousing widespread attention throughout the commercial world, and the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, especially, are evincing unusual interest, as may be judged by the large number of young men and women who write me for the facts which my various writings in the periodical press can only hint at in the most casual way.

Business men, too, who feel the need of the great stimulus produced by up-to-date advertising, and who must attend to it themselves, largely because skilled ad. writers are entirely too few in number to lend their aid, are likewise consulting me, and the final result will not only greatly benefit their enterprises but it will materially advance the cause of good advertising, and be responsible for the building up of many a large business.

I find that the great body of my readers, while admitting the marvelous possibilities of advertising, are nevertheless loth to believe that the art of writing advertisements can be thoroughly taught by mail. It is for the benefit of these doubters that I am now writing, and while the allotted space is limited, yet much can be made clear.

I established my school at the urgent suggestion of notable advertising authorities, who realized the great need of expert instruction. The institutions that entered the field early were producing only limited results, due to a lack of expertness on the part of the instructors themselves, which had been especially unsatisfactory when business men enrolled to acquire skill in the preparation of their own ads. The Powell System, now generally conceded to be a correct method of teaching advertising writing, has been a marvelous success because it confines the student to ad. writing from start to finish. The "lecture" or "essay" idea finds no place since practice, not theory, produces expertness. Nor does the Powell System attempt to deal with the business management of agencies or newspapers. Concentration is the keynote.

The concrete principle — work — is the one factor that dominates my relations with the student from first to last.

The Powell System is the result of my long experience as a business and advertising expert, in addition to my experience, years before correspondence instruction was devised, in training a clerk in my own employ, who only took up the study of ad. writing because I assured him that it was "going to be the greatest business on earth in a few years."

How did I teach him? Why, simply by selecting a series of actual advertisements, explaining the good and bad elements, and requiring him to write out and prepare at home evenings his own efforts for my revision and criticism. And this, too, is the Powell System of to-day, save that my analysis and explanatory sheets now take the place of personal conversation, which the clerk referred to often forgot in many instances. And here is the superiority of the correspondence plan.

I taught this bright young man how to originate illustrative ideas and how to write in a catchy, taking vein, but being no artist myself, and unable even to make an attempt at drawing a representation of my teacher as a boy, I did not bother this first student with "drawing," which is a wholly unnecessary accomplishment in the ad. writer, although no handicap, of course. There is no such a thing as "born advertising originality." It is acquired only by study.

To-day this original student is one of the most celebrated and skillful ad. writers in America, and draws a large salary running into the thousands. And all he had at the start was a good common school education, coupled with steadfastness and a willingness to work.

There has never been a time since I gave the Powell System to the business world that a change of plan was ever found necessary, and the scores of young men and women I have instructed and made practical ad. writers, capable of earning from $25.00 a week up during the past year or two, are living examples of what I can do for ambitious people.

Added to my regular instruction is my examination of the business man's individual needs, and by recommending improvements, apart from the advertising instruction itself, I have won unstinted praise.

In a word, the student who completes my course of instruction is thoroughly grounded in the art of producing original advertising that will attract attention and create business — the kind of advertising that is to-day in active demand. And in this connection I may add that not a week passes that the most prominent business concerns in America do not apply to me for advertising talent — and frequently at salaries double what any recent graduate could hope to earn.

I shall be glad to mail my beautiful new Prospectus — the most meaty work of the sort ever published — to all business men who want more business and to all young men and women who want more salary or income. Simply address me George H. Powell, 196 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

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The most artistic and durable color effects on shingles are produced with Shingletint, which is a scientific combination of linseed oil, coloring matter, creosote, and the necessary drying agents.

Among the many shingle stains offered, Shingletint is conspicuous not only for its superiority, but because it can be called for by its distinctive name, thus offering the consumer protection against inferior goods offered for the same purpose.

When buying Shingle Stains it will be worth while to ignore the "just as good" argument and insist upon Shingletint.

Stained woods and descriptive literature sent free upon request.

Berry Brothers, Limited

VARNISH MANUFACTURERS

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco

Factory and Main Office, DETROIT

The Diamond Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

AND

NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, BUFFALO, DETROIT, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, DENVER, AND SAN FRANCISCO

LEARN ADVERTISING

If you want to know how to do your advertising at less cost, if you wish to become an advertising writer or manager at $20 to $100 weekly, if you wish to gain knowledge that will positively increase your salary or income, send three 2c. stamps for prospectus telling "Who Should Study Advertising," and booklets, "The Ill Fortunes of Brother Bill," "Other People's Brains," and "How Shall a Young Man Succeed."

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES, 50 Spruce Street, N. Y.

W. X. Y. Z. Nose Piece Don't Slip Off

In Hot Weather. No binding the skin. Antiseptic. No more embarrassing failures to wear nose glasses. FIT any NOSE or NOSE GLASSES. Send us description. Can fit them on glasses yourself. Send for a pair; money refunded if not satisfactory. 14K. Filled 5 ch. Solid Gold $2.00.

PRESPER'S OPTICAL PARLORS
2301 Frankford Ave., Phila., Pa.

Send 3 cents in stamps for "How to Test Your Eyes." We send Prescriptions for Glasses, which can be filled anywhere.

CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION IN

Drawing or Water Color

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF CARICATURE
NEW YORK SCHOOL OF WATER COLOR

Mention which interests you. Send this AD. and 2c. stamp for FREE SAMPLE Drawing LESSON with 20 portraits well-known Illustrators, OR particulars of Water Color Course.

Studios:
33 World Building, New York.

IF YOU HAVE TASTE

or **talent** for **drawing** you may become famous like the originator of this character. The HEEB SYSTEM OF TEACHING BY MAIL prepares you quickly for a paying position as Cartoonist, Newspaper Artist, Illustrator, etc. **Original school** in this line. **Special Offer** to those who write now. Our Graduates are Illustrators on Newspapers and Magazines.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS (Inc.)
E. J. Heeb, Pres., 16 N. Pa. St., Indianapolis, U.S.A.

GINSENG Great opportunities offered. Book explaining about the Ginseng Industry free. Send for it.

F. B. MILLS, BOX 40, ROSE HILL, NEW YORK

end of six months had managed to pick it all out, thus learning the Russian words for "preserver," "hero," "chivalrous gentleman," "modern knight-errant," "undying gratitude," and several others which he would not have been apt to acquire in an ordinary course of lessons. He also learned that the Princess' town house was situated in the city of Moscow and her country residence about thirty versts distant therefrom. He was invited, if he ever visited Moscow, to call upon her; and was informed that she had taken up the study of English and hoped to be able to thank him sometime, in his own language, for having rescued her from a horrible fate. At the end of a year Hopper had occasion to go to Moscow on business, and he called upon the Princess. She received him with extreme cordiality and invited him to dinner. He was able to converse with her quite freely now, as he found that her English supplemented his Russian to such an extent that between them they were in possession of a vocabulary of considerable scope. The Princess proved to be the wittiest, best-natured and altogether the most charming woman that Hopper had ever met. His old-time friends in America will understand how thoroughly agreeable he must have made himself to the Princess. She could see at a glance that he felt at home in a palace. He left Moscow with an invitation to attend a house party at her country place during the coming winter season. He went, and found himself a favorite in Russian high society, through the Princess' patronage. In fact, he was commonly spoken of as "the American hero." So that is how it all came about. It seems the Princess fell in love with him on the General's boat, and so, when he bade her good-by one day, telling her that he should not trust himself to see her again, lest he should reveal sentiments which he felt were presumptuous, she replied shyly:

"That depends on how I should regard them."

To the objections of her relatives the Princess opposed the argument:

"If a Czar could marry a peasant girl, I don't see why a Princess cannot marry an American gentleman."

And that is how Courtland Hopper turned the tables on those foreigners who are marrying our American heiresses. By rights, he should bring his bride and her fortune over to this country; but there is little hope of that.

A Wheel of Misfortune

MR. HARVEY W. WILEY, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, of the Department of Agriculture, is convinced that the world is progressing with great strides.

"It was not a great many years ago," said he, "that I was a member of the faculty of a Western University. It was there that a peculiar incident came very near injuring my career at its outset.

"You remember the early high bicycles. I was ardent and athletic. I bought a wheel and, discreetly confining to a secluded spot my efforts in learning to master my contumacious steed, I finally emerged safely astride my aërial seat and rode fearlessly across the campus to the steps of the laboratory.

"My colleagues and the students were divided between amusement and admiration, and I rode home that evening to the accompaniment of exclamations of grave astonishment and noisy acclaim. I met with no accident, and next morning again mounted my altitudinous wheel and made my way to the University grounds.

"As I was about to enter my office a friendly colleague greeted me with the confidential information that my bicycle exploit was creating comment of an unflattering character in the faculty. When I reached my desk I found an official letter from the Board of Trustees stating that charges had been preferred against me for gross and undignified disregard of the high and honorable traditions of the school, and I was cited to appear that day before a conclave of that august body.

"I had to refrain an impulse to laugh outright, but I saw they meant business and were deeply offended. Therefore, realizing the folly of letting a bicycle run away with my chances of a successful career, I professed my penitence and took solemn oath thereafter to walk sedately in the conventional path.

"I was not, however, to be let off so easily, and it was only through the full and hearty interposition of fellow-members of the faculty that I was saved from summary expulsion."

Substantial Investments that pay seven per cent. are not numerous.

It is double the ordinary bank rate of interest. Most shrewd investors are glad to get 5 per cent. and know that their money is safe. We are offering for public subscription a stock bearing 7 per cent. interest per annum, and an investment as reliable, we believe, as any bank in the country.

A limited amount of the 7 per cent. First Lien Preferred Stock of the

Magnolia Metal Company

is offered for public subscription, subject to prior sale. Preferred as to assets, cumulative as to dividends.

Selling at par, $100. a share

Magnolia Anti-Friction Metal is famous the world over, and is used as a lining for machinery bearings of all kinds. Leading manufacturers in all parts of the country have stated, over their signatures, that Magnolia Metal is far superior to higher-priced babbitts.

A recent report of William Leslie & Co., chartered accountants, shows that the Company has earned, during the past five years,

An Average Annual Net Profit of Over $40,000

The present issue of Preferred Stock is for the purpose of increasing the working capital to enable the Company to keep up with the tremendous demand for its products.

The requirements of the New York Stock Exchange have been complied with in the preparation of the stock, and application will be made for listing on the Stock Exchange after the $200,000 seven per cent. first lien Preferred Stock has been allotted.

If you have money to invest, write for full particulars, **including separate and special agreement,** and for chartered accountant's report and prospectus.

Checks, if desired, can be sent to the Merchants Exchange National Bank, New York City, with whom we have been doing business for about fifteen years; or to the Federal National Bank, Pittsburg, Pa.

MAGNOLIA METAL COMPANY

Executive Offices, 511 West 12th St., NEW YORK CITY

Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Montreal, New Orleans, San Francisco.

WE TEACH THE BEST SYSTEM BY MAIL

LEARN TO WRITE SHORTHAND

GIVE YOUR SPARE TIME TO HOME STUDY

Stenography as it Should be Taught, and as No Other Man Ever Taught It

The name "Page-Davis Company" has always stood for the highest standard of correspondence instruction.

Students enrolling with this institution are placed under the direct, personal instruction of Robert F. Rose, the official reporter of the last Democratic National Convention and the only stenographer accompanying the late President McKinley throughout his great western tour.

The beginner is given the advantage of expert, practical instruction from the very start and he therefore learns nothing that he has to undo later in the course.

Our graduates write expert shorthand and READ it.

Our graduate stenographers are not timid for fear of incompetency. Their proficiency makes them self-confident.

Employers do not find it necessary to "educate" our graduates.

We will double the speed of stenographers of any other system and qualify them for expert court reporting. Our book, "Progress in Shorthand," mailed free. It tells everything.

PAGE-DAVIS SHORTHAND SCHOOL

"The School that Graduates Expert Stenographers." Suite 18—90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

The UNIVERSITY PREPARATORY SCHOOL

BOYS ONLY—Boarding and Day Departments—ITHACA, N. Y.
Prepares for Cornell and All High-Class Colleges
CERTIFICATES ACCEPTED SINCE 1886.
Junior House opens September, 1903. Summer Term opens July 16, for eight weeks. (Circulars.) Fall Term opens September 24th. Send for illustrated Catalogue to
CHARLES A. STILES, 110 Avenue E, ITHACA, N. Y.

KALAMAZOO QUALITY

That's high quality. It's found in KALAMAZOO BUGGIES. Get one on

30 Days' Free Trial

We make our jobs and sell direct to you. No middlemen's profits to pay. Send for our new Buggy Book NOW.

KALAMAZOO CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO.
126 Kazoo St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon & Healy "Own-Make" Instruments are preferred by Thomas Orchestra, Banda Rossa, Marzoni, etc. Lowest prices. Big Catalog, 1000 illustrations; mailed free; it gives instructions for amateur bands.

LYON & HEALY, 10 Adams St., Chicago

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL.

Largest Nursery. Result of 70 years' experience. Fruit Book Free.

STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.; Etc.

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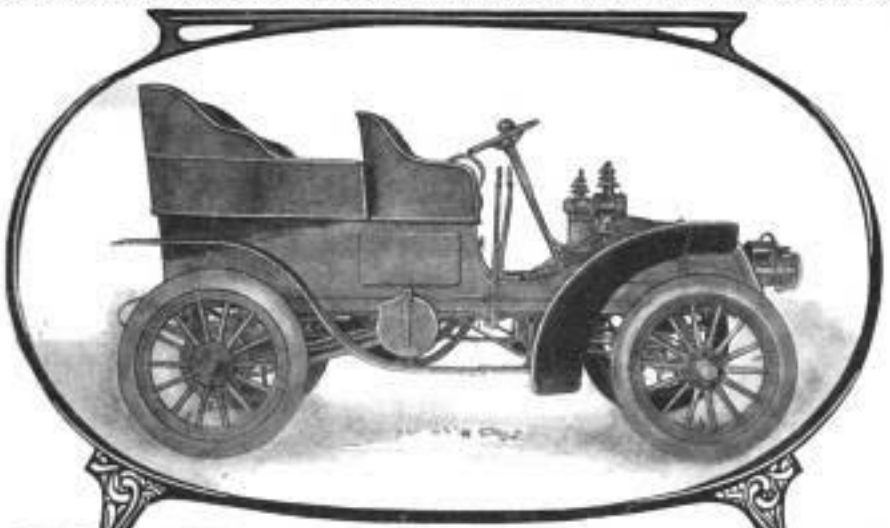


PACKARD

The Car Ahead

With the same care and attention, the **PACKARD MOTOR CAR** will give you better satisfaction than any other made.

This is not mere advertising talk, but the verdict of hundreds of satisfied users.

IT HAS MADE

100 miles without stop on 3⅞ gallons of gasoline; 244 miles in 13 hours without stopping the engine; 500-mile contests winning 9 first-class certificates and 2 gold medals; 2500 miles with absolutely no adjustments or repairs. 16,000 miles without a hitch or breakdown.

It is so designed and constructed that every bearing is instantly accessible for inspection or adjustment.

It carries gasoline sufficient for 250 miles, oil for two days and water for four weeks.

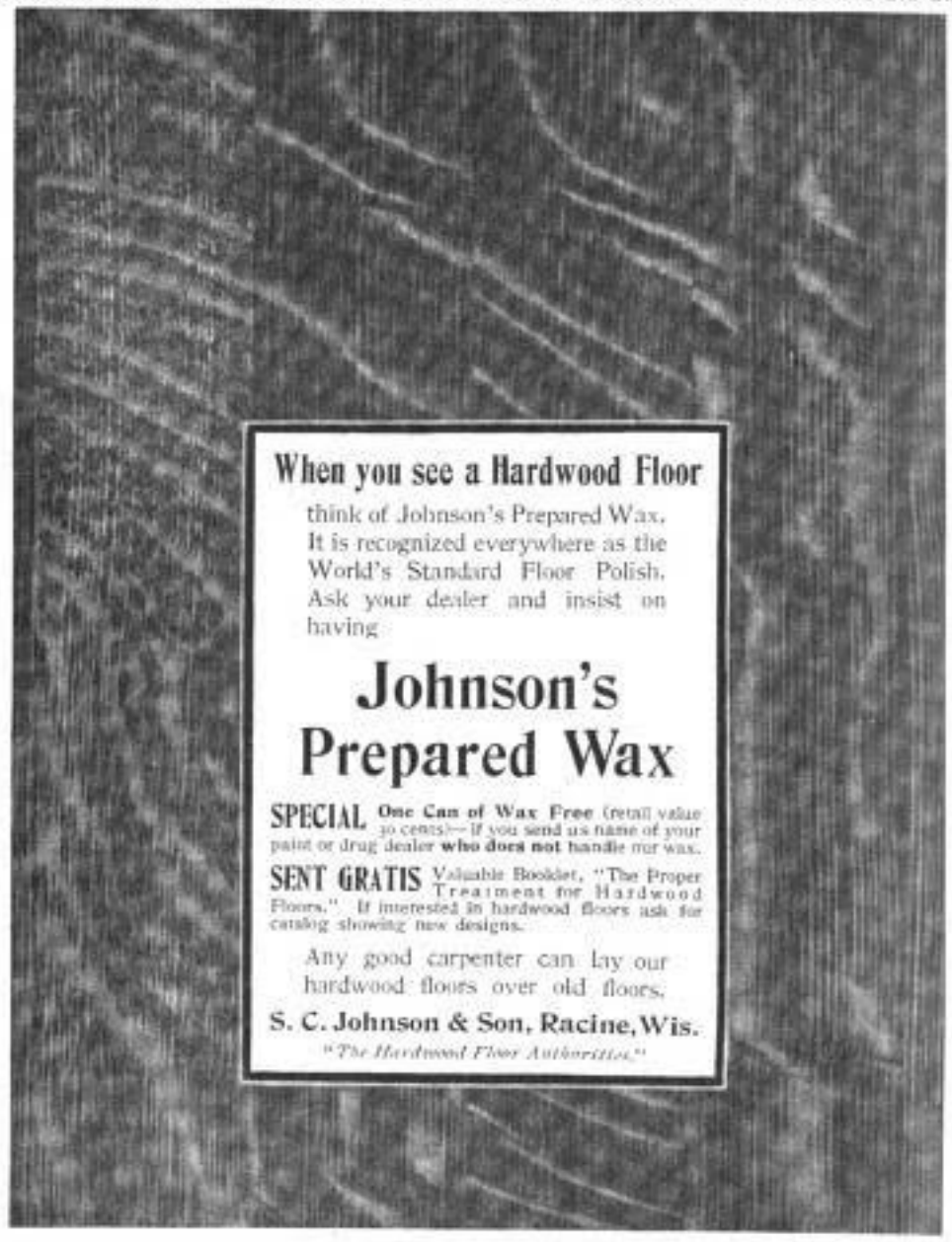
It will climb any grade upon which the rear wheels can secure traction and will travel 50 miles per hour upon the level.

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

And write Dept. P for new illustrated catalog.

The price of the car ready for the road is $2500.00. **"Licensed Manufacturers under Selden Patents."**

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Warren, Ohio



When you see a Hardwood Floor

think of Johnson's Prepared Wax. It is recognized everywhere as the World's Standard Floor Polish. Ask your dealer and insist on having

Johnson's Prepared Wax

SPECIAL **One Can of Wax Free** (retail value 30 cents)—if you send us name of your paint or drug dealer **who does not** handle our wax.

SENT GRATIS Valuable Booklet, "The Proper Treatment for Hardwood Floors." If interested in hardwood floors ask for catalog showing new designs.

Any good carpenter can lay our hardwood floors over old floors.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wis.

"The Hardwood Floor Authorities"

President Roosevelt's Newsboy

THIS IS WILLIAM SMITH, the boy who sells THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to President Roosevelt every Thursday. Last fall William started to sell THE POST in Washington. He already sold newspapers. One day, after he had received his supply of the out-of-town newspapers, he passed the White House and noticed that some papers which he had had for almost two hours were just being delivered. Next day was THE SATURDAY EVENING POST day. As soon as he had gotten his package he started for the White House on his bicycle at top speed, and sold as many copies as possible among the attachés. A few days later the President noticed a newspaper which he knew was to contain something in which he was interested. He called for his copy, but was told that it had not yet arrived.

Inquiry was made as to where the copy which he had seen came from. He was told that "it was delivered by William Smith, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST boy," it being related how he had been supplying the White House staff ahead of the regular carrier. The President left instructions with Secretary Cortelyou that William be brought to him. He shook hands with him and said that thereafter he wanted him to deliver his copies of the daily papers and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The story of "The President's Newsboy" traveled, and now, in addition to his newspapers, William sells from 400 to 500 copies of THE POST each week, principally to members of Congress, the President's household, and department clerks. He recently purchased two building lots with his earnings.

$250 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES

Will be Given Next Month to Boys Who Do Good Work

There are 6000 boys like William Smith selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST all over the country. They do it Friday afternoons after school hours and on Saturdays. Some are making $15.00 a week. We want more boys. It costs nothing to start; we send the first week's supply of 10 copies free. If you write to-day, YOU CAN START NEXT WEEK.

Boy Department, The Curtis Publishing Company, 426 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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BEN-HUR FLOUR

Have you ever tried it? If not a pleasant surprise is in store for you. There is a very evident "something" about BEN-HUR FLOUR that wins your approval at once. It has six principal points of superiority. The first one is "Quality" and the other five are "Goodness".

SEND us the card or bill head of one retail grocer in your town who does not sell BEN-HUR FLOUR, and we will send you, free of charge, a splendid story book for children called "THE BEN-HUR DOUGH BOYS." "The Chariot Race" is a sample page taken from this book. Many other adventures of the rollicking crew are equally well written and illustrated in bright colors.

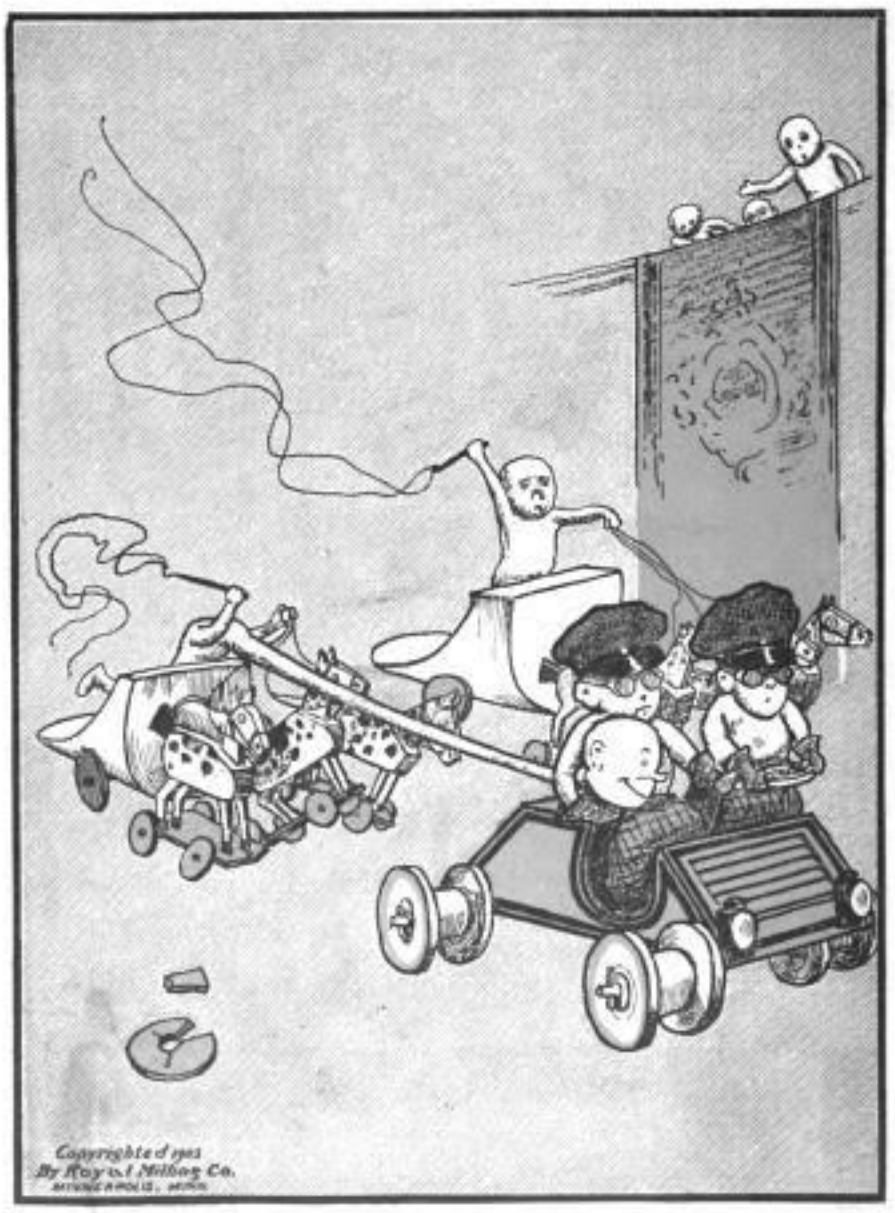
THE DOUGH BOYS' CHARIOT RACE.

The sportive Dough Boys planned a race
  Their nimble steeds to try:
For they enjoyed a track event
  As well as you or I.
The day had come, the track was fine,
  No clouds hung o'er the sky.

Their horses were but wooden toys:
  You might have thought them slow,
For you have really, truly nags
  Which can like lightning go.
But wooden horses are the things
  For little boys of dough.

Each charioteer made up his mind
  That he would not be last.
Clang! Clang! rang out the starter's bell,
  Off sped the racers fast:
When, like a streak, a spool-mobile
  With Dough Boys two whizzed past.

The hindmost racer saw a chance
  To have a bit of fun.
Beneath the "chuffer's" arm he tucked
  His head, as by they spun.
Out stretched his neck across the line—
  Thus, "by a neck" he won.



ADDRESS **ROYAL MILLING CO., Minneapolis, Minn.** MENTION THIS MAGAZINE

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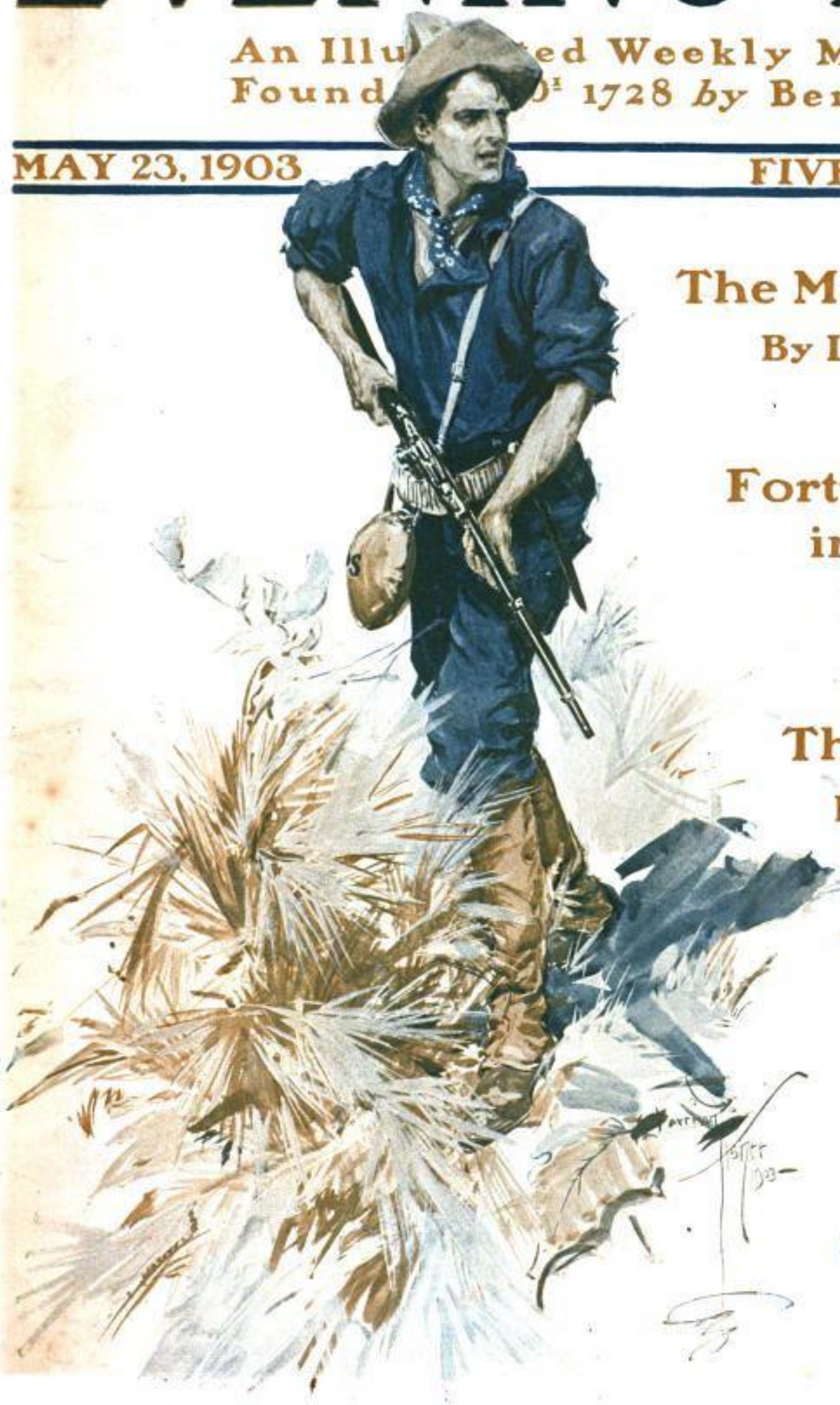
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu[illegible]ed Weekly Magazine
Found[illegible] 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MAY 23, 1903 — FIVE CENTS THE COPY



The Mascot of Battery B
By Lloyd Osbourne

Fortunes and Freaks in Advertising
By Paul Latzke

The Trust of Trusts
By David Graham Phillips

The Breaking in of Quincy Bolivar
By George Ade

Our American Snobs
By James L. Ford

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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3 Questions

Do You Wish to Protect Your Family?
Accumulate a Fund?
Invest for Profit?
If So, You Can Find no Better Means than Through Life Insurance in

THE PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE CO. of AMERICA

John F. Dryden, Prest. — *Write for Information, Dept M.* — Home Office, Newark, N.J.

THE housekeeper must learn to discriminate between Ivory Soap and others that are made to look like Ivory. Each of them lacks some quality of the Ivory and all of them lack the perfect purity. Their imperfections overbalance any slight difference in price.

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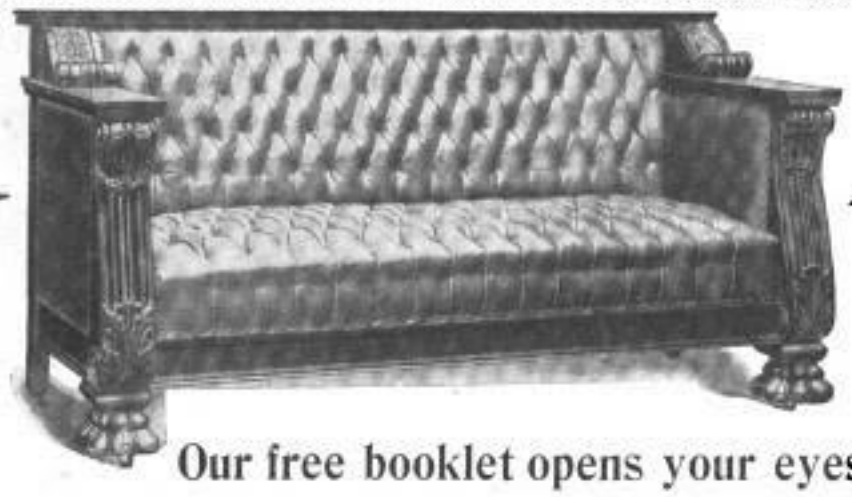

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The Breaking-in of Quincy Bolivar

BY GEORGE ADE

—SHOUTED AFTER HIM, "HOORAY FOR BOLIVAR, AND A ROPE TO HANG HIM"

QUINCY BOLIVAR always felt that he had been cut out for a political career. He had the name, to begin with. The Honorable Quincy Bolivar, Congressman—how the name balances the title!

Even as a gangling country boy, attending school No. 8 in Purvis Township, he had felt the oratory surging within him. At Friday afternoon debates he put to rout the stolid farm hands pitted against him. In Purvis Township it was frequently said that Quincy had "the gift of gab" and that the farm would never hold him. Full many a good plowman is spoiled in the making of a second-rate lawyer, but in the case of Quincy there was no mistaking the signboard of destiny. He had no natural love for horses and no enthusiasm for the hay-field. He wore white shirts right in the middle of the week and wrote for the country paper when he should have been repairing fences.

Therefore it was agreed that Quincy's only hope lay either in the pulpit or at the bar. His mother rather favored the pulpit, although several friends of her late husband had advised her that there was no money in preaching. Quincy wanted to be a lawyer, because the law is next door to politics.

Long before he went away to attend Atwater College he had made special trips to Musselwhite, and there in the old courthouse he had sat with his chin resting on the wooden rail that divided the humble public from the glorious lights of the legal profession, listening to the impassioned appeals made by Tom Gridley, Bill Catterson and Eli Bilcote. He hoped that some day he should be on the other side of that railing. He wanted to sit there with the Gridleys and Cattersons and have open law-books at his right hand. He wanted to pace up and down in front of those twelve solemn farmers and sweep away their stubborn unbelief with the fury of eloquence, as he had seen Tom Gridley do it. He wanted to sit, calm and Gibraltarish, smiling in hard disdain at the shrieking attacks of opposing counsel, as he had seen Bill Catterson do it. And he longed to acquire that defiant and resonant tone with which Eli Bilcote hurled his objections at old Judge Blakely.

After each visit to the courtroom he went back to the farm with a hungering ambition to give up manual labor, go out into the waiting world and talk his way to fame. So Mrs. Bolivar yielded to his importunities and he went away to Atwater College. He matriculated on a Thursday and joined the Demosthenean Literary and Debating Club next day. Before the close of his first term he was known on the campus as "Fog-Horn" Bolivar, but even those who derided his vocal exertions admitted that probably he would be a great success in politics.

For the purposes of this narrative it is not necessary to follow him through college. Let it be known that he entered Atwater in a suit of store clothes, wearing a low soft hat with a buckle on one side. He came home with a "Prince Albert" costume and a silk hat, both of which he soon laid away in order to tranquilize the agricultural vote and bring himself into closer communion with those fellow-citizens whom he hoped to represent in Congress. During his senior year Quincy Bolivar won second prize at the State oratorical contest. He lost first place only by a split of one per cent. in the markings of the judges. It will be forever set down that one of the judges was unduly prejudiced in favor of the winning college because his nephew was a student there. But even a second prize in such a mighty contest is no mean glory. Quincy Bolivar brought home a large prestige and already the expectations began to cluster about him.

He visited his mother in Purvis Township and then he said good-by to the growing crops, without the slightest note of regret in his voice, and settled in Musselwhite, where he began the study of law in the office of Tom Gridley. Within an incredibly short time he was admitted to the bar. When at last he moved beyond the railing and sat among the giants he discovered that they were not such towering giants, after all. Distance lends enchantment to lawyers. When Quincy Bolivar was admitted to that close fraternity the members of which fight one another in public and lovingly swap anecdotes in private, he began to find out the weaknesses and shortcomings of Catterson, Bilcote and even the redoubtable Gridley. They were self-made lawyers, who relied upon vociferation rather than upon any accurate knowledge of law or the rules of rhetoric. They were meant for Musselwhite but not for Washington. Quincy Bolivar found it impossible to look up to them. He met them boldly and in the proud consciousness that his association with them was merely an incident of his rising career.

Quincy Bolivar wore a broad hat and permitted a careless forelock to hang down his forehead. Usually his vest was buttoned only half way up and the expanse of shirt front was immaculate. He did not adopt the story-telling and shoulder-slapping methods of the rural "mixer." The shoulder-slapper may be elected to the county board and sometimes he breaks into the legislature, but the would-be Congressman must wear that gentle reserve, aye, even the meditative melancholy suggested by the steel engravings of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. Therefore, on a Saturday afternoon when the farm wagons and side-bar buggies made a continuous fringe around the courthouse square and the boardwalks were cluttered with the free and independent voters of the back townships, and Quincy Bolivar moved from group to group, quietly laying foundations, his salutation was grave, even though his hand-grasp was warm.

AND HE LOOKED HIS FELLOW-MAN STRAIGHT IN THE EYE

HE HAD SAT WITH HIS CHIN RESTING ON THE WOODEN RAIL

His "How do you do, sir?" was clear-cut and sonorous, and he looked his fellow-man straight in the eye. Those who were honored by his civilities watched him as he passed and agreed that he was the rising orb of Musselwhite.

He first distinguished himself on Memorial Day. The town hall, known on occasions as the "opera house," was packed. Quincy Bolivar came to the table in the centre of the rostrum. He took a drink of water and gazed pensively at the assemblage for many seconds without speaking. Yet there was something in the calm self-possession of his bearing to indicate that the pause was not one of indecision. One secret of the art of acting is to learn the value of the pause. He began quietly, almost inaudibly. He spoke of a pastoral landscape with a white cottage nestling in the foreground, vines growing above the doorway, the kine coming homeward in the twilight, and the voices of happy children. Into this happy abode came war's loud alarum. Quincy Bolivar drew the picture of the young husband and the weeping wife and the last embrace at the rustic gate and the marching away of the volunteers to the rattle of drums and the martial sound of fifing. He drew aside the curtain and showed the bivouac in the moonlight and the man in tattered uniform—sleeping, and dreaming of the loved ones. He raised his hand and said "Hark!"—and his listeners heard the sullen rumble of distant artillery and the tense commands running along the lines and coming nearer and nearer, in dramatic crescendo. They saw the impetuous line of gray sweep across the open. They heard the crash of volleys—they saw the battle-flags topple and fall and rise again, and they were carried on into the hell of battle, while the maddened cheers rang in their ears. They saw a haggard soldier boy, his features set in dismay, kneel beside a fallen comrade and hear that last gasping message, while darkness fell upon the battlefield. And then he told of a grassy mound on a sun-kissed hill—little children and gray-haired women coming with flowers, and the old flag rippling in the breeze with not one star missing from the field of blue—a glorious banner lifted high, to wave forevermore above a happy and reunited people.

When Quincy Bolivar sat down that Memorial Day he knew that he had captured Musselwhite. Among all the faces lifted toward him he saw only one—a face flushed with pride and triumph, even though the eyes glistened with tears. At that moment a prophetic vision came to him. It was a vision of the Honorable Quincy Bolivar arising in his place, while all the Congressmen squared around to listen, and there in the gallery Mary Harland leaned forward to hear her husband's first speech in the National Legislature.

Grover Cleveland began as sheriff. Why should not Quincy Bolivar begin as State's attorney? The nomination sought him.

Two days after the convention he and Tom Gridley sat in the law office, looking out through the open windows at the swaying maples of the courthouse grove.

"I have one satisfaction," said the candidate reflectively. "It will be a clean campaign. Catterson and I are personal

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friends. Let the voters choose between us. Fortunately, I have no record to be misconstrued and attacked. The worst thing that they can say about me is that I am young and inexperienced. But I don't believe Hicks will open up on me. We've served together as officers of the lodge, and, besides, I used to send in items for the paper when I lived out in Purvis Township."

Tom Gridley, with an unlighted cigar tucked away back in the corner of his mouth, nodded his head and smiled grimly.

"'Man cometh up as a flower,'" he said. "'He cometh up as a flower.' Then he gets into politics and finds out that he is a Canadian thistle. You may not have any past just now, but you will have one in less than a month. Hicks is the editor of a party organ, and if his grandmother ran for something on the opposition ticket I'm inclined to think that he would investigate the old lady and discover that she was a criminal character. All's fair in love, war and politics. Hicks can meet you fraternally in the lodge-room on Thursday evening and then lambast you in the paper next day. And what's so darned annoying about these campaign lies is that they always have the affidavits to back them up. You are young and purty and just out of college, but you'll get it, and get it good, Quincy. If you don't you'll be the first man that ever run for office in Jefferson County and come out with a whole scalp."

It happened that even as they were talking the Liscomb boy, who was reading law in the office, came in with a copy of the Musselwhite Leader, still damp from the press.

"Now you'll find out what Brother Hicks thinks of you," said Tom Gridley. "Turn to the editorial section an' read it, an' look pleasant."

Quincy found the article. It was headed, "Veal or Brains — Which?" and it proceeded to put some straightforward questions to the patriotic and thoughtful voters of Jefferson County. It asked these voters what manner of man they wanted for State's attorney — a learned and experienced lawyer with a record as spotless as newly-fallen snow, or a gabby young whipper-snapper who wore a tall collar and whose only stock in trade was an unlimited supply of east wind. In language the portent of which could not be mistaken, the Leader went on to say that never in the history of Jefferson County had there been a more amazing contrast than the one between the towering intellect of Catterson and the obstreperous imbecility of the squirt who had been torn from the nursing-bottle and laid, a squawling sacrifice, on the altar of political necessity.

"Read it out loud," said Tom Gridley, and Quincy read it in a voice tremulous with rage, while the old wheel-horse teetered in his chair and guffawed from unalloyed enjoyment.

"That ain't bad — for an opening shot," he said. "Of course, in a couple of months, when the campaign's thoroughly warmed up and they begin to deal in personalities, you'll get it a good deal worse'n that. At the same time, it's purty fair, for a curtain-raiser. Catterson ought to have been an editor."

"Catterson!"

"Certainly — he wrote it. He's been usin' that 'sacrifice on the altar of political necessity' for twenty years. The best way to set yourself right before the public is to write your own recommendations. You wait and see what I say about Catterson in the Star. If I don't make him out a horse-thief an' a child-murderer it'll be because there ain't enough language left in the dictionary. But don't lose your temper, Quincy. Remember that every candidate is a target, an' the more bricks they throw at him the madder it makes his friends an' the harder they'll work for him. I figure that this is going to be an active campaign."

"Active" is a poor and insufficient adjective with which to describe the battle that raged between the forces of Catterson and the devoted followers of Bolivar. Within two weeks the neophyte learned that he was a feeble-minded figurehead, whose criminal instincts were rendered harmless only by the fact that he had not sufficient mentality to put his base plans into operation. Little boys on the street — boys who had been in his Sunday-school class — shouted after him, "Hooray for Bolivar, and a rope to hang him!" Men with whom he had hobnobbed on the corners began to look at him with scowling suspicion, for he was daily accused of being an enemy to labor, a religious heretic, a tool of the county ring, and a secret agent of the saloon interests. He rode hither and thither, shouting his defiance in country schoolhouses until his voice wore to a husky whisper and he was gaunted up and wild-eyed. Through it all he guarded every act and utterance so that no mistake could arise from the past and smite him when finally he had received that nomination for Congress.

His real breaking-in as a politician came three weeks before election. Let those who are free from Congressional ambitions sit in judgment on his conduct. The facts shall tell for themselves.

The Catterson party raised a liberty pole in Musselwhite. Two hickory trunks, spliced to a prodigious length, were up-ended at one corner of the courthouse square to an accompaniment of beating drums and loud cheering. Catterson made a speech in which he called Bolivar all the names that he had neglected calling him up to that time. It was the star effort of the Catterson campaign and a crimson Saturday for Musselwhite, attracting the outside townships and making the whole afternoon one orgy of martial music, exploding popcorn, cracking peanuts and gushing lemonade.

Among those who listened to Catterson's verbal evisceration of the odious Bolivar were five free voters from Purvis Township. They had known Quincy Bolivar ever since he had been knee-high to a duck. They were for him, not in any tentative spirit, but "for keeps," as they put it. Therefore, when they heard him ridiculed and denounced and held up to the scorn of all honest men and good women, a righteous anger filled them and they went to the Atlas bar and tried to cool their wrath with bottled beer.

The attack upon Quincy Bolivar was an indirect insult to Purvis Township and they longed for vengeance — a longing which became more intense as the evening lengthened and the discussion of their wrongs became more heated. One of them proposed the tarring and feathering of Catterson. This plan was abandoned, owing to the lateness of the hour and the probable difficulties to be encountered.

"I'll tell you what we kin do," said Cale Tilford. "Let's go an' chop down the liberty pole."

HE WENT DOWN AND MET HIS LOYAL SUPPORTERS

At eleven P. M. Quincy Bolivar was in his room at Mrs. Buford's boarding-house preparing a dignified reply to Catterson's undignified speech of the afternoon, when he heard the rattle of pebbles on his window and saw five men, in white hats, clustered in the moonlight. He went down and met his loyal supporters. They had stolen an ax from the rear of Wooderson's ice-cream parlor and restaurant for farmers, and they were on their way to chop down the liberty pole and thereby right the wrongs of one whom they loved, even as a brother. They wanted "Quince" to go along and participate in the performance. He entreated them to return the ax, hook up and drive home. He said that all the troubled issues of the campaign should be referred to the sober judgment of the voters. They shook hands with him and told him he was right. Then they went down to the courthouse square and attacked the pole, which fell across Main Street and demolished the wooden awning in front of Gunnison's hardware store.

Next day, when the infuriated Cattersonites were investigating what they termed a "hellish outrage," a disinterested witness, one Link Saulsbury, came forward with the information that he had passed Mrs. Buford's boarding-house about eleven o'clock, that he saw Quincy Bolivar in company with five other men, that one of the men had an ax, and that he distinctly heard talk in regard to chopping down the pole. Quincy Bolivar, righteous candidate, and Tom Gridley, practical politician, sat in the office and discussed the new and threatening issue.

"The boys did come after me and I thought I had talked them out of it," said Quincy. "There's only one thing for me to do. I'll come out and tell the truth."

"And lose Purvis Township," added Tom. "Rule number one in a campaign is to stick up for those who are with you. If you tell the truth you'll indict the bulwark of our support in Purvis Township and go down in history as the man who went back on his friends. And besides, the opposition won't believe you. In politics, when you get cornered, there's only one thing to do and that's the 'silent contempt' game. Come out and say that you will not insult the intelligence of the good people of this community by stooping to deny such a damnable calumny. Besides, I know a man who is going to make affidavit that Catterson's men cut down that pole so as to get sympathy."

On election night, when Quincy Bolivar checked up the townships and saw a slender majority of forty, he heaved a sigh of relief and said: "That liberty-pole business came mighty near beating me. It would have — only for Purvis Township. It's sure to come up against me when I run again."

"Remember what I told you," said Gridley. "Silent contempt."

The Doom of the Giant Redwood

AFTER defying countless vicissitudes during from ten to forty centuries, the oldest living things on the planet, the California Big Tree (*Sequoia sempervirens*), the Pinus ponderosus and the Pinus Lambertiana are in many instances succumbing to the depredations of an insignificant caterpillar. This tiny insect is called the *sequoia aegerinian*, and is related to the common peach-tree borer. Some malign instinct seems to have taught this worm that the vulnerable spot in these mighty trees is the axils of the branches. The sinking of his tunnels there diverts the flow of sap: a formation of resinous nodules follows, which effectively check the circulation of the tree's life-fluid. The unnourished limb then dies, and at last the tree itself is slain by its pygmy enemies.

In the smaller groves the ravages of the insect may be averted by digging the larvæ out with knives, but no practical remedy has been devised for safeguarding the larger forests. The subject is engaging the attention of expert foresters.

Another factor which threatens the existence of these famous redwoods is the growing recognition of their timber value. On account of antiseptic properties in the wood, no species of decay-producing fungi has ever been found in the timber. Giant trees up-rooted 500 years ago and which through the ensuing centuries have lain where they fell, exposed to all the elements that cause decay, have been found to be absolutely sound and have been shipped to the sawmills and converted into lumber. This antiseptic character of the redwood is causing a growing demand for the timber in general construction, and particularly for the walling of tunnels. Moreover, the discovery made by Captain Ahern in the Philippines that California redwood was not subject to the depredations of white ants or termites has created a great demand for this wood in the Archipelago, where only a few of the native woods, and those of the most valuable varieties, are immune from the ravages of these formidable insects.

Hitherto the market for redwood has been confined largely to Pacific Coast cities where its commercial value was known. Shingles made of redwood last nearly half a century. The wood is devoid of resin, which gives it great resistance to fire, and is therefore in demand for building purposes, particularly in San Francisco. One secret of the vast age attained by redwood forests is that its bark is fireproof. Fires have repeatedly raged in redwood forests, managing to destroy the young trees, but unable to penetrate the asbestos-like sheathing of the monarchs.

Now that the trade in redwood is growing, that occasional cargoes are shipped to Australia, Honolulu, the Philippines, and other parts of the Orient, and that dealers in the eastern part of the United States are sending in orders for the timber, naturalists interested in preserving these trees are making efforts to introduce better methods of lumbering. At present twenty-five per cent. of the timber is destroyed in felling the trees, and the custom of totally denuding the forest areas, leaving bare ridges to be worn down by winter torrents, has prevented a second growth from either saplings or seeds.

It is the purpose of the foresters at work in California to urge that the young redwoods be left standing for future cutting. Freed from the shade of the large trees they grow with remarkable rapidity. Trees that have increased scarcely any in diameter in one hundred years have started up like saplings when overshadowing monarchs have been removed. The forests are so dense that the present methods of lumbering frequently crush and utterly destroy far more timber than is taken out.

One thing that has helped to avert the annihilation of the biggest trees at the hands of ruthless commerce is that in falling it not infrequently happens that a forest giant's prodigious weight causes it to be totally pulverized. Foresters have witnessed instances of a big tree failing to yield an available foot of timber, so complete was its destruction in falling. Furthermore, the wood fibres having been formed under different rates of growth during the centuries of the tree's life, the grain of the successive concentric zones is not in proportion. A condition of such tension is thus produced that sometimes, even when the timber has withstood the shock of the fall, logs when sawed split with a thunderous sound.

These facts have assisted the efforts made to protect the big trees, and some of the owners of groves, who purchased the tracts for lumbering purposes, will, it is believed, hold the areas of the biggest trees until public sentiment causes them to be purchased for State or National parks.

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A TRUST OF TRUSTS

By David Graham Phillips

HOW THE MINORITY INTEREST IS MADE A STALKING-HORSE FOR HOLD-UP MEN, STRIKERS AND BLACKMAILERS

A YEAR ago last February half a dozen from among the principal figures in the present movement toward transportation and industrial and financial "combines" happened to be lunching together one day—a leisure hour snatched from the wild scramble of Wall Street's short morning and shorter afternoon. The conversation turned upon a suit a small stockholder in one of the "combines" had just brought against it. He was urging that by a certain contemplated move of the all-powerful "inside ring" his rights as a stockholder were being trampled, or at least put in jeopardy.

"We're just trying to find out how much of an 'inducement' he wants to make him drop the suit," said a director in that particular "combine." "He has a hundred shares—bought 'em just to enable him to get standing in court for this raid on us. They're worth about $13,000 market value. I suppose we may have to pay him $50,000 or $60,000 for them."

"But why?" inquired the one man present who wasn't in a "combine."

"Oh, to save trouble. We want to make our move and make it right away—it means big money to us. He can drag the suit along and delay us a year—perhaps two years. It's cheaper to buy him off than to fight him. And he knows it, the blackmailing scoundrel!"

"But I should think if this were generally known you'd bankrupt yourselves, settling with such fellows—with strikers and blackmailers."

"It *is* getting pretty bad," admitted the director.

"Last year we paid one chap over $300,000 for shares worth about $40,000," said a director in another "combine."

"He's a big lawyer. About ten years ago there was a howl against a certain corporation and he, in good faith, or only for popularity, brought suit against it in the name of a small stockholder, to compel it to do the very expensive but not unreasonable thing the public was demanding. The corporation 'settled' for a considerable sum. That gave him his taste of blood. He has learned how eager the big corporations are for peace and how much money he can get by merely threatening them with war. He now makes it his principal business to put forward a dummy client who has bought from ten to a thousand shares, and through him to compel this corporation to stand and deliver. If the corporation is in a hurry, even though it has, or probably has, perfect legal right to do what his client pretends to object to, he makes it take his client's shares at a big figure—and adds on enormous 'counsel fees.'"

"And," broke in a representative of another kind of "combine," "if he discovers a case where the corporation doesn't want its conduct aired or is unwilling that the legal points involved should be passed upon and settled by the courts, his collection is something huge. No wonder he's a millionaire and spending money like water all the time."

"We've got to make a stand some time, I suppose," said the first director. "He's putting up a job now that looks like a grab for a million or so."

"Why not make our stand now—right away?" demanded the second director.

The others looked somewhat doubtful. To make a stand when one has a clear case of right, with law and public sentiment on one's side, is all well enough—though even there the long delay inevitable in litigation would be costly. But how about it where the law is doubtful or, worse still, dead against one? There was a long and animated discussion.

The Evolution of the Striker

USUALLY, when a "combine" organizes a new policy all of the interests that are "worth considering" are consulted and placated. The little fellows meekly accept whatever may be given to them by the big fellows or are "squeezed out"—if they do not take the hint and drop out of their own accord. No matter how seriously their rights may be infringed, they never think of combating the arrogant "inside ring" that controls all the machinery and all the wealth of the corporation. They know that lawyers cost money, that good lawyers cost hundreds of dollars a day; that it is almost as expensive to win as to lose a suit against a corporation; that either way it is ruin for any but the rich. So whenever a small stockholder engages good lawyers and brings suit to prevent a new departure in policy—a purchase, or a conversion, or a bond issue—the assumption is that he is what corporations call a "striker" or a "blackmailer." If not, why should he go to law, when going to law means no possible gain to him unless it be a gain to establish, or to try to establish, an abstract principle at the cost of impoverishment?

People with old-fashioned ethical ideas might pause just here and inquire: If the corporation dare not let the courts pass upon its conduct, how are its directors any better morally than the man who seeks to profit by their insolent and unlawful greediness? The answer to this disquieting question is twofold. First, the corporation is not always in the wrong, but is often simply in a hurry, and so buys up the "blackmailer" because purchase is the cheapest and most expeditious course, and hates him because he is using the courts maliciously to obstruct the corporation's progress. Doing evil that good may come is an old-established, highly respected canon of morals—respected by none more than by corporations. Second, where the corporation fears the searchlight of the court, or does not wish to have the legality of certain modes of procedure tested, the difference between "striker" and "struck" is one of those delicate points in Wall Street ethics which a Wall Street man can see with perfect clearness—though he cannot always make an outsider see it.

But to return. Soon after their discussion at luncheon and their resolve to end blackmail, these great men of Wall Street sent a committee to certain eminent lawyers, and the lawyers put the new policy into legal shape in this fashion:

First: fight everybody who brings suit. Go into his private affairs as deeply as may be and publicly show, or try to show, that he has no real interest in the corporation, that he bought his shares merely for purposes of blackmail, that he is conspiring to injure the corporation and to use the courts for improper purposes.

Second: fight every suit, regardless of the real or apparent intent of the suer, as long as possible, and boldly and publicly assume that it is the suit of a "striker" and stock-jobber.

Third: make litigation as expensive as possible.

To the second clause there is one exception. When a suer has a clear record and a clear case and exposure in court would be dangerous, compromise! But this exception rarely arises. It has not arisen since the new departure was made. At least, if it has the fact has not become public. The reason why compromise may have been rarely necessary has already been stated—all "considerable" interests are consulted and placated before a new policy is definitely inaugurated. But of the other kinds of cases—defense of suits brought by negligible minority holders—there have been many, all of them sensational.

The chief interest in the above recital of facts is that it is the first published account of the move that has led to these sensational suits—indeed, the first news that these suits are the outcome of a definite, concerted, carefully-organized policy. And the first large "striker" who was caught in the new net was none other than the lawyer who has profited so hugely by his discovery of the exceeding, even wormlike, peaceableness of corporations, and how to exploit it.

The Aggressive Defense of the Trust of Trusts

AMONG the men who have thus combined in this new and curious kind of trust are men who personally detest each other and were a few years ago doing everything in their power to injure one another—and still strive to overreach and out-general one another.

As was pointed out above, usually the bringing of a suit by a small stockholder is on the face of it suspicious. It would not be so in England, where a man will fight a railway single-handed for years, and at an expense of thousands of pounds, to recover a shilling wrongfully exacted from him for a ticket. But in this land of the easy-going, principle-be-hanged-if-its-going-to-ruin-me-to-vindicate-it human being, the man who thinks he's wronged in a small way doesn't often go to law with a colossus—unless he has planned a raid. If the object of this new "trust of trusts" were simply to prosecute blackmailing delayers of legitimate enterprise, its existence would be something to commend in a paragraph before passing on to more interesting matters. But the object is far wider than that. And the methods by which the object is pursued are often relentless to the point of constituting a crime in itself equal to the alleged intended crime of the "striker."

It has given such tremendous public demonstrations of its power and its ruthlessness that hardy indeed would be the small stockholder who, however oppressed, would bring suit against his titanic corporate oppressor. He knows that the filing of the papers would be the signal for the descent of a swarm of spies and shadowers, for a prying search into every part of his private affairs, for the lining up of all the forces at the command of literally billions of capital to assault and to demolish him. One of the organizers, if not the originator, of the new trust is a director in a company which, at a secret meeting of its board of directors a few months ago, resolved on a line of policy which, when publicly announced, would cause the stock to drop at least ten dollars, perhaps thirty dollars, a share. Here was a rare chance for "insiders" to make money by "unloading." The stock began to go up under sly manipulation of the market and the rumor bureau, and this particular director advised all his acquaintances, including several friends who had the right to think themselves his intimates, that they "couldn't do better than buy——. It's going to go up." And it did presently go up, so great was the pressure to buy on the strength of this widely distributed "friendly tip." Then—the director above mentioned and other real "insiders" having "unloaded" on their acquaintances and the gulled public—the new policy was announced. Down went the stock. And the deceived acquaintances and "friends" of the director lost tens, perhaps hundreds, of thousands of dollars.

A Wall Street "light" to whom the writer related this incident said by way of conscientious comment: "Clever, wasn't it? He couldn't have thought of a better scheme for putting the stock up where he could unload at a big profit than to tip those known to be his friends that it was a good time to buy. And he taught 'em a mighty valuable lesson—not to gamble in Wall Street."

"But they were his friends."

"I suppose you'd have had him tip 'em to sell. Then where would his profits have come from, with everybody selling and the price going down?"

Fighting the Devil with Fire

WAIVING this interesting ethical dilemma there remains the main question: Is it likely that men of the stripe of so many of the prime movers in the new trust are going to use this concentrated power only to good ends? Is not a bad man, in his enthusiasm for a good cause, liable to relapse into his former errors of moral judgment and confuse good causes and bad, honest methods with rascally ones? Is not a temperate and partially reformed devil's disciple a dangerous person to trust in fighting the devil with fire?

It is one thing for a small private stockholder to bring suit; it is vastly different when the trust in which the biggest trusts are, or ought to be, mere small stockholders—the trust of wealth and power formed by 80,000,000 Americans—brings an exactly similar suit. When the Attorney-General began Wall Street did not believe he was in earnest. It denounced him and the President for "playing politics" with "big interests." As the evidence has accumulated that the President was really in earnest, Wall Street's fury has risen, and its organs are raging against him—some by the attack direct, others—and they are the most dangerous—by the insidious attack of apparently innocent enthusiasm for him. These organs first allege that he is doing something or other which the public would not approve if it were true; then they either praise him extravagantly for this alleged act or sorrowfully reproach him in the tone of a grieved best friend. And the public is doubly fooled—fooled into believing the President has done something he never dreamed of doing; fooled into believing the Wall Street organs are in sympathy with him and rejoice in his victories and grieve over his defeats and mistakes.

Wall Street is "chuck full" of human nature—and that means that its self-interest is the dominant factor in its moral point of view. In the opinion of the "conservative" big men of Wall Street, any sort of attack upon a "combine" is a wicked attempt to destroy the prosperity of the country.

Does this attitude seem absurdly intolerant? Remember that money-making is to Wall Street what swill is to swine—the whole of life, the alpha and omega, breath and blood. Remember that any one who even so much as frowns in the direction of the swill-trough is in so far a menace to the supply of swill. And what does the big drove, big rooters and little, care who pours its swill or whence its swill comes? All that concerns it is that it shall come, and that it shall go—down their wide, eager throats.

No, men do not go to Wall Street to make love or friends, or to lay up treasure in Heaven. They go to make money; and they are fierce against anything or anybody that disturbs or threatens to disturb them. And, like most men organized for a purpose, they erect it into a moral cause. They are, so they tell each other, defenders and promoters and originators of "prosperity." They erect their own personal prosperity into the prosperity of all—are *they* not "all"? The next step is to make prosperity a patriotism. From that the transition is easy to regarding even their doubtful acts as justifiable for the sake of the patriotic motive behind them.

The "trust of trusts" is only a year old—a year and about three months. It has grown rapidly in public importance through the many sensational, some unquestionably useful, acts. But if prosperity lasts, what it has done is small in comparison with what it will do. Its evolutions are worth watching—closely and critically. But judicially, too—for there *are* blackmailers in Wall Street, and honest corporate managements suffer from them.

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The Mascot of Battery B

AS FOR THE CAPTAIN HE SAT DOWN AND REGULARLY CRIED

She Perched on the Belcherous Cannon's Back and Rode the Battery to Good Luck

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

BATTERY A had a mascot goat, and Battery C a Filipino kid, and Battery D a parrot that could swear in five languages, but I guess we were the only battery in the brigade that carried an old lady! Filipino, nothing! But white as yourself and from Oakland, California, and I don't suppose I'd be here talking to you now if it hadn't been for her.

I had known Benny a long time—Benny was her son, you know, the only one she had—and when I enlisted at the beginning of the war Benny wished to do it, too, only he was scared to death, not of the Spaniards, but of his old ma! So he hung off and on while I drilled at the Presidio and rode free on the street cars and did the little hero act and ate pie the whole day long. My! How they used to bring us pies in them times and boxes of cigars—and flowers! Flowers to burn! Well I remember a Wisconsin regiment marching along Market Street, big, splendid men from the up North woods, every one of them with a calla-lily stuck in his gun! Oh, it was fine, with the troops pouring in and the whole city afire to receive them and the girls almost cutting the clothes off your back for souvenirs—and it made Benny sick to see it all, him clerking in a hardware store and eating his heart out to go with the boys. He hung back as long as he could, but at last he couldn't stand it any longer, and the day before we sailed he went and enlisted in my Battery.

He knew there was going to be a rumpus at home and I suppose that was why he put it off to the very end, not wanting to be plagued to death or cried over. But when he got into his uniform and had done a spell of goose-step with the first sergeant, he was so blamed rattled about going home that he had to take me along, too. He lived away off somewheres in a poorish sort of neighborhood, all little frame houses and little front yards about that big, where you could see commuters watering calla-lilies in their city clothes. Benny's house seemed the smallest and poorest of the lot, though it had calla-lilies, too, and other sorts of flowers, and a mat with "Welcome" on it, and some kind of a dog that licked our hands as we walked up the front steps and answered to the name of Dook.

Benny pushed open the door and went in, me at his heels, and both of us nervous as cats. His mother was sitting in a rocker reading the evening paper with gold spectacles, and I never saw such a straight-backed old lady in my life, nor any so tall and thin and commanding. She looked up at us, kind of startled to see two soldiers walking into her kitchen, and Benny smiled a silly smile and said:

"Mamma, I'm off to help Dooey in the Fillypines!"

I guess he thought she'd jump at him or something, for he had always been a mother's boy and minded everything she said, though he was twenty-eight years old and rising nine—but all she did was to draw in her breath sharp and sudden, so you could hear the whistle of it, and then two big tears rolled out under her specs.

"Don't feel bad about it, mamma," said Benny in a snuffly voice.

She never said a word, but got up from the chair and came over to where Benny was, very white and trembly, and looking at his army coat like it was a shroud.

"Oh, my son, my son," she said, kind of choking.

"I couldn't stay behind when all the boys was going," he said.

I saw he was holding back all he could to keep from crying, and I didn't blame him either, as we was to sail the next day and the old lady was his ma. It's them good-byes that break a soldier all up. So I lit out and played with the dog, and made him jump through my hands and fetch sticks and give his paw (he was quite a remarkable dog, that dog, though his breeding wasn't much), while I could hear them inside talking and talking, and the old lady's voice running on about the danger of drink and how he mustn't sleep in wet clothes or give back talk to his officers—it was wonderful the horse-sense that old lady had—and how he must respeck the uniform he wore, and be cheerful and willing and brave like his sainted father who was dead—all that mothers say and sometimes what soldiers do—and through it all there was a pleasant rattle of dishes and the sound of the fire being poked up, and Benny asking where's the tablecloth and was there another pie? By and by I was called in, and there, sure enough, the table was spread, and we were both made to sit down while the old lady skirmished around and wiped her eyes when we weren't looking.

We had beefsteak, warmed-over pigs' feet, coffee, potato cakes, fresh lettuce, graham gems and two kinds of pie, and the next day we sailed for Manila.

Them early days in the Fillypines was the toughest proposition I was ever up against. Things hadn't settled down as they did afterward, nobody knowing where he was at, and all of us shoved up to the front higgeldy-piggeldy; and being Regulars they gave us the heavy end of it, having to do all the fighting while the Volunteers was being taught the difference between a Krag-Jorgensen and a block-house. It was all front in them days—for the Regulars! But we were lucky in our commissary sergeant, a splendid young man named Orr, and we lived well from the start and never came down to rations. The Battery got quite a name for having griddle-cakes for breakfast and carrying a lot of dog generally in the eating line, and some one wrote a song, to the toon of Chickamauga, called The Fried Chicken of Battery B. But I tell you, it wasn't all fried chicken either, for the fighting was hot and heavy, and a good many of the boys pegged out. If ever there was a battery that looked for trouble and got it—it was Battery B. But we took good care of our commissary sergeant—did I mention he was a splendid young man named Orr?—and though we dropped a good many members, wounded, dead, sick and missing, we kept up the good name of the battery and had canned butter and pop-overs nearly every day.

Benny and I were chums, but nobody knows what that word means till you've kept warm under the same blanket and kneeled side by side in the firing-line. It brings men together like nothing else in the world, and it's queer the unlikely sorts that take to one another. I was so common and uneddicated that I wonder what Benny ever saw to like in me, for as I said, he was a regular mamma's boy and splendidly brought up. Religious too, and a church member! But he was powerful fond of me, and never went into action but what he'd let off a little prayer to himself that I might come out all right and go to Heaven if boloed. Pity he hadn't taken as much trouble for himself, for one day while we were lying in a trench and firing for all we were worth, I suddenly saw that look in his face that a soldier gets to know so well.

"Benny, you're shot!" I yelled out, dropping my Krag and all struck of a heap.

"Shot, nothing!" he answered, and then he keeled over in the dirt and his legs began to kick.

He took a powerful long time to die and there was even some talk of sending him down to the base hospital, the field one being that full and constantly needed at our heels. But he pleaded with the doctors and was allowed as a favor to stay on and die where he was minded—with the Battery. I was with him all I could, and I'll never forget how good that commissary sergeant was, a splendid young man named Orr, who always had a little pot of chicken broth for Benny and cornstarch, and what he fancied most of all—a sort of thick dough cakes we called sinkers. As luck would have it I got into trouble about this time—a little matter of two silver candlesticks and a Virgin's crown—and Benny sent for Captain Howard (it was him that commanded the Battery), and weak as he was and dying, he begged me off, and the captain swore awful to hide how bad he felt and struck my name off the sheet to please him. There was little enough to do in this line, for it was plain as day where Benny was bound for, and he knew himself he would never see that little house in Oakland again.

Well, he got worse and worse, and sometimes when I went there he didn't know me, being out of his head or kind of dopey with the doctor's stuff, the shadow being over him, as Irish people say. One night he was that low that I got scared and I waylaid the contract surgeon as he came out.

"Doctor," I said, "it's all up with Benny, ain't it?"

"He'll never hear reveille no more," he says.

I got my blanket and lay outside the door, it being against regulations for any of us to be in the field hospital after taps. But the orderly said he'd call me if Benny was to wake up before the end and the doctor promised me I might go in. Sure enough, I was called somewheres along of four o'clock and the orderly led me inside the tent to Benny's cot. There was no light but a candle in a bottle and I held it in my hand and bent over and looked in Benny's face. He was himself all right and he put his sweaty, hot hand in mine.

"Do you know me, old man?" I said.

"Good-by, Bill," he said, and then as I leaned over him, his voice being that low and faint, he whispered: "Billy, I guess you'll have to rustle for another chum!"

Them was his last words and he said them with a kind of a smile, like he was happy and didn't give a d——n to live. Then the little life he had left went out. The orderly looked at his watch and then wrote the time on a slate after Benny's regimental number, and the word "died." That was about all the epitaph he got, though we buried him properly in the morning and gave him the usual send-off. Then his effects was auctioned off in front of the captain's tent, a nickel for this, ten cents for that—a soldier hasn't much at any time, you know, and on the march less than a little—and five-sixty about covered the lot. There was quite a rush for the picture of his best girl, but I bought it in, along with one of his ma and a one-pound Hotchkiss shell and the hilt of a Spanish officer's sword; and when I had laid them away in my haversack and had borrowed a sheet of paper and an envelope from the commissary sergeant to write to Benny's mother, it came over me what a little place a man fills in the world and how things go on much the same without him.

I was setting down to write that letter and was about midway through, having got to "the pride of the Battery and regretted by all who knew him," when I looked up, and what in thunder do you suppose I saw? The old lady herself, walking into camp with an umberella and a valise, and looking like she always did—powerful grim and commanding. Some one must have told her the news and which was my tent, for she walked straight up to where I was and said: "William, William!" like that. She didn't cry or nothing, and anybody at a distance might have thought she was just talking to a stranger; but there was a whole funeral march in the sound of her voice and you could read Benny's death like print in her wrinkled old face. I took her out to where we had buried him, and she plumped down on her knees and prayed with the umberella and the valise beside her, while I held my hat in one hand and my pistol in the other, ready for any bolo business that might come out of the high grass.

Then we went back to the field hospital and had a look in, she explaining on the way how she had mortgaged her home so as to come and look after Benny. I guess the hospital must have appeared kind of cheerless, for lots of the wounded were lying on the bare ground, and it was a caution the way some of them groaned and groaned. You see, Battery K had just come in, having had an engagement by the way at Dagupan, and Wilson's Cavalry, besides, had dumped a sight of their men on us.

"And it was in a place like this that my boy died?" said the old lady, her mouth quivering and then closing on the words like a steel trap.

"There's the very cot, ma'am," I said.

She said something like, "Oh, oh, oh," under her breath, and taking out her handkerchief wiped the face and lips of

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the man in the cot who was laying there with his uniform still on him. I suppose he had got it because he was a bad case, the cot I mean, and certainly he was far from spry.

"He's dead!" said the old lady shuddering. "He's dead!"

"Orderly," I said, "number fifty-six is dead!"

The orderly bent over to make sure and then ran for his slate—the same old slate—and began to write down the same old thing. I suppose there was some sense to that slate racket, for with a little spit one slate would do for a brigade, but it seemed a cheap way to die. Then as we stood there another orderly came gallumphing in with something steaming in a tin can. The old lady took it out of his hands and smelled it supercilious.

"What do you call this?" she said.

"It's chicken broth, ma'am," he said. "That's what it is, ma'am."

"Faugh!" said the old lady. "Faugh!" and handed it back to him, like she was going to throw it away, but didn't. Then we watched him dip it out in tin cups and carry it around, while some other fellers came in and carried out the body of the man in the cot, a trooper, by his legs. We went out with them, and I tell you it was good to stand in the open air again and breathe. The old lady took a little spell of rest on a packing-case; then she gave me her umberella and valise to take back to quarters, and rolling up her sleeves made like she was going into the hospital again.

I didn't know what to say, but I guess I looked it.

"William," she said with a glitter of her gold specs.

"Ma'am," said I.

"Those boys aren't getting proper consideration," she said. "If it was dogs," she said, "they couldn't be treated worse. William, I'm going to see what one old woman can do."

"You ought to ask Captain Howard first," I said. "You don't belong to the Army Medical Corps."

"It's them that let Benny die," she said with her eyes snapping, "and as for asking they'd say 'no,' for they don't allow any women except at the base hospitals."

I knew this for a fack, but I had rather she'd find it out from the captain than from me. I didn't want to seem to make trouble for her. So while I was wondering what to do about it she headed right in, leaving me with the valise and the umberella and a kind of qualmy feeling that the old lady might strike a snag.

I didn't have a chance to come back till along sundown, but, my stars! even in that time there had been a change. Benny's mother had been getting in her deadly work and the orderlies were bursting mad, not that any of them dared say anything outright or show it except in their faces, which were that long; for, you see, the contract surgeon had taken her side and had backed her up. But they moved around like waiters who hadn't been fee'd, powerful unwilling and yet scared to say a word. The hospital had been made a new place, with another tent up that had been laid away and forgotten (you wouldn't think it possible, but it was), and the sick and wounded had been sorted over and washed and made comfortable; and where before there was no room to turn around you could walk through wide lanes and wonder what had become of the crowd. She had peeked into the cooking, too, and had found out more things going wrong in five hours than the contract surgeon had in five months. Blest if she didn't have a tally-book of the medical stores, and there was a court-martial laying for every one of the orderlies if they said Boo, for they had been making away scandalous with butter and chocolate and beef tea and canned table peaches and sparrowgrass and sardines and all the like of that, belly-robbing the boys right and left perfectly awful.

It was a mighty good account of the contract surgeon that he took it all so well and was willing to admit how badly he had been done. But he was a splendid young feller named Marcus, and what the old lady said went! He was right sorry he couldn't put her on the strength of the Battery, but the regulations kept women nurses at the base hospitals, and anyway (for we broke everything them days and there wasn't enough red tape left to play cat-and-my-cradle), Captain Howard hated the sight of a petticoat and was dead set against women anywheres. I don't know what they had ever done to him, but I am just saying it for a fack. But however it was, Marcus said the old lady had to keep out of sight or else the captain would surely send her to the rear under arrest.

Now this made it a pretty hard game for the old lady to play, and you can reckon how much dodging she had to do to keep out of the captain's sight. It was hard about her sleeping, too, for she had to do that where she could, not to speak of the pay she might have drawn and didn't, and which, sakes alive, she earned twenty times over. By and by everybody got on to it except the captain, but there wasn't such a skunk in the Battery to tell him, partly because of the joke, but most of all on account of the convalescents who naturally thought a heap of her. Then it got whispered around that she was our mascot and carried the luck of the Battery; and it was certainly remarkable how it began to change, getting fresh beef quite regular and maple syrup to burn and nine kegs of Navy pickles by mistake.

You would have thought she was too old to stand it, for we was always on the move, and I have seen her sleeping on what was nothing else but mud, with the rain coming down tremendjous. But she was a tough old customer and always came to time, outlasting men that could have tossed her in the air or run with her a block and never taken breath. But of course it couldn't be kept up for ever—I mean about the captain—and sure enough, one day he caught her riding on a gun-carriage while he was passing along the line on a Filipino pony.

"Good Lord!" he said like that, reining in his horse and looking at her campaign hat and the old gingham dress she wore. I wonder she didn't correct him for his profanity, but I allow for once she was scared stiff and hadn't no answer ready. My! But she kind of shrunk in and looked a million years old.

"Madam," said he, "do you belong to this column?"

"Unofficially I do," she said, perking up a little.

"Might I inquire where you came from?" said he, doing the ironical perlite.

"Oakland, California," said she.

"And is this your usual mode of locomotion?" said he. "Riding on a gun?" said he. "Like the Goddess of War," said he. "Perching on the belcherous cannon's back," said he.

The old lady, now as bold as brass, allowed that it was.

"Scandalous!" roared the captain. "Scandalous!"

The old lady always had a kind of nattified air, and even on a gun-carriage she sported that look of dropping in on the neighbors for a visit. She ran up her little parasol, settled her feet, give a tilt to her specs and looked the captain in the eye.

"Yes," she said, "I do belong to this column, and I guess it would be a smaller column by a dozen if it hadn't been for me in your field hospital. Or twenty," said she. "Or maybe more," said she.

This kind of staggered the captain. It was plain he didn't know just what to do. We were hundreds of miles from anywheres and there were Aguinaldoes all around us. He was as good as married to that old lady for any means he had of getting rid of her. He began to look quite old himself as he stared and stared at the mascot of Battery B, the cannon lumping along, and the old lady bouncing up and down as the wheels sank to the axles in the rutty road.

"When we strike the railroad home you go," said he.

"We'll see about that," said the old lady.

"It's disgraceful," said he. "Pigging with a whole battery," said he. "Oh, the shame of it," said he.

"Shoulder-straps don't always make a gentleman," said she.

"Holy smoke!" he said, galloping off very fierce and grand on his little horse to haul Doctor Marcus over the coals. They say the contract surgeon got it in the neck, but we were short-handed in that department already, Doctor Fenacre having been killed in action, so the captain couldn't do nothing worse nor reprimand him. It was bad enough as it was—for Marcus—for *he* wasn't no old lady and the captain could let himself rip. And I tell you it was a caution any time to be up against Captain Howard, for though he could be as nice as pie and perlite to beat the band—it only needed the occasion for him to unloose on you like a thirteen-inch gun.

Well, it was perfectly lovely what happened next, for with all her sassiness the old lady felt pretty blue and talked about Benny for hours, like she always did when she was down-hearted; and by this time, you know, she had got to love Battery B and every boy in it; and it naturally went against her to think of starting out all over again with strangers, and them maybe Volunteers. So you can guess what her feelings was that night when the captain went down with fever. It was like getting money from home!

The captain had never been sick in his life and he took it hard to be laid by and keep off the flies, while another feller ran the Battery and jumped his place. I guess it came over him that he wasn't the main guy, after all, and that it wouldn't matter a hill of beans whether he lived or quit. Them's one of the things you learn in hospital, and the most are the better for it; but the captain, you see, was getting his lesson a bit late. So he was laid off, with *amigos* to carry him or bolo him (like what *amigos* are when they get the chance), and the old lady give a whoop and took him in charge. My! If she wasn't good to that man, and as for coals of fire, she regular slung them at him! The doctor, too, got his little ax in, and was everlastingly praising the old lady and telling the captain he would have been a goner if it hadn't been for her! And when the captain grew better—which he did after a few days—he was that meek he'd eat out of your hand. The old lady was not only a champion nurse but she was a buster to cook. Give her a ham bone and a box of matches and she could turn out a French dinner of five courses, with *oefs-sur-le-plate* and veal cutlets in paper pants! It was then, I reckon, she settled the captain for good; and when he picked up and was able to

—SHE PLUMPED DOWN ON HER KNEES AND PRAYED

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walk about camp, leaning pretty heavy on her arm, she called him "George" and "my boy," and you might have taken him for Benny and she his ma.

There was nothing too good for the old lady after that, and the captain wouldn't hear of her living anywheres but at the officers' mess, where she sat at his right hand and always spoke first. The Queen of England couldn't have been treated with more respeck, and the captain put her on the strength of the Battery and she drew back pay from the day she first blew into camp. My, but it was changed times, and you ought to have seen the way the old lady cocked her head in the air and made a splendid black silk dress out of loot, which she wore every evening with the officers and rattled all over with jet. But it didn't turn her head the least bit, like for a time the boys feared it might, and she was twice as good to us as she had been before. We had a pull at headquarters now, and she had a heart that big that it could hold the officers and us, too—and more in the draw.

The tide had turned her way when she needed it most, for tough as she was she could not have long gone on like she had been. She had worn down very thin, and was like a shadow of the old lady I remembered in Oakland, California, and kind of sunk in around the eyes, and I don't believe Benny would have known her had he risen from the grave; and when anybody joked with her about it and said: "Take it easy, ma'am; you owe it to the Battery to be keerful," she'd answer she had enlisted for the term of the war and looked to peg out the day peace was proclaimed.

"Then I'll be off to join Benny," she'd say, "and the rest of the Battery in Heaven!"

There was getting to be a good crowd up there—that is, if the other place hadn't yanked them in—and some of the boys found a lot of comfort in her way of thinking.

"A boy as dies for his country isn't going to be bothered about passing in," she would say, with a click of her teeth and that sure way of hers like she *knew*. And I reckon perhaps she did.

One afternoon she was suddenly taken very bad; and instead of better she grew worse and worse, being tied to the bed and raving; and the captain, who wouldn't hear of her being sent to hospital, give up his own quarters to her and almost went crazy he was that frightened she was dying.

"It's just grit that's kep' her alive," I heard the doctor saying to him.

"You must save her, Marcus," said the captain, holding to him like he was pleading with the doctor for her life. "You must save her, Marcus. You must do everything in the world you can, Marcus."

THE OLD LADY, NOW AS BOLD AS BRASS, ALLOWED THAT IT WAS

The contract surgeon looked mighty glum. "She's like a ship that has been burning up her fittings for lack of coal," said he. "There ain't nothing left," he said. "Not a d——n thing," said he, and then he piled in a lot of medical words that seemed to settle the matter.

As for the captain he sat down and regularly cried. I'm sorry now I said anything against the captain, for he was a splendid man and the pride of the Battery. And I tell you he wasn't the only one that cried neither, for the boys idolized the old lady and there wasn't no singing that night or cards or anything. I was on picket and it was a heavy heart I took with me into the dark; and when they left me laying in the grass, and nobody nearer nor a hundred yards, and that behind me, I felt mortal blue and lonesome and homesick and like I didn't care whether I was killed or not. It was midnight when I went out, and I don't know what ailed me that night, for after thinking of the old lady and Benny and my own mother that was dead, and all the rest of the boys that had marched out so fine and ended so miserable—I couldn't keep the sleep away; and I'd go off and off though I tried my best not to; and my eyes would shut in spite of me and just glue together; and I would kind of drown, drown, drown in sleep. If ever a man knew what he was doing, and the risk and what I owed to the boys and me a Regular and all that—it was me; yet—yet——! And you must remember it had been a hard day and the guns had stuck again and again in the mud, and it was pull mule, pull soldier till you thought you'd drop in your tracks. Oh, I am not excusing myself. I've seen men shot for sleeping on guard and I know it's right; and even in my dreams I seemed to be reproaching myself and calling myself a quitter.

Then, just as I was no better nor a log, lying there with my head on my arm, a coward and a traitor and a black disgrace to the uniform I wore, I suddenly waked up with somebody shaking me hard—real rough like that—and I jumped perfectly terrible to think it might be the captain on his rounds. Oh, the relief when I saw it was nothing else than the old lady, she kneeling beside me all alone and her specs shining in the starlight.

"William, William!" she said, sorrowful and warning, her voice kind of strange, like she didn't want to say out loud that I had been asleep at my post; and as she drew away her hand it touched mine, and it was ice-cold. And just as I was going to tell her to lope back and be keerful of herself, the grass rustled in front of me, and I saw rising like a wall rows on rows of Filipino heads! My, but didn't I shoot and didn't I run, and the bugles rang out and the whole line was rushed, me pelting in and the column spitting fire along a length of three miles! We stood them off all right and my name was mentioned in orders and I was promoted sergeant, the brigadier shaking my hand and telling the boys I was a pattern to go by and everything a Regular ought to be. But it wasn't *that* I was going to tell. It was about the old lady, though I didn't learn it till the next day.

She had died at a quarter of midnight and had lain all night on the captain's bed with a towel over her poor old face.

Now what do you make of that?

OUR AMERICAN SNOBS

At a Fashionable Wedding

By JAMES L. FORD

THESE HARPIES FELL UPON THE POOR LITTLE WOMAN

FOR weeks before the Titepurse-Timpson wedding Mrs. Catnip's boarding-house was a seething whirlpool of excitement; for, as Mrs. Grinders truthfully observed, there were not many dinner-tables in the city where one could learn so much at first hand about this great hymeneal function.

Mr. Grosgrain is not usually a brilliant conversationalist; but now, feeling that the eyes of the table were upon him and that every ear was attuned to catch his lightest word, he surprised us all with the poetic imagery of his talk when the trousseau was under discussion. He it was who met Mrs. Titepurse and her daughter at the main entrance of the great establishment which claims his services, and ushered them—marching ahead himself with stately tread, his whiskers flowing behind him on either side like the foam parted by the ship's prow—down the long silk aisle, through the woolen nave, on, on past the trimmings, notions, gloves and ribbons to the broad counters where the white goods are displayed. Here he chastely left them, but only to return furtively at dusk and learn from the lips of the head saleswoman precisely what they had purchased and at what cost.

Mrs. Taffeta must have had some mysterious fountains of information, for she went out every day immediately after luncheon to return at dinner-time literally bubbling over with details of the most vital importance; while old Quillson, who rarely condescends to take part in our fashionable discussions, for once added his voice to the chorus with reminiscences of Jake Titepurse's bygone rascalities, coupled with sneering suggestions as to the many better uses to which he could put his money were he honestly inclined.

But there was no one at the table who entered into the delirious joys of these exciting weeks as did Mrs. Grinders, whose daily wont it was to absorb every detail that the combined knowledge of Mrs. Taffeta and Mr. Grosgrain could supply, and then dart off to spread the tidings among such of her friends as are less fortunately placed from a social standpoint than herself.

"My," she said to me one afternoon as we came up the steps together, "all the women I know just envy me because they say I know everything that's going on in society long before they hear of it. Well, we do hear a lot of interesting talk at Mrs. Catnip's, don't we? I've just come from a progressive euchre party in Brooklyn, and you'd oughter to have seen 'em prick up their ears when I began to talk about Kitty Titepurse and how much her wedding dress cost.

"Don't you think Mr. Grosgrain leads an awful interesting life? I should think it would be fearful fascinating to meet all these people the way he does! Why, he tells me that there isn't a day passes but what he's talking to some of the Four Hundred. They're crazy to have me bring him over to the euchre party, but to tell the truth I'd be sort of ashamed to ask him to go. They're good church people and all that, but they're not much on style, and they'd seem funny to him after all the elegant folks he meets in his business."

Strangely enough, the one person at the table who was qualified to speak of the coming event from the standpoint of an invited guest, and whose presence at the ceremony would not have been known had it not been for the hawklike eye of Mrs. Taffeta, was the only one among us who had not a word to say on the subject.

The wedding was at noon, and as I happened to lunch at home that day I heard the whole story of its splendors from the lips of Mrs. Taffeta and Mrs. Grinders, who had watched it from the sidewalk opposite the church, and had even gone out of their way while returning home to peer under the awning and gawp at the windows of the Titepurse mansion where the wedding breakfast was in progress. Mrs. Taffeta was simply livid with rage as she seated herself at the table, while Mrs. Grinders seemed stunned as if by some extraordinary discovery.

"What do you think of your friend, the widow, now?" said society's oracle as she fixed a pair of cold, gimlet-like eyes upon me. "Maybe she's not a sly, deceitful little thing, a-settin' there like puss in boots all this time and never lettin' on a word!"

For a moment the awful thought that she'd been having a wedding of her own, and with the tall Southerner as an accomplice, flashed across my mind, but before I could speak Mrs. Grinders made everything plain.

"She's heard us talkin' about the Titepurse wedding for the last four weeks and never let on that she had an invite to go herself. Of course she just went as a reporter to write up the dresses or something an' 'twant as if she was a friend of the family, but she had just as good a chance as any on 'em to see what was goin' on, an' if it hadn't been for our seein' her go up the steps of the house we never would have known she was there. You could have knocked me over with a

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feather when I see her traipsin' up the steps as high an' mighty as if she was a member of the Four Hundred herself."

And at the dinner-table that night these harpies fell upon the poor little woman with ravenous beak and claw and literally tore from her every bit of information she could yield concerning the ceremony, the wedding breakfast, the guests and what they wore, and last, but not least, the wedding presents and their probable cost.

These last-named items brought old Quillson out of his shell and he contrasted the event of the day with the marriage of the elder Titepurses forty years ago, as described to him by one of the guests. It seems that in those days Titepurse kept a small country store in the same Connecticut village in which the mother of Kitty Titepurse found employment as a school teacher and boarded with her Uncle, Ephraim Perkins, in whose "best room" young Jacob did his courting on Sunday nights, and on Sunday nights only, the old man having given it as his opinion that the pair burnt enough wood and oil then to last through the whole week. It was in this best room that the young couple were married by the local clergyman, for which service Jacob Titepurse tendered him a fee of two dollars and a half, which he gratefully pocketed with the remark that it was two dollars more than he had expected to get, for even then the name of Titepurse was synonymous with close dealing. The most costly present received by the bride was a cook stove, given by Jacob himself, and the most disastrous, a heifer calf, presented by Uncle Ephraim, for the animal slipped her halter while the wedding was going on and contrived to make her way into the summer kitchen, where she consumed the best part of the wedding feast.

CHARLEY WAS THROWING OUT HIS PICKET LINE

But by this time Mrs. Catnip's guests were so thoroughly charged with the "style," as they called it, of this great wedding—this union of avarice and self-advertisement—that they had no ears for anything that was simple, homely and native to our soil. Indeed, it was their frenzied eagerness to learn every detail of an affair whose only importance was that which Park Row had given to it, that threw me into a serious train of philosophic thought over a form of hysteria that has killed more enjoyment of late years than any other pestilence that our country has ever known. Herod's murder of the innocents suggests itself strongly to my mind when I think of the gatherings that might be merry were it not for the sour discontent, the yearnings after the impossible and the unworthy that have been bred by this maniacal worship of the brazen calf. What was once but a simple, saucer-eyed amazement at luxury and extravagance has grown to be a spectre of envy and false shame that sits at nearly every feast.

I am sure that Mrs. Grinders was a far better woman—she was certainly much less of a fool—in the days when she found real pleasure in the meetings of the euchre party which the teachings of Mrs. Taffeta, that high priestess of the brazen calf cult, have since caused her to despise. There was not one at Mrs. Catnip's table who dared lift a voice in honor of the wise suggestion embodied in the gift with which the frugal Jacob Titepurse pointed out to his bride one of the surest roads to conjugal happiness. Not one of us gave credit to Uncle Ephraim for the far-seeing sagacity which shone like a beacon light in his gift of the heifer calf. Compare these useful and sensible presents with the trumpery that completely filled one of the rooms in the Titepurse mansion, and then tell me whether the modern calf-worshiping couple have made as good a beginning in their wedded life as did their hard-headed parents! The Planet reporters did full justice to the presents—that is to say, to the most costly of them—and became hysterical over Jake Titepurse's million-dollar check, a facsimile of which he kindly permitted them to publish; the solid gold dessert service given by Mrs. Titepurse; the solid silver hat-rack, the diamond tiaras and the massive gold rocking-chair.

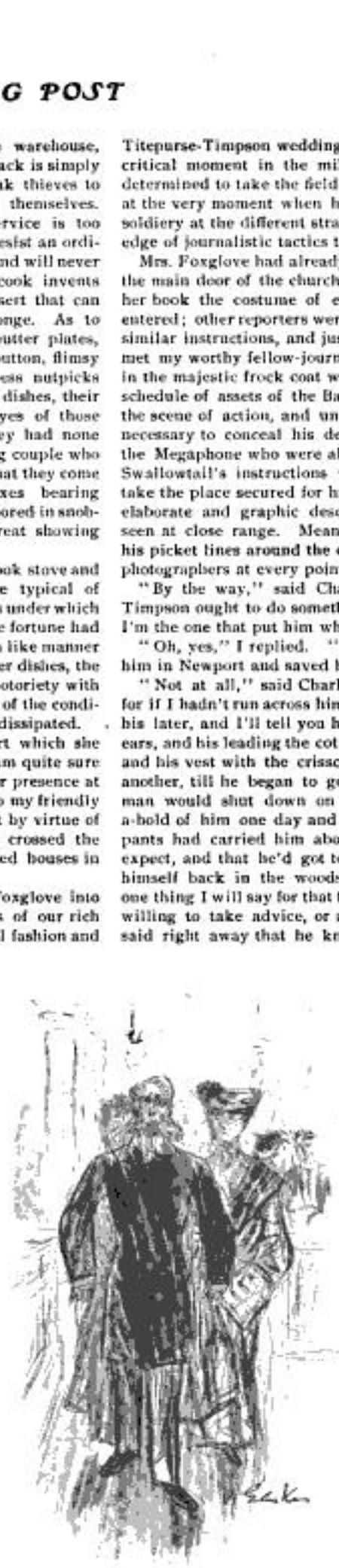
WILLIAM SWALLOWTAIL

The published list of all these wonders made a deep impression on Mrs. Catnip's boarders, not one of whom seemed to realize the utter worthlessness of most of the gifts. The gold rocking-chair will have to be kept in the vaults of a storage warehouse, while the silver hatrack is simply an invitation to sneak thieves to come in and help themselves. The gold dessert service is too thin and fragile to resist an ordinary knife and fork, and will never be used until the cook invents some kind of a dessert that can be eaten with a sponge. As to the stock of silver butter plates, the size of a collar button, flimsy oyster forks, worthless nutpicks and ridiculous olive dishes, their sole merit in the eyes of those who gave them—they had none in those of the young couple who received them—is that they come in velvet-lined boxes bearing some trade-mark honored in snobdom and make a great showing for their cost.

But after all, the cook stove and the heifer calf were typical of those elder conditions under which the colossal Titepurse fortune had its beginning; and in like manner are the useless gold plates, oyster forks and butter dishes, the long ears of the bridegroom and the greasy notoriety with which Park Row crowns them all, emblematical of the conditions under which that fortune is, I hope, to be dissipated.

But to return to Mrs. Foxglove and the part which she played in the work of reporting the wedding, I am quite sure that to this day Mrs. Taffeta has no idea that her presence at the church and wedding feast was due directly to my friendly auspices in her behalf. Nor do they realize that by virtue of the place that I secured for her that she has crossed the thresholds of some of the most richly-advertised houses in the town.

Nevertheless it was I who brought Mrs. Foxglove into friendly relations with the Titepurses and others of our rich and great by securing for her a position as special fashion and society writer on the staff of my old and tried henchman, Charley Bland, the same discerning journalist who first beheld the form of Tommy Timpson looming up in the Newport fog and who is now city editor of the Planet and high in the royal favor. But although Charley "stands very close to the great white throne," as Park Row puts it, and does not scruple to dislodge from their positions any of his fellows whom he may have reason to suspect are in the enjoyment of royal favor, and therefore apt to become dangerous rivals of his own, he has a warm heart—that is to say, for a city editor—and does not forget that it was I who sent him the note of warning when he was in danger of losing his job at Newport. And so, although he well knew that it might jeopardize his position to be seen in intimate converse with one who, like myself, no longer enjoys the confidence of his sovereign, he admitted me at once to his presence when I called at the Planet office during Mr. Barshfield's absence, listened to what I had to say regarding Mrs. Foxglove, and then readily agreed to give her a fair trial in the work of reporting the great marriage that was looming upon the news horizon at that moment. Now be it known that it was not altogether with an eye single to her pecuniary betterment that I secured work for Mrs. Foxglove on the Planet. Entertaining toward her as I do feelings of respect and pity, mingled with others of surprise at her strange delusions and still others which I can scarcely define myself, and finding that not even my most fervid eloquence could uproot from her heart the absurd fetish of desirable people which she cherishes there so tenderly, I determined to put her in a position which should literally force into her mind that sense of her own folly which I had found it impossible to instill there myself. It seemed to me that when Charley Bland had fully instructed her in the Planet methods of lifting the vulgar from their native and galling obscurity to those pinnacles of fame from which they could be viewed by Mrs. Catnip's boarders, her eyes would be opened to their true status, and that she would cease to starve herself for the purpose of thrusting her little daughter into a society that she was herself helping to create.



—MARCHING AHEAD HIMSELF WITH STATELY TREAD

Bismarck arranging the terms of the surrender; de Morny planning in cold blood the *coup d'État* that was to place his scheming, dreaming brother on the throne; Grant investing Vicksburg—not one of these historical incidents but came into my mind when I chanced to run across Charley Bland marshalling his cohorts of reporters, photographers and fashion writers in the lobby of a hotel on the day of the Titepurse-Timpson wedding. Like Von Moltke at a certain critical moment in the military history of Prussia, he had determined to take the field in person, and I came upon him at the very moment when he was planting his well-trained soldiery at the different strategical points which his knowledge of journalistic tactics told him it was necessary to cover.

Mrs. Foxglove had already been stationed in a pew close to the main door of the church with instructions to note well in her book the costume of every woman of importance who entered; other reporters were stationed in the side aisle under similar instructions, and just as I entered the hotel lobby I met my worthy fellow-journalist, William Swallowtail, clad in the majestic frock coat which is believed to figure in the schedule of assets of the Barshfield estate, hurrying away to the scene of action, and under sealed orders, too, for it was necessary to conceal his destination from the cormorants of the Megaphone who were all on their mettle that day. Mr. Swallowtail's instructions were, as I learned afterward, to take the place secured for him in the front pew and write an elaborate and graphic description of the ceremony as thus seen at close range. Meanwhile Charley was throwing out his picket lines around the church and placing his snap-shot photographers at every point of vantage.

"By the way," said Charley, coming up to me, "that Timpson ought to do something pretty handsome for me, for I'm the one that put him where he is."

"Oh, yes," I replied. "I remember how you discovered him in Newport and saved his life, so to speak."

"Not at all," said Charley; "it was he who saved mine, for if I hadn't run across him I'd have lost my job, but I saved his later, and I'll tell you how it was. We ran him on his ears, and his leading the cotillion, and his checkerberry pants, and his vest with the crisscross pattern and one thing and another, till he began to get stale, and I was afraid the old man would shut down on him and on me, too. So I got a-hold of him one day and told him that his ears and his pants had carried him about as far into society as he could expect, and that he'd got to get a move on or else he'd find himself back in the woods, where he came from. There's one thing I will say for that fellow, and that is that he's always willing to take advice, or at least he'll take mine, and he said right away that he knew it was up to him to do something, but he didn't quite know what to do. I'd always thought that with his ears he could make a good running in what they call the intellectual set—those women won't believe in a man unless he looks queer—and I suggested getting up a lecture on Phœnician architecture, because I knew I could get hold of a collection of photographs that he could show with a magic lantern while the society people sat in the dark and held hands and listened to his gabble, but he was afraid to tackle it, and when I tell you that he asked where Phœnicia was you'll realize that he really wasn't quite up to the mark for such a job.

"'I'll tell you what's better than that,' he said; 'I'll get up a reputation for being bright and original. That seems to me to be awfully easy.'

"He's not such a fool, after all—that Timpson. So I told him to go ahead and we'd play him up on Sunday as a village cut-up. That very night he brought a live turtle to a dinner party and let it loose on the table, where it ate candy out of a silver tray and created no end of a sensation. The next morning he rolled a wooden hoop along Bellevue Avenue and came round to my place to be photographed, and gave me a list of the people that he saw on his trip and what they said to him. Then a circus came along and I put him up to giving a circus party with peanuts and red lemonade. You may remember we ran a whole page about it and described how he was putting new blood into society by his clever and original methods of entertaining. By this time he'd got so famous that the out-of-town papers began to boom him, and one woman introduced him into a novel dealing with fashionable life, in which he figured as the brightest and most original young man ever seen in Newport. It was through that novel that Mrs. Titepurse, who was making a very strong play for society, first got the idea that he would be a good son-in-law, for she thought, as nearly all these fool women do, that a man who figured so often in the papers as a cotillon

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Fortunes and Freaks in Advertising

Merchants Who Have Had to be Coaxed and Bullied, and Merchants Who Have Had to Fight and Hustle Their Way into Fortunes

By Paul Latzke

IN THE harbor of New York there may be seen, now and then, a yacht so perfect in construction and so luxurious in appointment that the stranger would probably pick her out at once as "the floating home of a great prince." Her decks shine like silver, her brasses glitter like gold. Everything about her is as fresh and clean and spotless as the salt breezes, and altogether she looks like a perfect marine painting set on canvas by a master hand. The name of the yacht does not matter, but the story of her being does, for it is as romantic as the beauty herself. She was built by a man who, a few years ago, had seldom even smelled the salt breezes because he was too poor to make the trip to the seacoast from the inland city where he lived. If she were named with an eye to fitness she would be registered as the good ship Printers' Ink.

Her owner, in the early nineties, was a hard-working business man in a small way. He was past the point where he could still be called young, and success had not come, though he had worked for it hard enough. After he had tried his hand in various ways he finally settled to the manufacture of caps. In this he was no more successful than in the other things he had tried, and, finally, worn out and broken down with disappointment, he had to give up. The doctors told him that only a long rest and complete absence from worry could restore him—the usual story:

"Take a trip to Europe in a slow steamer."

"But I can't afford it."

"Then go somewhere in the country," advised the doctors as a final remedy.

The Birth of the Breakfast-Food Idea

THIS was more reasonable, but even this was tragedy, for the man felt that he must go under for good if he had to give up work. However, shattered nerves leave a man no choice. It was either the grave or rest, and the man gritted his teeth. Getting together all the money he could he wound up his small affairs and prepared for exile. Somewhere he had heard of a remarkable institution at Battle Creek, Michigan. The proprietor was known even as far as Chicago, principally because of his peculiarities. He was a Seventh Day Baptist, or "Perfectionist," and lived, according to all accounts, a simple Christian life. To-day his fame is spread throughout the Northwest, and his "peculiarities" are accepted as matters of faith, instead of evidence of "queerness." Chief among these peculiarities was the fact that he cared nothing for money-making, a heresy that was in itself enough to write him down uncanny among the hustling Chicagoans. He took pay from the people whom he received in his institution, or "sanitarium," but, instead of piling up this money in bank, as behooved a properly-balanced person, he spent it foolishly in doing good among his poor neighbors and in feeding and housing, free of charge, in his sanitarium, those who were unable to pay. No one was refused admission, and naturally the sanitarium never lacked a full company. In addition to this freaky way of doing business the doctor had other "whims." He was a vegetarian. No one in or about the place was permitted to feed on flesh. Instead, he gave his patients various cereals prepared in a way peculiarly his own. It was about this cereal idea that the whole place was built. He had worked out the processes of preparing these foods after years of experiment, and his treatment consisted almost entirely of this enforced diet. He permitted no smoking and no drinking on the part of his charges, his assistants and his employees, and all violent language and profanity were prohibited. One who offended against any of these regulations, whether he was a pensioner or the wealthiest boarder in the place, had to go.

Editor's Note—This is the third of Mr. Latzke's papers in this series. The concluding article will appear in an early number.

Altogether a queer place from the sturdy, meat-eating, free-drinking, plain-speaking Chicago standpoint. But one endures much for health's sake, and the persons admitted by the proprietor certainly regained their health. So the place was frequented, despite its peculiarities, by hosts of Chicagoans, the broken-down cap manufacturer going with the rest. His recovery was rapid, and he became at once an enthusiast on the doctor's cereal diet. Being a progressive man, he saw much good raw material going to waste, and it pained him.

"Why don't you advertise, Doctor?" he asked when his faculties were in shape again for plain thinking. "Put your cereals on the market, advertise them, and you'll make millions."

The Doctor said he'd rather not.

The Man Who Would Not Pay the Price for Millions

"I HAVE thought of it and should like the millions, for with them one could do much good in the world. But advertising and building up a great business means that I must depend largely on others, on men out in the world, of whose character and mode of life I could know nothing. In all probability there would be among them roisterers and hard drinkers, profane men and liars, and I will not engage in an enterprise that might have such agents. No, I will work here as I have always worked, and keep my establishment so that I may know that only the right-living work for and with me."

And from that standpoint the Doctor would not budge. The man finally gave up trying, but he kept his eyes and ears open, and the more he saw and heard the more he felt pain at the waste of good money-making opportunities, for he was a Chicagoan to the backbone. By and by he was cured and went back to the lake. It was not long after that a solicitor from the firm of Lord & Thomas, advertising agents in Chicago, sought Mr. Lord in his private office.

"I have just closed a good contract," said the solicitor, "with a man who wants to put a new cereal on the market. He has little or no money, but he has a good thing, and if we will give him a small credit he says he will certainly make his cereal a big winner, and give us the biggest line of advertising we have ever carried. I think he is all right."

An advertising solicitor always thinks a man who will sign a contract is "all right," so Mr. Lord was not at all affected by his agent's enthusiasm. Instead, he went to the firm's books and found that this cereal man had formerly been a cap man, and that he had carried a small account with the advertising agency during his cap days. The status of this account was so unsatisfactory that Mr. Lord declined the new contract. The solicitor sorrowfully informed his client of the decision. That gentleman, instead of accepting this action as conclusive, went on the still hunt for some advertising agent who might take a different stand from that assumed by Mr. Lord. He found him in the person of C. H. Fuller, and there was soon running a small line of advertising exploiting the new cereal. It took from the start, and so well that Mr. Fuller went in deeper and deeper with his credits. As for the former invalid, he not alone put back into more advertising every cent he received from his sales, but borrowed everywhere that he could, and only paid cash for his raw material when he couldn't get it on credit by any chance. So absorbed did Mr. Fuller and his client become in their work that almost before they knew it they were owing in the neighborhood of $150,000 to the confiding American publishers. Their attention was called specially to this fact because about this time the publishers were becoming very restive and clamoring for cash. It looked distressingly like a case of sheriff, and probably would have been. But both Mr. Fuller and his client were strong, resourceful, daring men. Instead of accepting failure and the sheriff, they made a round of visits to every publisher who was carrying their accounts and explained the situation thus:

"We owe you a large sum of money and are unable to pay at this time. Altogether we owe to you and other publishers over $150,000. If you push us all the others will jump in also, and we shall go to the wall. Then you will lose every cent we owe, for the physical assets of this business as it stands to-day amount to practically nothing. It has only the good will. This good will becomes worthless if we are forced out of existence. On the other hand, if we are allowed to continue it will grow in value every day. The turning point is in sight. The sales are increasing rapidly every day. It only requires a little more pushing to get us around the corner. Instead of forcing our hand at this time, carry our account along and give us a little more credit so that we can keep up the advertising, for to stop now would be fatal. Do this and in a short time we shall be able to pay all we owe, and carry a greater line of advertising than ever. By extending our credit you will not only get your money, which otherwise you lose, but you will create a new and profitable and permanent advertiser who will bring you a steady income."

The argument, probably because of its very audacity, won, and the tide turned as predicted, turned so hard and so fast that it poured millions into the cereal man's lap in less time than it takes the ordinary man to make thousands.

The beautiful yacht that visits New York Harbor he built only a few years ago. During 1901 he made $960,000 clear profit, and for the year 1902, though the exact sum has never been made public, he undoubtedly had an income of more than a million.

The Effect of Advertising on the Reading Public

IMPRESSIVE as these figures are, they tell only part of the story, for the result of this man's success reached far beyond his individual fortune. Stimulated by the things he accomplished, a dozen others jumped into the field, until to-day Battle Creek is more like a boom town in the oil region than a staid, respectable milling centre. There are over thirty large establishments, some of them running day and night, and all turning out hygienic foods. The population has increased by leaps and bounds and land values have risen enormously. Nor is this all. Practically the entire country has felt the stimulus which had its origin here. The farmers throughout the grain-growing belt have been enormously benefited, and naturally. For where one person used a breakfast food a few years ago there are now a hundred. Such an era of grain eating has never been seen in the world. And from all accounts it is only the beginning. The railroads have benefited and the paper-making industry has fairly jumped. First there was needed for this industry the cardboard for the packages of which millions upon millions are used. Then there were the labels and wrappers, and there was a tremendous increase in the consumption of paper to carry the advertisements, for all these cereal men jumped at once into printers' ink and on a scale unprecedented in history. A slight conception of the magnitude of this one item may be had from the experience of a single cereal concern which recently conducted an advertising campaign in which over one million dollars was spent in a period of ten months. From Battle Creek the fever of manufacturing has spread to every other milling centre in America, and from cereals it has spread to every line of foodstuffs, from foodstuffs to wearing apparel and everything else used by the people.

The effect that such advertising expenditures have had on the magazine and newspaper literature of the country is not appreciated even remotely.

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It was shown recently in a legal proceeding that the output of a great concern engaged in making soda crackers had been increased thirteen hundred per cent. within a period of three years, and almost entirely this increase had come through the use of printers' ink. The business of a certain shoe manufacturing company has grown one thousand per cent. since it went into the use of printers' ink four years ago. Wearing apparel of all kinds and descriptions is now advertised on the most liberal scale, and the result, according to statistics recently compiled, has been to increase the sales in certain lines all the way from three hundred to eight hundred per cent. And this has been done without increasing the cost to the consumer or reducing the profits of the manufacturer. On the contrary, it has been the general experience that the retail prices of standard goods have been decreased on the whole, that the quality has been elevated, and that the manufacturer, through his enormously increased sales and the cutting out of the middleman, has made greater profits with less effort than ever before. The most ordinary articles of every-day consumption are being advertised, and almost invariably with success. Coffee, molasses, starch, butter, sugar, even green apples, are now presented to the consumer through the advertising columns of the magazines, and the steady growth of the number of these advertisers shows conclusively how well this new departure in commercial methods is succeeding.

The Proof that Advertising Pays

AN INTERESTING story is told of the N. K. Fairbanks Company that illustrates the change that has come to pass and the profit it has brought. For years advertising agents besieged this house to induce them to go to the consumer direct with their goods by exploiting them in the columns of the magazines and other periodicals. The campaign was earnest and persevering, but fruitless until N. W. Ayer & Son, the Philadelphia advertising agents, made a proposition that caught the fancy of the management of the house. They suggested that a belt of counties in Illinois, where the Fairbanks people did a large trade, be set aside for the experiment they proposed. In these counties the Fairbanks people were selling, through salesmen, a certain brand of soap, making a fair profit. It was proposed that the same soap be put up under another brand, and that this brand should be advertised in a conservative way in this particular section. At the same time the salesmen should continue their efforts with the old soap.

At the end of six months it was found that the new brand was outselling the old, and when a balance sheet was drawn, the net profits on the advertised soap, after all expenses for printers' ink had been defrayed, exceeded the net profits on the soap sold through the salesmen by $8000.

The experiment was conclusive, and to-day Fairbanks & Company are among the great advertisers of America, spending hundreds of thousands every year for publicity.

There seems to be no limit to the class of materials that can be sold through advertising. Ordinarily one would suppose that such a thing as black cotton dress goods lining would offer a very poor field for exploitation by the advertising artists. Yet the recent experience of a New York concern demonstrates to the contrary. A. G. Hyde & Company, one of the great dry-goods commission houses of the metropolis, had for a quarter of a century or more been selling a certain standard brand of black lining, pursuing the old-fashioned method of establishing it firmly with the jobber and retailer and leaving them to push it with the consumer, who simply asked for black lining and got this particular brand. A few years ago the firm dissolved, and two of the members organized a new house. Some one suggested that instead of going ahead in the orthodox way and building their business up by the old-fashioned method, which would take a great many years and unlimited capital, they try the new way—that they put a brand of lining on the market and build up a trade at once by educating the women through advertising to ask for this particular kind. They adopted the idea, and to-day their trade, it is said, exceeds that of the old house.

A New York manufacturer of men's furnishing goods had a similar experience with so commonplace an article as cravats. Since time immemorial almost men's cravats of the better sort have been made out of a certain kind of silk known as barathea. This particular man, to the amusement of his confrères, began, a few years ago, to advertise his make of barathea scarfs and cravats. He put a capital B to barathea, put his own name in front of the mystic word, and to-day there is not one man in a thousand who would not swear that barathea is a proper name, a coined word, and that there are no other scarfs like these to be had anywhere. The result has been that this man's business has increased at a rate unheard of in the trade, and his competitors are too much astonished to do anything more than rub their eyes. By and by a lot of them will wake up and the country will probably be flooded with scarf advertisements, to the great profit of the people manufacturing them.

It sometimes happens that advertisers have success thrust upon them in the oddest sort of way. For example:

A Little Lesson for Haughty Beginners

IN THE early seventies there was a famous firm of ship chandlers in Chicago known as G. W. Foster & Son. It was a very old house even at that time, and, feeling the need of new blood, a partner was taken in from the outside. His name was McFarren, and he had formerly been a country newspaper publisher. Naturally he was a great believer in advertising, and he had no sooner settled to his new position than he undertook to make his house advertise. The Fosters, father and son, one a man of over seventy, the other about fifty, were violently opposed to the idea, but McFarren gave them no rest. Finally then, simply to quiet him, they consented, and a note was sent to a well-known newspaper company asking them to send their advertising manager. This company printed what are known as "patent insides"—that is, sheets printed on one side with miscellany, and a limited number of advertisements, the other side being left blank for local news to be printed in by the country publishers who buy these "patent insides." McFarren had been one of the customers of this firm and had great faith in the "list," as the combined papers were called. In response to the summons a representative of the newspaper company called. The Fosters explained to him that they were going to do about $2000 worth of advertising simply to please McFarren and asked him to draw the necessary contract. A few days after the contract was signed "copy" for the advertisement was sent to the publisher's office. It was a weird piece of writing, having neither head nor tail, the only thing apparent being that G. W. Foster & Company wanted the readers of the "lists" to buy "Wilmington Pine Tar." The advertising man at once carried the copy back to the Fosters, whom he found together.

"This won't do at all," he said; "nobody can make anything of it. You had better let me help you prepare some copy that will bring results."

"What's the matter with it?" demanded Mr. Foster, the elder.

"Why, it tells nothing. All that I can make out is that it's about 'Wilmington Pine Tar,' and you don't even say what that is and what it's to be used for."

The two Fosters made no attempt to conceal their contempt.

"What," said the son sarcastically, "would pine tar be but pine tar? And every fool knows what pine tar is used for aboard ships."

"But," protested the advertising man, "our papers don't go to sailormen. Practically all of them are published in towns that lie high and dry in the interior, and not one of our readers in a thousand has ever seen even a lake schooner. They wouldn't be interested in pine or any other kind of tar."

"Well, then, they ought to, and it's that copy or nothing," declared Mr. Foster decisively. "We make more money on our 'Wilmington Pine Tar' than anything else we carry, and it's our staple. So you may take it or leave it."

Of course, the copy was taken. About six weeks later came a note from Mr. Foster, Junior, asking the advertising man to call.

"We are thoroughly disgusted with our advertising experiment," Mr. Foster said before his caller could fairly sit down. "We haven't had even a single inquiry."

"Of course you haven't. I told you you wouldn't. Our people have no use for 'Wilmington Pine——'"

"Well," interrupted Mr. Foster, waving that foolish question aside, "we want to cancel our contract. Of course, we know we are legally bound for the whole sum, but we want to know what bonus you will accept to call the advertising off as it stands."

The advertising man tried again to explain that the wrong line had been picked out for advertising, but Mr. Foster cut him short again.

"We're tired of the whole thing, I tell you. It's a nuisance and a failure. Now, what will you take to call it off?"

This exasperated the advertising man.

"Publishers are no pirates, Mr. Foster," said he. "They don't want to carry advertising that does not pay the man who orders it. I took your foolish tar ad simply because I thought you'd be reasonable later and advertise some of the other goods you carry that our people would buy. But if you won't you won't, and we will cancel your contract."

"And what bonus do you ask?"

"Bonus? No bonus. We don't hold people up for money. You pay pro rata for what you've used and let that end the matter."

Mr. Foster was astounded and made no attempt to conceal it. He thought that advertising men were like lightning-rod men, their aim being simply to get all the money possible. This way of doing was unexpected, and he mellowed so that it became possible to explain the science of advertising and the hopelessness of offering pine tar to people who didn't even know there was such a commodity except as they had read of it in their family Bibles.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," continued the advertising man after this much was made clear. "We'll call this contract off, but in order that you may learn what real advertising will do, I'll make this proposition:

"You carry a side line of awnings, rope, horse covers, grange regalia, flags and a lot of other things our readers use. We are just completing a new building. You equip that building with awnings, and we'll give you enough advertising space to pay for the work. But let me write your advertisements."

The deal was made on this basis, and as a starter an advertisement was run of the firm's outfit of grange regalia. Instantly the orders began to pour in and the house soon had the largest trade in the country in grange regalia, flags, horse covers and the other things required by the farmers and others who read the country weeklies. The house continued to advertise heavily until the business was wound up owing to the death of all the partners.

The Temperance Man Who Knew Human Nature

BUT if careful wording, judicious display, the full worth of the goods are generally held to be necessary in all advertising, medicine is one thing that will sell and pay to advertise regardless of its value. Anything else to be successfully exploited through printers' ink must have substantial merit, so that a man who buys once will continue as a purchaser, but a medical preparation may be advertised with profit, regardless of its capacity to do the things promised. This is due in the first place to the enormous margin of profit in patent medicines, the bottles that carry them costing generally more than the mixture itself, and in the second place to the endless army of patent medicine "fiends" that exists in the world. These people will go right on buying every new cure-all that comes along. The story of a preparation known in its day as Vinegar Bitters illustrates this peculiarity. This preparation was originally put on the market under another name by a California doctor. He was a temperance man of the firmest conviction. He made up his mind that the great success achieved by a number of brands of bitters then on the market could be duplicated by a Temperance Bitters, something that, unlike the others, should not be based on alcohol. So he put up a big stock, sent it out to the jobbers and began to advertise. It took about three months to work up the demand, and then to the temperance man's horror it was found that all the stock he had put out had fermented and soured, so that it was all thrown back on his hands. There are still alive to-day persons who tasted this stuff, and they are unanimous in saying that nothing more awful was ever put into the human mouth. But the doctor was a shrewd judge of human nature, and he knew that there are millions of people in this world who don't believe they are getting a real curative medicine unless it tastes bad, and the worse the taste the greater the faith. So he recorked and relabeled his fermented mixture and put it out again under the new name of "Vinegar Bitters," the "vinegar" to show people that the dreadful sour taste was all right and called for in the bill. He advertised it from the Pacific to the Atlantic, never put out new stock until it had soured good and hard, and for years sold it by the hundred thousand gross, making millions.

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Despotism and Democracy

A Study in Washington Society and Politics

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CHAPTER V

CRANE was in nowise disappointed at the sensation his published letter made. The justice of his position was at once apparent. But it was equally apparent that he was making a serious break in the political dykes which held the party together in his State against the ocean of the party opposed to it. Under Senator Bicknell's rule insubordination had gradually crept in. The late landslide, which had elected a Congress in opposition to the party in power, increased the importance of States like Crane's, where the balance of power shifted about every ten years between the two parties. Senator Bicknell, in the seclusion of his boudoir—for such was his luxurious den in reality—tore his hair and used all of the expletives permissible in polite society. In a week or two Governor Sanders, without any further newspaper controversy, appointed to the vacant Senatorship Mr. Michael Patrick Mulligan, a gentleman of Hibernian descent, who had made a vast fortune out of manufacturing pies by the wholesale, and who cherished an honorable ambition to legislate for the hated Saxon. Senator Bicknell, Crane and everybody in the State knew of Mr. Michael Patrick Mulligan, who was commonly called Mince Pie Mulligan. He was a ward politician of the sort peculiarly unhampered by prejudices or principles, who bought and sold votes by wholesale, very much as he bought and sold pies. He was totally without education, but by no means without brains, and proposed to himself a seat in the Senate as an agreeable diversion, without the least idea of doing anything beyond voting as directed by "the boss"—for so he designated the Senator who was chairman of the National Committee of Mr. Mulligan's party. It was, on the whole, about as harmless an appointment as could be made. Mulligan's private life was perfectly clean, and he was known to have an open hand for charity, and never to have forgotten a friend. It gave both Senator Bicknell and Crane a breathing spell, and they were willing enough to put up with Mince Pie Mulligan until the first of January.

Senator Bicknell, although easy enough in his mind about Mulligan, was far from easy about Crane, who had gone up like a rocket, but showed no disposition to come down like a stick. The Senator got into the way of stealing over to the House, "just to see how things are going"—in reality to see how Crane was going—and it scared him to observe how Crane was making good his footing everywhere. His first triumph, even after substracting Thorndyke's assistance, had been a real triumph. Following hard on this came his controversy with the Governor, in which he clearly had the best of it. The shrewd men in his party saw that in the readjustment of allegiances Crane must be counted, and the chairman of the National Committee said as much to Senator Bicknell when the two discussed the war between the Governor and Representative Crane. When the chairman said that, Senator Bicknell felt as Henry IV of England felt when he saw the Prince of Wales trying on the crown before the looking-glass.

Meanwhile, Thorndyke was speeding West, and after a week's absence he turned Eastward again, escorting Annette Crane and her two children to Washington, as he had suggested to Crane. Annette, being acute, as most women are, in affairs of the heart, knew the very first time Thorndyke mentioned Constance Maitland that he was in love with her. When he said that he had known her long ago, on Lake Como, and proceeded to describe the beauty of those Italian days and nights, Annette Crane was convinced that it was in those sweet hours that Thorndyke had first loved Constance Maitland. Women have no conscience in probing the love affairs of men, reckoning them the common property of the sex, and while Thorndyke was blithely unconscious that he had revealed anything, Annette was in full possession of all the essential facts. Also, Thorndyke let out that Crane knew Constance Maitland. Crane had never mentioned Constance's name to his wife. That was in itself enough to give Annette a painful interest in this woman who, as Thorndyke said, could charm the birds off the bushes.

When the train came bumping into Washington, on a pleasant May afternoon, Crane was waiting at the station. He seemed delighted to meet his family again, and indeed, on seeing them, a kind of tenderness came over him. He kissed his children affectionately, to which they submitted. Just behind them was a shabby one-armed man, whom a girl of ten was hugging and kissing with little gurgles of delight. Crane wished that his children had met him like that.

He thanked Thorndyke warmly for taking care of Annette, who said a few words of earnest thanks, and gave him a smile that meant much more. The children bade him good-by with outspoken regret, and would not be comforted until Thorndyke promised to take them to the Zoo the next Sunday to see the baby elephant.

As the party came out of the station together a handsome little victoria whirled by. In it sat Constance Maitland, her delicate mauve draperies enveloping her, a black lace parasol shading her head, and a filmy white veil over her face. By her side sat a little, withered old lady in rusty black—one of the flotsam and jetsam of weary old people who drift to Washington to die. It was one of Constance Maitland's pet charities to take these weary old people to drive, and in so doing to wear her loveliest gowns, her most exquisite hats—a delicate compliment unfailingly appreciated.

She did not see Thorndyke and the Cranes as they walked out of the station, but both men saw her. Annette Crane had abundant confirmation of her hypothesis about Thorndyke. His clean-cut but rather plain features became almost handsome as he watched the passing vision of the woman he loved. Of far more interest to Annette was Crane's countenance. It was full of expression, and he was totally untrained in controlling it. There was in his eyes a strange and complex look, which Annette interpreted instantly to mean, "You are the type of woman I most admire and to whom I most aspire." It struck her to the heart—but unlike Crane, she had acquired an admirable composure which made her mistress of herself. She was glad, however, that Constance had not seen her first after two days of hard travel.

When the Cranes had reached the suburban villa where Crane lived a number of letters and dispatches were awaiting him. Two or three men, Hardeman among them, came out that evening to see him. From them Annette found out the great struggle in which her husband was engaged. He had scarcely mentioned it to her.

Not a word of inquiry or reproach from her followed. When Crane, however, alluded to the great fight some days afterward he was a little staggered to find that Annette knew as much about it as anybody. A study of the newspaper files at the National Library had enlightened her.

Thorndyke did not see Constance for some days after his return—that is to say, he did not show himself to her. But he resumed his nightly prowl in her neighborhood—a practice ridiculous or pathetic according to the view one takes of an honorable and sensitive man, whose honor stands between him and the love of his life. On the third day, though, he had his recompense, for, strolling through the beautiful but unfashionable Smithsonian grounds, he met Constance Maitland driving, and in response to a timid request on his part she took him in the victoria, and they had a delicious hour to themselves under the great, overhanging elms and lindens.

SENATOR MINCE PIE MULLIGAN

She showed a truly feminine curiosity about Annette Crane, whom Thorndyke praised unstintedly, and when he asked Constance to call on Mrs. Crane, Constance replied that she already intended to do so. Indeed, a few afternoons later Constance drove out to the Cranes' suburban villa, but Mrs. Crane was not at home. Constance was disappointed; her curiosity to see Crane's wife was unabated. Ten days afterward, on a warm afternoon, Constance sat in her cool drawing-room, fresh in its summer dress of linen covers, bead portières, and shaded by awnings, waiting for her carriage. Mrs. Crane was announced. The first impression that Constance got of Annette Crane was that she was exquisitely dressed. Her gown was a delicate pale blue muslin, her hat a white straw trimmed with white ribbons. Both gown and hat were of her own creation and the whole outfit had cost less than ten dollars—but not the greatest man-milliner in Paris ever turned out anything more becoming to Annette's simple and natural beauty than she herself had evolved from the "Emporium" at Circleville. The daintiness and freshness of it were charming, and when in moving she accidentally displayed a snowy, lace-edged petticoat, this daintiness and freshness were emphasized.

Never in her life had Annette looked forward to a visit with the same dislike as this one. But by some magic of thought and feeling, the instant she came face to face with Constance Maitland, Annette Crane knew she had a friend. In a moment she was at ease. Like a woman of the world in the best sense, Constance at once found something in common to talk about, and the two sat in the friendliest conversation possible, each singularly pleased with the other.

Seeing Constance dressed to go out and the victoria standing at the door, Annette, after paying a short visit, rose to go, and with more reluctance than she had thought possible.

"If you are returning home, perhaps you will allow me to drive you out?" said Constance affably, and Annette accepted without any demurs.

Seated together in the carriage the conversation between the two turned on Thorndyke. Annette expressed frankly the deep regard she had for him, and described her efforts to keep the children from annoying him, while Thorndyke, from simple tolerance of them at first, had become an accomplished child-spoiler and destroyer of parental discipline. Constance spoke of Thorndyke as frankly and without the least embarrassment, but Annette, who had surmised very readily where Constance stood in the regard of the two men, one of them her own husband, had little difficulty in settling to her satisfaction that Miss Maitland had a particular regard for Mr. Thorndyke.

After driving for three-quarters of an hour along a suburban road they came to the cottage where the Cranes had established their quarters. It was near six o'clock, and Crane had returned early from the Capitol. He was sitting on the veranda reading to Roger and Elizabeth when Constance Maitland's carriage drove up.

Since the meeting with his children and noting their perfectly respectful but perfectly evident indifference toward him, Crane had received a blow where he least expected it. He was surprised at the degree to which it affected him. Their laughing eyes, suddenly growing demure on his approach, haunted him amid the hurly-burly of debate and in long conferences on his political future. Impelled by all the natural impulses, Crane determined to try to win his children's hearts, and as a beginning he had come home early from the House that day, bringing with him a book to read to them. The reading had been a success, and in the midst of it Crane looked up and saw the victoria approaching with his wife and Constance Maitland in it. He rose at once and walked down the shady path to where the carriage stood. The children, hand in hand, followed after, blowing kisses to their mother.

Crane was so possessed with the idea that Annette, as a native of Circleville, must be far inferior to Constance that he had a shock of surprise when he saw the two women actually compared, and realized that Annette was by no means cast into the shade. Constance was conscious of this, but good-naturedly wished Annette to have the benefit of it.

Crane talked pleasantly with Constance for a few minutes, Annette still sitting in the carriage. He was certainly remarkably handsome, as the declining sun shone on his clear-cut olive face, with the little rings of dark brown hair showing on his forehead. Constance thought the Cranes the handsomest couple she had seen for a long time. The

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CONSTANCE FOUND HERSELF ON THE ARM OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR

children were introduced, behaved well—as American children seldom do—and then Constance said to Annette:

"I shall soon be closing my house for the season, but before doing so I shall hope to have you and Mr. Crane to dinner with me some evening."

"We will come with pleasure," replied Annette; and a day was set for the following week.

Constance returned to town, thinking to herself what a fool Crane must be not to be satisfied with such a wife as Annette.

CHAPTER VI

ON THE evening of the dinner there was to be a belated reception at the White House in honor of an international commission which had just opened its sittings in Washington, and it was arranged that the dinner should be somewhat early, that the whole party, being invited to the White House, might adjourn there.

The rest of the guests were assembled in Constance's drawing-room before the Cranes arrived. Crane himself always looked superbly handsome in evening clothes, and Annette's appearance was scarcely inferior in another way. As on her first meeting with Constance, Annette gave the impression of being exquisitely gowned. A simple white crêpe, cut low, showed off her beautiful arms and shoulders, and a few moss rosebuds in their green leaves gave the needed touch of color to her costume. Simplicity is always the last form of elegance to be attained, and Annette Crane had attained it. There was no mistaking the fact that she made a most agreeable impression—that every man present admired her, and every woman present liked her. Crane felt like rubbing his eyes and pulling his ears. Was this his submissive Annette? He half expected her to call attention to the fact that he had been rather dull at the dinner, but although Annette knew it quite as well as he did she forebore to mention it.

When they reached the White House there was the usual crowd of carriages, their lamps twinkling like myriads of stars in the soft spring night, the roar of horses' hoofs upon the asphalt, the crowds of gayly-dressed women in evening gowns disembarking at the north portico, the blare of music from the red-coated band within the corridors. Constance Maitland, on Sir Mark le Poer's arm, and followed by her dinner guests, presently found herself shaking hands with the President and bowing to the line of ladies of the Administration which extended across the oval reception-room.

When she reached the point whence ingress is had to that select region known as "behind the line" she was invited with Thorndyke to join the elect. The President himself had stopped Crane for a word with him, and on having Mrs. Crane presented had promptly invited her behind the line. This was partly due to the white crêpe gown.

In the general mix-up that followed in the hallowed spot Constance found herself one of a group near Mrs. Hill-Smith on the arm of the British Ambassador, and Eleanor Baldwin and the Honorable Edward George Francis Castlestuart-Stuart. Close by were Mrs. James Brentwood Baldwin and Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin, and Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin was gravitating toward the Secretary of State who loomed large at hand.

Drifting toward the Secretary and Mr. Baldwin was a very odd-looking object, whom Thorndyke whispered to Constance was Senator Mince Pie Mulligan. These three got into conversation, very languid on the part of the Secretary and Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin, but very strenuous on the part of Senator Mince Pie Mulligan. A part of Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin's coyness came from the fact that he and Senator Mulligan were old acquaintances—a fact which Mr. Baldwin had no disposition to brag about.

The new Senator had a head of blazing red hair which was as good as a stove on a cold night. He might have stepped bodily from the pages of the comic weeklies as regarded his contours, but his small light-blue eye glittered with humor and shrewdness, while his great slit of a mouth, which divided his face fairly in the middle, had lines of both sense and kindliness. He was enjoying himself hugely and was not afraid to let anybody see it. Not so Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin or the Secretary of State—but a Senator is a Senator to the Secretary of State, and Secretary Slater had in mind other treaties to be laid before the Senate, and so was fairly civil to Senator Mulligan. Mince Pie, himself, was much struck by the appearance of Eleanor Baldwin, who was easily the handsomest woman present, except her mother, but although Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin owned up that Eleanor was his daughter, he made no move to introduce Senator Mulligan to her.

However, the situation was not so easily to be elided; Mrs. Baldwin approached the group, and at sight of her Mr. Mulligan held out his hand, and a broad smile carried the corners of his mouth back to his ears.

"Why, Nora Hogan," he cried, "it's good for sore eyes to see you. I haven't seen you before for twenty-five years. Jim Baldwin didn't tell me, just now when I was talking with him, that you were here, an' didn't introduce me to his daughter, though I gave him some pretty broad hints. Sure, you know Mike Mulligan, who was clerk in your father's store thirty years ago?"

"Certainly I do, Mike," responded Mrs. Baldwin, calmly and sweetly, offering her hand.

"A better man than your father, Dan Hogan, never lived," proclaimed Mr. Mulligan, addressing the circle, "an' it's the trainin' I got with him that's made my fortune. 'Dale square, Mike,' Dan Hogan would say—he had a beautiful brogue on him—'an' give the widders an' the orphins the turn of the scale whin you're sellin' 'em sugar an' starch an' such.' An' I've done it, Nora, in memory of good old Dan Hogan."

Mrs. Baldwin's face grew softer and softer as Mr. Mulligan proceeded. She was so great a lover of charity and had such beautiful humility of spirit that the idea of her father's example having moulded a man into a like charity gave her the deepest gratitude and pleasure.

But not so Eleanor, or Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin, who now appeared hovering on the edge of the group. Eleanor, her face very pale, fixed her eyes on Senator Mulligan with a haughty stare which he perfectly understood and resented. A gleam shot into his eye which showed that he meant to pay her back for her insolence. Mr. Baldwin, in the most acute misery, practiced the goosestep and tried to stem the tide of Senator Mulligan's eloquence.

"Er—ah—eh—Mr. Mulligan, your compliments to the late Mr. Daniel Hogan are very much appreciated by me as well as Mrs. Baldwin, especially as I recall with pleasure—what an—er—important—er—factor you were in the commerce of our native place. For myself, business has no real charm for me," continued Mr. Baldwin, turning to the British Ambassador. "I have been reasonably successful, but my taste always lay in the way of books. I live among my books."

Up to this time Mr. Mulligan had spoken with a very fair Irish accent, but now he chose to lapse into the most luxuriant brogue that ever grew on the green sod of Erin. This was accompanied with a wink to Constance, which gave her extreme enjoyment, and a nudge in the Ambassador's ribs, which he did not in the least resent.

"Faith, an' it's the way yez always was, Jim Baldwin," cried Mince Pie Mulligan. "Whin you an' me was luggin' the buckets of butter an' jugs of the most iligant molasses to th' cushtomers, it was you, Jim Baldwin, as was always a-savin' yer tin cints to buy a book. An' when yez was a-coortin' Dan Hogan's pretty daughter, ye'd actually mourn over the ice cream yez filled her up wid bekase it wasn't books wid a gilt bindin'!"

At this point Mr. Mulligan squared himself off and distributed a general wink around the circle, including Eleanor, who glared at him like a basilisk. Mrs. Hill-Smith felt acutely for her dear Eleanor, but being secretly consumed with curiosity about antecedents as new to her as they were to Constance Maitland could not forbear remaining. A relentless fate seemed to direct Senator Mulligan's tongue, and turning to her the Senator said cheerfully and without the least encouragement:

"An' I'm tould ye're the granddaughter of Cap'n Josh Slater, that I knew like me ould hat when I was but a laad an' he Cap'n of the River Queen, one o' the floatin' palaces of the day."

Mrs. Hill-Smith trembled a little, but answered coldly:

"I think you must have been misinformed."

"Well, hardly," responded Senator Mulligan blithely, "since it was your own father as tould me not half an hour ago. I knew th' ould man well—an' an honest ould cuss he was, but for tobacco chewin' an' bad whisky ye'll not find his match bechune here an' the lakes o' Killarney. He knew how to turn th' honest pinny though, did ould man Slater. No givin' of widders an' orphins the turn of the scale, nor the turn of a hair neither—he was out for the last rid cint. He was a good-looking ould chap when he was washed up an' had on a clean shirt. And now I'll say I think you're like him—raymarkably like him—an' it's up to you to prove that he wasn't your grandfather, begorra!"

Had a bomb with a burning fuse dropped at Mrs. Hill-Smith's feet she couldn't have been more astounded. She looked from Mince Pie Mulligan's laughing face to Eleanor Baldwin's, and then glanced helplessly around the circle. It was impossible not to see that, though Ambassadors are not supposed to laugh, the British Ambassador had abandoned all hope of keeping serious. Constance was laughing frankly, Thorndyke was in quiet convulsions, Castlestuart-Stuart and Senator Mulligan were exchanging sympathetic grins—and then Eleanor Baldwin said with the air of an offended queen:

"Papa, give me your arm."

This Mr. James Brentwood Baldwin, with a heightened color, did—but not before Senator Mulligan genially remarked:

"Well, the best of frinds must part, so here's good-by an' good luck to yez, Jim Baldwin; an' I'll say to you, Miss Baldwin, I hope ye'll live an' die as honest as ould Danny Hogan, your grandfather, an' a better man never stepped shoe-leather." And then turning to Mrs. Hill-Smith, "I commind to you th' example of your grandfather, Cap'n Josh Slater, that I had the honor of knowin' an' who always got what he wanted an' was an agreeable man enough, barrin' the bad tobacco an' mean whisky."

With these words Senator Mince Pie Mulligan bowed himself off, leaving a great trail of social devastation behind him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BY HER SIDE SAT A LITTLE, WITHERED OLD LADY IN RUSTY BLACK

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THE LITERARY SENSE

The Obvious—By E. NESBIT

HER EYES WERE SHINING WITH THE EXCITEMENT OF THIS FESTIVAL

HE HAD the literary sense but he had it as an inverted instinct. He had a keen perception of the dramatically fitting in art, but no opposing vision of the fitting in life. Life and art, indeed, he found from his earliest years difficult to disentwine, and later impossible to disentangle. And to disentangle and disentwine them became at last the point of honor to him.

He first knew that he loved her on the occasion of her "coming-of-age party." His people and hers lived in the same sombre London square: their Haslemere gardens were divided only by a sunk fence. He had known her all his life. Her coming of age succeeded but by a couple of days his return from three years of lazy philosophic study in Germany, and the sight of her took his breath away. In the time-honored *cliché* of the hurried novelist—too hurried to turn a new phrase for an idea as old as the new life of spring—he had left a child: he found a woman. She wore a soft, satiny-white gown that showed gleams of rose color through its folds. There were pink hollyhock blossoms in the brown of her hair. Her eyes were shining with the excitement of this festival of which she was the goddess. He lost his head, danced with her five times, and carried away a crumpled hollyhock bloom that had fallen from her hair during the last Lancers through which he had watched her. It was not till, alone again at his hotel, he pulled out the hollyhock flower with his ball program that he awoke to a full sense of the insipid flatness of the new situation.

He had fallen in love—was madly *épris*, at any rate—and the girl was the girl whose charms, whose fortune, whose general suitability as a match for him had been dinned into his ears ever since he was a callow boy at Oxford, and she a long-black-silk-legged, short frocked tomboy of fourteen. Every one had always said that it was the obvious thing. And now he had, for once, done exactly what was expected of him, and his fine literary sense revolted. The worst of all was that she seemed not quite to hate him. Better, a thousand times better, that he should have loved and longed and never won a smile from her—that he should have sacrificed something, anything, and gone his lonely way. But she had smiled on him—undoubtedly she had smiled—and he did not want to play the part so long ago assigned to him by his people. He wanted to be Sidney Carton. Darnay's had always seemed to him the inferior rôle.

Yet he could not keep his thoughts from her, and for what was left of the year his days and nights were a restless see-saw of longing and repulsion—advance and retreat. His moods were reflected in hers, but always an interview later—that is to say, if he was cold on Tuesday, she on Thursday would be colder. If on Thursday he was tender, Sunday would find her kind. But he, by that time, was frigid. So that they never, after the first wildly beautiful evening when their hearts went out to each other in a splendor of primitive frankness, met in moods that chimed.

This safeguarded him. It irritated her, and it most successfully bewitched them both.

His people and her people looked on, and were absolutely and sadly convinced that—as her brother put it to his uncle—it was "no go." Thereupon a certain young-old cotton-broker appearing on the scene and bringing gifts with him, her people began to put pressure on her. She loathed the cotton-broker and said so. One afternoon every one was by careful accident got out of the way and the cotton-broker caught her alone. That night there was a scene. Her father talked a little too much of obedience and of duty; her mother played the hysterical symphony with the loud pedal hard down—and next morning the girl had vanished, leaving the conventional note of farewell on the pincushion.

Now the two families being on all counts close allies had bought jointly a piece of land near the Littlestone golf links and on it had built a bungalow, occupied by members of either house in turn, according to any friendly arrangement that happened to commend itself. But at this time of the year folk were keeping Christmas season dismally in their town houses.

It was on the day when the cotton-broker made his failure that the whole world seemed suddenly worthless to the man with the hollyhock bloom in his pocketbook, because he had met her at a dance and he had been tender—but she, reflecting his mood of their last meeting, had been glacial. So he lied roundly to his people, and told them that he was going to spend a week or two with an old chum who was staying up for the vacation at Cambridge, and, instead, he chose the opposite point of the compass, took train to New Romney, and walked over to the squat one-storied bungalow of the sea. Here he let himself in with the family latch-key, and set to work with the help of a box from the stores, borne behind him with his portmanteau on a hand-cart, to keep Christmas by himself. This at least was not literary. It was not in the least what a person in a book would do. He lit a fire in the dining-room, and the chimney was damp and smoked abominably, so that when he had fed full on tinned meats he was fain to let the fire go out and to sit in his fur-lined overcoat by the becindered grate, now fast growing cold, and smoke pipe after pipe of gloomy reflection. He certainly laid to heart the old advice to put *that* in his pipe and smoke it. He put everything in his pipe and smoked it. The cursed countenance which his people were ready to give to the match that he couldn't make—her maddening indecisions, his own idiotic variableness. The lamp began to smell vilely and he blew it out, and did not light candles because it was too much trouble. So the early winter dusk had deepened into night. And the bitter north wind had brought the snow, and it drifted now in feather-soft touches against the windows.

He thought of the good warm dining-room in Russell Square—of the gathering of aunts and uncles and cousins, uncongenial perhaps, but still human, and he shivered in his fur-lined coat and his icy solitude, damning himself for the fool he knew he was.

And, even as he damned, his breath was stopped and his heart leaped at the sound, faint but unmistakable, of a key in the front door. If a man exists not too remote from his hairy ancestors to have lost the habit of the pricking ear he was that man. He pricked his ears, so far as a modern man may, and listened.

The key grated in the lock—grated and turned—the door was opened—and banged again. Something was set down in the little passage, set down thumpingly and wholly without precaution. He heard a hand move along the partition of match-boarding. He heard the latch of the kitchen door rise and fall—and he heard the scrape and spurt of a struck match.

He sat still. He would catch this burglar red-handed.

Through the ill-fitting partitions of the Jerry-built bungalow he could hear the intruder moving recklessly in the kitchen. The legs of chairs and tables grated on the brick floor.

He took off his shoes, rose, and crept out through the passage toward the kitchen door. It stood ajar. A clear-cut slice of light came from it. Treading softly in his stockinged feet he came to it and looked in. One candle, stuck in a blue saucer, burned on the table. A weak blue and yellow glimmer came from some sticks in the fireplace.

Kneeling in front of this, breathless with the endeavor to blow the damp sticks to flame, crouched the burglar. A woman. A girl. She had laid aside hat and cloak. The first sight of her was like a whirlwind sweeping over heart and brain. For the bright brown hair that the candle-light lingered in was like her dear brown hair, and when she rose suddenly and turned toward the door his heart stood still, for it was she—her very self.

She had not seen him. He retreated—in all the stillness his tortured nerves allowed—and sat down again in the fur coat and the dining-room. She had not heard him. He was, for some moments, absolutely stunned, then he crept to the window. In the poignant stillness of the place he could hear the heavy flakes of snow dabbing softly at the glass.

She was here. She, like him, had fled to this refuge confident in its desertion at this season by each of the families who shared a right to it. She was there—he was here. Why had she fled? The question did not want to be answered—it sank before the other question. What was he to do? The whole literary soul of the man cried out against either of the obvious courses of action.

"I can go in," he said, "and surprise her, and tell her I love her, and then walk out into the night and leave her alone here. That's conventional and dramatic. Or I can sneak off without her knowing I've been here at all—and leave her to spend the night unprotected in this infernal frozen dog-hutch. That's conventional enough, Heaven knows. But what's the use of being a reasonable human being with free-will if you can't do anything but the literarily and romantically obvious."

Here a sudden noise thrilled him. Next moment he drew a long breath of relief. She had but dropped a gridiron. As it crashed and settled down with a rhythmic rattle on the kitchen flags the thought flowed through him like a river of Paradise: "If she did love me—what an hour and what a moment this would be!"

Meantime she, her hands helpless with cold, was dropping clattering gridirons not five yards from him.

Suppose he went out to the kitchen and suddenly announced himself. How flat—how obvious! Suppose he crept quietly away and went to the inn at New Romney.

How desperately flat! How more than obvious!

Suppose he—but the third course refused itself to the desperate clutch of his drowning imagination, and left him clinging to the bare straw of a question. What should he do?

Suddenly the really knightly and unconventional idea occurred to him, an idea that would save him from the pit of the obvious, yawning on each side of him.

There was a bicycle shed, where also wood was stored, and coal and lumber of all sorts. He would pass the night there—warm in his fur coat and his determination not to let his conduct be shaped by "what people in books would have done." And in the morning—strong with the great renunciation of all the possibilities that this evening's meeting held—he would come and knock at the front door—just like anybody else—and—*Qui vivra verra*. At least he would be watching over her rest, and would be able to protect the house from tramps.

Very gently and cautiously, all in the dark, he pushed his bag behind the sofa, covered the store box with a Liberty cloth from a side table, crept out softly, and softly opened the front door—it opened softly, that is; but it shut with an unmistakable click that stung in his ears as he stood on one foot on the snowy doorstep struggling with the knots of his shoelaces.

The bicycle shed was uncompromisingly dark and smelt of coal sacks. He found a corner, between the coals and the wood, and sat down on the floor.

"Bother the fur coat," was his answer to the doubt whether coal dust and broken twigs were a good down-setting for that triumph of the Bond Street art. There he sat, full of a chastened joy at the thought that he watched over her—that he, sleepless, untiring, was on guard, ready, at an instant's warning, to spring to her aid should she need protection. The thought was mightily soothing. The shed was cold—the

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Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of three short stories, each complete in itself—three instances of the literary sense.

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fur coat was warm. In five minutes he was sleeping peacefully as any babe.

When he awoke it was with the light of a big horn lantern in his eyes and in his ears the snapping of wood.

She was there—stooping beside the heaped faggots, breaking off twigs to fill the lap of her up-gathered blue gown; the shimmery silk of her petticoat gleamed greenly. He was partly hidden by a derelict bicycle and a watering-can.

He hardly dared to draw breath.

Composedly she broke the twigs. Then like a flash she turned toward him.

"Who's there?" she said.

An inspiration came to him—and this at least was not flat or obvious. He writhed into the darkness behind a paraffine cask—slipped out of his fur coat and plunged his hands in the dust of the coal.

"Don't be 'ard on a pore cove, mum," he mumbled, desperately rubbing the coal dust on to his face; "you wouldn't go for to turn a dawg out on a night like this, let alone a pore chap outer work."

Even as he spoke he admired the courage of the girl. Alone, miles from any other house, she met a tramp in an outhouse as calmly as though he had been a fly in the butter.

"You've no business here, you know," she said briskly. "What did you come for?"

"Shelter, mum—I won't take nothing as don't belong to me—not so much as a lump of coal, mum."

She turned her head. He almost thought she smiled.

"But I can't have tramps sleeping here," she said.

"It's not as if I was a reg'lar tramp," he said, warming to his part as he had often done on the stage in his A. D. C. days. "I'm a respectable working-man, mum, as 'as seen better days."

"Are you hungry?" she said. "I'll give you something to eat if you'll come to the door in five minutes."

He could not refuse—but when she was gone into the house he could bolt. So he said:

"Now may the blessing! It's starving I am, mum, and on Christmas Eve."

This time she did smile: it was beyond a doubt. He had always thought her smile charming. She turned at the door and her glance followed the lantern's rays as they pierced the darkness where he crouched.

The moment he heard the house door shut he sprang up, lifted the fur coat gingerly to the wood-block. Flight, instant flight! Yet how could he present himself at New Romney with a fur coat and a face like a collier's? He had drawn a bucket of water from the well earlier in the day—some would be left—it was close by the back door. He tiptoed over the snow and washed and washed and washed. He was drying face and hands with a pocket handkerchief that seemed strangely cold and small when the door opened suddenly, and there close by him was she, silhouetted against the warm glow of fire and candles.

"Come in," she said; "you can't possibly see to wash out there."

Before he knew it her hand was on his arm, and she had drawn him in to the warmth and light.

He looked at her—but her eyes were on the fire.

"I'll give you some warm water and you can wash at the sink," she said, closing the door and taking the kettle from the fire.

He caught sight of his face in the square of looking-glass over the sink.

Was it worth while to go on pretending? His face was still very black. She evidently had not recognized him. Perhaps—surely she would have the good taste to retire while the tramp washed, so that he could take his coat off? Then he could take flight—and the situation would be saved from absolute farce.

But when she had poured the hot water into a bowl she sat down in the chair by the fire and gazed into the hot coals.

He washed.

He washed till he was quite clean.

He dried face and hands on the rough towel. He dried them till they were scarlet and shone. But he dared not turn around.

There seemed no way out of this save by the valley of humiliation. Still she sat looking into the fire.

As he washed he saw with half a retroverted eye the round table spread with china and glass and silver.

"As I live—it's set for two," he told himself. And in an instant jealousy answered once and for all the questions he had been asking himself since August.

"Aren't you clean yet?" she said at last.

How could he speak?

"Aren't you clean *yet?*" she repeated, and called him by his name. He turned then quickly enough. She was leaning back in the chair laughing at him.

"How did you know me?" he asked angrily.

"Your tramp voice might have deceived me," she said; "you did do it most awfully well. But you see I'd been looking at you for ages before you woke!"

"Then good-night," said he.

"Good-night?" said she; "but it's not seven yet!"

"You're expecting some one," he said, pointing dramatically to the table.

"Oh, *that*," she said; "yes—that was for—for the poor man as had seen better days. There's nothing but eggs—but I couldn't turn a dog from my door on such a night—till I'd fed it!"

"Do you really mean——?"

"Why not?"

"It's glorious!"

"It's a picnic."

"But?" said he.

"Oh—well! Go if you like!" said she.

It was not only eggs. It was all sorts of things from that store box. And never had any picnic been so gay. He told her that he had been bored in town and had sought relief in solitude. That, she told him, was her case also. He told her how he had heard her come in and how he had hated to take either the obvious course of following her to the kitchen, saying "How do you do?" and retiring to New Romney, or the still more obvious course of sneaking away without asking her how she did. And he told her how he had decided to keep watch over her from the bicycle shed. And how the coal-black inspiration had come to him. And she laughed.

"That was much more literary than anything else you could have thought of," said she; "it was exactly like a book. And oh—you've no idea how funny you looked."

They both laughed and there was a silence.

"Do you know," he said, "I can hardly believe that this is the first meal we've ever had alone. It seems as though——"

"It *is* funny," she said, smiling hurriedly at him.

He did not smile. He said: "I want you to tell me why were you so angel-good—why did you let me stay? Why did you lay the pretty table for two."

"Because we've never been in the same mood at the same time," she said desperately, "and somehow I thought we should be this evening."

"What mood?" he asked inexorably.

"Why—jolly—cheerful," she said with the slightest possible hesitation.

"I see."

There was another silence. Then she said in a voice that fluttered a little.

"My old governess, Miss Pettingill—you remember old Pet? Well, she's coming by the train that gets in at eight. I wired to her from town. She ought to be here by now——"

"Ought she?" he cried, pushing back his chair and coming toward her—"ought she? Then, by Heaven, before she comes I'm going to tell you something——"

"No, don't!" she cried. "You'll spoil everything. Go and sit down again. You shall. I insist. Let *me* tell *you!* I always swore I would some day."

"Why?" said he, and sat down.

"Because I knew *you'd* never make up your mind to tell *me*——"

"To tell you what?"

"Anything—for fear you should have to say it in the same way some one else had said it before."

"Said what?"

"Anything! Sit still! Now *I'm* going to tell *you*."

She came slowly round the table and knelt on one knee beside him, her elbows on the arm of his chair.

"You've never had the courage to make up your mind to anything," she began.

"Is that what you were going to tell me?" he asked, and looked in her eyes till she dropped their lids.

"No—yes—no; I haven't anything to tell you, really. Good-night."

"Aren't you going to tell me?"

She hid her face in her hands. "There isn't anything to tell," she whispered.

"Then I'll tell you," said he.

She started up, and the little brass knocker's urgent summons resounded through the bungalow.

"Here she is!" she cried.

He also sprang to his feet.

"And we haven't told each other anything!" he said.

"Haven't we? Ah, no—Don't! Let me go—— There she's knocking again. You must let me go!"

He let her slip through his arms.

At the door she paused to flash a soft, queer smile at him.

"It *was* I who told you, after all!" she said. "Aren't you glad. Because that wasn't a bit literary."

"You didn't. I told you," he retorted.

"Not you!" she said scornfully. "That would have been too obvious."

"SIT STILL! NOW I'M GOING TO TELL YOU"

To the Last Letter of the Law

A MAN who had been cashier of a Western bank came into the Post-Office Department recently as a clerk.

In the course of his new duties he was required to write official letters of acknowledgment concerning the business that came over his desk.

He took his first batch of letters to First Assistant Postmaster-General Wynne. They were all alike and began: "Dear Sir: Your favor of the 15th inst. received and contents noted. In reply I beg leave to state——"

"Here," said General Wynne, "this will not do. In Government letters of this kind you must not use the personal pronoun. The Government is impersonal. You must rewrite those letters."

"All right," answered the clerk, "I understand."

Some time later he came back with the new lot and laid them confidently on General Wynne's desk, saying: "Those are correct, I think. I have used no personal pronouns."

He had written: "Dear Sir: Your favor of the 15th inst. received and contents noted. In reply beg leave to state——"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Happiness is hope, not experience.

¶ It is the bargain counter that keeps us poor.

¶ It's a poor gas meter that knows when the nights get shorter.

¶ The young have too little confidence in themselves; the old, in others.

¶ A woman who would like to do something and can't generally joins a club.

¶ Foreigners still find us crude, but they keep importing our refined products.

¶ Alaska has a cable now and the gold-hunters have a far easier time getting money—from home.

¶ One reason that Europe is behind America is that only a few of the leading men over there have American wives.

¶ In these days of high charges for electric lights the country needs another Benjamin Franklin. He brought electricity down.

Our Factory of Americans

TWENTY-ONE years ago we touched high-water mark in immigration, with three-quarters of a million arrivals. It looks as if that tremendous record would be beaten this year. In one day in April more than ten thousand immigrants landed at New York—the greatest day's work in the history of that port. One steamer brought 1341 Scandinavians, another nearly 1400 Italians, another almost 1600 Greeks, Italians, Arabs, Turks and Persians, a fourth over 2800 Poles and other Slavs, a fifth 270 Scotchmen, a sixth 525 Greeks, Turks and Arabs, and a seventh nearly 2600 Germans. In the first eleven days of April 41,200 immigrants of all nationalities invaded Ellis Island.

No wonder some of our kind friends across the Atlantic, looking at this appalling mixture, believe that we never can turn its varied ingredients into Americans. No such gigantic amalgamation of diverse races has ever been attempted since Caracalla made Roman citizens of all the inhabitants of his empire, and we may say that never in the history of the world has such an undertaking been successfully consummated.

But that does not prove that we shall fail. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that we shall succeed. We have been peculiarly fortunate in our preparation for the mighty work that is reversing the catastrophe of Babel. We have been a composite people from the beginning. The Thirteen Colonies were settled by Englishmen, Scotchmen, Scotch-Irish, Irish, Dutchmen, Swedes, Germans, Frenchmen and Negroes. Before the Revolution substantially all these, except the Negroes, had been welded into one homogeneous people, with a common language and common political ideals. For fifty years after that this people increased and solidified with little admixture from immigration, so that when new currents began to flow from Europe it was prepared to absorb them. It was a quarter of a century later still before the first great flood broke upon us. That deluge was Irish. In the fifties the problem of immigration was regarded as an Irish problem. The Know-Nothing protest was an anti-Irish movement. Irishmen captured our city governments, and our foreign policies were swayed by the prejudices of the "Irish vote."

But gradually the Irish freshet subsided, to be succeeded by a German stream. A quarter of a million German immigrants entered the country in a single year. German newspapers, theatres and churches sprang up and flourished. Had this continued there might have been some reason to fear that the Kaiser's dream of a huge, alien German colony in the United States would be realized. But it stopped in good time. Meanwhile the earlier Irish immigrants and their children had become thorough Americans, and were helping the original Americans to assimilate the Germans. The work was successfully accomplished, and now the Irish and Germans both are parts of that wonderful solvent that is Americanizing the newer arrivals.

We are receiving a good many Italians, Poles, Hungarians and Russian Jews at present, but it will be many years before their numbers compare with those of the Irish and Germans who have been already successfully assimilated. And by that time no doubt the stream will slacken, as the former streams have done. Meanwhile the races that have produced Marconi and Tesla will still further enrich a stock which the mixture of blood has made already the richest in the world.

The Bogey Man Banished

THE murders and uncleaner crimes which fill the papers every day are so much alike that they are apt to pall on us. Considered as literature the heroes are too commonplace. We are surprised to find that the man who banged his friend's head to a jelly the other day, or put strychnia in his coffee, bought his clothes from our own tailor and is known to our own chums as a clever, amusing fellow.

Are we really all then cut from the same cloth? Even the judges on the bench seem to confuse the sheep and the goats. One complimented a murderer the other day as a good father and a useful citizen—and what is more, he told the truth; and another, when a shameless woman calmly told the whole country how, day after day, she had disgraced her innocent daughters, condoled with her upon her "heavy sorrows."

Our fathers dealt in no such compliments. The judge put rue and tansy between him and the prisoner during the trial to ward off contagion from body and soul, and at the end recounted his crimes, held him up as a monster to the world, and put on the black cap while he prayed to God to have mercy on his soul.

An old chronicle of Newgate tells us how a murderer's dead body was placed standing on a high black car with his bloody clothes and ax, and, escorted by regiments of soldiers, all the police and bands of music, was drawn through the massed streets, stopping at last where Drury Lane intersects the Strand. There a deep pit was dug and the quartered body, with a stake driven through the heart, was lowered into it amid a roar of execration from all London.

There was no mincing matters as to the character of that fellow!

Does our modern change of attitude come from our growth in charity or simply from our better knowledge of ourselves? We have begun to find out that we are all like the Centaur, part man and part brute.

We begin to see, too, that most ill-doing is the result not of any abnormal, monstrous vice in us, but of virtues grown rank and poisonous. A flower run rampant kills the soil as much as any weed. The miser is at first only wisely prudent: the spendthrift only generous: passions which end in divorces and murders come into the lives of men who in their boyhood were more affectionate and impulsive than their fellows.

We all, if we have any mother wit, have found this out, and hence we have almost ceased to teach our boys of little fenced-in roads to little fenced-in heavens belonging to our own little sect, with all the rest of God's children shut out.

But we show them Smith in the dock and Pratt on the gallows and say, "You, too—but for the goodness of God and the power of fight that is in you."

Why Not a Naval Merger?

WHEN Nelson kidnaped the Danish fleet at Copenhagen he was seizing an instrument of war of European importance. When the combined squadrons of England, France and Russia destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino they were attacking a force that counted for something in international politics. When Prussia and Austria waylaid Denmark in 1864 the Danes had command of the sea. As lately as 1877 the Turks were stronger than the Russians on the Black Sea, and even after that Greece aspired to be a naval power.

But now the little countries are dropping out of the naval game. It is becoming too rich for their blood. Only the greatest Powers can afford it, or rather stand it, for the greatest of them cannot really afford it. A single modern battleship would pay for the entire fleet with which Nelson won Trafalgar. The entire revenue of Turkey, out of which the Sultan must pay all the expenses of his government, including the cost of maintaining his numerous family, is almost precisely the amount of this year's appropriation for the United States Navy. The cost of the British navy would support the government of Spain and leave a handsome margin for additional stealings. The whole Chinese Empire is run on a good deal less than the cost of the American navy.

Twenty years ago Italy had the third fleet in the world. Her naval strength surpassed that of Russia or Germany. Now she has politely cashed in her chips and withdrawn from the table. Chile and Argentina once had stronger fleets than ours. Now they have agreed to stop building and their new ships are for sale. Japan still thinks herself a great naval power, but the financial pace is too hot for her, and she will have to drop out. Practically Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany and the United States form a Naval Trust. In a few years any one of them will be a match at sea for all the other countries of the world combined.

It is a widely accepted maxim of economics that where combination is possible competition is impossible. Now that the number of competing establishments in the naval business has been so reduced, it seems as if the next development would be a "gentlemen's agreement" to stop a cutthroat rivalry. With battleships quoted at $7,500,000 apiece, one ship all round and two for England means an outlay of $45,000,000, with the relative strength of the Powers left precisely where it was before the money was spent. It seems as if it ought not to be impossible for statesmanship to find a way of avoiding that futile expenditure. Chile and Argentina have done it. Their naval rivalry was recently as acute as that of any two of the Great Powers, and relatively even more expensive, but they managed to tame it. If, instead of being named Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany and the United States, the maritime Powers were called Morgan, Rockefeller, Hill, Vanderbilt and Harriman, they would probably contrive to get around a table and agree upon some "administrative economies" to the general benefit of their bank accounts.

The Royal Incubus

ONE of the advantages of living under a republic is that there is nobody whose movements the illustrated papers are absolutely compelled to exploit. It is true that the President of the United States is a good camera subject, especially when he is as picturesque a character as Mr. Roosevelt, but editors have some little latitude even in dealing with the President. In England the movements of the King and the royal family are peremptorily "must" in the office of every weekly periodical, and no matter what London picture-paper you pick up you may count on finding at least a third of the illustrations devoted to illustrious faces with which you are already reasonably familiar.

In its issue of April 11, for instance, the Illustrated London News gave up the whole of its first page to a view of "King Edward's Visit to Lisbon. His Majesty and the King of Portugal Landing from the State Barge at Block House Square." The next illustrated page was filled with a picture of "The Ancient Portuguese Royal Barge, Bearing King Edward and Dom Carlos from the Yacht to the Shore." A double page centrepiece threw a number of sidelights on the visit, and another half-page reproduced some Roman antiquities presented to the Queen of Portugal.

The Graphic, of the same date, was equally copious in its attentions to the royal visit, and it had the special enterprise to illustrate "His Majesty's Bedroom," "The King's Sitting Room," and "The Reception-Room" in the Portuguese palace. Presumably the views of "His Majesty's Pajamas" were fogged on the plates.

Now, His Majesty King Edward VII (or I, as the Scotch will have it) is a tolerably well-known personage. Even a Central Office detective could recognize him anywhere on sight. And "His Majesty Visiting Dom Carlos of Portugal" is not noticeably different in appearance from "His Majesty Laying the Cornerstone of the Dunfermline Institute for Destitute Paretics," or "His Majesty and the Countess of Warwick at Ascot," or "His Majesty Shooting Pheasants at Balmoral," or "His Majesty Decorating Private Finerty of the Enniskillen Fusileers," or "His Majesty Breaking the Bank at Tranby Croft." Consequently a prolonged course of English illustrated papers inevitably produces a sensation of monotony. Three pictures of His Majesty a week—a very low average—make 156 a year, or 1560 for ten years. In one sense the system is easy for the editors, if hard on the subscribers, for all they have to do is to keep in stock views of two or three suits of civilian clothes and all the military and naval uniforms in Europe, and one-third of the space in their papers is provided for. But when things of importance are happening in the world—and in this revolutionary age things of considerable moment are happening all the time—it is a little annoying to have the space available for live topics cut down to make room for royal fashion plates.

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MEN and WOMEN

COLONEL HARRY HALL, of Pittsburg, the writer and orator, likes the prairie and goes West every summer. During his trip last year he was overtaken by night in a little village in Nebraska. He stayed at the local hotel. In the morning he wanted to take a bath and consulted the landlord about it.

The landlord shouted back to the kitchen: "Hey, Jim, this here gent wants to take a bath. Bring the fixin's."

Soon afterward a boy appeared carrying a cake of yellow soap, a towel and a pickax.

"What's the pickax for?" asked Hall.

"Why," said the landlord, "you'll have to dam up the crick."

His Identity Established

FRANK N. DOUBLEDAY, the New York publisher, is tall and broad-shouldered. He was rushing from the ferry the other day when a suave person, wearing a silk hat and exhibiting other signs of prosperity, approached him and said: "Why, how do you do, Mr. Williams? I am glad to see you again. How are all the folks?"

"Heavens," thought Doubleday, "after living in New York for twenty years I am about to be buncoed."

Then he smiled and replied affably: "I think you are mistaken. My name is not Williams."

"Can it be?" inquired the man with the silk hat. "The resemblance is marvelous. May I ask what is your name?"

Doubleday straightened himself to his full height. "Of course," he said. "It is no secret. My name is Tom Thumb."

Only as Old as He Felt

SENATOR EDMUND W. PETTUS, of Alabama, is eighty-two and the oldest man in the Senate. His predecessor was Senator Pugh. During Pugh's fight for reelection Mr. Pettus, then a lawyer in Selma, went to see Pugh about getting an appointment as judge.

"Pshaw, Pettus," said Pugh loftily, "you are too old to be a judge."

Pettus stood and looked at Pugh for a minute. Then he announced with great deliberation: "Well, if I am too old to be a judge I am not too old to be a United States Senator."

He wasn't, either, for he went out and defeated Pugh and took the Senatorship himself.

No man could be so wise as Pettus looks, but his looks belie his wisdom but little, at that. He is learned in the law and especially well versed in the Bible and Shakespeare. Somebody asked him where he got it all.

"When I was a young fellow, in 1849," he said, "I rode on horseback from Selma to California. I had a Bible and a Shakespeare in my saddle-bags and I read them when I was jogging along and when I was in camp. They were the only companions I had and I haven't forgotten them."

The Sultan's Private Cooler

FREDERICK W. HOLLS, the New York lawyer who was secretary to the American Commission to the Peace Conference at The Hague, tells of a call he had one morning during the conference from three Turks. They were fine-looking fellows. The spokesman was Rustem Bey and the others were different sorts of Beys.

They came to enlist Mr. Holls and the commissioners from the United States in the cause of the Young Turks. They said the Sultan of Turkey is a usurper. They proclaimed, with much intensity and many gestures, that the real Sultan had been imprisoned for fifteen years.

"Ah," said Mr. Holls, thinking to relieve the situation somewhat, "he's in the cooler, is he?"

The Turks did not understand. Mr. Holls was forced to make a long explanation that in this country a man who is in prison is sometimes referred to as being in the "cooler." The Turks were much interested in this strange phrase.

Later in the day one of the English commissioners met Mr. Holls. "By the way, Holls," he said, "did you receive a call from some Young Turks this morning?"

"Yes," Holls replied.

"They came to see me, too," the Englishman continued. "Most extraordinary people. Why, they told me the real Sultan has been imprisoned for fifteen years in an ice box."

The Correspondent's Revenge

WHEN Alfred Henry Lewis, the author, was a correspondent at Washington for a Missouri paper he had a difficulty with Governor Dockery, who was then a member of the House of Representatives.

Lewis cast about for a suitable revenge. After thinking about the matter for some days he wrote an innocent paragraph for his paper which said that Mr. Dockery, who is a rich man, had decided to give a large portion of his wealth to the various churches of Missouri, and had begun by sending checks for $500 to churches in St. Joseph and Kansas City.

Then he sat back and waited. Dockery was begging for mercy in less than a week. Every church in the State, almost, had written for its share. Lewis printed another paragraph saying that Mr. Dockery's contributions would not be made for some years, and since that time Dockery has been scrupulously polite.

A Qualified Assent

SENATOR ALLISON, of Iowa, has the reputation of being the most cautious man in public life. He takes no chances, but always qualifies his statements. His letters are marvels. During the past session of Congress the Senator read to Senator Hale a letter he had written on a subject in which Senator Hale was also interested.

"What will he think of that?" asked Allison.

"I don't think he will get much out of it," Hale replied.

"I didn't intend he should," chuckled Allison.

This incident led an Iowa man to tell the story of the rash citizen of Dubuque who once made a bet he could force Senator Allison to answer "Yes" to a direct proposition.

Half a dozen friends went along to see the miracle performed. They entered Allison's office and chatted on various topics. Presently a flock of sheep, newly sheared, came by.

"Those sheep have just been sheared, Senator," said the man who had made the bet, winking at his companions.

Senator Allison gazed earnestly at the sheep. Then he replied softly: "It looks like it on this side."

Julius Cæsar Up to Date

ONE of the famous orators of Texas was Colonel Tol Bonie, an unlettered genius, who had much language at his control and few facts.

Bonie referred to the assassination of Julius Cæsar in one of his speeches. This is what he said of that historic incident:

"One beautiful summer day when Julius Cæsar was walking down the streets of Spain, happy and free from care, along came Brutus and snuck up behind him with stealthy tread. Then Brutus drew his bowie knife and plugged it into the immortal ribs of Julius Cæsar, and that grand man, completely taken by surprise, turned on Brutus and in tones of thunder said: 'Is that you, Brutus, you dirty dog?'"

A Question of Technicalities

ONE of the results of the Populist movement in the West a few years ago was the election of a man named Kirby to the House of Representatives. Kirby had violent ideas about money. He could talk for hours on the financial question.

During Kirby's first term a bill came up for discussion which had to do with the issuing of a new series of paper money and the retirement and maceration of the series then in use.

Kirby was furious about this. "Here we see the Government, directed from Lombard Street in London, withdrawing billions of money from circulation and macerating it, whatever that is," he shouted in a speech one day. "Never in the history of the United States has such an outrage been perpetrated. With our children crying for money these creatures of the Wall Street octopus are withdrawing billions from circulation, billions, gentlemen, I say billions——"

"Don't you mean millions?" asked Representative Culberson.

"There you go," yelled Kirby, shaking his arms in the air, "there you go; just like all the rest of them, you are trying to win this fight on technicalities."

The Last Appeal

SOMETIMES the dignity of the United States does not appeal to the newcomer in Washington. A bumptious young secretary to a Senator strolled into the court room on decision day. He took a seat inside the railing, in one of the chairs reserved for the lawyers who are privileged to practice before the court.

The marshal saw the stranger and sent him a note which read: "Are you a member of the bar?"

The young secretary read the note and smiled a scornful smile. He sent to the marshal a card which proclaimed him to be the secretary of Senator So-and-So.

This did not impress the marshal, for a doorkeeper led the young man, protesting vigorously, to the corridor.

"Now, see here, sonny," said the doorkeeper. "You just think it over. That's the Supreme Court and you don't want to raise no row. Suppose you get in contempt. There ain't nobody left to appeal to but the Lord."

"FOR FIFTEEN YEARS IN AN ICE BOX"

"MY NAME IS TOM THUMB"

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Special Counselors in Busine

By FORRES

ELIMINATION of waste is the vital element in every line of business effort. No business executive who fails to give this problem his best thought has any fair claim to be held as keeping pace with the spirit of the age. Serious, profound and conscientious study of the science of business system — which is but another name for the art of eliminating waste — is the demand placed upon every man in a position of business responsibility. If he is alert, progressive and capable he will respond to this demand. If he is suffering from the "creeping paralysis" of over-conservatism, or any other contracting influence, he will plod along in the old rut and score a failure, or at best a meager and qualified success.

Under the acute pressure of modern competition, a full and fair success is no more possible to the man of business who does not apply himself consistently to the problem of eliminating waste from every line of his activities than it is possible for the Electrical Engineer to succeed who ignores all the achievements of electrical science in the last two decades.

Mail and Filing Room

An Age of Specialists: And this comparison provokes the pertinent point that this is also the *age of specialization*. Possibly this suggestion may impress you as trite and commonplace; but you will lose the keynote to the universal tendency of the hour if you allow the familiarity of the saying to hide its intense and practical significance. It has a direct and important bearing upon the business of every man who has a shadow of authority or responsibility in the world of affairs. When the man who "plays a thinking part," whose activities are to some degree administrative, learns that he cannot know everything that he needs to know about his own business without getting help from the outside specialists he has mastered the biggest element of success in modern business methods.

This leads directly to the conclusion of the whole matter: Because the elimination of waste is the big problem in the shop, the factory, the store, the office and the bank; and because the men who direct these lines of business cannot possibly think out and work out for themselves all the waste-eliminating devices that make for economy and progress, the profession of the *Consulting Engineer in Business System* has been called into being. Doubtless the Science of Business being has not had so significant a development since the Italians of the Middle Ages devised the first system of double entry bookkeeping as the upspringing of this new profession. Call its members "business experts," "business systematizers," "expert methodizers," "business counsels," or whatever you choose; the service which they perform is best suggested by the title of Consulting Engineers of Business, and their work centers in one common purpose: *the elimination of waste, the conserving of time, energy and material.*

School Room

A Model Office Under Modern Methods: I can conceive of nothing more intensely interesting to the alert, progressive and thoughtful business executive than an investigation of any institution where the work of a representative member of this important profession is exemplified in every detail of method and equipment. Probably there is no better place to observe the practical workings of the highly developed business system than in the offices of Baker-Vawter Company, the largest organization of Consulting Engineers of Business in the world.

Speaking from the viewpoint of a searching personal investigation of this remarkable establishment, I am compelled to admit that the business man who desires to get a comprehensive view of what the Science of Business System has attained in the third year of the Twentieth Century need not go beyond the offices of these foremost members of the most important of the new professions.

Clearest of all the impressions which a visit to this establishment will leave upon the mind of the observer is that of *convincing sincerity*, due to the fact that this firm consistently practices what it preaches. In every department, and to the last detail, it shows the practical operation of the principles and methods which it advocates and devises for others.

"You are at liberty," declared the young man who piloted me through this interesting place, "to consider the methods you see in operation here as typical and representative of those of which Baker-Vawter Company is the exponent. But you will fail to get a true perspective if you do not keep constantly in mind the fact that every business, and every business house, must be individually treated; that the *general principles* which you see in operation here must be *adapted to the special needs* of each institution which we serve. Always the personal equation must be considered, and this matter of individual adaptation is one of the most difficult and perplexing problems that test the skill of the specialist in business system."

At once I was led to the heart of the house: the room into which centers the vast and unceasing currents of incoming and outgoing correspondence, and where every item of this epistolary tide is filed for reference according to a system representing the acme of simplicity and convenience. Instantly the eye catches the significance of the office arrangement, noting that the mailing and filing room is located in the very center of the establishment, surrounded by rooms in which the various branches and departments are operated. The general accounting room and the city sales departments are the first arteries through which flow the vital current of the house correspondence. Then follow the offices of the Treasurer, the General Sales Manager, the President, the Vice-President and other members of the executive staff.

About the walls of this central room runs a low deep wainscoting of vertical filing cases of severely artistic design — cases capable of holding 540,000 letters, and of the sectional construction which admits of indefinite expansion. Standing at the big, square table in the center is the master of the mailing room, swiftly scanning the contents of the envelopes opened by the young boy who assists him.

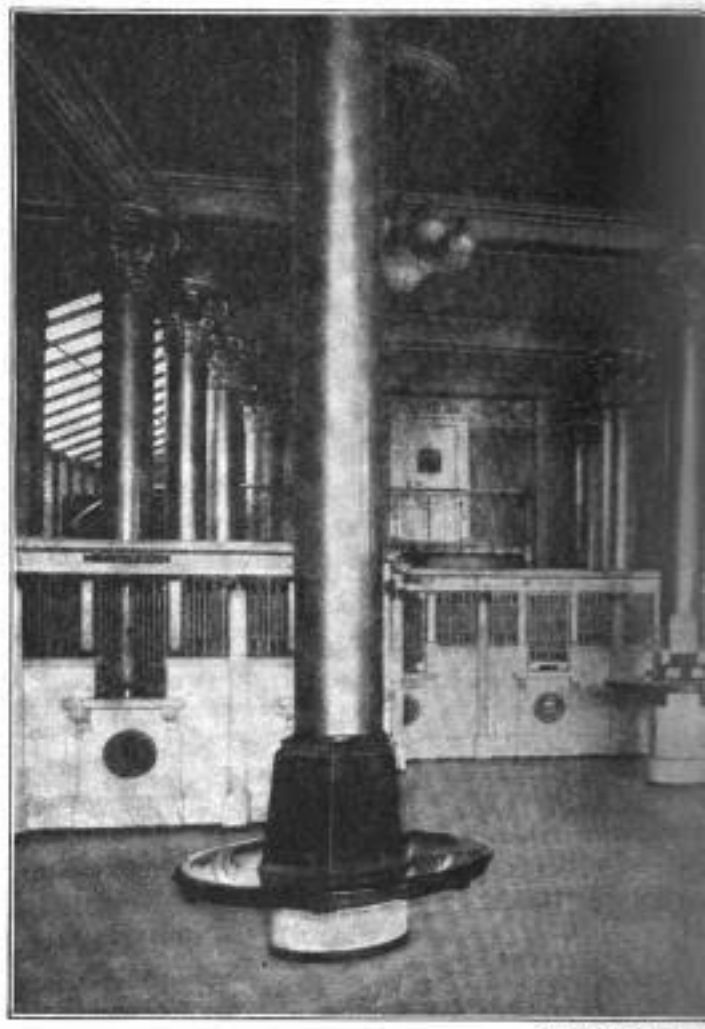
Here, again, I caught a keynote of modern business system: *one good man for each thinking part, and inexpensive help for the subordinate duties* which proper system reduces to the simplicity of a mechanical routine. An instant's glance at the letter in his hand is sufficient to analyze it, to determine to what department, official or clerk it should first be assigned. That officials shall not be burdened with mail that should go to their subordinates is his constant care. Then, too, he must always be on the alert for those communications demanding "rush" attention, and his tact and diplomacy are often called into use in the discreet handling of mail of a personal and semi-personal character. A seemingly slight oversight on the part of this man at the heart of things may easily create delay, friction and confusion. But, so swiftly does he do his exacting work of analysis and distribution, that he handles an average of fully 1500 pieces of mail, incoming and outgoing, each day. Under old methods not fewer than six clerks would be required to do the work which one man and a boy now perform in the mail and filing room of Baker-Vawter Company.

How 50,000 Accounts are Handled: A single step takes the investigation into the adjoining office of the general accounting department. Here, as everywhere in the thoroughly modern office, flat desks are the order.

"Here," explained my guide, "is done the entire general accounting for a business operating four large factories and eighteen branch establishments and employing a regular force of seventy-eight salesmen. We serve and maintain trade relations with more than 50,000 customers in the year, and yet there is not a single ledger in the place — at least not in the old sense of the term."

"How is this done?" I inquired.

"By the elimination of every detail of accounting that possibly can be dispensed with consistent with absolute safety and accuracy. Under the old system we would require at least nine people to take care of this volume of accounts now handled with far greater facility by three young women. *This is possible only under a method which cuts out every process and detail not positively essential to live accounting.* Bookkeeping and accounting of the old regime were practically a chain of copying processes, with all the useless multiplication of labor and of opportunities for errors which those processes involved. Now there is not, we believe, a single unnecessary repetition of a description or a detail. Such is the perfection to which the loose leaf system is now reduced!"



The Federal Trust Co

Practical Points of Office Administration

EVERYWHERE I encountered the principle that a right business system provides administrative men with time to perform "thinking parts," leaving details to be carried out by less expensive understudies. The General Sales Manager, for example, goes through the orders each morning, but simply for the purpose of getting a line on the business that is on passage through the house. Again, in the afternoon, he gets a detailed report on what has been done. In neither of these cases does he ordinarily record a word or a figure. So with the Order Censor. He is paid for *knowing things* and for *thinking*. To burden him with the details of prices would be absurd, as Baker-Vawter Company has a list of 30,000 price quotations. These are "remembered" in an index book which the pricer swiftly consults, and then carries out the figures. But this man who forms the executive link between the office and the factory must know completely the construction of every article manufactured. And he must see that the descriptive mistakes of his customers — and they are legion — are not allowed to go through. Then, too, it is a sound principle that the accounting of any manufacturing business should be done in the office and not at the factory. On the other hand, the only place for the making of cost records is at the factory.

Pausing beside one of the flat-bed typewriting machines, I glanced at the complement of sheets recorded at a single writing. These were headed:

1. "Acknowledgment of Order — This is not an Invoice;"
2. "Salesman's Order;"
3. "Office Order;"
4. "Office Register;"
5. "Factory Order;"
6. "Factory Register;"
7. "Cost Department."

Every possible item of description, of instruction, of check and cross-check essential to the manufacture and shipment of goods, and to the accounting and collecting records of the transaction, is provided for in these marvelously-devised blanks. But it is the use of these tools and not the tools themselves in which we are most interested. When this was suggested to my guide he stepped to the Order Censor's desk and took up a binder filled with "Office Register" sheets. These were arranged and indexed by *numbers*. Another binder contained the "Office Order" sheets, indexed under the names of the *customers*.

"The records contained in these sheets," continued my guide, "are identical and are uniform with the 'factory register' and 'factory order' sheets, which are also filed, respectively, by number and by names. This makes it possible for the office instantly to communicate with the factory concerning any order, and to absolutely identify it either by its number or by the name of the person placing the order. Under our system every department is automatically advised of the stage of progress made by every other department in the filling of each order, thus indicating at once where any delay is impeding the progress of executing the order. But the big problem in every manufacturing business is the question of cost."

Actual Factory Costs, Not Estimates

"SYSTEM — real system! — solves this problem and saves the manufacturer margins large enough to roll up good dividends. Many manufacturers — perhaps most of them — are running their factory costs on the basis of estimates. They figure that because their products cost them 'about so much last year they will cost about the same this year.' The old-fashioned 'cost books' are records of *the most expensive guessing exercises* that have ever been indulged in outside the operations of pure speculation and

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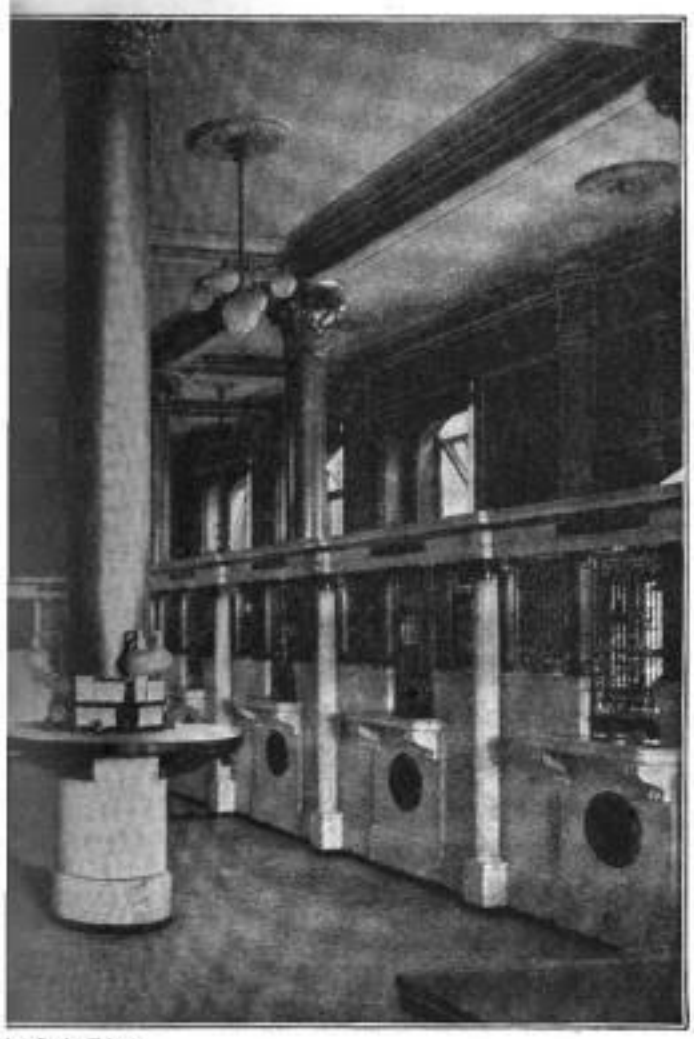
s System and Administration

CRISSEY



ings Bank, Chicago

ames of chance. The manufacturing business that is run on this asis has no show in competition with those operated on a detailed ost system of thoroughly modern type,—one that takes minute ccount of every element that enters into the expense of a product. The man with a cost system of this kind is working in clear daylight, while the one without it is groping in the dark. The advantage of competition under the system that gives *absolute cost* instead of *stimated cost* is so great that it almost insures success from the utset, in a struggle otherwise fairly balanced between contestants.

"Many a manufacturer who nets $25,000 a year thinks himself aster of the situation because he has a practical knowledge of roduction processes and of selling his product. He leaves the natter of his cost system to the ingenuity of a cheap bookkeeper, with the result that his profits are lessened by a heavy percentage —in many cases by a third or a half—because he makes his selling rices on a false and deceptive estimate of cost.

"Under the cost systems devised by Baker-Vawter Company very cent that goes into a factory is charged to the account of something and every cent of departmental and administrative exense goes into the total of the cost figures—not on the basis of 'what it cost to run the house last year,' with certain variations igured from current probabilities, but on the actual expenditures of he current fortnight. Everything from typewriter ribbons to taxes nd from ink to interest is included in this computation of costs.

"And in this connection, it should be said that our system proides a *perpetual inventory* of *assets* and of *obligations* so that he administrative officers have the absolute, *naked, net conditions* f their business under their eye from week to week."

How Salesmen and Specialists are Trained

INQUIRY into the former connections of Baker-Vawter accountants and the men who devise business systems reveals the significant fact that these men have been taken from positions of igh responsibility and trust in large business organizations. Some f them have resigned from important places on the administrative staffs of great corporations; others have been induced to leave auditorships in prominent financial organizations, and still others ome from executive positions in large manufacturing establishments, merchandising houses, banks and trust companies. And hese men have been added to the systematizing staff of this rganization of Business Counselors at a material advance in salary ver that which their former occupations afforded them. "*Sound timber, seasoned in the dry-kiln of practical business experience,*" is the standard by which all selections for this corps of pecialists in the science of business are judged. And then the rule s "each man to his special line."

To every employer of salesmen there is a valuable suggestion n the schooling which is given to all who are sent out into the field ommercially to represent Baker-Vawter Company. No man leaves his establishment as a salesman or solicitor until he has had nany weeks of daily drill and training in the *school room* of the louse. This department is in session every working hour of each business day, and no college or high school can boast a more faithful attendance upon class sessions or a more whole-souled attention on the part of its pupils than can this novel educational institution, whose students are paid good salaries from the moment of their enrollment. And it matters not how wide the general experience or how responsible the former connections of the men entering the service of this company; they must all pass through the school room and receive the diploma of the head salesman's approval before being permitted to represent the house in active negotiations with the business world.

Every Client Teaches the Expert

NATURALLY the man who has grown up in any line of commercial or industrial effort meets the suggestion that an "outsider" can successfully advise him on the methods of that enterprise with the question:

"What license have you to assume that you—a man from the outside—can tell me how to run my business, in which I have spent years of actual work?"

That the business man is fairly entitled to ask this question is readily granted by the officers of this organization of Business Counselors. Their answer is: "Because our specialists are constantly re-enforcing their own experience by a searching, analytical study of the conditions, methods and systems obtaining in scores and hundreds of business houses of every description; because they are perpetually in contact with the best administrative and accounting talent in the business world; because practically every one of our 50,000 customers is an active executive or a progressive accountant in a business house that is wide-awake and trying to keep pace with the march of modern progress in the science of doing things. With comparatively few exceptions, these men have contributed to the stock of information which is the working capital of our corps of specialists in Business System. We do not 'know it all.' We learn from all with whom we come in contact, either personally or by correspondence. Broadly speaking, we have 50,000 advisers, all of them in active business. These are our customers.

"To-day a member of our staff enters a large mercantile establishment and begins his examination. He commands the confidence of the officials and his investigation reveals a new condition or a new way of handling a certain feature of that business. Whether this new feature is in the nature of a remedy or of something to be remedied the result is the same—*the investigator is so much the richer in his equipment* for the next task of similar kind to which he is called. This applies not only to accounting methods but also to the more material matters. Because he finds that one house is suffering from a chronic blockade in its shipping department owing to inadequate elevator or truck service, he is put on guard for this sort of stoppage in every other house which he is called upon to serve.

"Some time ago one of our systematizers doubled the facility with which a certain house put out its shipments by devising a special elevator service. Instantly this subject was brought to the attention of every member of the corps and the problem of the internal transfer of goods, involving the use of elevators and moving platforms, was subjected to a searching study for the benefit of the entire staff. As a result we have saved our subsequent patrons, in the elimination of waste labor and waste time in getting out goods, a value aggregating thousands of dollars.

"Then, too, almost every case of peculation or defaulting which is uncovered by our accountants brings to light new methods in these irregularities and new methods of tracing and of preventing them. Each investigation is a fresh lesson in business system which is made to add to the efficiency of every man in the special service of this organization. Not long since one of our men encountered an organized conspiracy by which a group of employees who had contrived to make away with several thousand dollars' worth of goods. The situation was baffling, but at length the specialist suggested a novel plan by which a large portion of the lost goods was recovered and the identity of the criminals established. The lesson thus learned is capable of application in almost any business where a similar leakage is evident or suspected."

Invoice Filing Cabinet

Bankers Not Exempt from Need of System

NO STUDENT of this new profession of giving counsel in business administration can fail to reach the conclusion that its application is less than universal. The practical experience of the specialists sent out by Baker-Vawter Company conclusively demonstrates this point. Every line of manufacturing, jobbing, wholesale and retail merchandising, banking, and other forms of commercial and industrial enterprise has been subjected to investigation and report, with results that have constantly widened the scope of the service and have uniformly effected the elimination of waste, the increase of facility and accuracy, and the conserving of energy and expense, as well as the consistent expansion of production and revenues. Banks are commonly presumed to be the most highly organized of all business bodies, but these institutions are no exception to the rule that the specialist in business system is able to devise means by which any and all commercial and accounting operations may be brought to a still higher degree of efficiency. Hundreds of banks, including many in metropolitan cities, are still following the old practice of recopying each record and multiplying the labor of accounting in a business in which *time* is peculiarly the *essence of all transactions*. By the modern method, the same writing which makes a journal record furnishes the remittance sheet. In every transaction the latest system effects a similar saving of labor, time and opportunity for error. In a word, the explanation of the system specialists carries the conviction that the bank which is now operated on the accounting methods of ten years ago is clinging to its traditions at fifty per cent. additional payroll expense.

The experience of a prominent bank official who organized a new financial institution and placed the devising of its working system in the hands of the Baker-Vawter staff is given in a letter to that company in which occurs this significant paragraph:

Order Clerk and Assistant

> "As the demands of our business have grown the work is done with the same ease that it was in the beginning. When I think of the amount of labor and trouble usually consumed in experiments when organizing and maintaining the office of a large corporation, I feel a sense of satisfaction that we were relieved from so much unnecessary work through your intelligent effort."

Retail Business Especially Demands System

OFTEN the retailer is also inclined to feel that his business is an exception to the rule and does not lend itself to the good results obtained by the service of the business systematizer in other lines. Statistics of the appalling percentage of failures in the retail trade, together with the fact that this branch of merchandising is the least progressive in seeking the counsel of the expert in business system, are significant, and point with emphasis the need of more modern and analytical methods. In fact his need of departmental analysis, to the end of curtailing unprofitable stocks and weeding out those which score positive losses, is paramount. This can only be accomplished by an accounting system which provides for a division of departments and stocks in such a manner that, at regular periods, they *may be subjected to a positive loss and gain showing*. Again, the retailer must depend upon a quick and frequent "turning over" of his investment. Here a thorough knowledge of all stock-on-hand and available stock is an absolute essential. Much of his success rests upon keeping his supply to a minimum, and consequently it follows that a system which does not help him to hold his buying down to a strict "short supply" basis is an expensive luxury.

The retailer who does not have as exact and analytical a knowledge of every condition and feature of his business as has the metropolitan wholesaler is working at a fatal disadvantage. And the wholesaler does not fail to avail himself of the services of the expert in business system.

One ineffaceable impression gained from a conversation with the various members of the Baker-Vawter staff—now at home in their model offices in the Tribune Building, Chicago—is best expressed in the question: What may not be the possibilities for usefulness, in serving any business organization, of the superbly qualified men who have spent years in going from one establishment to another, analyzing diversified conditions and devising progressive methods—men who practically command the counsel of 50,000 workers in the world of business? Fortified and broadened by the expert assistance of these Business Scientists the modern executive of affairs may reasonably aspire to achievements otherwise hopelessly beyond attainment!

Interesting pamphlets on business system are mailed free to those who send their firm name and style of business to Baker-Vawter Co., 1655 Tribune Bldg., Chicago, or 855 Central Bank Bldg., N. Y.

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"LA LEY DE FUGA"

The Law of Flight in the Southwest

BY N. A. JENNINGS

WHEN Texas was the Botany Bay of the United States, the refuge for outlaws who sought her broad plains and thinly-settled border, and who banded together there and lived by organized cattle thefts and horse stealing, the law officers of the State, the sheriffs and Texas Rangers, led a ceaselessly active and exciting life. To hunt down the desperadoes and arrest them was but a part of the work; to convey the prisoners to jail was another thing. Frequently it became necessary to ride with a prisoner over a sparsely-settled country for many miles before a place of safe-keeping could be reached. This afforded the prisoner's friends a fine opportunity to effect a rescue, and such rescues were of frequent occurence until what was known as "*la ley de fuga*" became the universal plan pursued by the officers. The "*ley de fuga*"—the law of flight—was the practice of killing prisoners whenever an attempt to rescue them was made by their friends. Harsh and cruel as the rule undoubtedly was, there was nothing else to be done. As soon as it became generally known among the desperadoes that an attempt to rescue a friend from the officers meant the sure death of that friend such attempts ceased.

This rule was in force during those years—from 1875 to 1878—that I served as a Texas Ranger. There were many outlaws and but few Rangers, and we had, for the most part, to hunt our quarry in small squads. Often only two or three Rangers went together to arrest the desperadoes, and it was only because of the knowledge that we had strict orders to kill any prisoners and then fight those who attempted their rescue, that we were enabled to get those we arrested to jail. Twice was the rule put into practice, and both times not only were the prisoners—murderers, as it happened—killed, but their would-be rescuers were severely punished.

In December, 1876, I was one of eighteen Rangers who were detailed to go with Lieutenant Lee Hall to DeWitt County in the southwestern part of the State and execute warrants for men indicted by the grand jury there. The county had been for years the scene of a bloody feud between the Taylor and the Sutton factions, and the Sheriff was powerless to preserve order. Scores of men on both sides had been killed, and every man and boy in the county went armed and ready at a second's notice to defend his life, or, perhaps, to commit a murder. The braver men on both sides met and fought openly, but the cowards resorted to other tactics. They lay in wait in the brush by the side of a road and shot their enemies in the back as they rode by. A little before our advent a number of the Sutton party had gone at midnight to the home of Doctor Brazell, an old gentleman, dragged him from a bed where he lay ill, and deliberately murdered him before the eyes of his helpless wife and daughters. Doctor Brazell's son made an attempt to protect his father and he, too, was murdered.

Seven men were indicted for this brutal murder, but so wide was the reign of terror in DeWitt County that they did not fear arrest and trial. They knew that the Sheriff would not dare attempt their capture, for such action on his part would have meant death to him within twenty-four hours. Even had he had the temerity to undertake their arrest he had no deputies upon whom he could depend for assistance, for he could not trust the men in his own office.

This was the state of affairs when the Circuit Judge, the late Henry Clay Pleasants—a fearless and upright man—sent for the Rangers. We arrived in Clinton, the county seat, one night in the middle of December and went into camp. Of course, the news of our arrival spread rapidly throughout the county and every one knew we were there to enforce the laws, though the adherents of the Sutton and Taylor factions laughed at the idea of nineteen young men coming against them.

The murderers of old Doctor Brazell had no fear that we could take them, for they gathered about them seventy or eighty of the Sutton party, all armed, and spent their time riding over the county from one farmhouse to another and having "frolics" in the evenings.

But we arrested them. One night we surrounded a house where they had gathered to have a dance at the wedding of one of the accused murderers. We took them completely by surprise, and although they numbered nearly a hundred we captured them without a shot being fired. At dawn we rode into Clinton, about five miles away, and lodged the seven indicted men in the county jail, a miserably insecure, wooden structure. It was not at all the sort of place in which to confine such dangerous men as the accused murderers. The cells were not much stronger than so many dry-goods boxes would have been, and so it was decided to put the men in a room in the second story and guard them there for the time being.

This room was about twenty feet square and had two barred and grated windows looking out on the one straggling street of the town. A door opened into a narrow entry which separated the room from that part of the jail containing the cells. As the place was bare of any furniture, the prisoners slept on blankets on the floor along the wall. The eighteen Rangers were divided by Hall into three detachments of six each, so that six men would be on guard at a time. We each stood guard four hours every day and four hours every night. Of the six on guard at a time two were assigned to remain in the room with the prisoners; the remaining four were on duty outside the jail.

Just before we started with the prisoners from the house where we arrested them, Hall gave orders to the Rangers in a loud voice to kill all seven men if any attempt were made to rescue them. He purposely gave those orders within hearing of the prisoners and their friends. He said:

"If any of these prisoners attempt to escape, kill them. If any attempt is made at any time, either to-day or later, to rescue them, kill them first and then fight the rescuers. Your first duty will be to kill the prisoners without hesitation; those are my specific orders."

No comment was made by the prisoners or their friends upon these orders, for they were all familiar with "*la ley de fuga*."

Despite the orders, however, we had not been guarding our seven murderers more than three days before word reached us from a number of sources that an attempt would surely be made to rescue them. We heard on good authority that fully two hundred of the Sutton party were banded together under the leadership of a notorious outlaw, and that they were going to ride into Clinton, kill every Ranger there and murder Judge Pleasants. A number of the Taylor faction came to us and offered their assistance, but Hall curtly declined it and told them we were not taking sides in their feud. He laughed at the threats, but he gave us all strict orders not to let our carbines out of our hands for a moment during the daytime and to sleep with our arms under our blankets within easy reach of our hands. Thereafter, even when we took our meals, we had our carbines resting across our knees, or within the hollow of our arms. All friends of the prisoners were kept from holding any communication with them, and at night any citizen coming within two hundred feet of the jail was halted and turned back. We had orders to shoot any man crossing the "dead line" after we had halted him.

Such was the state of things when one day, about a week after we had made the capture, it came my turn to go into the room with the seven prisoners and assist another Ranger in guarding them. We had become well acquainted with them by that time and our intercourse was as friendly as possible under such conditions. They were a reckless, light-hearted set of men and passed the time in telling stories and singing. They seemed careless of the terrible charge hanging over their heads, and regarded their detention in jail as a temporary embarrassment.

On this particular morning I remembered that one of their number was lying flat on his back on his blankets singing a song, four were playing poker, and the other two were looking on. I happened to glance out of one of the windows, and what I saw in the street compelled my instant attention. My comrades, the Rangers, were running here and there, hastily examining their carbines to see

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that they were in good working order, posting themselves behind dry-goods boxes in front of a store on the opposite side of the street—all evidently preparing for action. Hall was standing in the middle of the street, shading his eyes with his hand from the sun and peering intently at something seemingly at a distance. I followed the direction of his glance and saw what made my heart suddenly seem to stand still—a long double line of horsemen approaching. Their horses' feet made a great cloud of dust, and it was impossible even at the elevation of the window to say how many they were.

Instantly it came to me that the threatened rescue of the prisoners and massacre of the Rangers was about to be attempted, and I could see that my comrades below were preparing to give the Suttonites a hot reception. I managed to attract the attention of the other Ranger, and he, too, looked out of the window and in a second realized the situation. The prisoners were still intent with their game and knew nothing of what was passing outside.

Not a word passed between my comrade and me, but we looked into each other's eyes and both knew what was before us. With one accord we took our places in the two corners of the room opposite the wall where the windows were. Suddenly there was a shout from the street—a cowboy yell—and at its sound the seven prisoners scrambled to their feet and went to the windows to see what was the matter. At that instant I noiselessly withdrew the cartridge from my carbine and set the gun in the corner behind me. Then I drew my revolver, with its six .45 calibre bullets in the chamber, cocked it and—waited.

In spite of all my efforts to be calm I could not keep my hand from trembling violently. A sudden horrible empty feeling in the pit of my stomach and a sensation of nausea came to me. My teeth chattered so that it seemed to me the sound must be heard by the prisoners who were still intently gazing out of the windows. There was no personal fear to cause my agitation; it came of the knowledge that at any minute I should be compelled to kill a number of unarmed, defenseless men in cold blood. I should have to stand there with my back to the wall and shoot them down. I should have to look into their frightened eyes and slay without ceasing. I should have to listen to their agonizing cries for mercy and close my heart to them. I saw the unequal struggle as though it were already taking place. I verily believe that if at that moment the prisoners had suddenly turned on us with pistols in their hands I could have shouted with joy at the chance to fight them all single-handed in that room. Anything would have been better than the thought of shooting them down deliberately while I stood in safety in that corner.

And still they stood there by the windows, looking out. The seconds dragged themselves into minutes, the minutes crept on slowly, and with straining senses I waited.

I looked at my comrade in the opposite corner. His face was like chalk in its deadly pallor, but his jaw was set with determination. He was ready to do his share of the butchery! And I must help him!

At last there was a sound of footsteps on the stairs; some one was coming up. The door opened and Lieutenant Hall came into the room. The seven men turned from the windows and one of them said to Hall in a tone of ordinary curiosity:

"Who's them men rode into town jest now, Lieutenant?"

"Horse thieves, captured by the vigilantes," said Hall. Then he looked at me, noted the six-shooter still in my hand and saw my drawn and haggard face. With quick comprehension he realized what had been happening in that room. He stepped to the door and called to two of the Rangers to come upstairs and relieve me and my comrade.

As I put my six-shooter back in its holster at my belt and picked up my carbine, one of the prisoners suddenly paled and staggered. Then, in a trembling voice, he said:

"And ye were ready to kill us, were ye? I can see it in your eyes, man; th'ain't no use to deny it. I reckon we had a mighty close call and I ain't hankerin' for no more like it. Lieutenant, I've heered rumors as how some o' the boys was thinkin' o' tryin' a rescue. If you'll gimme a bit o' paper and a pencil I'll jest write a line to a friend o' mine and there won't be no rescuin' tried on this trip."

He wrote the note, and no more talk of an attempt at rescue came to us. His friends were made to realize the full significance of "*la ley de fuga*."

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Their Ways and Their Work

LITERARY DISLIKES — All words do not pass current in the exchange of Literature. Beware the counterfeits!

¶ Every man who reads, writes or talks has some pet antipathy of speech — a word that has an ugly sound to the ear, a word that strikes the eye disagreeably in type, or a phrase become an affectation and grown nauseous, like "make for," or rendered distasteful by association — associations of childhood, perhaps. Within the intimate acquaintance of the editor of this column curious significations are given to such innocent words as "palm" and "grease." Grease — in its sense of wheel grease — has for one man an invincible compulsion of disgust, so much so that his friends in private conversation are always at pains to employ some polite circumlocution. To another "hug" is most offensive, and he will go to almost any circuitous length to avoid it; while to still another "fondle" as a term of endearment is little short of nauseous; and "horrid" — which certainly should bring up anything but mirth-compelling suggestions — is somehow irresistibly comic.

Acting on this personal acquaintance with some knowledge of how curious and intimate a process is the elaboration of style, it was thought that interesting hints and suggestions of personal antipathies might be drawn from the miners and coiners of words themselves. Accordingly a letter was sent out to several of our better known writers, and some of the responses are here printed.

Mr. George Ade cannot abide the word genius.

"A genius," he writes, "as commonly misapplied, serves to red-rag me about as much as any other item in our vocabulary. So far as I can discover, a genius may be any one of the following:

"One: The author or authoress of unpublished verses.

"Two: The sixteen-year-old Raphael who has succeeded in making a pen copy of something by Gibson or Christy.

"Three: The bald-headed gentleman who permits any one to select a card from the deck, and then picks the card on the third shuffle.

"Four: The young miss who moves up to the baby grand and does things to Paderewski's Minuet.

"Five: The firstborn who at the age of six can name all the Presidents.

"Six: The amateur who has played Claude Melnotte for one night for an assemblage of relatives and friends, and is waiting for the Frohmans to come along and discover him.

"Seven: The lawyer who knows Shakespeare by heart and owes office rent and would be all right if he didn't drink.

"Eight: Cousin Henry, whose stuff is too good for the publishers.

"There are other glittering examples, but possibly these will suffice."

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts objects to being called a literary man. "I think my special aversion," he writes, "is the phrase 'literary man,' but why I bear a personal grievance against it instead of merely reprobating it as bad usage it would puzzle me to say. Probably if I could dig far enough back into my memory I should find that some one whom I disliked had applied the harmless phrase to myself.

"Another word that I now dislike is the beautiful word confer — probably because I have loved it in the past not wisely but too well, and am now ashamed to look it in the face.

Mr. Owen Wister thinks that two words "well nigh in universal use" are not only "disagreeable, but also not even English," to wit:

"One: The use of like for as; 'We do like you do.' This always seems like language going down the street without any collar or necktie on.

"Two: The signing a letter with a lone adverb: 'Sincerely, John Jones.' Of course, he is sincerely John Jones, unless he is an alias. The phrase without 'yours' makes nonsense."

Mr. Winston Churchill has no friendship for the split infinitive, and condemns "the words of Gallic extraction which are creeping into the language, such as automobile. Better by far is motor car."

Mr. Bliss Carman, besides being good enough to furnish his "pet antipathy" gave a very suggestive little essay on the use of slang. "Yes, of course," he says, "I have preferences in speech. They are always for what seem to me the *best* words. I dislike pedantry and vulgarity, the one as much as the other. We must have a *living* language. The ultra purist does not care about that; a dead language is his standard. The ultra radical, on the other hand, does not care a cent for beauty or fitness or art. And yet we must have a language that has all these qualities.

"I abominate snuffy old academical drones; but I also shudder at the smart sensationalists. They are both equally bad.

"Moreover, slang is the new growth of language — some of it good and some of it worthless, like the new growth of the forest. A wise forester knows what to prune away. Notice how new and modern and strictly contemporary Mr. Howells is in his diction; how he is never above using a current phrase, and yet how pure and graceful and delicate his style is.

"Only one word is my pet aversion, and dear Lord, how I hate that word! — 'hustle.' Why, I do not know, unless it is because I loath all it stands for in America — all the worse elements in human nature: selfishness, greed, superficiality, display. It is another name of the false god whom we worship — Mammon. All other English words, however blasphemous, pedantic or obscene, are to me quite innocent. Only this detestable one can I not abide."

Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam avers that in the matter of words or phrases candor compels her to state that the word "cosy" irritates her beyond belief. There is, she says, absolutely no reason for it, "except my firm conviction that it is the most utterly *bourgeois* collection of letters on the face of the earth."

Mr. Charles Battell Loomis will have nothing to do with "comical." He says: "There is more than one word in the English language that excites bullish tendencies in me; 'galore' likes me not, and 'rotten' in its modern British application is a word I avoid, but my pet detestation is a harmless little fellow that goes by the name of 'comical.'

"That I cannot stand. The use of it by a writer makes me doubt his possession of a keenly analytical humorous sense. I know that the dislike is not a reasonable one; that if one who is a fanatic is fanatical, then one who produces comic effects is comical, but its use (to me) argues a looseness of thought, and I think of the man who says a thing is 'comical' as roaring immoderately over a verbal joke in Punch. A peculiarly primitive order of clown will give voice to a most obvious, puerile witticism, and the dull, porcine looking auditor at your right slaps his knees and says, 'He's a comical genius and no mistake.' *He* typifies the word 'comical.'

"It makes no difference that men whose humor and whose sense of humor equally delight me have used the word (I remember what a blow it was to me when I first came across it in Stevenson); as long as I live I shall instinctively shudder when my eye alights on it in the context of a prose-master, and I will go to work to prove to myself that there were mitigating circumstances — that his use of it was justifiable in that particular case; that he meant to indicate cheap, yokel humor.

"I do not wish to be misunderstood as laying down the law in the matter; for those on whose ears the sound of the word does not jar, 'comical' is perfectly defensible, having the sanction of usage by the masters, but it needn't seek employment of me."

Mr. George Horton has a deep, abiding hatred of hackneyed transitions — those well-worn stepping-stones of rhetoric. "It seems to me," he writes, "that my pet aversion, among phrases, is our old friend, 'Suiting the action to the word.' If one becomes a slave to it in his own work it will haunt him persistently and follow him for years. The story-writer naturally has the feeling that his pages must be part dialogue and part action.

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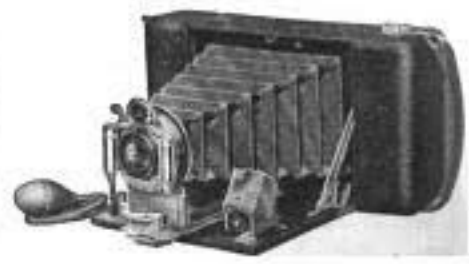

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"'I will kill you!' hissed the Count Montmorrency, through his teeth. Suiting the action to the word, he stabbed Walter Fotheringay to the heart.

"How much more thrilling this is than merely to state that the Count Montmorrency said he would stab Walter Fotheringay—and he did!

"Doesn't that expression, 'Suiting the action to the word,' have a familiar sound? It has, indeed, and it has been used by the story-writers till it can fairly be said to be worn out. I hate it because I am sick of it, and because it is one of those formulas which are destructive of all originality.

"A word which is used all too much, it seems to me, is 'tone,' attached to various adjectives. This, too, is likely to become an obsession, if one is not on guard. 'In a tender tone,' 'in a serious tone,' 'in a melancholy tone,' 'in an exasperated tone,' etc., *ad infinitum*. I read a novel not long ago in which no character was allowed to say anything unless he said it in some kind of a 'tone.' When Mr. Smith said 'Good morning,' or 'It's a pleasant day,' he spoke in a 'natural tone!'"

THE DEPOPULATION OF THE PEERAGE
—If the paper mills keep grinding them up we shall have to restock the forests.

¶ The cry for the preservation of our forests is likely to find an echo in England in a plea for a less prodigal use of aristocratic titles in the pages of fiction. Time was when English novelists were content to indicate the highest forms of breeding without having recourse to titles at all, as in the case of the "Lady of the Manor," whose instructive talks to the young women of the parish are still treasured in British households as models of wholesome gentility; while "Lady Audley," whose fearsome "Secret" once thrilled the entire middle zone of the three kingdoms, was, after all, nothing but a baronet's lady and therefore not, strictly speaking, a member of the nobility. Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth were both chary in their use of titles, and so are Lucas Malet and Miss Rhoda Broughton of our own generation, although both of these last named ladies are famous for their portrayals of life among the upper classes.

Disraeli, however, made terrible inroads into the aristocracy's finest timber during his golden literary youth, while Ouida and "The Duchess" have appropriated to their use princes, dukes, duchesses, earls and viscounts in a manner that suggests the ever-hungry maw of a wood-pulp mill.

In Lady Rose's Daughter Mrs. Humphry Ward reveals herself as a disciple of this school by not only introducing us on almost her first page to a handsome young duchess, but in actually teaching us to call her "Evelyn" before we have reached the end of the second chapter. It is likely to prove a good move on her part, so far as the selling qualities of the book are concerned, but, after all, the use of a title for the purpose of conferring distinction on a person honored by the friendship of its wearer, as in the case of Julie Le Breton, is not likely to add to the fame of the woman who created in Helbeck of Bannisdale as true a gentleman as is to be found in the whole range of modern English fiction.

That Mrs. Ward should have drawn upon the very highest rank of the peerage in this reckless fashion when a mere countess would have served her purpose perfectly well is a matter for serious regret, like the ruthless devastation of our forests. We are already taking means to replenish our wasted timber lands despite the fact that it will be many years before they are completely exhausted, and certainly the time has come to take steps for the preservation of the British aristocracy from the hordes of fiction-writers who are dragging it down to the level of the commonplace. There are only twenty-two dukes in all England, but ten times that number are created each year by industrious English novelists, and the growing popularity of the novel of "smart" society seems likely to increase that number tenfold more.

As yet, the potentates of Europe and the members of the English royal family have been spared, but their ranks must soon be drawn upon, for now even the name of a duke is a weak one to conjure with, and we shall soon read of a society that is peopled by kings, princes and one or two popes.

Profits of Ad. Writing.

From Clerkships and Mechanics to Advertising Managers—From Small Salaries to $1200—$6000 a Year

By GEORGE H. POWELL

THE marvelous possibilities of the advertising writing business—the vocation that is calling for more and more young men and women, who have been properly trained—are multiplying daily. The stupendous commercial growth of America is partly responsible, but the most vital reason is the comparatively recent discovery that good, attractive advertisements are the generative motors that supply power to the world's business machinery.

In the words of a shrewd observer, "a wheel can get along without oil—so can the modern business without advertising—but it goes hard."

There is no story so profoundly absorbing, no recital so inspiring as the one which takes the ambitious Young American by the hand, points out the victories of others, and shows how even greater achievements await those who are determined to win life's battle.

Once the profession of law was the magnet of attraction, but to-day King Commerce has strewn his thousands of paths with gold, which may be gathered by work and perseverance. The greatest intellects of the world are directing this modern business expansion, and while great consolidations of vested interests may continue, yet the demand for high salaried lieutenants will ever increase.

And even the small dealer, who labored and struggled, and grew gray—who eked out a fair yearly income because of his limited resources—is to-day, if endowed with brains and industry, in a position to earn as a department head for others double what he could under old conditions.

It is this new order of things—this gigantic multiplication of manufacturing and merchandising—that has created such a demand for modern advertising, and which in turn calls for trained men and women in the departments of advertising writing.

And when we stop to think and realize that the best ad. writers receive their trainings through mail instruction, then the marvelous good that can be accomplished by the correspondence educational plan is appreciated at its best.

When young men and women, blessed with only common school educations and without "born talent," can be taught to write original, catchy advertising, so that they are capable of earning large incomes in a comparatively short time, it must be conceded that correspondence instruction is a permanent, lasting factor in the solution of life's work.

It will be interesting to note how advertising writers are being developed and placed in fine positions through my system of instruction, and the two portraits used herewith are only representative of Powell students generally.

Mr. Wm. Waring, Cohoes, N. Y., was formerly a machinist, and after taking another course in advertising without results, he enrolled in the Powell System, and now spends much of his spare time in telling others why it is the only practical course known. Today an advertising manager of skill, he is booked for greater things, and it is but a question of time when he will again double his income.

Mr. Norton Mattocks, of Duluth, Minn., has won high honors in grocery advertising, and is to-day capable of filling a much better position. Indeed, as his father writes me, "you don't know what a new man you have made of him." Mr. Mattocks, Sr., also adds: "When Norton told me he was taking lessons from you by correspondence I rather scorned it, as I supposed he would be taught only by printed forms—until he showed me the correspondence—then I was astonished to see how so much time and labor could be given for so small a fee. Are you working for love?—it cannot be for what there is in it for you! Yet behind all I see the true essence and spirit of advertising."

I quote only a small portion of this letter from a grateful father who has had wide opportunity for seeing how splendidly I am able by my superior system of correspondence instruction to develop the ambitious worker. Only space forbids a score of similar expressions.

An employee of the Post-Intelligencer, the great Pacific Coast daily paper of Seattle, received a promotion before he had completed half my course. Another student with the National Cash Register Co. has won recognition in a very short time, and has been responsible for other Dayton enrollments in my school. A young man whose health compelled him to leave Dartmouth College before graduation, was only last week made advertising manager of one of New York's largest clothing and furnishing stores, after barely completing the Powell System. These few examples will serve to show the openings now existing, and they increase constantly. More great national advertisers than ever come to me for trained ad. writers, and this condition must obtain for many years to come.

The Powell System differs from book instruction in that I personally supervise and direct each student's advertising education as he or she requires, and no form letters for criticisms are ever used. What books I do furnish are for a supplementary purpose.

The chief fault of the early ad.-schools lies in lack of understanding as to limitations, and instead of loading up students with superfluous news and detail about matters really foreign to the duties of the ad.-writer, the concentrated efforts ought to be along the line of the actual writing of ads. In this way, largely, is the Powell System superior to all others.

I shall be happy to mail my elegant new Prospectus, the most interesting of its kind ever published, telling how I educate and qualify young men and women for advertising positions, and how I help business men to double their incomes. Simply address me George H. Powell, 197 Temple Court, New York City, N. Y.

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Colorado

The land of blue sky and perfect weather, the region of lofty mountains and picturesque valleys, where there is always vigor in the air and tonic in the breezes, where it is a joy to be alive. This is the entrancing region to which you are invited by the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul

AND

Union Pacific Line

Low rates for travel, moderate charges for board, and excellent train service, Chicago to Denver, are some of the advantages offered you. A postal card will bring complete information.

E. L. LOMAX
General Passenger and Ticket Agent
Union Pacific Railroad
Omaha, Neb.

F. A. MILLER
General Passenger Agent
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
Chicago

The Birds' Friends and Enemies

By Harold Bolce

IN THE complicated and diversified game laws of the fifty States and Territories there is much confusion as to the difference between game birds and insectivorous, song and plume birds. One State settles the question of game birds broadly by including in the term "all birds found in the state of nature." Ornithologists contend that such birds as flickers, robins and meadowlarks are too valuable as insect destroyers to be killed for the table, yet in many sections the open seasons expose these species to sportsmen. The meadowlark in particular is declared by Professor Beal to be without a peer as a destroyer of insect pests, but in spite of this service its occasional appetite for cereal food denies it clemency on the part of many farmers, and in some States it is classified with injurious birds and slaughtered. Bouvier's Law Dictionary defines game birds to be those of "a wild nature obtained by fowling and hunting," which is sufficiently Delphic in its uncertainty to fill the courts with contests.

Attempts to make the laws more definite by enumerating species to be protected result in equal ambiguity, for there are 1152 kinds of birds north of Mexico, and their diversity of popular names and untechnical classification make legal reference to them a source of perplexity both to hunters and game wardens. The American Ornithologists' Union has sought to overcome the difficulty by suggesting that statutes specify only the orders and families into which science divides birds. In that way they can be definitely and uniformly classified throughout the country. For example, if the law should state that the *anatidæ*, *rallidæ*, *limicolæ* and *gallinæ* be considered game birds, there could be no dispute in final tests as to the species included, although it might take some time to accustom hunters and game officials to the technical nomenclature employed. As it is now, birds of widely differing habits and species are confused under common names. The "coot," for example, of New England, is a scoter duck, while the coot proper is not a duck at all, but a member of the rail family.

Only 200 species (about eighteen per cent.) of the birds of the country are strictly game birds. The protection afforded the remaining 952 varieties is far from adequate. Birds treasured for their song or plumage in one State are unemotionally consigned to the pot in another.

One of the scientists of the Biological Survey while stopping at a hotel in New Orleans learned that birds were to be served for dinner. Wandering around to the kitchen he found to his amazement an assortment of olive-backed thrush, hermit thrush, cardinals, vireos and thrashers. These little birds came duly to the table in tempting array under the disguise of grassé, but the naturalist had no appetite for them.

"You do not like birds?" asked his host.

"I love them," replied the scientist sadly, "but I cannot eat these."

"They are the best birds in the market."

"The very best, the most priceless," asserted the ornithologist, "but you might as well invite a lover of the opera to dine on his favorite prima donna as to expect a naturalist to sit down to a meal of warbling vireos."

The Temperance Principle

Not long ago it was learned that an Eastern firm was receiving large consignments of gulls, terns and grebes from a Southern State which did not afford them protection. As these birds were having an extensive sale, Doctor Palmer and the State authorities joined forces to break up the traffic. The dealer held that though his State forbade the killing of the plume birds, he had the right to sell those imported from a State where their slaughter was not unlawful. As this was an important case, which would serve as a precedent in a trade in which millions of dollars are invested, it was given a most thorough test.

After a long and hotly-contested trial the courts decided against the dealer. The result has been far-reaching. Most of the wholesale milliners now, before buying or selling any kind of feathers, forward samples to the Biological Survey to learn whether

THIS PICTURE IS LIKE THE LABEL ON EVERY BOX · · · LOOK FOR IT !!

THE GODIVA HAIR BRUSH

REACHES THE SCALP AT EVERY STROKE

Has penetrating bristles of finest quality
Solid back—A perfect brush

$2.00
Everywhere, or by Mail

S. E. HOWARD'S SON & CO.
NEW YORK CITY

ALWAYS READY FOR USE

No Honing! No Grinding!

Full Hollow Ground, $2.50 each
Double Concave for extra hard beards, $3.00.

Send for free book, "HINTS TO SHAVERS."

THE CARBO MAGNETIC RAZOR

NO SMARTING AFTER SHAVING
WITH ORDINARY CAREFUL USE WILL
KEEP AN EDGE FOR YEARS WITHOUT HONING

By all dealers in High Grade Cutlery or sent by manufacturers postpaid.
Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, Makers of Griffon Cutlery, 443-444 Broadway, New York

CUSTOM COMFORT IN SMART SHIRTS

Some men can be satisfied with stock shirts. Most men prefer the comfort, style and exclusiveness of garments made especially for them.

For $1.50

so little as the good ready-made shirt costs, you may have shirts of your own choosing, made to fit perfectly.

We have been building shirts so well that we are jealous of our reputation, and only after years of success as shirtmakers for critical and exacting customers, are we satisfied to make this

Modest Priced Shirt

and insert our label, with its accompanying guarantee, as to fit, style and wear.

In writing us for samples if you like figures, stripes or any particular weave or color, say so. We've endless patterns and numerous fabrics.

We're making these shirts

To Please You

remember, Our system of measurement is simple—yet absolutely accurate. We pay express everywhere. Your money back without a word.

BEACH & NEWELL

REFERENCES: Dun and Bradstreet, Medina Nat. Bank, Western Nat. Bank, N. Y.

Factory, Medina, N. Y.
25 Broad St., New York, N. Y.
Either address

SAVE YOUR DOLLARS

Invest your money with us in a non-speculative business that has been in successful operation 10 years, dealing in high class New York real estate securities. Under New York Banking Department supervision and regularly examined by same.

5 Per Cent. Per Annum
Your Savings Will Earn

Subject to withdrawal at any time, bearing earnings for every day invested

Our methods endorsed and recommended by leading clergyman, business and professional men.

Write for these endorsements and full particulars.

Capital and Surplus $1,100,000
Assets $1,600,000

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
1135 Broadway, New York

With Your Name $1.50

Send us $1.50 and we will make you a heavy, substantial door mat (size 18x30 inches) with your name or initials cut in the design. These mats give many years wear—are clean and sanitary—corrugated and rust perforated—well worth $3.50, and far superior to ordinary molded mats. Larger size (18x32 inches) $1.75. Your name in the mat prevents theft.

We supply rubber mats to all parts of the U. S. All sizes, shapes and kinds—for homes, offices, churches, hotels, stores. Catalog of mats, rubber sponges, complexion and bath brushes, etc., on request. Remittances should be drafts, postal or express orders, not local checks.

WESTERN RUBBER MFG. CO.
306 Wabash Avenue CHICAGO, ILL.

Learn Shorthand

DEAR READER:—Shorthand is a time-saver and a money-maker. Stenographers get more at the start and have better opportunities than average employees. If you will read our 80-page catalogue I believe you will enroll with us at once. We have a Short Course for busy people, a Complete Course for those who wish to use shorthand as a wage-earner, and a Special Advanced Course. Highly endorsed by leading shorthand experts. Instruction based on experience in professional shorthand work. For more than two years we did a large amount of shorthand reporting for the Law Department of the City of New York. Successful pupils in our own city and in every part of the country from Maine to California. Catalogue and Free Lesson for three cents to cover postage.

Cordially yours, PATRICK J. SWEENEY, Principal,
Manhattan Reporting Co., Dept. 2, 150 Nassau St., New York

Patents Under $20,000 Bond

Only Bonded Patent Agency in World
FREE Search and Report on Patentability
Patents secured by us advertised in Progressive American free.
KEYSTONE LAW AND PATENT CO.
1106 Betz Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

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FOOD IN NEED

Is a Friend Indeed.

Many times a school teacher in the middle of a heavy session requires exactly the right kind of food to rebuild the wasted nerve and brain tissues as well as to keep up the muscular energy. This is the business of Grape-Nuts, in which the starchy part of the pure cereals is turned to grape sugar and where the phosphates predominate, making it rich in food value and ready for the weakest stomach to assimilate immediately. A lady teacher of Minneapolis says:

"About four years ago I realized that I was breaking down nervously in the middle of a school year. To a school teacher this means not only loss of health but inability to go on with her work. Nothing appeared to help me and I was just about discouraged when a friend recommended that I look into Grape-Nuts. On reading what this food does toward rebuilding brain and nerve centers I made up my mind to give it a fair trial.

"I ate Grape-Nuts food dry with cream for breakfast and enjoyed it greatly; my improvement began immediately and was so steady that I did not realize how fully I had been benefited until an extra strain came on me in my school work through which I was able to go, continuing to improve all the time. Looking back on the trial now, I realize how this wonderful food saved me from a certain break-down.

"I have kept up the daily use of Grape-Nuts ever since and have never had a return of the trouble. I always take a package with me when traveling and I look upon the food as essential to my health as fresh air or exercise." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ease

in suspenders has at last been discovered. New principle; new result.

Cyclo

Suspenders

are made with a

Ball Bearing Back

Conform instantly to every shoulder movement. Unconditionally guaranteed. *Trimmings will not rust.* Finest gilt, price 50 cents. If your dealer doesn't keep them send his name with price and receive sample pair.

BALL BEARING SUSPENDER CO.
204 B. B. Ave., Shirley, Mass.

Because of their construction

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

give most

Comfort and Service *Guaranteed*
"All breaks made good"
"President" on buckle means
"Cannot rust" 50c. and $1.00
Any shop or by mail prepaid
The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
Box 231-I, Shirley Mass.
Send 2c. for Catalogue.

A BATH FOR 2 CENTS

Is furnished by the

Adam Instantaneous Water Heater

Is ready day or night; furnishes hot water instantly for bathing, shaving, sickness, and all domestic purposes when hot water is required. For use with gas. Ask your plumber for it, or send for free catalogue.

W. J. ADAM, Joliet, Ill.

Protection for Song Birds

Nebraska affords protection to birds that are "attractive in appearance or cheerful in song," and many other States declare it unlawful to shoot song birds. Even this is not a clear classification. Many migrants sing in one State and are silent in another.

The winter wren goes South in cold weather and its voice is virtually hushed, but when the warm days return it starts North to enjoy the cooler forests. In the Adirondacks it is encountered, singing a song full of wonderful melody. No one but a Nature student would recognize in the musician of the New York forests the reticent little bird whose occasional peep fails to secure it membership in the southern chorus.

"I was in the Adirondacks one summer," said Doctor Fisher, "when, as I came around a huge boulder, I heard a burst of song that filled the air. I stopped in admiration, expecting to behold a fine big bird. But all I saw was the little winter wren so common and so quiet in the District of Columbia. I waited, and in a moment that tiny creature had opened its throat and repeated the amazing song, full and clear, and vibrant with indescribable melody."

It is plain, therefore, that the term "song birds" might readily be construed in southern localities to exclude varieties that reserve their minstrelsy for more northern climes.

Alabama, seeking to extend wide protection to song, plume and insectivorous birds enumerates fifty species, but as it has not seemed to be practicable in legislation to name all the species, there is much yet to be done to safeguard bird life in America. Every State has a different law. Sometimes certain species are protected in one county and freely slaughtered in an adjoining one.

Some birds secure protection only for a limited term of years. It becomes necessary for game wardens and Federal authorities watching interstate shipments to keep posted on all these diversified and constantly changing regulations. Texas exempts fifty-six out of two hundred and forty-four counties from compliance with its bird law. In Alabama the law applies only to seven counties out of sixty-six. Neighboring counties in Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee have contradictory regulations. Some States afford no safeguard to the eggs of protected species. In New York State nearly three hundred amendments to the game laws have been passed within a decade. In some States where the killing of certain birds is unlawful, the fact of having these slain birds in one's possession or to sell them is not a interstate trade in that particular species is prohibited. As the answers from the official ornithologists are usually discouraging, the entire business is being rapidly readjusted to new conditions.

Recently it was learned that an influential wholesale dealer in bird plumage was working to secure special legislation to permit the sale of feathers brought from States or foreign countries where plume birds are unprotected. It was ascertained that the merchant, whose influence gave some promise of securing a retrograde enactment, was an ardent prohibitionist on the liquor question. As the Biological Survey aims to secure favorable laws through persuasion and education, rather than by dragooning opponents into cooperation, Doctor Palmer sought the wholesaler in his office.

"I understand," said the visitor, "that you are interested in prohibition."

"Yes," replied the merchant, putting aside correspondence to discuss his favorite topic. "I trust that our State law which forbids the sale of liquor will stand forever as a monument to the integrity of our commonwealth."

"But have you any objection to the sale of intoxicants distilled in other States or foreign countries and shipped in here?"

"Assuredly," was the reply. "The principle is the same."

"Well," said the visitor, "I have charge of the Government's efforts to protect American birds. If you are permitted to sell birds imported from other States, will it not open the way to fraudulent traffic in similar species now enjoying protection in your commonwealth?"

The dealer reflected a few minutes. "I had never looked at it in that light before," said he, "but I can see now that I have been in the wrong. Hereafter I shall apply the principle as you have presented it. You have appealed to my conscience in the matter, and here's my hand in pledge of my determination henceforth to cooperate with the Government in its efforts to make the bird laws uniform."

Learn Advertising

There is no other thing so needful to the young man in business as a knowledge of advertising. It is the great force of modern business and no merchant or manufacturer succeeds without it. The advertisement writer and manager is one of the highest-priced employees in any business, and his opportunities for advancement are the best.

Any man with a good common school education, energy and common sense can win a place for himself in the advertising world. Many of those who have followed my instructions now hold positions with leading concerns, and are receiving from $30 to $125 a week. Good ad-writers usually earn from $20 to $100. The accompanying picture will give you an idea of what one man has done in less than ten years, beginning with a desk and a fountain pen. My course of instruction costs $40 cash, or $50 in installments. It is the best investment any father can make for his son or that any young man can make for himself. A remittance at once will secure the full course and a $25 set of **"The Art and Literature of Business" free.**

A handsome prospectus of the course, giving full particulars and evidence from students as to its benefits, will be sent on receipt of three two-cent stamps, to pay cost of mailing, and there will be included my booklets, **"How Shall a Young Man Succeed," "Other People's Brains,"** and **"The Ill-Fortune of Brother Bill."**

How to Secure this $25 Set of Books—Free

To just one hundred young men I am going to present **"The Art and Literature of Business,"** which comprises six well-bound octavo volumes of approximately 400 pages each. It deals with the history, science and art of advertising, and tells exhaustively of every branch of the business.

The mechanical details, such as printing, engraving, etc., are taken up in their regular order, and the books are thus admirably adapted to the needs of the student of advertising and the business man who appreciates the necessity for a deeper insight into recognized methods of publicity, but who has heretofore been unable to secure a suitable reference work.

In a recent review *Public Improvements*, New York City, says:

"Each page contains some well-turned phrase that gives the whole a distinct literary flavor not generally met with in books of the kind. It is crowded with aphoristic philosophy that arouses and carries an interest from page to page. To all busy men this book will give great pleasure, for it treats of advertising in such a way as to make it as good a literary feast as a classic of the day."

J. F. LILLY, of Wright, Lilly & Co., Financial Agents, Colorado Springs, writes:

"The first volume of the Edition de Luxe of **'The Art and Literature of Business'** has been read with much interest and profit. I consider this volume well worth the price it cost. Any young man contemplating a business career should make a careful study of advertising — the new force — and I have failed to hear of any set of books containing as comprehensive and authorized statements of the principles of advertising as this series. If there is anything better, the author will find me an easy victim."

CARL ABNER REAM, Advertising Agent, Canton, Ohio, says:

"I consider **'The Art and Literature of Business'** a masterpiece, and don't think any person engaged in business of any nature whatever can afford to be without it."

The price of the six volumes, complete, is $25 cash, or in installments

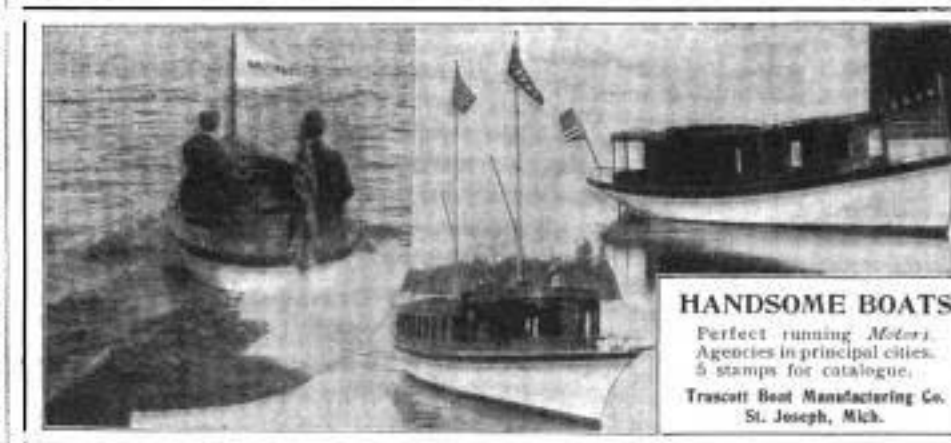
This Building erected and occupied by one of the world's greatest advertisers, Mr. Robert Ramsey, publisher of the *New York Ledger*, now contains the most complete and efficient advertising plant in America. Five floors are occupied by cylinder and job press rooms, paper stock rooms, composing room; art, literary and publication departments, general offices and newspaper and magazine advertising agency. The advertising school is on the third floor and has the benefit of the special skill and knowledge in every department of the entire business.

I Will Give Away One Hundred Sets

To those who take my Course of Instruction in Advertising Writing and Management

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES

50 Spruce Street, New York



HANDSOME BOATS

Perfect running *Motors*. Agencies in principal cities. 5 stamps for catalogue.

Truscott Boat Manufacturing Co.
St. Joseph, Mich.

SHIPPED ON APPROVAL

Established 12 years

We will ship any bicycle C. O. D. on approval *without a cent deposit* and if accepted allow **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** before purchase is binding.

NEW 1903 MODELS

"Bellise,"	Complete	**$8.75**
"Cossack,"	Guaranteed	**$10.75**
"Siberian,"	High-Grade a beauty	**$12.75**
"Neudorf,"	Road Racer	**$14.75**

no better bicycles at any price. *Any other made or model you want at one-third usual price.* Choice of any standard tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. *Strongest guarantee.* **Rider Agents Wanted** in every town to buy sample wheel at *special price* and take orders for our improved *'Simplex.' There's big money in it.*

500 Good 2nd-Hand Wheels $3 to $8

Do not buy a bicycle until you have written for our free catalog with large photographic engravings and full descriptions.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 54-G CHICAGO

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.00

Sizes and Prices	
9 by 6 ft.	$3.00
9 by 7½ ft.	3.50
9 by 9 ft.	4.00
9 by 10½ ft.	4.50
9 by 12 ft.	5.00

Beautiful and attractive patterns, woven through and through, wholesome and odorless alike. All colors, and more serviceable than more costly carpets. Sent by express prepaid east of the Rocky Mountains.

Your money back if you want it. Catalogue free for the asking.

Oriental Importing Co., 6810, Bourse Building, Philadelphia

GUYOT SUSPENDERS

Support without restraint. Indestructible buttonholes.

If not at your dealer's send 50 cents for sample pair.

OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, New York City

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We are content with a small profit on Radcliffe Shoes and the dealer makes less profit than on any other shoe he could sell at the same price. That is why they save you money.

Radcliffe Shoes for Women $2.50

Equal in quality, style and comfort to any $3.50 shoe. One pair will convince you of the truth of this, and make clear to you why Radcliffe Shoes have been so wonderfully popular with well-dressed women. If your dealer should not have them send us his name. We will refer you to a dealer who has Radcliffe Shoes and send you a style book *free*.

Radcliffe Shoe Dressing Keeps "Life" in Leather—10 Cents.

The Radcliffe Shoe Company
Dept. 20, Boston, Mass.

Belfast Mesh

Linen Underwear That Wears Well

Made from the ideal material—a *vegetable* fibre—pure linen; woven in the ideal form, an open mesh; by our own special process which gives it wearing qualities heretofore lacking. Has real absorbent properties; takes up perspiration rapidly, evaporates it just as quickly, leaving the skin cool, dry and comfortable.

Send for Samples of the Fabric and our Free Book

Sold by all dealers, or sent direct by mail if your dealer won't supply it.

BELFAST MESH UNDERWEAR CO.
312 Mechanic St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Shorthand a Mine

We will loan you this $100. Remington perfect you in "touch typewriting and Gregg Shorthand by our Mail Lessons. Shorthand opens up a perfect Mine of Opportunity to ambitious people. Write today. Mor. Sten. Inst. 195 Canal, Chicago.

violation of law. In some States the reverse is true. In Arizona, for example, it is a punishable offense to sell doves that have been killed, but it is perfectly lawful to kill them—a curious piece of legislation.

Added to all this confusion is the utter diversity in the dates and extent of open seasons. The work, therefore, of the United States deputy marshals, whose business it is to seize unlawful interstate shipments of birds, is one requiring circumspection and the widest knowledge of game laws. Wherever practicable, the State warden is selected for the Federal position as well, frequently with very effective results. Evasions of the law are ingenious, and the Federal inspectors must be vigilant and shrewd. At a Mississippi River point, recently, a deputy marshal who had made a seizure of a large box of birds killed out of season was confronted by a very prominent and positive attorney. Strong language was used and both men got excited. The lawyer's advantage lay in his ready citation of confusing statutes. Dazed but not defeated the Federal official reached for his pistol pocket.

"Hold up," exclaimed the distinguished attorney, "I'll surrender the birds and waive the case rather than have you resort to force."

"That ain't a gun," said the deputy marshal, as he pushed the attorney away and produced a thick volume from his pocket, "it's worse than firearms; it's Palmer's compilation of the game laws of the whole country. If I can't prove my case from this book, you eat the birds. If I can, I confiscate them."

Appeal to the law calmed the attorney. The marshal, after elaborate search, was found to be in the right and the birds were sold at auction and the money turned into the State treasury. The United States Supreme Court holds that birds are the property of the commonwealth, so that the confiscation of birds illegally shot is merely the seizure of objects which at no time belonged to the ostensible owner.

Game and Plume Birds

It was learned not long ago that some one was shipping plume birds from a Gulf State in violation of Federal law. Investigation disclosed that the chief offender was an eminent citizen—in fact, the clerk of the court before which his offense would have to be tried. When he learned that an indictment had been issued against him by the Grand Jury he confessed fully, paid all fines and costs and called off his hunters. Later, an official was sent along the coast to see if any one else had taken up the illegal work. A fisherman was questioned.

"Any good gull shooting here, you say? No, sir. Plenty of gulls, but no shooting," he replied. "You see, some of them Washington officials discovered a law protectin' the birds and threatened to make it hot for any one found killin' 'em. Since then there ain't been nothin' doin' in the gull line, I can tell ye."

The authorities have learned that it is a common practice in many parts of the United States for dealers in game birds to send agents into the country where quail are abundant to engage in clandestine trapping. The men are dressed to look like farm hands. The lining of their coats, however, is provided with capacious pockets. They all carry a patent net. This is set for quail and baited with wheat. When the birds hop into the net for the food, the operator, concealed in adjacent bushes, pulls a string which closes the mouth of the contrivance. He thereupon wrings the necks of his covey, walks to another spot and repeats the performance. Toward evening, with his day's catch stuffed inside his big coat, he makes for the nearest town, where he purchases small paper bags in which he wraps his quail. He next gets a soap or candle box, or some similar receptacle, and ships the game to his firm, ostensibly engaged in general merchandise trade. Great quantities of quail have been gathered in this way during the close season, but now the authorities are watching the system narrowly. A number of seizures have been made, but thus far the field men have evaded capture. They are careful to omit any markings that would point to identification by the officials, a simple number or cabalistic sign affording the dealers the knowledge of the particular agent who consigned the birds, but offering no clue to the game wardens. In these cases it has not been possible thus far to hold the consignees responsible. They simply state that they have no knowledge of the sender of the quail and disclaim any business relationship with him.

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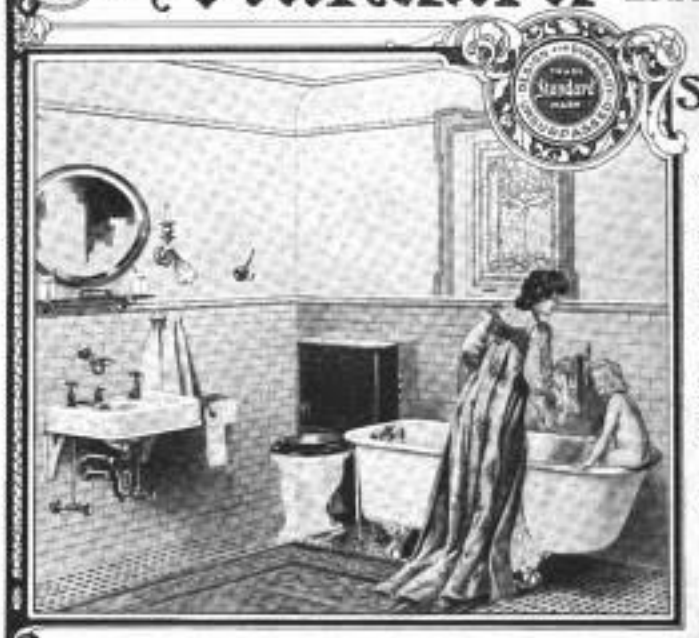

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The result of the work on the part of Doctor Palmer and his assistants is stimulating the entire country to protect all kinds of bird life. Congress has been impressed, and although it was understood at the beginning of the recent session that there was to be no alteration of the tariff, Secretary Wilson submitted a request to have the eggs of game birds intended for propagation placed on the free list, and it is now possible to secure permits to bring to this country eggs of the *gallinæ* (wild turkeys, grouse, capercailzie, pheasants, partridge and quail); the *otididæ* (or bustards); the *rallidæ* (rails and crakes); the *anatidæ* (swans, geese and ducks); and the *tinamidæ* (known as tinamous). Permits may be secured in advance of the arrival of the eggs, so as to avoid delay in the customs houses. It is required that applications state the number of each kind of eggs to be imported, the port of entry, and the purpose for which importation is made. The eggs are subject to inspection, and the authorities are empowered to destroy or return at the owner's expense any eggs brought in improperly.

A Concession to Local Opinion

Education in bird protection is now gradually spreading, but progress, until the Government took up the subject, had been slow. For more than one hundred years there was no interstate regulation of the traffic, and in consequence several species of game birds, notably the wood-duck and the woodcock, are vanishing, while numberless millions of plume birds have been slaughtered for the milliners. The result is that there has been a steadily decreasing number of snowy herons and other water birds in many localities. Egrets and terns have suffered the most, their extermination having been nearly effected along much of the Southern and Eastern seaboard.

It was the hope of the American ornithologists that absolute protection would be secured for all non-game birds excepting the English sparrow. To that end a law was framed and introduced into the various legislatures in the country. Uniformity, however, could not be secured, and to obtain protection of any kind it was necessary to make many concessions to local opinion.

A few weeks ago, in the legislature of one of the States that since the beginning of 1903 have joined in the national movement for bird protection, a rural statesman rose and uttered an impassioned philippic against the chewink. His crops had suffered grievously and the chewink he believed to be at the bottom of his troubles. He would vote for protection for all other species, but this bird, despite the good reputation it enjoyed in the textbooks, was, he declared, an enemy of husbandry. So they compromised on the chewink, and now that little bird for the first time in its career is on the black list.

Nevada has taken a novel step in spreading sentiment in favor of bird protection. Going upon the old adage that every boy is a natural-born student of birds and not conspicuously gentle in his methods of acquiring knowledge, the legislature of that State has passed a law making bird study compulsory in the schools. At least once every month teachers must give instruction on the subject and twice every term must read in full to the children the law protecting birds. Teachers cannot draw their pay unless they have complied with these provisions. Many of the States have set aside one day in the year as Bird Day. Iowa, which seems to be prominent in all national affairs, had pioneers in the new movement for bird protection. In fact, the law which gives the Government authority in regulating bird traffic was introduced by Representative Lacey of that State.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey, and Dr. A. K. Fisher, Assistant Chief, have so directed laboratory investigations that their bureau has become of far-reaching economic importance. The demands for some of the bird publications of their department exceed the circulation of the most popular novels. Field and laboratory scientists are sent out to live on farms and there have made and are making painstaking and original investigations into the habits of birds. This work is proving of great value to agriculture.

Recently a lover of birds protested against the number killed for scientific purposes.

"In the National Museum," replied Doctor Fisher, "there are 150,000 stuffed birds. These the Government has been fifty-nine years collecting. Prior to the general movement for the protection of birds it was not an infrequent thing for 150,000 song birds alone to be killed annually in a single county in many parts of the United States."

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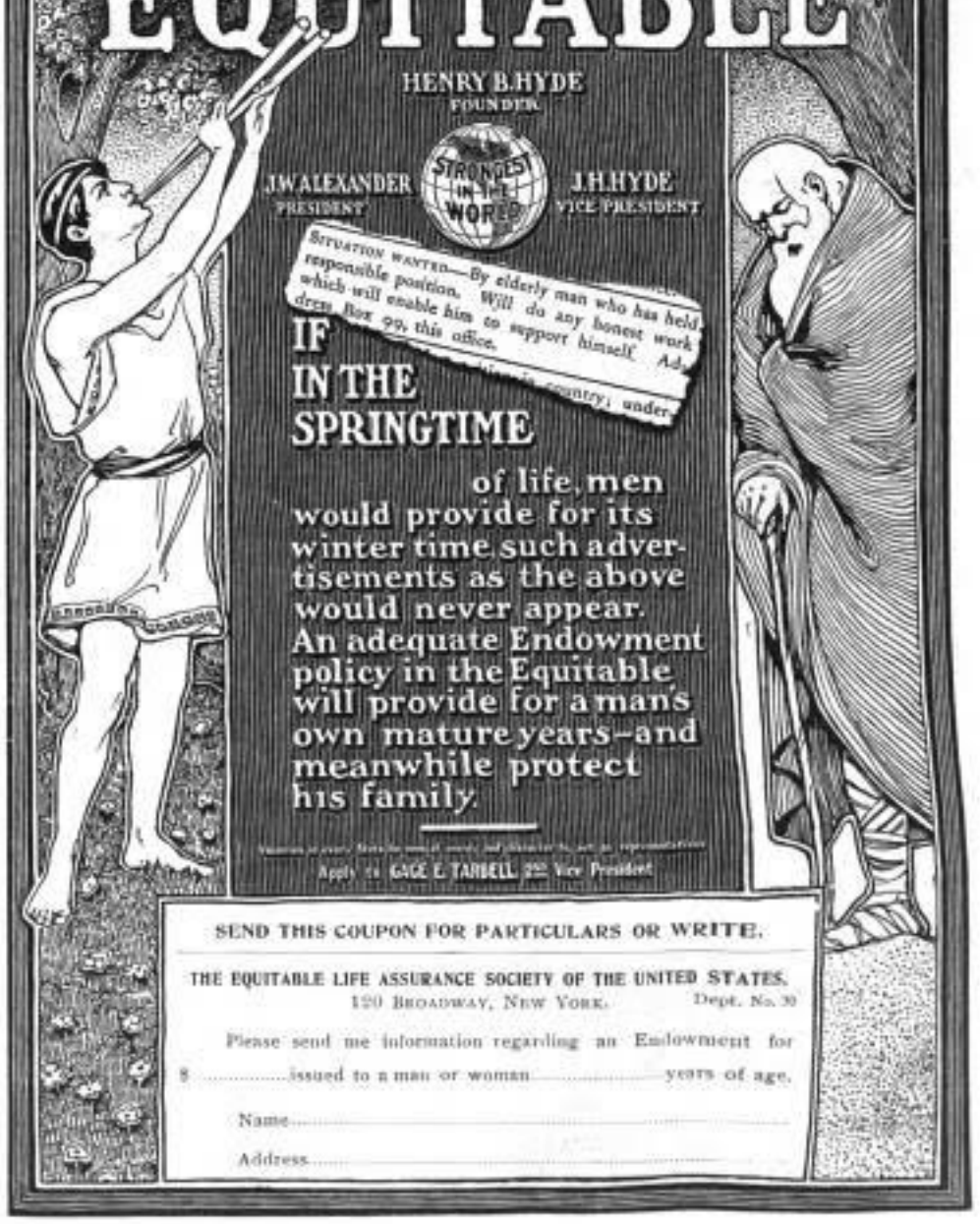

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The Reading Table

"SHE was the saddest woman I ever knew," said Dr. Conyers Herring, running his fingers through his gray hair. We had breakfasted together and were burning our cigars in his study.

"The first time I saw her was in her studio in the Impasse du Maine. I don't know how it is, but almost every American artist has lived, sometime or other, in the Impasse du Maine. Ah! what stories those old red barracks could tell—stories of success and failure and worse than failure. The Impasse du Maine and No. 9 Rue des Fourneaux—they both have stories to tell. When I first came to Paris, years ago, a great deal of my practice was among the American art-students and the American artists over in the Latin Quarter, so you need not wonder that I know these studios so well. It was over a year ago that this sad woman sent for me to come and see her in her studio in the Impasse du Maine. I knew the name well: Mrs. X——'s. I am a Georgia man, myself. Her little daughter, Susan, was ill. It was nothing much, and in a few days the child was on her feet. But Mrs. X—— told me a great deal about herself. Her husband was in the telegraphic service in China. The baby was so young that she had not gone out with him. When she was left alone, there in the little Georgia home, she felt that she, too, should do something to 'help'—that is always the woman's word, 'help.'"

"I have heard it over in the Quarter," said I.

"Yes," Dr. Conyers Herring went on, "we have all heard it in the Quarter. But about Ida X——. Some fool had seen her water-colors, her schoolgirl landscapes, and told her she was an artist. That was enough; she came to Paris. She brought the baby, of course, and an old negro woman, who had been her nurse. She entered one of the schools and the amiable professors predicted a grand future for her. And she studied and worked, worked. The negro nurse got homesick and left her, the baby fell ill—that was when I first met her.

"Her husband over in China sent her hopeful letters and money. Her professors praised her. She felt that she had outgrown the Latin Quarter and, so, she moved to the fashionable part of Paris and took an apartment somewhere in the Rue de Courcelles. She gave receptions and painted, always hopefully. Her tea was good," said the Doctor shaking his head, "but her pictures were quite impossible.

"Then war broke out in China," he continued, "and no letters came from her husband out there. She did not know if he were living or dead. So she went to China."

Dr. Conyers Herring lit a fresh cigar; and, as he smoked, I recalled the circumstances of Mrs. X——'s departure for the East. It was impossible that she should take the little girl with her, for Susan was only a trifle over twelve months old. She took the little one to Maurevert, in the Seine-et-Marne, and left her with an honest, kind peasant woman, Madeleine Gouillot by name. She paid three months' board in advance. Then she locked the door of her apartment in the Rue de Courcelles, left the keys with the *concierge* and went away. She sailed from Marseilles in the steamer bound for Yeddo; it was, if not the quickest, the cheapest route. Three months went by, six months. The old peasant woman in Maurevert had no news of the mother. She wrote to the house in the Rue de Courcelles and got no answer. She could not afford to keep the little child, for life is hard for the peasantry of France. With the little money she had she brought the child to Paris. At the house in the Rue de Courcelles she learned strange things.

The Japanese packet-boat on which Mrs. Carmilly sailed from Yokohama, bound for a Chinese port, was wrecked and she was one of the three passengers drowned.

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Pardridge & Blackwell
Woodward and Michigan Detroit, Mich.

Quarter of the Plaine-Monceau. And it was upon his advice that she sent the child to the Foundlings' Home. The little one is there to-day. She has been entered under the name of "Suzanne X——."

Some day, out of that confusion of yellow massacre and white loot that is known as China the father may come back to look for his little girl. She is not lost to him; she is only waiting. If he does not come—but it is better not to think of the future life of that baby foundling.

"The wretched story," said the Doctor angrily; "it makes me sick at heart to think of it—art, art, what has a woman with a baby to do with paint and canvas! She has already produced her masterpiece. But there is nothing to be done about it—there never is anything to be done about it. Come, let us get out into the air."

So he tucked me into his automobile and spun me homeward through the Champs-Elysées, and as we spun we talked of other things, but both of us I fear thought of the small Suzanne and the life that is in front of her.

Perhaps, after all, Mr. Gladstone was right when he said on a famous occasion: "Art is not worth while." —*Vance Thompson.*

Secretary Root to Governor Taft

A FEW weeks ago a cablegram was received at the War Department from Governor Taft at Manila stating that he was not feeling well and that he was preparing to start for Benguet, a resort in the great Caraballo chain of mountains. A few days later a reassuring message was received at Washington announcing that the Governor of the Philippines was very much improved. Soon after a personal cablegram came for Secretary Root, between whom and the Governor there is the warmest friendship and admiration. It was as follows:

"Rode two thousand feet up a mountain in Luzon to-day on horseback. Feeling fine."

The mountains of Luzon are steep, the sun is hot, the horses are small, and the Governor of the Philippines is a man of huge physique, weighing two hundred and seventy-five pounds. Secretary Root upon reading the message wrote and sent the following cablegram:

"Governor Taft,
"Benguet, P. I.
"How's the horse?

"ROOT."

MAY

By George Horton

It is springtime again and the hollows
Are lush with the undulate wheat;
There is life in the leap of the swallows
And the smell of the plowing is sweet;
Love is learning to walk and he follows
Queen May, or she steadies his feet.

You may know when the fair couple passes
By the blossoms that spring on the plain,
By the cowslips that gild the morasses
And the poppies that burn in the grain—
And the hearts of the lads and the lasses
Are faint with a strange, sudden pain!

You may know by the buds that are riven
Till the world is an orchard in bloom,
And the wind-beaten petals are driven
Abroad with the subtle perfume,
That each year for a thousand has striven
To conjure dead Youth from its tomb.

To-day as I walked in the yellow
Sweet rain that the locust tree flings,
I heard far above me the mellow
And infinite murmur of wings:
'Twas the bees with their violoncello
And their harp of a thousand strings!

May is coining her new dandelions
And has rented the earth for a while;
The crocus and wandering scions
Of Arbutus her laughter beguile,
She weeps and a million Orions
Are ablaze in the light of her smile!

Next month is the season to marry,
As any sweet country girl knows,
And May, the benevolent fairy,
Is bringing full many a rose—
Till the temple is lit she will tarry,
And will give June the keys when she goes.

SAVAGE RIFLES

To select a fire-arm at haphazard may spoil the pleasure of your hunt. Certain rifle loads are designed purely for a given purpose, and a particular cartridge that is excellent for target work may be useless as a hunting load.

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are made in all the desirable standard sizes, and will give the hardest sort of accurate service. Write us—we may be of assistance in your selection.

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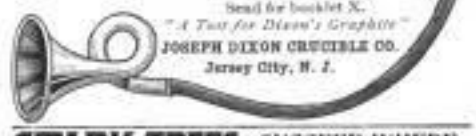

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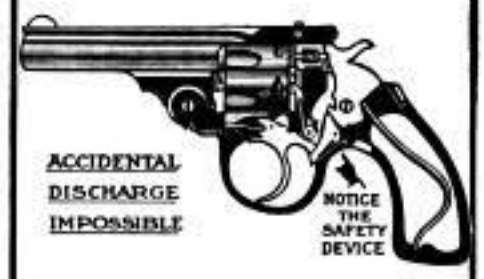

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The Young Woman in Business

By Mrs. George Benedict Carpenter

THE typical, and perhaps the average, young society woman is a daintily nourished creature whose life is sheltered and brightened by the luxuries which go with wealth and by the devotion of admiring friends and relatives. Yet, no matter how secure her social position, she can never be quite sure that the day will not come when she will be called upon suddenly to face the problem of self-support, to plunge into the great world struggle for livelihood, to change her society gown for the harsh and irksome harness of business responsibility.

Nothing could be said from a purely theoretical standpoint which would serve to give practical help to a woman brought suddenly to confront so startling a change in every environment of her life. It is because I have actually passed through such a change that I have been asked to write of this possibility which hangs over the life of every woman in society. The fact that conclusions and advice in this line, to be of the slightest practical value, must be drawn from personal experience, will obviate any apology for the personal note which must necessarily appear in dealing with this subject. No young woman could possibly enter the struggle of business life with a more complete lack of training for its responsibilities than that which I possessed when the sudden and untimely death of my husband left me to grapple with the problem of supporting a family of young children and carrying forward the large enterprise in which he had staked years of work and all his hopes of success.

A girlhood spent in a home of wealth and refinement, the unstinted devotion of family and friends, and a secure place in the best society of a large city formed an environment ill calculated to prepare me for serious responsibilities of any kind. Up to the time of my marriage I was unfamiliar with the use of the needle and work was an unknown field of activity. This is sufficient to indicate my unpreparedness for business life—unless it be added that my new home was supplied with almost the same comforts and luxuries with which I had been surrounded since childhood. Suddenly, almost in a day, the support of that home was stricken by death, and the task of adequate provision for my children fell upon my own shoulders.

The Question of Good to be Gained

Recalling the impression which that outlook made upon my mind and which the experiences of subsequent months and years confirmed, I cannot express the slightest sympathy with the sentiment that the stroke of destiny which compels a woman of society to go into business life is a blessing in disguise. Some argue that it would be commendable for the society woman of wealth and standing voluntarily to engage in the grind of business affairs for the sake of the discipline which such contact with the stern realities of life would bring. This seems to me little short of sheer nonsense. From a business experience of about twelve years I can say that any woman who leaves the wholesome pleasures of a good home for the battle of business is to be sincerely commiserated. Such a change may be in the line of "inscrutable providence," but to all human appearances it is a calamity to be endured with fortitude.

On one point, however, the woman who is compelled to leave the drawing-room and the home need have no fears. If her social position has been reasonably secure it will not be affected by the change in her financial circumstances and the necessity of giving to business the energy and attention which she formerly devoted to receptions, balls and the whole round of social duties. Of this I have had the most substantial proof. Although compelled suddenly to relinquish almost every active social relationship and throw all my energies into the enterprise with which I found myself identified, I did not thereby lose a single invitation or greeting. Not a person, from the nearest friend to the most formal of society acquaintances, altered his or her attitude toward me in the slightest by reason of the change which came into my mode of life. This applies to every period

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of my business career, from the first day when I shouldered a somewhat undefined but no less onerous responsibility to the hour when I put aside the world of affairs to devote myself exclusively to my home interests.

This is not to be accounted for on the basis that social lines are alleged to be less severely drawn in Chicago than in Eastern cities, or that there is here a broader democracy in what are termed the "higher circles" than elsewhere. Without attempting to discuss the invidious question as to whether the West is less discriminating than the East in its social standards, I am thoroughly convinced that the sentiment which makes social position secure beyond the fluctuations of personal fortune is broadly American and as characteristic of the Atlantic seaboard as of the old South or the new West. The history of one New York family will illustrate and enforce this view of the matter better than paragraphs of argument. Every detail of this plucky struggle against adverse fortune is as familiar to me as if it had taken place in my own home.

Facing the World with Bravery

The father of four daughters who had been reared in luxury and belonged to a finely exclusive social set suddenly lost his entire fortune—a very large one—and then passed away. Only one of these young women had married. The others—Elizabeth, Julia and Agnes—found themselves confronted with the problem of self-support. In the rare judgment and common-sense with which they mastered it are to be found a score of intensely practical lessons for those in somewhat similar situations. They also furnish conclusive proof that the society ethics and usages of New York do not call upon a woman to sacrifice her social position as a penalty for entering the lists of self-supporting women any more than do those of Chicago. All three of these young women had lived the typical society life of the more refined and cultivated kind. Their "set" was by no means the most brilliant or dashing in the city, but it was certainly exclusive, intellectual and artistic to a marked degree and not lacking in gayety. The life of these young women had been full of pleasure, and they had many friends to whom they were devoted. To give all these up seemed impossible, and they determined not to do so unless it became plain that this was an inevitable result of the sad change in their circumstances.

At the first hint of misfortune all of the young women began to practice economies to which they had been strangers from girlhood. The fine old city mansion was relinquished for a neat little home in one of the suburbs; Julia trimmed the season's hats for the trio, and Agnes, the youngest, announced that she would take the responsibilities of mistress of the home and do all the work herself, provided she were allowed to run the establishment absolutely as she pleased. This stipulation was readily agreed to—but from whence were the "sinews of war" to come? Agnes could not maintain a house without at least a little money, and the slender residue of pin money which still remained in their possession was fast dwindling. Something must be done, and done quickly! While the plucky trio struggled with this problem, its solution came in apparently an accidental way. The home-trimmed hats caught the fancy of a very fastidious friend who asked the name of the milliner who had designed them. Blushingly Julia told her secret. The friend at once pressed the young designer to take a commission. This was laughingly accepted and fulfilled with such originality and good taste that the "creation" was a phenomenal success. Immediately other commissions came to the astonished Julia and the parlor of the little home was soon converted into a busy shop. At the start the patrons fixed the prices, and insisted upon paying what the hats would have cost them at the shops of the best milliners.

The Artist Who Designed Fine Waists

Elizabeth, the eldest sister, had attended art schools from childhood and considered painting to be her special forte. Her artistic sense was well developed. Of course her first thought, when the calamity came upon the family, was that she would turn her art to serious purpose and enter the lists of "real painters" dependent upon the brush for support. But she saw that the little milliner had her hands more than full and generously volunteered to "help out in the rush."

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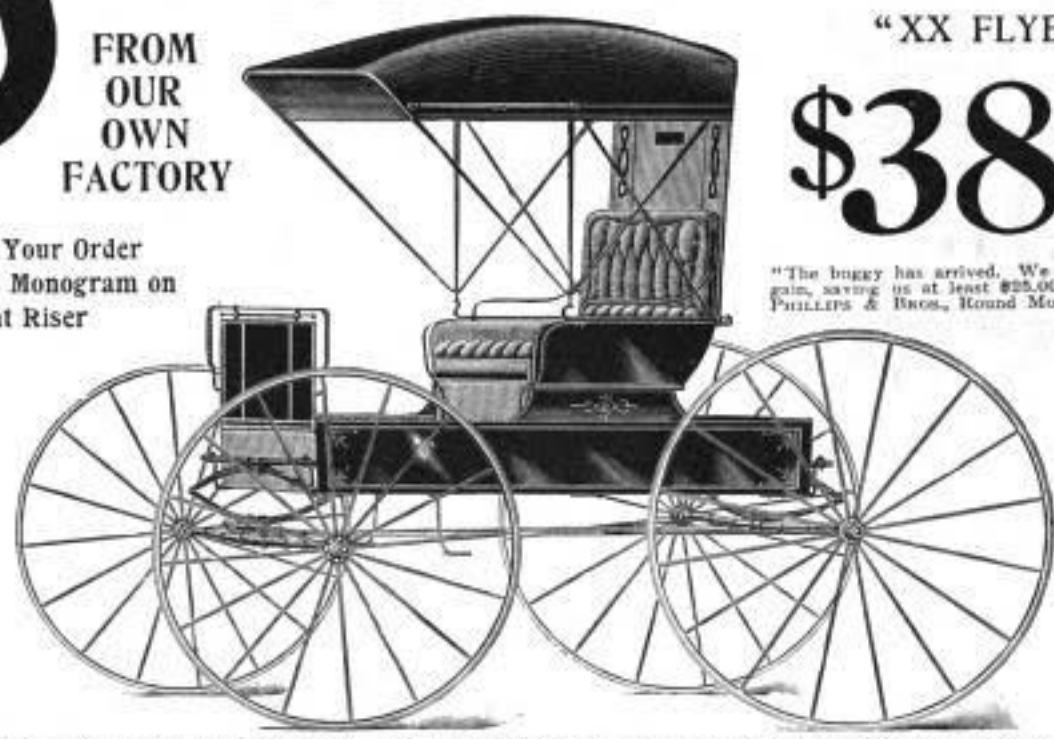

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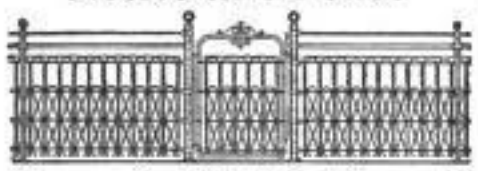

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Soon she announced to her astonished sisters that she would much rather be a real artist in the line of hats and waists than a would-be painter in a studio; consequently she proposed to go into the business of designing and making bodices. The business quickly outgrew the home and the young women rented a modest shop in a portion of the city convenient for their patrons. Scores of fashionable friends at once brought not only their orders but their friends. Steadily the little shop grew and prospered until it is now an establishment the name of which carries weight and authority in fashionable circles in New York.

But how about the social life of these courageous young women? Herein is the main point in my story! It was seldom that more than one of the trio could be spared at one time to make a round of calls; but the one who did go took the cards of the others and saw that their entire calling list was punctiliously remembered. Not a social debt was left unpaid.

Before the finances of this household of self-supporting society girls reached a condition which warranted the keeping of a servant, they did not deem it necessary entirely to give up the entertainment of their friends. Some of the most delightful teas and dinners I have ever attended were not only prepared but also served by Agnes, the youngest of the three sisters. She wore a fresh piqué dress with round neck and elbow sleeves—quite the appropriate costume in which to discharge her matronly duties—and looked as bewitching as her more elaborately gowned sisters. And not one of their old friends deserted them because the two older sisters had gone into business or because the youngest had done the domestic work for the household.

Advantages of Practical Business

There are three or four very significant and practical lessons to be learned from the experience of these young women. One is that it is far better for a woman to go into a business, no matter how plain and unesthetic, than attempt to make a place in an artistic profession unless she be so phenomenally gifted as to be an unmistakable genius.

The eldest daughter might have made a scant living at painting; but she would now be the first to insist that she could not possibly have achieved the financial success which has rewarded her efforts as a designer and maker of hats and bodices. In all the artistic pursuits—the stage, concert, lecture and entertainment work, portrait and landscape painting and illustrating—competition is so strong and exacting, and the rarest natural gifts must be strengthened by so severe and comprehensive a technical training, that it is almost hopeless for a young woman who has been trained only for social life and its enjoyments to enter the race.

As to the influence, upon the character and bearing of a young woman, of the environments of a business life as compared with those which surround a public artist—an actress, for example—I do not hesitate to say that she has a far better chance to preserve her delicate womanliness "unspotted from the world" in almost any commercial pursuit than in a public artistic career. This does not imply that she need sacrifice her femininity if she goes on the stage or on the entertainment platform. It must be admitted, however, that the atmosphere of a business office of almost any kind is more wholesome, more normal, and less infected by the poison of flattery than is the stage or the platform. And the chances of success in most branches of business are, on the average, much better than those in a highly esthetic profession.

Before losing sight of this family of New York society girls let me emphasize a point already slightly touched upon. In discussing their business career in a confidential chat one of these young women said:

"My friends have often asked me if, in view of the success achieved and the knowledge of the world gained in the struggle, I am not glad that we were compelled to go into business. From the bottom of my heart I answer them 'No!'"

This will be the verdict of every woman who has known the joys of a good home and a circle of pleasant friends, but has been forced by circumstance to join the army of earners. No woman whose experience covers both sides of this problem and who speaks frankly will hesitate to deplore the necessity which sends any woman, young or old, into the struggle for a livelihood.

I have said that no woman could have less training available for use in business than I had when called upon to enter the lists. Perhaps this statement should be qualified, as

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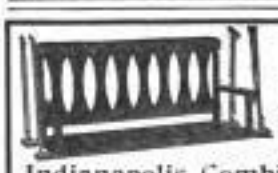

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that faculty most cultivated in my experience in society was the one which stood me in greatest stead in business affairs. More than all else, society life cultivates tact, and this was the weapon which I found in my hands at the outset of my business career and with which I fought my way. At the beginning I was fearful that I should not be able to meet business men in the manner in which they were accustomed to being met by men, and that this would give them cause to be dissatisfied.

So greatly did this trouble me that I determined to seek the counsel of a business man in whose judgment I had the utmost confidence. I knew that my work must stand upon results alone and I could afford to make no mistake. As a family friend, the late Mr. George M. Pullman advised me and said: "By all means go into the undertaking. Tact and good common-sense are fundamental elements in business success. When these dictate a course and the manner in which it is to be followed, it will make no difference if it is not quite the regular masculine way of procedure. It will win just the same."

A Woman's Way is as Good as a Man's

Very soon I was able to prove the soundness of this observation, for I found that I had a woman's way of dealing with problems and that this was accepted in the business world quite as readily as the masculine way—far more readily than a feminine imitation of a man's manner of handling business affairs would be. In order to give a clear idea of the general principles of procedure which I worked out, a personal statement is not to be avoided. The interests which I was called upon to administer were very complex and often conflicting. I succeeded my husband as agent and manager of the Central Music Hall Building and also as lessee of its auditorium, then the largest of its class in Chicago.

He had organized this enterprise and the building was completed less than one year before his death.

Big problems soon ceased to terrify me. I met with opposition, within and without the combination of capitalists owning the building, but had the satisfaction of paying the shareholders an annual dividend ranging from twenty to twenty-four per cent. on the original stock of the corporation. Movements to displace me in order to give the position to some man who exerted strong influence occasionally came to my attention, and they simply aroused my energies and gave zest to a game of honorable diplomacy. On the other hand, however, I was never able to shake off the unpleasant realization of the fact that I was compelled to learn the business from an employee. The secretary who had faithfully and efficiently served my husband from the very inception of the enterprise naturally had all the details of the business at her fingers' ends. In view of this fact I was keenly conscious that whatever might be the success of my venture it would always be clouded by the realization that I had not personally laid its foundations, and organized and developed it. This was decidedly a woman's way of looking at the matter. A man might say that such thoughts were wholly uncalled for and that I gave myself needless trouble on that score. Certain it is, however, that this one thing was a greater trial to me than all the big problems which I had to confront during my service in the capacity named.

In other particulars, too, I was brought to the conclusion that the feminine tendency is to think more about small details than big, broad problems, and in general to allow the little things to cause far more anxiety than the large ones.

During this time I carefully maintained my social relationships. Although able to give no time to calling in the daytime, I looked after my calling list with strict attention and maintained it intact. Some two or three times a year I entertained my friends in my home.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on The Young Woman in Business. The second and concluding paper will appear next week.

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Our American Snobs

(Continued from Page 7)

leader and society favorite must have a big social pull. So she gave a dinner expressly in his honor, and, at my advice, he went there with some toy walking bugs and mice in his pockets and set them going on the table just as they were finishing the dessert. The papers gave him a lot of space on it—thanks to my exertions—and Mrs. Titepurse, who of course got her name in as the hostess (we published her picture as well), was perfectly delighted and felt that she was really getting along. Timpson saw his chance, too, and the next thing I knew he came running to me with a new photograph of Kitty Titepurse—we were well stocked with his own—and told me he was engaged to her. Now, I wonder what he'll do for me, that made him."

"How much space do you expect to give to this affair to-morrow?" I inquired as we sat chatting together in the lobby, for like an experienced general the city editor would not leave the field until the dispersing crowds should tell him that the siege was over and he might withdraw his forces.

"How much space?" he repeated musingly. "Let me see. Swallowtail will do a couple of columns, and your friend, Mrs. Foxglove—a bright little woman that, by the way—as many more from her point of view. Then of course we'll have a list of everybody there and their clothes. Swallowtail and Foxglove will do that between them with the help of the men we've got outside in the street, and that'll make three columns more. A column and a half for the reception and as much more for the presents, and a couple of columns about the Titepurses and young Timpson, together with the photographs, will about let us out. Of course we'll have pictures of the bride and bridegroom and old Titepurse and the house where he was born up in the backwoods and the house he's given to his daughter and the church she's married in. I 'spose the whole thing'll make nearly three pages in all. And the funny part of it all is that to-morrow morning a lot of the real blue bloods of the town will lay down their papers, looking half scared, and say, 'Who in the world are these people?'"

On the Sunday after the wedding I met Mrs. Foxglove as she was going out to church—she's as devout a little soul as ever lived—and we walked down the street together; by no means a bad-looking couple nor one marked by any absurd disparity of age.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am to you," she said seriously. "I'm making more money on the Planet than I ever did anywhere before, and I'm learning ever so much about the newspaper business. Another thing that I've learned, too, is that there are more good, sweet-minded, womanly women in New York society than I ever had any idea of. Oh, you needn't laugh; that Mrs. Fenwick-Bertram that you said such mean things about asked me to stop to lunch with her the minute I told her I was on the Planet, and gave me a beautiful photograph of herself which she said I could print in the paper if I wanted to, and the next time they have a party she's going to give me a full list of the names, though she's always tried to avoid publicity. I'm sure she does it just to help a young Southern woman who is trying hard to make her living."

We parted at the corner and I went my way wondering whether my efforts in behalf of this misguided woman were to be in vain.

A Long Sitting

SENATOR MCCREARY, of Kentucky, was a member of the House of Representatives for a long time, retiring in 1894 to return to Washington as a member of the Senate on March 4 last. A few days before he was sworn in he went into the room of the Senate Committee on Appropriations.

"It was eighteen years to a day from the time I first went into that room," said the Senator, in speaking of the incident. "When I made my first visit there were four men in the room—Senators Allison, of Iowa; Cockrell, of Missouri; Teller, of Colorado, and Hale, of Maine. This time, eighteen years later, the same four sat in the room, in almost identically the same places they occupied when I first saw them, and they looked as if they had been sitting there doing the nation's business all that time."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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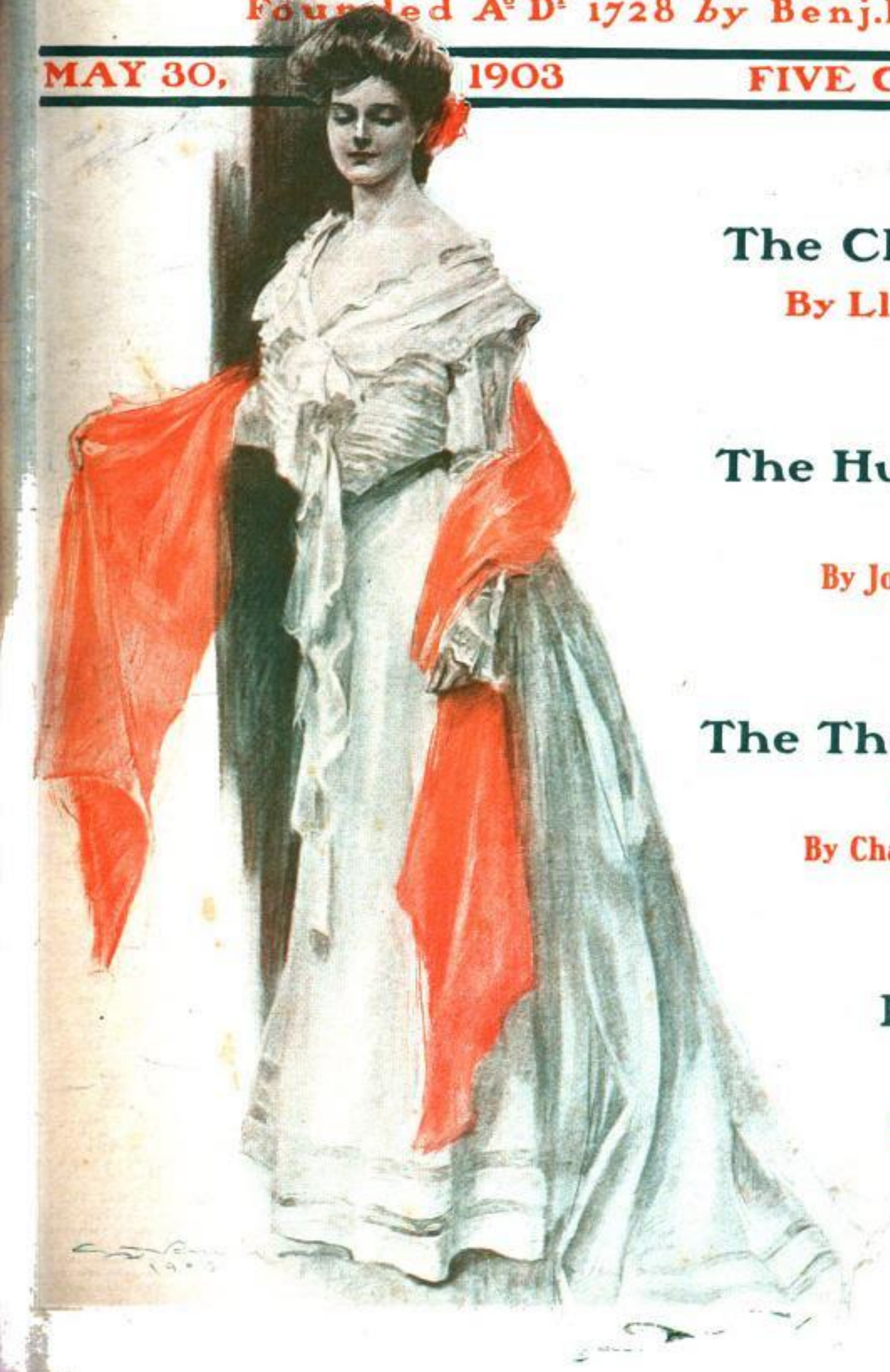

The Chief Engineer
By Lloyd Osbourne

The Humorists of the Pencil
By John T. McCutcheon

The Thousand-Dollar Skates
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Democrats and Diamonds
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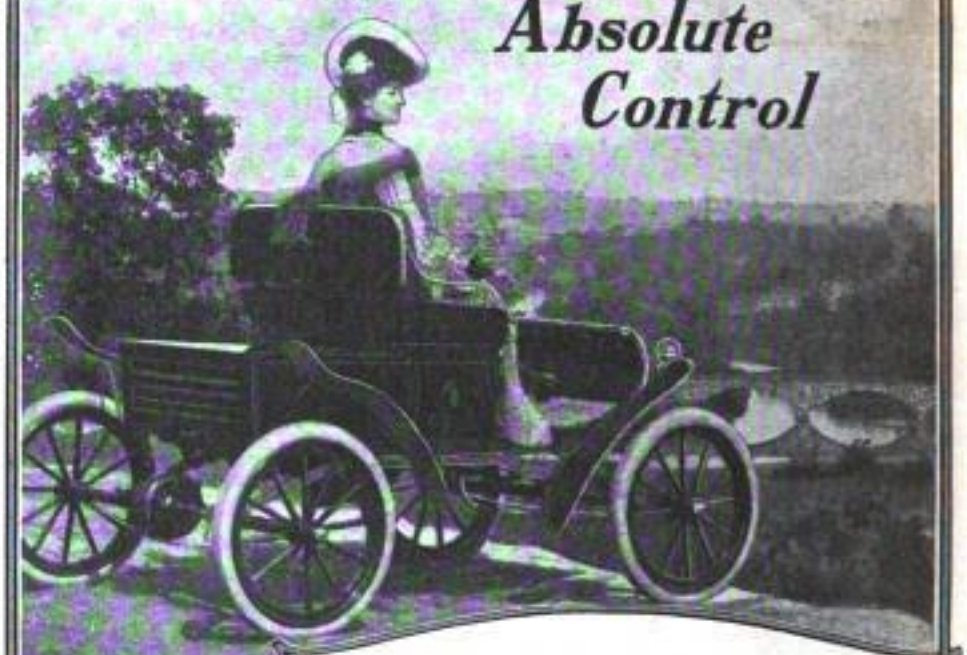

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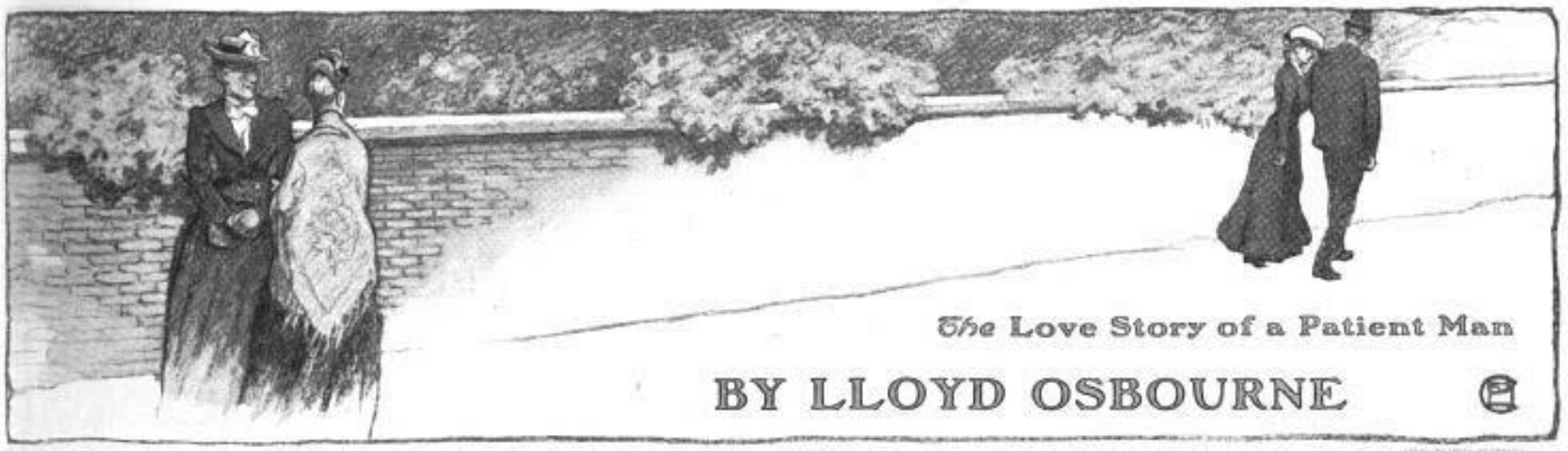
THE CHIEF ENGINEER



The Love Story of a Patient Man

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

EVERY OLD LADY WITHIN A RADIUS OF THREE MILES REGARDED THE MATCH AS GOOD AS SETTLED

FRANK RIGNOLD had never been the favored suitor, not at least so far as anything definite was concerned; but he had always been welcome at the little house on Commonwealth Street, and amongst the neighbors his name and that of Florence Fenacre were coupled as a matter of course, and every old lady within a radius of three miles regarded the match as good as settled. It was not Frank's fault that it was not, for he was deeply in love with the widow's daughter and looked forward to such an end to their acquaintance as the very dearest thing fate could give him. But in these affairs it is necessary to carry the lady with you—and the lady, though she had never said "no," had not yet been prevailed upon to say "yes." In fact, she preferred to leave the matter as it was, and boldly forestalling a set proposal, had managed to convey to Frank Rignold that it was her wish he should not make one.

"Let us be good friends," she would say, "and as for anything else, Frank, there's plenty of time to consider that by and by. Isn't it enough already that we like each other?"

Frank did not think it was enough, but he was not without intuition and willing to accept the little offered him and be grateful—rather than risk all, and almost certainly lose all, by too exigent a suit. For Florence Fenacre was the acknowledged beauty of the town, with a dozen eligible men at her feet, and was more courted and sought after than any girl in the place. The place, to give it its name, was Standhurst, one of those dead-and-alive little ports on the Atlantic seaboard, with a dozen factories, a few decaying wharves, and that tranquil air of having had a past.

The widow and her pretty daughter lived in a low-roofed, red-brick house that faced the street and sheltered a long, deep, shady garden in the rear. Land and house had been bought with whale oil. Their little income, derived from the rent of three barren and stony farms and amounting to not more than sixty dollars a month, represented a capitalization of whale oil. Even the old gray church whither they went twice of a Sunday was whale oil, too, and had been built in bygone days by the sturdy captains who now lay all around it under slabs of stone. There amongst them was Florence's father and her grandfather and her great-grandfather, together with the Macys and the Coffins and the Cabotts with whom they had sailed and quarreled and loved and intermarried in the years now gone. The wide world had not been too wide for them to sail it round and reap the harvests of far off seas; but in death they lay side by side, their voyages done, their bones mingling in the New England earth.

Frank Rignold, too, was a son of Standhurst, and the sea which ran in that blood for generations bade him in manhood to rise and follow it. He had gone into the engine-room, and at thirty was the chief engineer of a cargo boat running to South American ports. He was a tall, fine-looking man with earnest gray eyes; a reader, a student, an observer; self-taught in Spanish, Latin and French; a grave, quiet, gentlemanly man, whose rare smile seemed to light his whole face, and who in his voyages South had caught something of Spanish grace and courtliness. He returned as regularly to Standhurst as his ship did to New York; and when he stepped off the train his eager steps took him first to the Fenacres' house, his hands never empty of some little present for his sweetheart.

On the occasion of our story his step was more buoyant than ever and his heart beat high with hope, for she had cried the last time he went away, and though no word of love had yet been spoken between them, he was conscious of her increasing inclination for him and her increasing dependence. Having already won so much it seemed as though his passionate devotion could not fail to turn the scale and bring her to that admission he felt it was on her lips to make. So he strode through the narrow streets, telling himself a fairy story of how it all might be, with a little house of their own and she waiting for him on the wharf when his ship made fast; a story that never grew stale in the repetition, but which, please God, would come true in the end, with Florence his wife, and all his doubtings and heart-aches over.

FLORENCE SWEPT AN OPERA CLOAK FROM A CHAIR AND MADE HIM SIT DOWN

Florence opened the door for him herself and gave a little cry of surprise and welcome as they shook hands, for in all their acquaintance there had never been a kiss between them. It was all he could do not to catch her in his arms, for as she smiled up at him, so radiant and beautiful and happy, it seemed as if it were his right, and that he had been a fool ever to have questioned her love for him. He followed her into the sitting-room, laughing like a child with pleasure, and thrilled through and through with the sound of her voice and the touch of her hand and the vague, subtle perfume of her whole being. His laughter died away, however, as he saw what the room contained. Over the chairs, over the sofa, over the table, in the stacked and open pasteboard boxes on the floor were dresses and gowns outspread with the profusion of a splendid shop, and even to his unknowing eyes costly and magnificent beyond anything he had ever seen before. Florence swept an opera cloak from a chair and made him sit down, watching him the while with a charming gayety and excitement.

"Florence," he said, almost with a gasp, "does this mean that you are going to be——?" He stopped short. He could not say that word.

"I'm never going to marry anybody," she returned.

"But——!" he began again.

"Then you haven't heard!" she cried, clasping her hands. "Oh, Frank, you haven't heard!"

"I have only just got back," he said.

"I've been left heaps of money," she exclaimed, "from my uncle, you know, the one that treated father so badly and tricked him out of the old manor farm. And it's not only a lot, Frank, but it's *millions!*"

He repeated the word with a kind of groan.

"They are probating the will for six," she went on, not noticing his agitation, "but I'm sure the lawyers are making it as low as they can for the taxes. And it's the most splendid kind of property—rows of houses in the heart of New York and big Broadway shops and skyscrapers! Frank, do you realize I own two office buildings twenty stories high!"

Frank tried to congratulate her on her wonderful good fortune, but it was like a voice from the grave and he could not affect to be glad at the death-knell of all his hopes.

"That let's me out," he said.

"My poor Frank, you never were in," she said, regarding him with great kindness and compassion. "I know you are disappointed, but you are too much a man to be unjust to me."

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"Oh, I haven't the right to say a word," he exclaimed. "On your side it was friends and nothing more. I always understood that, Florence."

He was shocked at her almost imperceptible sigh of relief.

"Of course, this changes everything," she said.

"Yet it would have come if it hadn't been for this," he said. "You were getting to like me better and better. You cried when I last went away. Yes, it would have come, Florence," he repeated, looking at her wistfully.

"I suppose it would, Frank," she said.

"Oh, Florence," he exclaimed, and could not go on lest his voice should betray him.

"And we should have lived in a poky little house," she said, "and you would have been at sea three-quarters of the time, leaving me to eat my heart out as mother did for father—and it would have been a horrible, dreadful, irrevocable mistake."

"I didn't have to go to sea," he said, snatching at this crumb of hope. "There are other jobs than ships. Why, only last trip I was offered a refrigerating plant in Chicago!"

He did not tell her it carried a salary of four hundred dollars a month and that he had meant to lay it at her feet that morning. In the light of her millions that sum, so considerable an hour before, had suddenly shrunk to nothing. How puny and pitiful it seemed in the contrast. He had a sense that everything had shrunk to nothing—his life, his hopes, his future.

"I know you think I am cruel," she said, in the same calm, considerate tone she had used throughout. "But I never gave you any encouragement, Frank—not in the way you wanted or expected. You were the only person I knew who was the least bit cultivated and nice and traveled and out of the commonplace. I can't tell you how much you brightened my life here, or how glad I was when you came, or how sorry I was when you went away—but it wasn't love, Frank—not the love you wished for, or the love I feel I have the power to give."

"Why did you let me go on, then?" he broke out, "I getting deeper and deeper into it and you knowing all the time it never could come to anything? Just because no words were said, did that make you blind? If you were such a friend of mine as you said you were, wouldn't it have been kinder to show me the door and tell me straight out it was hopeless and impossible? Oh, Florence, you took my love when you wanted it, like a person getting warm at a fire, and now when you don't need it any longer you tell me quite unconcernedly that it is all over between us!"

"It would sound so heartless to tell you the real truth, Frank," she said.

"Oh, let me hear it," he said. "I'm desperate enough for anything—even for that, I suppose."

"I knew it would end the way you wanted it, Frank," she said. "You were getting to mean more and more to me. I did not love you exactly and I did not worry a particle when you were away, but I sort of acquiesced in what seemed to be the inevitable. I know I am horribly to blame, but I took it for granted we'd drift on and on—and this time, if you had asked me, I had made up my mind to say 'yes.'"

She said this last word in almost a whisper, frightened at the sight of Frank's pale face. She ran over to him, and throwing her arms around his neck kissed him again and again.

"We'll always be friends, Frank," she said. "Always, always!"

He made no movement to return her caresses. To be kissed out of pity humiliated him to the quick. He pushed her away from him, and when he spoke it was with a dignity and gentleness that surprised her.

"I was wrong to reproach you," he said. "I can appreciate what a difference all this money makes to you. It has lifted you into another world—a world where I cannot hope to follow you. I can be man enough to say that I understand—that I acquiesce—without bitterness."

"I never liked you so well as I do now, Frank," she said, her eyes filling with tears.

"We will say nothing more about it," he said. "I couldn't blame you because you don't love me, could I? I ought rather instead to thank you—thank you for so much you have given me these two years past—your friendship, your intimacy, your trust. That it all came to nothing was neither your fault nor mine. It was your uncle's for dying and leaving you skyscrapers!"

They both laughed at this, and Frank, now apparently quite himself again, brought forth his presents: a large box of candy, a beautifully bound little volume of Pierre Loti, and a lace collar he had picked up at Buenos Ayres. This last seemed a trifling piece of finery in the midst of all those dresses, though he had paid sixteen dollars for it and had counted it cheap at the price. Florence received it with exaggerated gratitude, genuine enough in one way for she was touched; but in spite of herself, her altered fortunes and the memory of those great New York shops where she had ordered right and left made the bit of lace seem common and scarce worth possessing. Even as she thanked him she was mentally presenting it to one of the poor Miss Browns who sang in the church choir.

They spent an hour in talking together, eluding on either side any further reference to the subject most in their thoughts, and finding safety in books and the little gossip of the place, and the news of the day. It might have been an ordinary call, though Frank, as a special favor, was allowed to smoke a cigar, and there was a wild, strained look in Florence's face that gave the lie to her previous professions of indifference. She knew she was violating her own heart, but her character was already corrupting under the breath of wealth, and her head was turned with dreams of social conquests and of a great and splendid match in the roseate future. She kept telling herself how lucky it was that the money had not come too late, and wondering at the same time whether she would ever again meet a man who had such a compelling charm for her as Frank Rignold, and whose mellow voice could so move her to the depths. At last, after a decent interval, Frank said he would have to leave and she accompanied him to the door, where he begged her to remember him to her mother and added something congratulatory about the great good fortune that had befallen her.

"And now good-by," he said.

"But you will come back, Frank?" she exclaimed anxiously, seeing through the smiling mask he wore.

"Oh, no!" he said. "I couldn't, Florence, I couldn't."

"I cannot let you go like this," she protested. "Really I can't, Frank. I won't!"

"I don't see very well how you can help it," he said brusquely.

"Surely my wish has still some weight with you," she said.

"Florence," he returned, holding her hand very tight, "you must not think it pique on my part or anything so petty and unworthy; but I'd rather stop right here than endure the pain of seeing you get more and more indifferent to me. It is bound to come, of course, and it would be less cruel this way than the other."

"You never can have loved me," she exclaimed. "Didn't I say I wanted to be friends? Didn't I kiss you?"

"Yes," he said slowly, "as you might a child, to comfort him for a broken toy. Florence," he went on, "I have wanted you for the last two years and now I have lost you. I must face up to that. I must meet it with what fortitude I can. But I cannot bear to feel that every time I come you will like me less; that others will crowd me out and take my place; that the gulf will widen and widen until at last it is impassable. I am going while you still love me a little and will miss me. Good-by!"

She leaned her head on his shoulder and sobbed. She had but to say one word to keep him, and yet she would not say it. Her heart seemed broken in her breast and yet she let him go, sustained in her resolve by the thought of her great fortune and of the wonderful days to come.

"Good-by," she said, and stood looking after him as he walked slowly away.

"Oh, that money, I hate it," she exclaimed to herself. "I wish he had never left it to me. I didn't want it or expect it or anything, and I should have been happy. Oh, so happy! Then, with a pang, she recalled the refrigerating plant and the life so quiet and poor and simple and sweet that she and Frank would have led had not her millions come between them.

"Her millions!"

It was inspiriting to repeat those two words to herself. It strengthened her resolve and made her feel how wise she had been to break with Frank. Perhaps, after all, it were better for him not to come back. He was right about the gulf between them, and even since his departure it was widening appreciably.

"I don't own all that money," she said to herself, realizing what all very rich people realize sooner or later. "*It owns me!*" And with that she went indoors and cried part of the forenoon and spent the rest of it in trying on her new clothes.

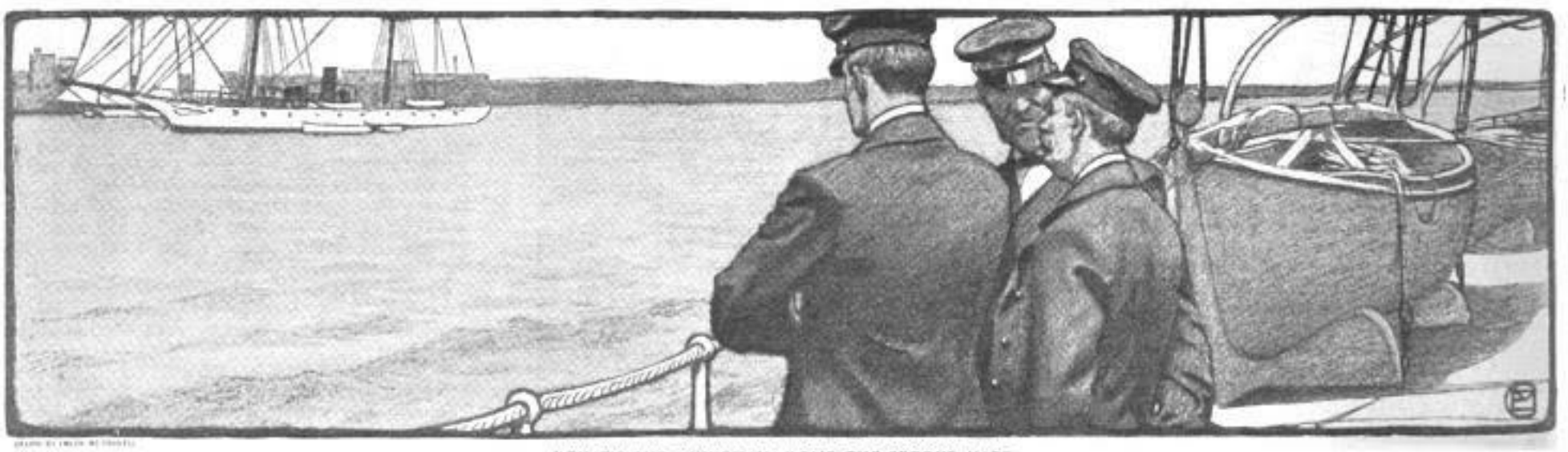
Wealth, if it did not bring happiness, at least brought some pleasant distractions.

II

IT WAS fully a year before Frank saw her again; a long year to him, soberly passed in his shipboard duties, with recurring weeks ashore at New York and Buenos Ayres. He had grown more reserved and silent than before; fonder of his books; keener in his taste for pure science. He avoided his old friends and made no new ones. The world seemed to be passing him while he stood still. He wondered how others could laugh when his own heart was so heavy, and he preferred to go his own way, solitary and unnoticed, taking an increasing pleasure in his isolation. He continued to write to Standhurst, for there were a few old friends whom he could not disregard altogether, though he made his letters as infrequent as he could and as short. In return he was kept informed of Florence's movements; of the sensation she made everywhere; of the great people who had taken her under their wing; of her rumored engagements; of her triumphs in Paris and London; of her yachts and horses and splendor and beauty. His correspondents showed an artless pride in the recital. It was becoming their only claim to consideration that they knew Florence Fenacre. Her dazzling life reflected a sort of glory upon themselves, and their letters ran endlessly on the same theme. It was all a modern fairy tale, and they fairly bubbled with satisfaction to think that they knew the fairy princess!

Frank read it all with exasperation. It tormented him even to hear her name, to be reminded of her in any way; to realize that she was as much alive as he himself and not the phantom he would have preferred to keep her in his memory. Yet he was inconsistent enough to rage when a letter came that brought no news of her. He would tear it into pieces and throw it out of his cabin window. The fools, why couldn't they tell him what he wanted to know! He would carry his ill humor into the engine-room and revenge himself on fate and the loss of the woman he loved by a harsh criticism of his subordinates. A defective pump or a troublesome valve would set his temper flaming; and then, overcome at his own injustice, he would go to the other extreme, and roundly blaming himself would tell some sullen artificer that it was all a joke. His men, among themselves, called him a wild, cracked devil, and it was the tattle of the ship that he drank hard in secret. They knew something was wrong with him and fastened on the likeliest cause. Others said out boldly that the chief engineer was going crazy.

One morning as they were running up the Sound, homeward bound, they passed a large steam yacht at anchor. Frank was on deck at the time and he joined with the rest in the little chorus of admiration that went up at the sight of her.



"THAT'S THE MINNEHAHA," SAID THE SECOND MATE

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"That's the Minnehaha," said the second mate. "She belongs to that beautiful heiress, Miss Fenacre!"

"Ready for a Mediterranean cruise," said the purser, who had been reading one of the newspapers the pilot had brought aboard.

Frank heard these two remarks in silence. The sun, to him, seemed to stop shining. The morning that had been so bright and pleasant all at once overcame him with disgust. The might-have-been took him by the throat. He descended into the engine-room to hide his dejected face in the heated, oily atmosphere below; and seating himself on a tool-chest he watched with hardly seeing eyes the ponderous movement of his machinery. It was the anodyne for his troubles, to feel the vibration of the engines and hear the rumble and hiss of the jacketed cylinders. It always comforted him; he found a strange companionship in the mighty thing he controlled; he looked at the trembling needle in the gauge and instinctively noted the pressure as he thought of that trim, smart vessel at anchor and of his dear one on the eve of parting. He wondered whether they would ever pass again, he and she, in all the years to come.

The thought of the yacht haunted him all that day. He took a sudden revulsion against the grinding routine of his own life. It came over him like a new discovery that he was tired of South America, tired of his ship, tired of everything. He contrasted his own voyages in and out, from the same place to the same place, up and down, up and down, as regular as the swing of a pendulum, with that gay wanderer of the raking masts who was free to roam the world. It came over him with insistence that he should like to roam the world also, and see strange places and old marble palaces with steps descending into blue sea water, and islands with precipices and beaches and palm trees.

Almost awed at his own presumption he sat down and wrote to Miss Fenacre.

It was a short note, formally addressed, begging her for a position in the engine-room staff. He knew, he said, that the quota was probably made up and that he could not hope for an important place. But if she would take him as a first-class artificer he would be more than grateful, and ventured on the little pleasantry that even if he had to be squeezed in as a supernumerary he was confident he could save her his pay and keep a good many times over.

He got an answer a couple of days later, addressed from a fashionable New York hotel and granting him an interview. She called him "dear Frank," and signed herself "ever yours," and said that of course she would give him anything he wanted only that she would prefer to talk it over first.

He put on his best clothes and went to see her, being shown into a large suite on the second floor where he had to wait an hour in a lofty ante-room with no other company but a statue of Pocahontas. He was oppressed by the gorgeousness of the surroundings — by the frowning pictures, the gilt furniture, the onyx-topped tables, the vases, the mirrors, the ornate clocks. Here indeed was that other world in which he was no better than a coarse intruder. He was in a fever of expectation and could not fight down his growing timidity. He had not seen Florence for a year, and his heart would have been as much in his mouth had the meeting been set in the old brick house at Standhurst. At least, he said so to himself, not caring to confess that he was daunted by the magnificence of her apartments.

At length the door opened and she came in. She stood for a moment with her hand on the knob and looked at him; then she came over to him with a little rush and took his outstretched hand. He had forgotten how beautiful she was, or probably he had never really known, as he had not beheld her before in one of those wonderful French creations that cost each one a fortune. He stumbled over his words of greeting and his hand trembled as it held hers.

"Oh, Frank," she said, noticing his agitation. "Are you still silly enough to care?"

"I am afraid I do, Florence," he said, blushing like a boy at her question. "What's the good of asking me that?"

"You are looking handsome, Frank," she ran on. "I am proud of you. You have the nicest hair of any man I know!"

"I daren't say how stunning *you* look, Florence."

"Frank," she said slowly, fixing her lustrous eyes on his face, "you usen't to be so grave. . . . I don't think you have smiled much lately. . . . You are changed."

He bore her scrutiny in silence.

"Poor boy," she exclaimed, impulsively taking his hand. "I am the most heartless creature in the whole world. Do you know, Frank, though I look so nice and girlish, I am really a brute; and when I die I am sure to go to Hell."

"I hope not," he said, smiling.

"Oh, but I know," she cried. "All I ever do is to make people miserable."

"Perhaps it's the people's fault for — for loving you, Florence," he said.

"It's awfully exciting to see you again," she went on. "You came within an ace of being my husband. I might have belonged to you and counted your washing. It's queer, isn't it? Thrilling!"

"Why do you bring all that up, Florence?" he said. "It's done. It's over. I — I would rather not speak of it."

"But it was such an awfully near thing, Frank," she persisted. "I had made up my mind to take you, you know. I had even looked over my poor little clothes and had drawn a hundred dollars out of the savings bank!"

"You don't take much account of a hundred dollars now," he returned, trying to smile.

"I know you don't want to talk about it," she said, "but I do. I love to play with emotions. I suppose it's a habit like any other," she continued, "and it grows on one like opium or morphine. That's why I'll go to Hell, Frank. I wasn't that way at all when you used to know me. I think I must have been nice then and really worth loving!"

"Oh, yes," he returned miserably. "Oh, yes."

"I have a whole series of the most complicated emotions about you," she said, "only a lot of them are latent like firecrackers before they are touched off. If I lost all my money I'd be in a panic till you came and took me; but as long as I have it I don't think of you more than once a week. Yet, do you know, Frank, if you got a sweetheart I believe I'd scratch her eyes out. It's rather fine of me to tell you all that," she went on with a smile, "for I'm giving you the key of the combination and you might take advantage of it!"

"Florence," he said, "I thought at first you were just laughing at me, but I see that you are right. You are heartless. You oughtn't to talk like that."

She looked a shade put out.

"Well, Frank, it's the truth, anyway," she said, "and in the old days we were always such sticklers for the truth — for sincerity, you know — weren't we?"

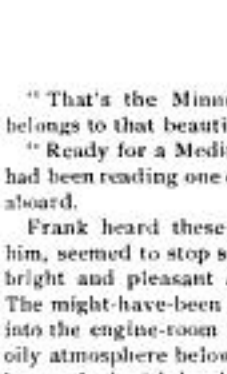
"I have no business to correct you," he said. "I resigned all my pretensions that morning in the old house."

(Continued on Page 16)

Humorists of the Pencil

A PAPER ABOUT THE MEN WHO MAKE THE POLITICIANS SQUIRM AND THE MILLIONS LAUGH

By John T. McCutcheon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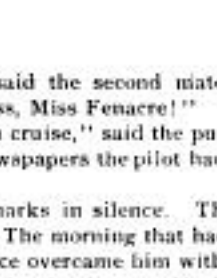
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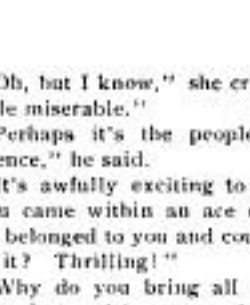
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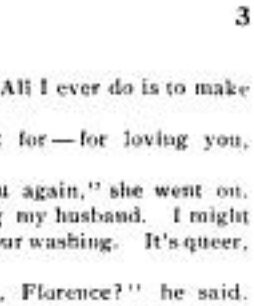
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ROOSEVELT

BRYAN

WHEN a newspaper cartoonist meets an interested stranger, the latter at once proceeds to ask the following questions in the order indicated: "How do you go about it to draw a cartoon?" "Where do you get your ideas?" "How do you manage to think up something new every day, month in and month out?" and lastly, "How did you happen to take to cartoon work instead of to regular art work?" The face of the interviewer beams brightly as he adds, "I admire your cartoons very much, but, of course, I don't know enough about art to tell a good picture from a bad one. I couldn't draw a cow myself if I tried a hundred years."

I hope to explain some of the methods of the average cartoonist in the course of this paper, and thus answer the first three questions. The answer to the last, of course, differs in each individual instance. There is one cartoonist I know of who attended a college which boasted an incipient art course and a great deal of higher mathematics. After struggling along several months with grades of seventy-one and seventy-two in algebra, he discovered to his intense delight that if he switched over to the art course he could escape several formidable branches of higher mathematics. So he changed with amazing celerity and thus laid the foundation of a future career in art. If there had been less mathematics in the agricultural course than there were in the art course, he might now be a prosperous farmer instead of a cartoonist. Other cartoonists have, of course, approached their careers in caricature by very different routes. One man, since distinguished as a newspaper cartoonist, was a fireman on a railroad before he sought the drawing-board, and the explanation he gives for the change is that he got tired of working. These two instances illustrate that cartoonists have no common starting-point.

The work of a cartoonist differs essentially from that of other workers in art, in that he must have several qualifications besides the ability to draw. First, he should be able to draw well enough to express his ideas; secondly, he should have a sense of humor; thirdly, he should have a fairly clear idea of what is happening in the world of politics, society and finance; fourthly, he should know something of the Bible, of history, of mythology, and, fifthly, he should have the ability to grasp the importance of a news item when he sees it, so that he may draw from it a logical idea that may be expressed clearly in a drawing. These various requirements are lost sight of by most beginners, who seem to feel that the ability to draw a man with a turned-up nose constitutes the chief requisite of a cartoonist. Many beginners in art aspire to be cartoonists because it looks so easy. They do not reckon with the other qualifications. They know that they can draw, and usually think that they have a keen sense of humor because fond relatives have informed them that certain of their drawings were "perfectly killing"; but it generally develops that they lack the other essentials. A case parallel with the profession of a cartoonist would be a man who could turn a somersault on a bare-backed horse, play a cornet, write heavy editorials and blow glass. It is obvious that such a combination of talents is not commonly found, although many men may have one or two, or even three, of those accomplishments.

The mere ability to draw has about as much to do with making a successful cartoonist as the choice of stationery has to do with making a strong editorial. A very wretchedly drawn cartoon may express an idea so cleverly that the cartoon is immensely successful. In cartooning, the excellence of the idea excuses all shortcomings in technique; and it happens often that an artist may make his cartoons so artistic that the humor and the idea are wholly submerged in the artistic quality of the drawing. There are many instances that prove that good drawing is not essential to a humorous picture. Eugene Field, who had a slight idea of drawing, could make pictures that were overflowing with fun and drollery; and even Mark Twain, who cannot draw at all, can make crude pen-scratches that are extremely amusing simply because he ignores all the rules of real drawing. If a cartoonist is a clever draftsman, very well; but he should realize that his work is to be judged by the idea and not by artistic standards.

His drawing should have in it the spirit of caricature and his idea should be expressed simply and directly. Every part of the picture should strengthen the central idea and nothing should be added that would detract from it. When any one looks at the cartoon he should not think that here is a fine drawing, but that here is a cartoon pure and simple. If the cartoonist can do these things he is almost ready to begin drawing for the paper.

Let us assume that it is morning and the cartoonist must have a cartoon ready for the following day's paper. His first work is to evolve an idea, and in doing this he is influenced by several cardinal principles of journalism, paramount of which is the necessity of keeping a weather-eye on the counting-room of the paper. Which is to say, he must weigh carefully whether his cartoon will offend an advertiser or lose a subscriber. No humor that is likely to cut down the

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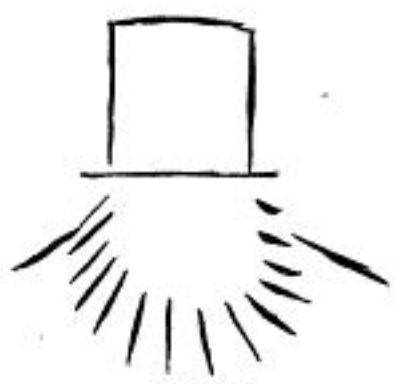
subscription list is humorous to the publisher of the paper. Therefore the artist must avoid subjects that are likely to reflect unpleasantly upon any race of people that happens to be largely represented in the circulation lists or advertising columns. He is at liberty to lampoon Americans all he wishes, because Americans are a rather uncertain mass that lacks cohesion, but he must not hit the Irish, the Germans, the Jews, or the Swedes, all of whom may be found in the subscription list of the average American daily and all of whom are quick to resent any slur against their nationalities. In my own experience I have found the Germans particularly sensitive to any reflections on the Kaiser or on their fatherland. This may be due to the fact that since the Spanish-American war the people of this country have not shown any particular confidence in German intentions, and the papers have reflected the feeling so generally that prominent German-Americans have undertaken a propaganda to influence our newspapers against German-baiting. The cartoonist is not required to be so considerate in his treatment of the French, the English, the Chinese or the Turks, for the reason that these races are not so numerously represented in the circulation books. It is a golden rule that when somebody must be lampooned, let that somebody be a distant foreigner who doesn't take the paper.


KRUGER

The cartoonist also learns that he must not make a cartoon that runs counter to the religious principles of any church denomination, and that, for reasons of propriety, it is well to avoid any reference to the Deity and sacred Bible characters, as well as anything suggestive or vulgar, or anything horrifying in the way of human suffering. It is usually considered in bad taste to employ some great calamity, such as the Mont Pelée disaster, as a theme for a humorous cartoon, even though the cartoon may be intended to express an idea entirely foreign to the disaster itself. Another fixed rule is that the cartoonist shall not picture wives or children of national celebrities who may be before the public—and, in fact, never to draw a woman in any way unless it be distinctly complimentary.

Concerning Cartoons of the President

THERE has been some discussion as to how far a cartoonist might go in cartooning the President of the United States. It may be remembered that President McKinley's death was followed by a fierce denunciation of some of the cartoons that previously had been printed about him, and that this outcry resulted in a radical change in the tone of cartoons dealing with the Chief Executive. For a time there was a disposition to show President Roosevelt in most heroic and dignified pose—frock-coated and with the light of lofty inspiration in his eye. Greater latitude now exists, for there seems to be no good reason why cartoonists should not cartoon the President, provided there be nothing demeaning or disrespectful in the pictures. I have been told that the President's wife was so much amused and interested by the cartoons that were printed of him when he was running for Vice-President that she had them collected and arranged in scrapbooks; perhaps that is why the White House has been so greatly enlarged within the past year. The cartoonist should recognize the honor and dignity of the office without going to the ridiculous extreme of considering its occupant a sacred being whom it would be *lèse majesté* to caricature.

"How do you get your ideas?" and "How do you think up something new every day?"

Suppose it is morning and there is not an idea anywhere in the world. The first move a cartoonist makes is to read the morning papers carefully, taking note of the news that is uppermost in the public mind. If conditions are such that everybody is interested in a certain piece of news, then the cartoonist endeavors to build a cartoon that treats of that subject. Nearly every day brings forth one big piece of news that commands more attention than anything else before the public. One day it may be a great election; the next day it may be a war scare; the next day a notable speech; the next day a widely-advertised prize-fight, and so on through an endless variety of changes.

From the one dominating piece of news the cartoonist endeavors to derive his idea. Sometimes it happens that there are other ideas suggested by news of slightly lesser interest and so he carefully makes a note of them. By the time he has digested the papers he may have a half-dozen or more suggestions equally good—or poor, as the case may be. One may be an idea that deals with a topic of broad national interest, another may appeal to that class of readers that is deeply interested in politics or legislation, still another may have the domestic interest that will appeal to women and children. It always is desirable to make a cartoon that will appeal directly to the greatest number, but, of course, this is not always practicable. In my own experience I have found that women are not particularly interested in political cartoons and do not understand them unless they treat of some great event in a Presidential campaign. If there happens to be something intrinsically interesting or amusing in the drawing they will remember the cartoon, otherwise they will shed it as a duck does water. In the same way a domestic or social cartoon may not appeal to the large, rough man who sees nothing in the world except politics and other heavy topics. Cartoons that deal with subjects very close to home life have been found to be the most generally interesting, although it is not possible to draw these all the time.

With his list of cartoon suggestions the cartoonist goes to the editor and submits them for his editorial approval, or else if he has discretionary powers he selects himself the one that offers the greatest possibilities for a successful cartoon.

To illustrate the sort of ideas he submits, I will mention a few that were suggested one day last spring. The piece of news that was "featured" on the first page was Senator Hoar's speech in the Senate, a remarkable oration in which the keynote was an appeal that the Philippines be given the same treatment by the United States that was being given to Cuba. This news was the germ of an idea that would represent Senator Hoar, with face beaming with grandmotherly benevolence, pointing to a perforated cardboard motto which he had just worked out in the style of the old-fashioned "God Bless Our Home" mottoes. It was "The Filipinos' Golden Rule," and it said, "Do unto Us as You Have Done unto Cuba." Another big piece of news that was strongly featured that day was the report that a negro had been burned at the stake some place down in Texas. Using this as a text, a suggestion was submitted that showed a Filipino congratulating himself that the "water-cure" had been introduced in his country instead of the "fire-cure." This suggestion was speedily discarded as being repugnant, for the reason that it was an effort to give a humorous turn to a condition that should not be handled humorously, if at all, in a cartoon.

CLEVELAND

The third idea was founded on the approach of commencement time, and this was selected because it had the quality of being good-natured, innocuous, and also timely. The class of ideas to which this belongs might be considered as a sort of pictorial breakfast-food and is popular with the cartoonist, who feels that his mission has been fulfilled if he succeeds in bringing a bit of cheerfulness to some one's heart and thereby makes the beginning of a day sunnier. Its excuse lies in the belief that people prefer to be amused than to be reformed. The cartoons of this class never rock the foundations of nations, but they probably make the world a little more cheery as it rolls along.

The Eleventh-Hour Hunt for Ideas

IN HANDLING this commencement idea the cartoonist showed the two methods employed by a young man and a young woman in preparing for the great, eventful day. The young man was shown deep in the throes of writing his oration, the subject of which was "What Congress Should Do." He was barricaded behind immense volumes of references and presumably was settling for all time to come the affairs of state. The young woman was preparing in a different way. She was in a dressmaker's establishment and was being measured for her graduating frock, the inference being that to all fair graduates the matter of personal appearance on that eventful day was of vastly greater importance than showing Congress how to run the ship of state. It is safe to say that the prairies were not set on fire by this cartoon, but it had the merit of hurting no one's feelings and of being a better aid to digestion than a cartoon depicting a negro being burned alive.

The foregoing examples of cartoon ideas were founded on the news that appeared in the morning papers of that day. The following day may have suggested half a dozen more, all but one of which had to be consigned forever to the waste-basket; for it is true that the average length of life of a cartoon idea is one day. It must be used while it is fresh and timely, for the next day the world may turn absorbingly to some subject that is newer and more interesting.

It sometimes happens that there is not an idea suggested by the news and it may be late in the afternoon before one is evolved. A nervous cartoonist might become anxious as the hours passed unfruitfully, but there is always the cheering consolation that the cartoon will be drawn because it simply has to be, and in the recollection that oftentimes the eleventh-hour idea is one of the best.

When the eleventh hour comes, however, and brings no idea, the cartoonist is obliged to "dig." He looks at the date of the following day and asks himself if it has any significance. Is it the anniversary of any notable historical event; is it the birthday of any of our country's great, either dead or living; or is it of any particular interest as to the weather, the length or shortness of the day, or of anything relating to fashions in dress? What is happening in Washington? What is the President doing? If he is doing nothing, then that in itself is noteworthy and might form the nucleus of a cartoon. All these things are canvassed for

SOME SKETCHES OF THE CAMPAIGN DOG

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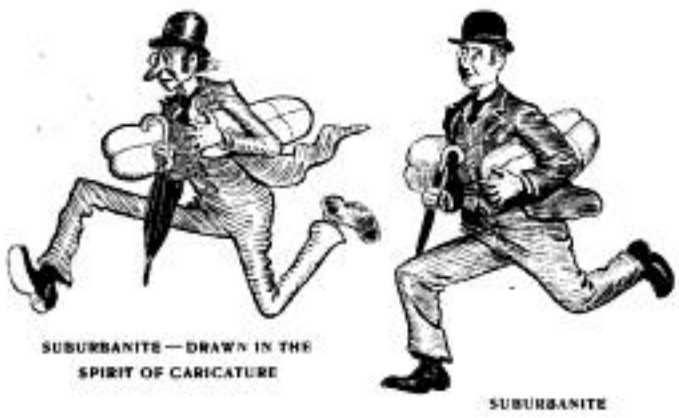

SUBURBANITE—DRAWN IN THE SPIRIT OF CARICATURE

SUBURBANITE

and aft, up and down, inside and outside, until finally the glimmer of a suggestion beams through the clouds. Every holiday suggests something. Every anniversary of a historical event or of a hero's birthday suggests something; every change of weather or fashion suggests something; every month suggests something; there is always some speaker or professor who says something extraordinary, so that it is not remarkable that some sort of an idea is gradually squeezed out by the cartoonist whose mind is trained to observe, deduct and construct.

If the subject that is selected admits of humorous treatment, the cartoonist handles it in that vein; if it does not, he handles it in a serious way. Broadly speaking, all cartoonists might be classified in two groups—the humorous and the serious. There are some subjects that should not be treated frivolously, and there are some evils that demand more stinging rebukes than can be given with ridicule or good-natured satire. A club in certain trying moments is more productive of unwholesome results than a reprimand.

There is perhaps more to be avoided in drawing serious cartoons than there is in drawing humorous ones. A steady diet of the serious style is likely to become monotonous, for no one likes to be scolded or be preached to or see other people scolded continually, even though he knows that the scolding is needed. And the American people, most of all people, like considerable good nature mixed with their lectures. Some serious cartoons are savage and venomous and doubtless do far more harm than good, for they cannot but create a feeling of sympathy for the persons whom they attack. They have an unpleasant effect upon the one who looks at them and in doing so react against the attacking party. The cartoon that is charged with malice or venom might just as well be left undrawn, so far as any beneficial effect on the public goes. Another type of the serious cartoon is the one that appeals to class prejudices and strives to arouse the passions of one element of society against another. This class of cartoons is distinctly unwholesome. Take, for instance, the cartoon policy of representing capital as a devouring monster whose only purpose in life is to throttle the poor workingman. Such cartoons have no effect upon people who think, but in the minds of the ignorant they nourish a spirit of hostility to capital that is undesirable.

The Good-Natured School of Cartoons

THE other school of cartooning is the one which strives to attain its end in a good-natured way, eliminating the sting as much as possible. It is not so powerful or direct as the serious school, but a great deal of good results from its influence. It is insidious and sinks deep without one's suspecting. The cartoons of this school "hit off" the existing evils and abuses with good-natured ridicule or satire, and like the sugar-coated pill, are pleasant while you are taking them.

Up to this point I have written chiefly of the creation of the idea and not of the manual labor of putting the cartoon on paper. When the cartoonist has his idea selected he "lays it out" roughly in tabloid form on a small piece of paper, so that when he begins the cartoon he knows exactly where he is going to place every figure and how he is going to illustrate his central idea. This being done, he carefully draws it out in a much larger form on cardboard, usually two or three times the size it will be when it appears in print. Then, with black ink he makes his drawing, cutting out everything that will not strengthen the idea. If the idea is a good one, there is lots of fun in drawing it, particularly if it is along the humorous line. Anatomical accuracy in drawing the figures is abandoned and everything reduced to simple forms. A correctly drawn figure is very seldom amusing; and also a figure that is too grotesquely drawn is often likely to be offensive. If the cartoonist desires to express surprise, incredulity, anger, joy, or any of the many changes of the human face, he does it boldly and without any attempt to be anatomically correct. He uses as little shading as possible, for the more he uses in a face, the further he gets away from making a funny picture. Any emotion can be shown in eight lines so convincingly that there can be no doubt as to what is intended. The slightest turn of one or more of these lines will change gladness to misery. A few lines will suggest President Roosevelt so that no one could mistake the intention, even though the picture does not look like him. An old-fashioned plug hat and some straggly whiskers suggest Mr. Kruger, just as a military mustache and a helmet suggest Kaiser Wilhelm. Instead of being portraits they are merely symbols that mean certain people—symbols which newspaper readers become familiar with and which never fail to suggest the people they stand for. The portrait of a man drawn carefully and true to life would look stiff and formal and would be completely lacking in humor and spontaneity. Brevity in drawing is the soul of humor in a cartoon.

THE CARTOON TYPE REPRESENTING "CAPITAL" OR "TRUSTS"

THE CONVENTIONAL UNCLE SAM

THE UNCLE SAM THAT WOULD BE MORE TYPICAL

Just as certain symbols mean famous men, so other symbols stand for imaginary people. For instance, a fat man generously besprinkled with diamonds, gorgeously adorned with side-whiskers and a silk hat, is the symbol used to express "capital" or "trust." He is always corpulent, which is assumed to be indicative of wealth, especially when the corpulence is garnished with a few large diamonds. The latter are usually shown busily shooting out streams of radiance. It is not known why bankers and capitalists and rich men are represented as wearing side-whiskers, but it is probable that the early American pioneer cartoonist used the elder Vanderbilt to typify great wealth. It may be remembered that these first very rich Americans wore side-whiskers and that one, at least, expressed some disregard for the rights and feelings of the public in general. Later cartoonists stick to the type because the average reader has been trained to associate side-whiskers with great wealth.

An anxious-looking man loaded down with bundles stands for a suburbanite; a man with a checked suit, a fierce overhanging black mustache, a huge diamond and a gaudy hat tipped down over the eyes, stands for a gambler or a confidence man. By adding a horseshoe watch-charm the same man is changed to a race-track sport. Congressmen are symbolized by chin whiskers and slouch hats, although in real life you see few such men. Old maids always wear spectacles and ringlets; family men usually are wheeling a baby-carriage; club-women are shown with high foreheads, contracted brows and ample avoirdupois. Uncle Sam is always the tall, gaunt gentleman with an old-fashioned beaver hat, a wisp of beard trimmed à la capricorn, and trousers a few inches too short. Just why the United States should be so represented nowadays is past finding out, unless

(Continued on Page 18)

Democrats and Diamonds

AN INVENTORY OF WHAT MRS. EVERYBODY-KNOWS-WHO WEARS AT THE OPERA. WHERE SHE DOES HER BUYING

By David Graham Phillips

NOT since the days of the Cæsars and the Coliseum—if then—has there been such an exhibition of wealth enthroned in barbaric splendor as was to be seen at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, on any one of half a dozen very fashionable nights early in the past season. And the chief element in wealth's pomp, pride and circumstance was one which an ordinary citizen might have minimized—the jewels. True, whichever way one looked there were the flash of diamonds, the clear, steady ray of the ruby, the glistening glow from the pearl. But only those who know about jewels realized how amazing was the spectacle in respect of that one single concentrated expression of enormous prosperity. For example, one ruby in the collar about the neck of that woman in the box to the right cost $25,000—and she could easily have put herself in pawn, just as she was dressed, for three or four hundred thousand. That young woman to the left—plain? Yes, but that slender string of pearls cost $150,000. And on a score, two score, of heads were tiaras and crowns each worth from twenty-five thousand to forty thousand. As for rings and the like, you could have filled a bushel measure several times with trifles worth from one thousand to four or five thousand each. Here is a jeweler's inventory of one woman—she by no means the most begemmed and bejeweled:

Crown,	$ 40,000
Earrings (pearl),	10,000
Collar,	25,000
Necklace,	125,000
Breastplate,	20,000
Stomacher,	15,000
Shoulder clasps,	2,000
Gown embroidered with pearls,	20,000
Rings,	30,000
Fan with jeweled sticks,	5,000
Jeweled slipper buckles, garters and corset clasps,	3,000
Total,	$295,000

So preposterous was the display of jewels that the women who had had a great deal of jewelry for a long time—the mentioned woman was one of them—were presently pronouncing jewelry bad form and were wearing none, or only a few fine pieces—a simple pearl necklace ($100,000 or more), or a handsome but not showy collar worth a few tens of thousands, and some rings, of course. But the fact that "so many common people are loading themselves down" did not move any one to dispose of her jewels, and at the private fashionable entertainments Mrs. So-and-So still came full panoplied in her half a million dollars' worth, and Mrs. Everybody-Knows-Who still hid her bones beneath a flashing breastplate that shot forth a myriad tongues of wonderful flame each time she drew or expelled a breath. The truth is, now as in the earliest recorded times, the passion for jewelry is all but universal, and rages whenever there is an era of prosperity. And the jewel is the everywhere present sign of real or alleged wealth, Fifth Avenue and Bowery, theatre, street, restaurant, public or private entertainment, morning until morning again. New York jewelers are the largest buyers in the markets of the world—and they sell to the entire country. For, if New York is buying ropes and crowns, the rest of the country is buying rings and sprays.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers by Mr. Phillips. The second will appear in the next issue.

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In our simple days, before the Civil War, we imported a modest million or so a year in jewelry. Now we import twenty-five millions a year—and this makes no account of the millions brought in by smuggling, or the half a hundred millions manufactured here. Once—not so very long ago—we were not too curious about flaws and shades in gems. Now, we have our jewelers scour Europe and Asia for peculiar shapes and shades, and, when they return with what we wished, we say: "Very good. Go forth again and bring me the match for this wonder—no matter about the cost." Once, a very rich man or woman, about to invest a few thousands in gems, would debate the matter week after week before taking the conclusive step. Now, the fashionable jewelers themselves marvel not a little at the offhand way in which tens of thousands are invested in jewels in the course of a careless poking through trays of gems. A man went into a jeweler's in Newport on his way to the boat and said: "Anything new?" The jeweler produced two diamonds worth twenty or twenty-five thousand. "I didn't intend to buy anything to-day," said the man, "but I like these and I'll have to make several presents this season. I'll take them." And he drew his check, thrust the gems, in their tissue-paper wrapping, into his waistcoat pocket and hurried on to catch his boat. This is a very small instance—a commonplace, almost. Any New York jeweler could tell you a dozen such stories more remarkable.

But the buying of immense quantities of gems is not confined to America. Throughout civilization the rise of machinery and democracy has produced results similar to those in this country—a prosperous people, capped by a plutocracy eager to deck itself with all the recognized insignia of the triumphant class. And of these insignia the jewel gives the most ostentation with the least danger of what the less recently "arrived" would deride as bad taste. A plutocrat may err in his pictures, in his equipages, in his liveries, in his house and its furnishing; but diamonds and rubies, pearls and emeralds—there he cannot err, if he have an honest jeweler. The jewel-buying plutocracy, European and American, has raised the prices of gems without in the least—apparently—lessening the demand for them among people who profess to abhor ostentation.

The curious—the suspicious—fact is that the supply somehow just keeps pace with the demand, or rather, lags behind it barely enough to maintain the stiff prices which prosperity will bear.

Why Diamonds Never Become "Common"

IN THE case of diamonds, the mystery is really no mystery at all. The best diamonds come from South Africa, and the mines there are all in a "combine," called the De Beers Consolidated Mines. No one, except the few of the "inside ring," knows how great is the annual production of diamonds. But all the world knows that, just before the "combine" was effected by the Rhodes-Barnato crowd, there was a prospect of diamonds becoming as common as amethysts—and as cheap. This would have meant a complete collapse of the demand for diamonds. Of course, we know that the reason the fine lady longs for diamonds is not at all because of their great cost—perish the vulgar thought!—but solely because of their great beauty. But the South African diamond crowd, being vulgarians, went upon the vulgar assumption that if diamonds were cheap nobody would want them. The output was restricted and the De Beers continues to pay forty per cent. dividends and to put by a reserve from which it could pay thirty per cent. more; and the diamond has not become a semi-precious stone.

This explains how it happens that the supply of diamonds manages to keep just a forty per cent. dividend pace behind demand. But how explain the similar phenomena in the supply of rubies, pearls, sapphires and the rest of the precious stones? If the jewelers know, they do not tell.

Our jewelers go oftenest to Paris and stay longest there. Into that market flow most of the market-seeking gems of the world, nearly all of them, except the diamonds, coming from the "gorgeous East." And though in these times of plethoric prosperity they have to pay higher prices than they did a few years ago, still they always get what they seek. Can it be that the gorgeous East is also the crafty East, and has, without making a fuss about it, its "combines" that rule ruby and sapphire mines and pearl fisheries?

It is not a long schooling to become an expert in jewels. One does not need brains, or much knowledge, or any great amount of taste. The two requisites are both natural gifts—excellent eyesight and a perfect sense of color. Any "expert" can tell a diamond from an imitation as far as he can distinctly see it. Rubies and emeralds must be examined—rather carefully. As for a pearl, it can be recognized as true or false as soon as the expert has it in his hands. But when it comes to the finer work, the great expert is he who can discriminate in color to the last shading of a shade.

The Opportunity for Sharp Dealing

JUST because the testing of jewels is such a simple matter, there is no other business in which there is so much deception and fraud upon the consumer. Given a difficult matter and men ignorant of it are not ashamed to confess their ignorance and to call in help. But given a simple matter and every man will pretend to know, will think he knows, will refuse to learn or to be taught. Thus, then, while dealers in jewels are never deceived, buyers of jewels—well, if you feel that you must buy jewels, go to a first-class dealer and pay the irritating extra price he will charge as a guarantee against fraud. The officially reported value of the jewels imported into this country is no index to the prices got from their purchasers. The first-class places add to the highest price the market will bear a commission for their own honesty; the places that are not first-class add in an even larger commission as a punishment to the customer for being ignorant and foolish. As for the installment places, their prices are the highest plus interest compounded upon compound. To know how much a man or woman paid for any gem or bit of jewelry you must know where it was bought and must guess what humor the dealer was in on the selling day.

Of all the precious stones the most expensive is the ruby—yet there is no ruby weighing over five carats that has not a flaw. And there are no emeralds of any size without flaws. But a flaw in a diamond is fatal—not to its sale at a high price to an ignorant customer, but to its beauty in the eyes of a connoisseur. That is the reason why so many of the very large diamonds in the world are not especially admired by the discriminating, and are regarded as curiosities rather than as fine gems. Their size is wonderful, but so is the size of some of the tasteless fruits that come to us from tropical and semi-tropical countries. The best opals are found in Australia, though some fairly good ones are New Mexican. Montana produces sapphires, but the Orient is the place from which all the best ones come. For example, a chain of American sapphires that costs $275 would, if made of Oriental sapphires of the same size, cost about $1700. The difference, like the differences among rubies and emeralds and the rest, is in coloring. And any one can see the reason for the difference in price as soon as he sees the two kinds side by side.

One American jewelry house cuts its own diamonds. But the great diamond-cutting and other gem-cutting centres are Amsterdam and Paris, and we can never hope to compete because we have no such low-priced skilled labor. Some cutting is done in Oriental countries, but it is all crude. The Oriental cuts his gems for distant effects, for public functions. Gems that have been cut there are always recut before an attempt is made to sell them in Occidental markets. And the huge Oriental pieces made up of cunningly arranged semi-precious stones are always broken up before shipment to the Occident. It has no use for jewel-corselets, elephants' breastplates, and the like.

When our jewel-buyers go to Paris they find in small and usually rather mean offices the wholesalers with safes full of cut gems each done up separately in a bit of tissue paper. And in a strong light, with a magnifying glass and a pair of delicate scales as the only instruments of trade, the purchases are made. Prices? It is impossible to say. Diamonds are worth $115 or thereabouts a carat just now. But this is the price of a diamond of three or four or five carats. If it weighs eight or ten the price is much greater. And this is true of all precious stones. Pearls sell for just about double the prices of twenty years ago, and they are easily damaged by water and sometimes from no known cause get "sick" and have to be skinned to restore them to healthy lustre.

The Craze for Graduated Stones

THEN there is another element—matching. A rich man wants a string of matched or graduated pearls. This means long waiting, patient search, extravagant prices. If his fancy is for black pearls, in any circumstances black pearls cost about double what white pearls cost. Or, he has a diamond of a certain size, shape and coloring, and he gives a jeweler the commission to find another or several others just like it. The wholesaler profits by this, if he has the luck or the shrewdness to learn the value of his gem; and the middleman does not work for nothing. A diamond that by itself might bring no more than ten or twelve thousand, will bring half again or double as much if it is needed in matching.

The most interesting part of the gem business is this filling of special orders—and the most lucrative. For Americans have, in recent years, taken up these matching and graduating fads. The largest jewelry houses in New York have at least one man constantly in Europe, searching for stones or pearls that will just fit in with other stones or pearls. There are two New York multi-millionaires that have recently placed with a certain jeweler large and highly difficult orders of this kind on which they have put no price limit whatever.

Stones for stomachers and the like are not usually selected with especial care. But stones for necklaces and tiaras, crowns and collars, must each be very beautiful, and must meet all sorts of requirements as to size, shape and color. And this means expense—it explains $40,000 and $50,000 tiaras and crowns; it accounts for $150,000 or more in a rope of pearls.

Then, too, there is the fad for collecting precious stones not for wear but for exhibition in cabinets or just to put away in a safe and look at once in a while when the owner feels like cheering himself up a bit. And there is the fad of the less rich for collections of semi-precious stones—topaz, amethyst, fresh-water pearl, moonstone, crystal, turquoise, the strange green peridot from Egypt. All of these fads, whims, extravagances, passions for ostentation mean "fancy" prices for jewels of every kind, mean much hurrying to and fro among wholesalers, much energy expended upon results that would to many people seem small indeed. But perhaps we ought to be more often pitiful than critical toward the invented occupations of the bored or the satiated.

Jewels as an Investment

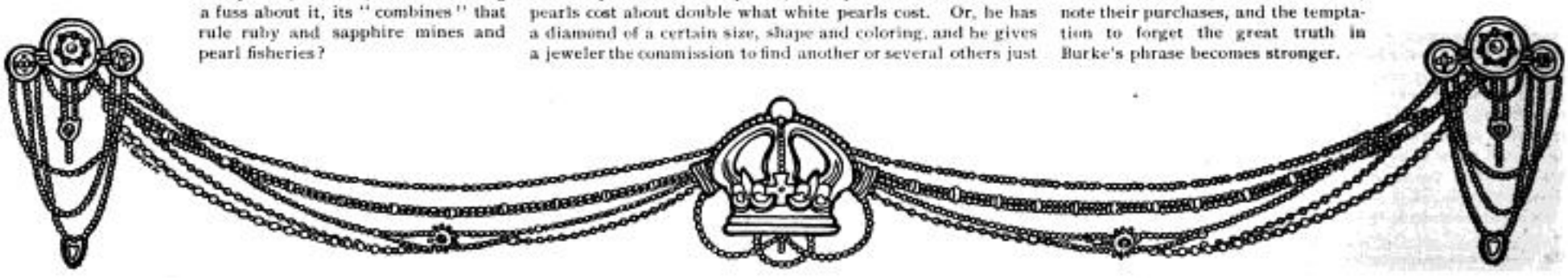
THERE is a theory that jewels are a "good investment." It is true that some jewels—rubies, for example—have risen in value. It is true, also, that better than throwing a hundred or a thousand dollars into the gutter is buying jewels with it and putting by the jewels against a rainy day. But the difference between the wholesale and the retail price of jewels is so huge that, with rare exceptions, the possessor of an ordinary jewel or collection of jewels has that for which he could get back only a small part of his money. And this would be true of most collections of jewels that are out of the ordinary. The only reason for making such collections is the pleasure of the collector in the gratification of his whim through his own and his agent's efforts. Further, the duty on jewels is sixty per cent. just now.

When duty and retailer's profit and wholesaler's profit and producer's profit and the commissions and "rake-offs" of sundry and divers middlemen are subtracted from the selling price of the jewel, when allowance is made for the gullibility or prodigal indifference of purchaser, what value is left? Often not much. In a diamond, very little. More in a pearl; most of all, perhaps, in a ruby. To attempt to reduce this problem to figures would be to indulge in mere guesswork. The dealer in articles of pure luxury—in wines, in cigars, in jewels—finds his customer in the gambler's mood and takes advantage of it. You pay for your purchase; also you pay for your—folly, shall we call it?—in purchasing.

But nothing is more significant of the mood into which the civilized world has been brought by modern commerce with its sudden enormous returns, its amazing easing of the conditions of life, than the vast expansion of the jewelry trade. Go into any city of civilization and you find these great retail shops, windows and cases and safes filled with gems. Come finally to New York and you find for retailing more of them than in Paris. This means that many of us think they have money to throw away and are throwing it away.

Edmund Burke once said in a moment of, even for him, lofty inspiration: "The public is always poor." To look at the number of New York's retail jewelry-dealers and at their stocks, one would be tempted to believe that Burke's saying did not apply to the American public, but that America, rich as a nation and rich as to certain small classes, was also rich as to the class called the masses.

Watch the streams of customers, note their purchases, and the temptation to forget the great truth in Burke's phrase becomes stronger.



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The Lighter Side

Labors and Laughters of Presidential Boom Building

By Alfred Henry Lewis

WHEN Congress came together in December, 1891, there came with it divers Presidential booms. In every studio of politics, sculptors of party were carving away at the features of this or that candidacy, and all hopeful of the prize.

Hill, dark, bilious, pike-hungry for the White House, brought with him when he entered the Senate from New York his own personal hopes and fears for a nomination. Hill was as ambitious as Louis XI, without the Frenchman's insidious genius for chicane. He got into blundering, prompt trouble with the folk about him. For one thing, he lacked modesty and was prone to push forward in debate. These traits of vainglory were resented by ancient Senators who stuck by tradition and held that your Senate newcomer should listen with deference, make no retorts, and observe a novitiate of dumbness—sit as tongue-tied as an oyster.

These transgressions of Hill on solemn Senate customs were so flagrant as to evoke a lecture from Harris, of Tennessee. The latter was a statesman who made a specialty of fury; his visage was one of your queer, fantastic portraits which one beholds on tea-chests or mayhap carved on the far-ends of fiddles. In a red-faced way of hectoring, Harris undertook to put the ebullient Hill in his proper place. Harris with as much prospect of success might have sought to put a rattlesnake in its proper place. Hill interrupted him before he won to a first semicolon.

"Don't attempt your plantation manners with me!" warned Hill, high of vein and insolent of brow.

Harris almost expired at this; his face congested, his neck swelled, and it was as though the fingers of an apoplexy were feeling about his heart. However, he recovered sufficiently to look Hill over with cold, superior eye, and allude to him as "A mephitic bubble on some chance-hallowed mudhole of affairs."

Hill's Cut and Thrust Debating

HILL had much of the knife-fighter in his make-up. Lack of tact Hill might be charged with; want of courage, never. He would war with any or all who came to the lists. Norse throughout, for all his black hair and swarthy skin, Hill has the racial instinct to go close in upon his foe, and the racial expectation to come back covered with blood. There was, when Hill stood in the Senate, nothing delicate or of a long-distance character in his notions of strife. Had it been the olden day and the Senate an arena, with Hill a gladiator, he would have fought with ax and short-sword; he believed in the coarse, effective work of hack and stab.

One might note this knife-taste while Hill was making a speech. He had but the one gesture; his right hand forward and on a level with his breast would foin and fence as though it held a bowie. It was a gesture of thrust and parry—the plain fence of the bowie knife.

When Hill made a point, he thrust straight forward like the stroke of an adder. It was as though he pierced the heart of an adversary.

Hill, with his eagerness to seize a White House—albeit none about him believed he would succeed—and his smiting system of giving battle to any who crossed his way, was a figure of interest to his fellow-Senators. Sterett, of the newspapers, asked Coke, in the Senate from Texas, what he thought of Hill.

Coke, though narrow and a bit provincial, was a judge of trouble and of trouble-makers. His own biography in the Congressional directory described him as having been removed from the Supreme Bench of Texas by General Sheridan, "as an impediment to reconstruction," and one glance at Coke would show how this must have been so. He had the very appearance of an impediment.

When Sterett asked concerning Hill, Coke put on an air of thoughtfulness.

"Bill," said Coke, and then proceeding with his funny lisp—"thith man Hill ith a thtronger man than we thought. And Bill, he ith a natural dethperado. If he'd been born and brought up in Texath, he'd a-killed twenty men by now."

Gorman, smug, smooth, a prince of intrigue, also had his Presidential aspirations. And yet it was Gorman who advised Hill to come to the Senate. Hill thought Gorman would support him for the Chicago nomination. Gorman, however, merely used Hill to steal New York from Cleveland; Hill was Gorman's stalking-horse over whom he would shoot, for himself, his White House game.

Gorman knew that Cleveland was the great, natural candidate; it was Cleveland he must defeat. The Maryland Machiavelli, as an element in his nomination-hunting, resolved to seize the House control. It was Gorman who produced Crisp for the Speakership, while Mills, of Texas, was the name about which the Cleveland forces clustered. They said "Mills is the logic of the situation," but they meant Cleveland. In the caucus struggle between Crisp and Mills for the Speakership, everything American was supposed to be at hazard. A tariff policy; silver versus gold; Gorman against Cleveland for a Presidency.

The Battle of the Frocks

ONCE upon a time a cow kicked over a candle and burned the city of Chicago. Victory or defeat for that Speakership was made finally to swing on a hinge almost as slight. Mrs. Tarsney, wife of Representative Tarsney, of Missouri, was a lady of taste in dress. Also, she had a pride of her frocks which was instantly set on exasperated edge when Mrs. Mills—also a lady of taste—told the other Congressional wives at Willard's that Mrs. Tarsney's frock didn't fit. Mrs. Mills conceded that Mrs. Tarsney's dress fitted in front, but she averred it to be too full in the back, and was willing to leave the question in its settlement to the public at large. Indeed, in her fairness, Mrs. Mills did call as much public attention to Mrs. Tarsney's dress as was possible, and on the subject of its "fit" invoked the general judgment.

Now, Mrs. Tarsney was a power with her husband. As a retort to Mrs. Mills she became a Crisp worker, and while the Missouri delegation was, properly speaking, a Mills delegation, she made a Crisp man of Representative Tarsney. Also, she brought into the Crisp fold Representative Wilson, who emanated from that Missouri district nearest neighbor to her husband's. Crisp was elected over Mills at the tail of a fight which staggered on through one hundred ballots, by a majority of two. It was Mrs. Tarsney and Mrs. Tarsney's dress. On such slight hooks do these our destinies depend.

Among Democratic Presidential candidates of a decade and two years ago were Cleveland, Gorman and Hill; and though the lapse of time has eliminated from the lists a Morrison, a Palmer and a Gray, and substituted therefor a Parker, a Carter Harrison and a Francis, soothsayers and wise folk declare that again the great trio of twelve years ago, Cleveland, Gorman and Hill, will each come seeking next year's nomination. This last may make an added reason why the long-ago deeds of these ambitious gentry should wear a present interest.

When Congress met in 1891 it was difficult to forestall the issue for the coming White House campaign. Some there were who said it would be silver; in the earlier moments of Congress it would have that look, and to quote from a forensic effort of the late Thomas B. Reed, "the Congressional woods were full of gold bugs, silver bugs and straddle bugs."

Reed himself among Republicans was a well-developed candidate against Harrison, and on that same question of silver sent forward his friend and ally, Lodge, of Massachusetts, to draw the popular fire and locate party as well as public sentiment on the quarrel then raging between white and yellow finance. Lodge could take the risk, since he was installed in Senate safety for the next six years to come; nor was he himself reaching for any higher limb.

Lodge, to test the risk for Reed, offered a pro-silver resolution of ambiguous, cloudy sort. Then Reed leaned back to note what would happen to the daring Lodge. It was as though some gentleman, meditating a similar trip, should first send a dog over Niagara Falls in a barrel. The result, however, bore no silver comfort, and Reed, and everybody else for that matter, were at once sedulous to withhold themselves from that subject of perilous money.

The Melancholy Launching of the Gorman Boom

GORMAN, as a candidate for the Presidency, would be coy and distant and non-committal. The nomination must pursue him, make love to him, take him as it were by storm. This modesty did not suit with the vigorous moods of Brice and Vest and sundry of the Gorman propaganda. They declared that he must come forth, and that his name should be openly used. The present Gorman system left him all the safety while they ran all the risk. He must take the peril of his own ambitions; and so they strictly told him.

It was settled that Gorman's candidacy should be shoved from shore at a dinner. Gorman would give a feast in honor of an orator of the Middle West; Crisp would be there; the Gorman men of the Senate—and that among Democrats meant everybody save Vilas and Hill—would be there; the guest of honor would make a speech. Carried away on the burning currents of his rhetoric, he would demand the candidacy of Gorman; Vest and Vorhees and others eloquent and present would take up the cry; Gorman would be overpowered. He would be modest; he would hesitate; but also he would be compliant and submit to numbers and to force. From that dinner should date the open candidacy of Gorman.

The evening and the guests arrived—all save the guest of honor. Fifteen minutes, thirty minutes, an hour went by to join that wide eternity of the past, and still no guest of honor. There were murmurs; a hungry Senator is a vicious thing, a thirsty one a danger.

The Man in the Closed Landau

GORMAN gave way to a situation; waiting no longer for the delinquent guest, he commanded the oysters and the sherry to appear. Coldly, almost in silence, did the sulky feast proceed. However, the absent guest was on his way. The repast had gotten to terrapin when a dark, sinister-seeming landau, tightly closed, drove to the Gorman gate. No one stepping forth, a committee was named to search the landau's depths. The search bore fruit, and yet a cheerless fruit. Within the deeper recesses of the vehicle the committee found outstretched that guest of honor; but steeped in such profound abstraction was he that he heeded neither the committee's nor his duty's call. The guest of honor was dragged forth and filed away on a sofa; there he abode while in the next room the disappointed dinner went forward in Arctic sort. There were no speeches; no eloquence swept all before it, and no Gorman boom was sprung. The situation at the finish was the situation at the start.

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If Gorman had owned a broad streak of the cavalryman in his constitution he might have done something Presidential for his hopes. But he is a soul of cabinets and alcoves, rather than the camp—a plotter not a fighter. He has no stomach for that last grim charge which, when intrigue and chicane have carried as far as they will, is ever required to secure success. Gorman was a candidate until twenty-four hours before the Convention was called. Then he disappeared—literally and physically disappeared. When next met with he was at Whitney's cheerful elbow doing what he might for Cleveland; and that stubborn Princeton publicist was made the nominee on a first convention ballot, Hill sticking to the last—a catboat contending with a liner.

On that last Chicago day of 1892, just prior to the Convention, those whose shout was "Anything to beat Cleveland!" went from delegation to delegation and made a count of noses. To their amazement they discovered that Morrison, of Illinois—not a mentioned candidate—was, next to Cleveland, the strongest name. Morrison had been a Forty-niner, and California and the West were for him in a spirit of romance. Morrison had fought through the Mexican War, and Texas and a slice of the South were for him on sentimental grounds. It looked as though, with his own State of Illinois at his shoulder, Morrison's name could be flung into the Convention and prevent Cleveland from calling about him those two-thirds demanded for a triumph.

The Woman Who Made a President

ILLINOIS had instructed its delegation for Palmer. That "instruction," however, was but a rope of sand. Foreman, Fithian and others wired Morrison in Washington saying they could take the State from Palmer, and asking permission to use his name. Eckles, who was later to be Comptroller of Currency, also wired Morrison and urged him to withhold his name and to give his weight for Cleveland. Morrison was not in Washington; Mrs. Morrison opened the messages. Wise, shrewd, faithful to a point of honor, Mrs. Morrison sent word in the name of Morrison to Eckles urging the delegation to stay by Palmer while he had a chance, and when it left him—if such a time should come—to give its vote for Cleveland. Eckles published this dispatch; and with that publication was swept away the one great danger which stood in the path of Cleveland. If it were a woman's word that gave Gorman the Speakership against Cleveland, it was also a woman's word that bridged to the latter's feet that last convention chasm which yawned so widely in the very finish of it between victory and himself.

Gorman's desertion of his own candidacy, to employ a colloquialism of the woods, left many an excellent gentleman out on a limb—notably Crisp, whose second Speakership would be much at Cleveland's mercy when tenant of the White House. There be folk who deem Cleveland as one hungry for revenge. He did not prove it at this crisis; for all Crisp's Gorman partizanship, Cleveland was quick to have him returned as Speaker. Also he called Morton to his Cabinet; and yet Morton with broadest denunciations of both Cleveland and the party had left Chicago before the Convention was brought together, saying he would neither see nor assist at that nomination.

Speaking of Crisp, folk in Washington will wait long for one more lovable or more high to come among them. One might tell his greatness from his frank nobility of heart; from his want of affectation, his lack of snobbery, his iron confidence—when courage and confidence were asked for—in his powers and his position.

Crisp was a natural captain; he assumed command of men as though it were his birthright. Withal, he was as much without an art as without an arrogance.

American Nights Entertainment

By Charles Battell Loomis

"THAT WOULD BE BULLY, WOULDN'T IT?" SAID THE BOY

The Thousand-Dollar Skates

FOR the benefit of those who may have missed (or deliberately avoided) reading the first and second story in this series a word or two of explanation is necessary. Know then that a company of good fellows were returning in a special car from a dinner that they had attended in Syracuse. They were the guests of that well-known advertising man, Tom Chandler, and they had whiled away the time both going and coming with stories of personal adventure for the most part, and there was no man in the party who was allowed to escape story-telling, although it did not fall to every man to possess the charm of speech or manner of the actor or the cartoonist. With the latter it was not so much what he said as the delightful way he said it, whereas in the case of some of the others it was more the intrinsic interest of the story told than the manner of the telling that made it memorable. The animal painter, the dry-goods man, Tom Chandler himself; in fact each man in the party of twelve had told a story, and it now fell to the clergyman to tell his second. His first had been an anecdote of a best man who stole the wedding fee intrusted to him by the groom.

"Doctor Stringer, it's up to you again," said Tom when the laughter following one of his own jokes had subsided. Chandler was just as slangy when addressing the clergyman as he would have been in talking to a man in his own line of endeavor, but for the matter of that Doctor Stringer himself dropped into slang when occasion offered, feeling that a bit of slang was often merely an immigrant to the shores of language and that it might be a matter of but few years when it would hold perhaps an aldermanic position in the body verbal.

Mr. Stringer waved his hands deprecatingly. "I'm a better listener than talker," said he.

"Now you know that's an exaggeration," said Tom, "for I've stood on the outskirts of a Sunday and you did *all* the talking. Tell us a church story. It will surely be good."

"Well, then, I'll tell you about little Arthur Boswell and the raising of our church debt. It is a story that I should have labeled 'fiction' if I had read it in a newspaper, but to me its chief interest lies in its being absolutely true down to the last word. I have merely taken the usual prerogative of changing names in order to avoid action for libel in case this ever gets into print."

Here he looked at the special correspondent, who actually winked at him.

"When I became rector of St. Cephas (which was my first charge, by the way) I didn't know that the little church overlooking the Hudson was saddled with a mortgage of fifteen hundred dollars or I shouldn't have accepted the call: I dislike debt as much as some people dislike cats. But as soon as I learned of its existence I determined to wipe it out if such a thing were possible.

"I will pass over my efforts with my vestry, as they amounted to nothing. If there is anything more ineffectual than the average vestry meeting I have yet to learn of it."

"All business meetings are the same," said the actor, who belonged to the Order of Elks and was a member of his local fire department. "Shakespeare had business meetings in mind when he spoke of 'Words, words, words.'"

The clergyman laughed approvingly and continued: "After my non-success with my vestry I attended a meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary and, knowing that they had the good of the church at heart, I asked them if they did not think it would be a good thing to wipe out the debt, and" (the clergyman laughed softly at the recollection) "one little woman said she thought it would, and that she would embroider initials on handkerchiefs that could afterward be sold for fifty cents apiece at a church fair, and that she would willingly do six of them to help along the cause. And another very sporty woman whose husband kept a hotel in the village suggested that we have a turkey raffle at her husband's.

"Of course I sat down promptly on that, for when I became a minister I put aside raffles and all games of chance and many other things that I had indulged in when a boy on the Erie Canal.

"Well, the women did show a good deal of interest in the matter and were much more businesslike than their husbands, but, after all, it was a young lad who had come into the room (in direct disobedience to his mother) to ask where his skates were who eventually extinguished the debt.

"'Mamma,' said he, looking at me out of the corner of his eyes and picking at the buttons on her waist, 'Mamma.'

"Of course 'Mommer' told him to run along, and equally, of course, he stood stock still, being a boy of average disobedience, and said, 'Mamma, I know a way to pay the debt. Sell something to a man for a certain price and then make him sell it to some one else for twice as much, and so on until it's sold for what the debt was.'

"This not very lucid exposition was not well received by his mother, who felt that he was disturbing the meeting (although I am sure that she was the only one annoyed). But I called the boy over to me—he was a manly, sturdy, erect little chap of about twelve or thirteen—and I asked him how he came to think of such a thing.

"'Why,' said he in quick, nervous tones, 'I read the other day about a boy who found a mouse and traded it for a sick cat that he cured, and then swapped her for a lame dog that got over it, and swapped the dog for a pony with the distemper, and the pony got well and he swapped her for a horse, and at last sold the horse for several hundred dollars, and the mouse hadn't cost him a thing. Now if you could get richer and richer or generouser and generouser men,' said he, 'to buy a pair of skates or most anything, and they knew they were helping the church, then we'd get a lot, and at last you could go to some of these rich men that they make fun of in the papers—I mean men that feel wicked at having so much money and who want to get right—*you* know—why maybe we could get one of *those* men to buy the skates for a large sum and that would pay the debt, and maybe there'd be money over so's we could build a bigger church than ever. That would be bully, wouldn't it?' said the boy.

"'Perfectly bully, my son,' said I; 'and I will appoint a committee consisting of you and some of your chums to sell those skates over and over again.'

"Of course, every one thought I was joking excepting Master Arthur. And then tea and cakes were served and Arthur was sent out of the room by his overnervous mother after he had secured a handful of cakes and trod one into the rug, and every one supposed that the proposal was one of my jokes. For I regret to say that at the outset of my ministry I was inclined to be jocose and it was several years before I lived down my reputation."

"All the same, that was a bright idea of the kid's," said Tom Chandler, whose business mind at once scented possibilities in it.

"It was," said Doctor Stringer, "and Arthur was one of the brightest boys I ever knew. He was a great newspaper reader and really knew more of what was going on in the world than many a man of three times his age. I dare say that more than one of you have read some of his Monday morning surveys of the money market in one of the New York dailies, for Arthur is now a financial reporter at the early age of twenty-two. A brilliant boy.

"However, I don't want to get ahead of my story. At first I had thought to have Arthur and two or three of his chums go around together with a pair of skates that I donated to the cause, but I soon realized that a man was needed to inspire

MR. TURNER

Editor's Note—This is the third story in Mr. Loomis' series. The next will appear in an early issue.

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confidence; and so I asked the clerk of the vestry, a Mr. Turner, as meek as Moses, but a perfect watchdog for integrity, and he and Arthur had a good many amusing experiences, although they were more amusing to Arthur than they were to Mr. Turner, who was totally lacking in a sense of humor. I don't want to make this story too long or I should tell you about his various receptions as he went from parishioner to parishioner. There were several very rich men in my parish but it was not the richest who gave the most, and Arthur sometimes had to try several houses before he could get the subscription next in order. Some would not double the amount but did give sums like twenty or fifty dollars, and that worried the boy a good deal, as he had hoped to double it right along. He had a piece of paper with the problem all worked out. He was aiming at $1500, the amount of the debt.

"He told me that he went first to the stingiest man he knew, who happened to be a parishioner, and he explained his plan while Mr. Turner stood by and nodded his head solemnly—so the boy told me—and then Arthur offered to sell him the skates for ten cents—for in these doubling propositions you have to begin with a small amount or you'll get into millions in no time. The stingy man bought the skates on sight, and then Arthur said it looked as if the whole thing was spoiled because Mr. Stingy wanted to keep the skates for his son, who, it seems, had been clamoring for a pair for over a month—in fact ever since cold weather had set in—and the old man thought that if he could get a pair of standard make for ten cents he would be foolish to let them go; but Arthur pierced his cuticle in some way known to boyhood and came away with the dime and the skates. The first day of his quest he visited six men in moderate circumstances and got money amounting to $6.30."

"Slow work," said the cartoonist, who was in the habit of receiving fifty dollars for a cartoon and whose mind worked in big numbers.

"Yes, the first day was slow, but the second day Arthur and Mr. Turner visited some ten of the richer members of my flock, but only five put their names down for the regular subscription, which was thereby advanced to something like $200. I've told this story before and I recall the figures. Ah, Mr. Chandler's figuring it out."

Tom Chandler had been absent-mindedly calculating what the tenth progression would be, and he now announced it as $102.40, or $204.80 for the total.

The clergyman did not seem to like the interruption and drummed with his fingers on the frost-covered pane.

"Some of those who refused to double the amount already given promised to contribute something to bring it to the required sum; some denounced the whole proceeding as savoring of bunco, but most of them were pleased at Arthur's straightforward manner and rather enjoyed the fun of buying skates that were doubling in value every few hours.

"But the next day Arthur found it a thankless task. The amount was now in the vicinity of $100, and, although there were half a dozen millionaires who had villas on the Hudson and who attended my church, Arthur found but one who was willing to give—How much is it?" said Doctor Stringer with just a suspicion of irritation.

"Two hundred and four dollars and eighty cents," said Tom, totally unconscious that he was worrying the good rector.

"That's it. When Arthur came to me that evening he was very non-committal as to his future plans. He said he could count on an even $500 but he would not tell me where he expected to get the thousand, having totally exhausted our domestic millionaires. My whole congregation did not amount to over one hundred communicants, which meant that there were not over twenty heads of families.

"The rest of my story will have to be read to you, as it is in the form of a letter. I thought I might be called upon for a story so I provided myself with material."

Doctor Stringer laughed genially (Tom Chandler had stopped figuring) and took from the inside pocket of his frock coat a letter written in a boyish hand on some ten hotel letter-heads.

"I did not hear from Arthur for a day or two and in the last mail one Saturday night I received this letter from him bearing a New York date of the same day and fully explaining why he had not been to see me. Next morning I saw him in church and he told me the story again, but his written account is better than my memory of his verbal one, although that was very picturesque.

"'*Dear Mr. Stringer*, I thought I would not say anything to you about what I meant to do until it was done because I was afraid that I might fail. But I didn't and Mr. Turner is going to take me to the theatre to-night so I won't see you till to-morrow which is the reason for my writing. And anyhow I am glad of the chance because Miss True said that we might write a letter instead of a composition to hand in next Wednesday and that it might be about something that really happened and this really did. I'm glad it did for I can't make up.'"

Here Doctor Stringer looked up from the letter to say, "I'm not going to mention the name of the millionaire who figures in this letter otherwise than as Mr. Blank, for I understand that he does not court newspaper publicity."

"HE SAID I'D DOUBLE HIM UP IF HE THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT ME"

"'Mr. Stringer I went down to the office of Mr. Blank with Mr. Turner because I knew he had crowds of money and they say he is generous with it and I thought that $1000 wouldn't be any more to him than a cent would be to me and you. Mr. Turner says to write smaller or I'll use up too much hotel paper. We had lunch here and I am writing in the office at a nice little desk wish I had one like it.' (Arthur's punctuation is not impeccable, but he's only misspelled two or three words in the whole letter.) 'I went down to the office of Mr. Blank and I told a man at a gate that was inside of the office that I wanted to see him and he laughed at me and that made me mad and I said that it was a matter that affected the whole future of St. Cepha's I thought big words would be good and I guess he didn't understand what I meant for he looked kind of astonished, so then I called Mr. Turner and he came up and said what I'd said only kind of bashful. Say, I'll bet Mr. Turner hasn't been in New York much for he acted kind of scared and afterwards I asked him if it was Mr. Blank's money that made him scared. My, I wouldn't be scared of a man just because he had money. So then a door in the back opened and a big man came out in a hurry and talked very loud and I kind of guessed he was Mr. Blank the way the clerk acted so I said out loud to him "Mr. Blank I want to see you as soon as it's convenient.'

"'Mr. Turner says he expected that we'd both be turned out of the place because he says that Mr. Blank has a quick temper but I'll bet he likes boys for as soon as he heard me he looked around at everybody in sight and kind of chuckled deep down in his throat and then he said "I can see you now sir."

"'Imagine, he said Sir to me but I think he was only joking. Well Mr. Turner was coming in too but he hasn't much nerve and I told him to stay out. Sometimes when a man shows he's frightened it makes teasers pitch on to him same as a dog will and I think Mr. Blank is a teaser. So I went in alone and Mr. Blank he said as kind as could be "What do you want?" and I said "Mr. Blank I want to sell you a pair of skates for $1000 for St. Cephas Church" and he just brought his two fists down on his desk with a bang and he threw his head back and just bellered like a bull. And when he had stopped bellering and I saw he was only laughing *his* way I began to open the box to show him that the skates were all right and that I had them with me. And he wanted to know if I had been long at that sort of business because he didn't know but there might be something in it for him and then I saw he wasn't any one to be afraid of any more than if he hadn't a cent so I told him all about the debt and how people had doubled the money until now we had $500 and all we needed was just $1000 and then he bellered some more and he made a joke then. He said I'd double *him* up if he thought much about me and then he asked me if I was American born and I told him I was and glad of it—and I am, you bet—I told him I wouldn't be an Englishman for a good deal because I'd got to them in my history and he told me that when I was older I'd like them better and that Bunker Hill was a long time ago and that the English were sorry for it and then I thought that talk about history wouldn't raise any money so I said "Well, will you buy the skates? You're the last one on the list and you may keep them."

"'And then he bellered again and said that if he did buy the skates he'd put them in a glass case. And then he asked me a lot of questions about what I learned and what I played and what I wanted to be when I grew up—and say, Mr. Stringer he says that if I decide to go into business and *not* be a soldier that he'll give me a place in his office and then he told me that he was an Episcopalian himself and that surprised me because I didn't suppose those very rich men had any religion and he didn't seem to be giving me the money because he was afraid at all but just because he felt like it. I liked him, Mr. Stringer, because he seemed real and because I'll bet he was a regulyer of a boy when he was young. I told him all about the time we went camping last summer at the lake and while I was telling him a clerk brought in a lot of cards to him but he just put them on his desk without looking at them and asked me a lot of questions that showed he was interested in boats and Mr. Turner said I had no business to take up his time that way but he kept asking me questions and he said—honest, Mr. Stringer, he said that next summer if I reminded him of it he'd take me to sail on his steam yacht' (y-o-c-h-t). 'And then he took up his check book and he made out a check for a thousand dollars and gave it to me and I gave him a receipt and then he bellered again although I don't see why he did *that* time and then he walked all the way to the front door with me and shook hands with me and the fellers at the desks stared good and hard and so did Mr. Turner and I told Mr. Blank that it was Mr. Turner and he shook hands with him but not the same way he did with me. Anyhow Mr. Turner seemed afraid to shake hands and I think the reason is that he wasn't ever a real boy. He can't swim! But he was awful glad to see the check and he felt so good that he's going to take me to the theatre this evening. No more now as I will see you to-morrow but I don't see why they didn't stop that debt years ago as long as it was so easy to do. Yours very truly,

"'ARTHUR BOSWELL.'"

"Well, you may imagine that I read the letter with delight, and when Mr. Turner came around to my rooms at midnight and handed me the check with the signature of the great man on it I felt like doing something substantial for Arthur."

"What became of the boy?" "Who was the millionaire?" were the questions put to the rector at this point.

"Arthur finished his course at the High School and graduated without honors, as he never was much of a student, but I had no fears for his future, and the millionaire was as good as his word and took him into his employ."

"Who was the millionaire; was it Rockefeller?" asked a man who ought to have known better.

"I guess it was Pierpont Morgan," said Robert Green, the hero of The West Point Start.

"I'm not at liberty to say which of you is right if *either* is, but as I said a while ago the millionaire saw something in Arthur and to this day he is the friend and adviser of the boy. I met him not long since at a Chamber of Commerce dinner and recalled the story to him, and he told me that he never [illegible] a thousand dollars for anything with more pleasure than when he bought those skates. And then, as Arthur would have said, 'he bellered.'"

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Despotism and Democracy

A Study in Washington Society and Politics

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JULIAN CRANE

CHAPTER VII

CONGRESS adjourned on the fifteenth of June, just two months after it was convened in extra session. Thorndyke's apprehensions had been confirmed. Few legislative follies had been committed—the House had gone with the people, leaving to the Senate and the Administration the disagreeable task of stemming the popular tide as far as possible when it rushed on too fast. No reputations had been damaged in either House, and several had been made—but none to equal Julian Crane's. As for Thorndyke, the newspapers seemed to have forgotten his existence.

By the time adjournment was reached Washington was deserted. The class which is designated as "everybody" was either going or gone. The outgoing steamers carried half the town across the ocean. Thorndyke had promised himself a treat—a trip to Europe that year—the first since that long remembered one which had settled his fate in some particulars for him. But one word from Constance, on the afternoon when he went to bid her farewell, changed all this in the twinkling of an eye.

He found that she had just returned from a near-by place in Virginia, where her family had been established many generations before the Louisiana purchase had sent them toward the Gulf of Mexico. Constance was full of her Virginia trip, and told Thorndyke that she meant to take for the summer the old family place—Malvern Court—at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, where many generations of dead and gone Maitlands had lived and flourished, after their migration from their first American home on the shores of the Chesapeake. "And I hope," she continued smiling, "that you will have the opportunity to meet some of my Virginia cousins. I shall have a great many house parties during the summer, and you are among those I shall invite. I hope you may accept."

"I accept now," replied Thorndyke—and, in a breath, his trip to Europe melted away and was as if it had never been. Then Thorndyke very artfully found out the hour of her departure, which was to be three days later.

When Constance on a warm June morning arrived at the station with her five negro servants and her household and personal paraphernalia, to start for her summer in Virginia, she found Thorndyke waiting for her. In the station he had met Annette Crane, who had just seen a constituent off. At the same moment they caught sight of Constance.

"Come," said Thorndyke, "go with me and say good-by to Miss Maitland. She is a real friend of yours, and I know she will be glad to see you before she goes."

They came upon Constance, very smartly dressed, as always, and looking young and animated. She was superintending the tickets and luggage of herself and her five servants. Thorndyke, on reaching her side, proffered his assistance, but his offer was promptly repulsed.

"How on earth would you manage five negroes?" she asked. "You would lose your patience in five minutes—you don't know what they know or what they don't know. I think I have everything straight now. I will keep the tickets myself." And then, escorted by Thorndyke, she saw her five charges and the horses, the traps and the trunks in their proper cars, and sending Thorndyke after Annette Crane, herself took her place in the drawing-room car for her three hours' trip.

When Annette stepped in the car to spend ten minutes with her Constance was sincerely glad. She felt a strong and strange sympathy with Annette Crane. Never were women more dissimilar in type, in environment, in ideas than those two women—but both were gentlewomen of sense and right feeling, and on that common ground they met and became friends.

Constance expressed a wish that Mrs. Crane might be in Washington the next winter, and Annette quietly replied that she expected to be.

Then Constance continued that she should be so glad if she and Mr. Crane would pay her a visit during the summer. Annette's eyes sparkled—it was a distinct triumph for her—because she knew, and knew that Crane knew, that he never would have been asked but for her. She thanked Constance warmly, but said she was afraid it was impossible—she never went away from Circleville in summer, and Constance, seeing longing in Thorndyke's eye, repeated her invitation to him, and made his middle-aged heart beat fast by doing it—and then it was time to go, and the train pulled out.

GOVERNOR SANDERS

CHAPTER VIII

CRANE with Annette and the two children had returned to Circleville after the adjournment of Congress, and immediately on reaching home he had been beset with a temptation, against which he made a short, hard fight, and then was conquered, and gave up all the honesty of his soul as regards politics. One week after his return to Circleville he had received overtures for peace from Governor Sanders, and a meeting between them had been arranged.

It took place in a neighboring city, in the private parlor of a hotel. The two men were entirely alone. Sanders, a bulldog of a man, came out frankly and told Crane that by the cutthroat policy they were pursuing they were simply playing into Senator Bicknell's hands, and depriving the State of its just weight with the National Committee, in the year of a Presidential convention. His proposition was a large one but was put in a few words. The Governor began by freely admitting that Crane had got the best of him in the matter of that Senatorial appointment—the politicians were agreed on that. But all men make blunders, and Governor Sanders proposed to atone for the blunder he had made about the Senatorship by joining forces with Crane instead of opposing him further. It was plain that there was a strong revolt against Senator Bicknell, and a split was inevitable among the chiefs as soon as the legislature met which would elect a Senator. When this break came new alignments must be made, and Governor Sanders believed and said that if he and Crane should join forces they could oust Senator Bicknell and get control of the machine.

At the mention of Senator Bicknell's name Crane changed countenance and mumbled something about his political obligations to the Senator. Sanders met this by saying that it was his opinion that if Senator Bicknell were not ousted there would be grave danger that the party would lose the State at the next election, and, in any event, there must be a new alignment of forces, and he was simply proposing to take advantage of the inevitable. He then went on to explain briefly his plan. The protocols must provide that Governor Sanders should throw all his strength toward getting Crane the party nomination for the full Senatorial term in January. In return, Crane was to devote all his energies to securing the Governor's election two years hence to succeed Senator Bicknell. Meanwhile, Senator Bicknell was nursing a very robust and promising Vice-Presidential boom which must of course be strangled in the cradle. Nothing must be heard of it at the next Presidential convention a year hence; but four years hence, when both Crane and Sanders would be in the Senate, it would be time enough to decide which one would strive for it. The geographical position of the State, and the uncertainty of the elections for many years past, would put them in a very good strategic position, either to capture the Vice-Presidential nomination or to dictate it to the convention; and that was a prize which could be held in reserve.

The success of the whole, however, depended upon keeping Senator Bicknell in the dark, for although he had not displayed the qualities of a truly great boss, like Senator Standiford, yet he was a man of considerable force, well liked, a gentleman, and a favorite in his party. If he suspected the plotting of an insurrection against him, he might, in two years' time, overthrow it completely; but he was an unsuspicious man—a weakness in a boss—and could be easily deluded into believing that no effort was necessary on his part to hold his own. For that reason the warfare between Sanders and Crane should ostensibly be kept up. Especially must this be the case in selecting delegates to the National Convention. Senator Bicknell's aspirations for the Vice-Presidential nomination must be frosted on the apparent ground of dissensions among the leaders in the State; but as soon as the election was over they could come together and have four years' amicable struggle to prove whether Sanders or Crane should be seriously put forward for the Vice-Presidential nomination five years hence.

Crane listened to this nefarious scheme with disgust—a disgust in which a great longing was strangely and violently mingled. Every word that Sanders said was true—Crane knew that perfectly well. The machine was going to pieces—there could be no doubt of that—and Crane, with accurate knowledge of conditions, saw that the Governor's plan, although far-reaching, was quite practicable. The whole thing, however, hinged on keeping Senator Bicknell in the dark. In a free, fair fight the Governor and himself might be worsted. Senator Bicknell might be considered the founder of Crane's political fortunes, and had certainly treated him with great kindness, and had procured his advancement—but then, it was a question whether the great law of necessity did not compel Crane to go with Sanders. Senator Bicknell would not, if he could, ruin Crane, but Governor Sanders was fully capable of it, and would, if he could. Indeed, Sanders conveyed as much.

"Of course," he said carelessly as he lighted a cigar, "you would have to be very circumspect in every way from now on. Voters, you know, are easily offended. As a matter of business purely, I shall mention to you that there has been some talk about your leaving your wife at home during your time spent in Washington. I have heard that, except for the short visit she paid you during the extra session, she has not been there since the first session at which you took your seat. Of course, everybody knows that it is all straight between you, but it was a mistake on your part, just the same. It will give your enemies a handle against you."

Crane grew pale. How strange it was that in all those years he had never been conscious of the supreme folly of his behavior! It had not once occurred to him, until that evening in Washington, hardly more than a month ago!

"Mrs. Crane remained by choice in Circleville on account of the children," replied Crane, "and because my salary as a Congressman doesn't admit of my having my family there as I should wish—particularly as I had some debts to pay, and my house in Circleville has a mortgage on it."

"Oh, I understand perfectly, Mr. Crane. All of us who know you do. I was not speaking of the view of your friends, but of your enemies on the subject. However, if money is the consideration, I think I could guarantee you your Senatorial term in good style—nothing extravagant.

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you know, but enough to put your mind at ease. Your notes, with my indorsement, would be accepted at any bank in the State, and the matter could be kept quiet."

It was the old story—making chains out of his necessities. And they were very great. Crane spoke of paying his debts. He had scarcely made any reduction in the principal, and had only succeeded in paying the interest, which, with his living expenses, of which his own were twice as much as Annette's and the children's, and his small life insurance, had galloped away with his five thousand a year. And if he should lose the nomination—there was not much danger of that now, but everything was possible with a machine and a man like Governor Sanders.

Crane's better nature, however, rebelled against the deceit to be practiced on Senator Bicknell. That, he declared, he could never bring himself to—and believed it at the moment.

"Then," said Governor Sanders, rising, "we may conclude our conference. The entire success of the campaign I have mapped out depends upon Senator Bicknell not being taken into our confidence. We have not proposed anything against the party; we are simply proposing to do for ourselves what Senator Bicknell has done for himself, and if things go on as they have been going on under his direction, I think we stand an excellent chance of losing the State at the Presidential election."

Before Crane's ardent mind loomed a vision—six years in Washington as a Senator—and he was not yet forty-three years old—living in good style—and then, the chance—not a bad one, by any means—of the Vice-Presidential nomination in a little over four years. It was a glorious vista. Like the Arabian glass seller, his imagination far outstripped itself. He saw himself, at forty-eight, Vice-President—at fifty-two, another term—at fifty-six, still in the Senate, with a great reputation. Even the Presidency did not seem beyond him. He had the enormous advantage of youth over most of his rivals. A Vice-President stands one chance in three and a half of succeeding to the Presidency. Altogether, it was a dazzling dream, so dazzling that Crane began to feel the old regret and longing that Fate had not given him a wife like Constance Maitland. He was afraid, even in thought, to wish that it might be Constance Maitland. How that woman would shine in an official position! And then, the other side—but there was no other side. Without Sanders' help he would have a desperate fight before the Legislature, and that outlook which had seemed so rosy when he described it to Constance Maitland in her drawing-room a few months before, grew dismal and gruesome when examined in Parlor Number 20 of the Grand Hotel. If defeated for the Senatorship, and under the ban of Governor Sanders, his seat a year hence would be certainly doubtful, and if the machine ran over him it meant annihilation. So, tempted of the devil, Crane yielded and promised everything the Governor required.

As the Governor had found him an uncertain quantity before there were due precautions taken to keep him in the traces this time by veiled threats of what would befall him if he kicked over them a second time. Crane understood this perfectly well. He also realized that there were two men under his skin—one, honest and loving the truth, and the other, craving money and power and consideration, tormented with vanity, enslaved by self-love, a fierce and hideous object to contemplate. But he need not contemplate it, and with this determination he took a friendly cocktail with the Governor and departed for Circleville. That hint about his wife opened Crane's eyes to the necessity of the outward practice of virtue, and he then determined to compass, as far as in him lay, the whole comprehensive sin of hypocrisy. He would be very attentive to his wife and devoted to his children. He would go to church regularly. He would adopt a Cincinnatus-like mode of life that, out of his small means, he might contribute to charity and have it known by the special correspondents. In short, he proposed to become that object of man's hate and God's wrath, a hypocrite.

Straightway he began this mode of life, and deceived everybody in the world except himself and his wife.

He did not deceive himself. There was enough of honesty in him to make him loathe himself, while doggedly carrying out the devil's programme into which he had entered with Governor Sanders. As he went to church on summer Sundays, with Annette by his side and the two children trotting soberly in front of them, Crane felt as if a bolt from Heaven ought to descend upon him for his treachery to the man who had befriended him. Sitting in the cool, dim church, his head devoutly bowed as if in prayer, he doubted that there was a personal God—for if so, how could He tolerate such blasphemy as a man praying to be seen of men, giving it to be published in the newspapers, and saying to his brother, "How is it with thee, my brother?" and then stabbing him in the back?

At one thing the evil spirit within him shuddered and turned away. This was when he had a very friendly letter from Senator Bicknell, saying he should be in the neighborhood of Circleville within the next fortnight, and should accept Crane's often-urged invitation to stop and spend a day at his house, if convenient.

The idea of receiving under his roof the man he had betrayed was too much for Crane. Enough moral sense remained in him to make him shrink from that. He wrote Senator Bicknell a very friendly and even affectionate letter, explaining that important business would take him away from home for that week, and expressing the deepest regret that he could not have the long-promised visit. And forthwith, on the promised day, Crane made an excuse of business, and went speeding toward the nearest city. He said no word to Annette about his letter from Senator Bicknell, but some suspicion of the actual state of things had crept into her mind. She knew that Crane was under obligations to Senator Bicknell, and a close reading of the newspapers had shown her that Crane and Governor Sanders were supposed to be mortal enemies. Yet, she knew that the Governor and Crane were in the most friendly communication, whereas Crane had ceased to mention Senator Bicknell's name. And some anxiety was weighing upon him, that she saw plainly. She saw that Crane was prosperous, that he was rising in importance every day—and yet, was miserable. He had grown thin and pale in those few weeks since he had entered into his evil compact. It could not be want of money, because Annette had never known him to be so well supplied. She began to suspect some moral lapse on his part, and the thought nearly broke her heart, for Julian Crane was the love of her life, and she loved him in his degradation as profoundly as in the time when she had believed him to be the soul of honor. A singular complication came of Senator Bicknell's letter. He did not get Crane's in reply, and on the day he had proposed to be in Circleville he found himself at the little station. There was no one to meet him, but it was easy enough to find the way to Crane's house; he was the local great man of Circleville.

When he reached the house, with its many verandas, embowered in fine and vigorous elm trees, the front door was wide open, and looking through the low, wide hall he could see the garden beyond. There, under a tall lilac hedge, sat Annette in a rustic chair, sewing. On a rustic table before her the children had their books, and took turns reading aloud to her. As always, she was simply but freshly and becomingly dressed, and as the green light fell on her fair hair and her pensive, pretty face she made a charming picture for any man to contemplate. Senator Bicknell had an æsthetic soul as well as an honest heart, and the pretty scene appealed to him. He walked through the hall into the trim garden, and, hat in hand, introduced himself to Annette.

She rose at once, smiling and blushing, and made him hospitably welcome. She knew nothing of his expected arrival, which convinced Senator Bicknell that there had been some misunderstanding concerning his letter. But the Senator was so pleased with his first impressions that he accepted Annette's invitation to remain and share their one o'clock dinner—an invitation given with palpitations, but so promptly and gracefully accepted that Annette was delighted at her own courage in proposing it. The Senator, seated on a rustic settee, and admiring the aspect of things in the house and garden, as well as the mistress and her children, thought himself in luck. He expressed regret at not seeing Crane, but frankly declared himself very well satisfied with things as they were.

Emboldened by her success in entertaining the Senator, Annette proposed that she should notify the leading citizens, and invite them to call at five o'clock to pay their respects to him. Senator Bicknell good-humoredly assented; it would be of advantage to Crane, he thought—mistakenly enough—and it was worth while obliging a subordinate, if that subordinate had a wife as pleasing as Mrs. Crane.

By the time this was settled it was one o'clock, and the Senator found himself seated at Annette's dainty table, with the two children, waited on by Annette's one servant, a neat, hard-featured creature, who knew how to cook.

The Senator was worth millions, had a French chef and a chronic dyspepsia, but he spoke truly when he told Annette he had not enjoyed a dinner so much in years as the one she gave him. It was very simple, but good and well served. The children never opened their mouths except when spoken to. Annette was surprised, as at Constance Maitland's dinner, to find herself altogether at ease, and was conscious that she was making an agreeable impression every moment of the time. To be appreciated gives the most timid confidence; and it was perfectly evident that this trained man of the world appreciated this woman, as sweet and natural as the wild roses that grew in the roadside hedges. They found much to talk about, and Thorndyke was mentioned—at which Annette overflowed in praises of him, to which Senator Bicknell agreed.

He was much amused by Annette's impromptu plan of having a reception for him that afternoon, and accused her of aspiring to be a second Madame Roland, but laughingly agreed with her when Annette assured him that it would be worth several votes to Crane in the coming Senatorial contest.

After dinner he was shown to a cool and spotless chamber, where he had a very refreshing nap and a bath. At five o'clock he was summoned below. Annette awaited him in the modest drawing-room. She wore a pretty muslin gown, and looked as fresh as a dewdrop. With the assistance of the neighbors the lower floor was dressed with flowers, and simple refreshments were served upon tables in the large and well-kept garden.

Annette, taking her stand at the door of the drawing-room with the Senator, received with dignity and grace the people who came pouring in—the judge of the county court, the professional men in the town, the principal of the Circleville High School—all accompanied by their ladies, wearing their best silk gowns and very tight kid gloves. Senator Bicknell was affability itself. He was an amiable man, and Annette Crane's virtues and charms were such as

(Continued on Page 20)

SHE MADE A CHARMING PICTURE FOR ANY MAN TO CONTEMPLATE

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Happy women talk; unhappy write.

¶ A record is the only thing improved by breaking.

¶ Woman is supreme where she is careful of millinery and morals.

¶ The less you want to know people the more people want to know you.

¶ A man who trims himself to suit everybody will soon whittle himself away.

¶ A man wants to be his wife's first love; she is content to be his last love.

¶ In civilized countries education gets the crumbs that can be spared from armaments.

¶ We should not hear so often of persons being buried alive if doctors were more thorough.

¶ Wise politicians don't try to fool the people all the time, but only when votes are needed.

¶ Some men remain poor because they haven't enough friends, and some because they have too many.

The Third Term Bogey

NINE Presidents have been elected for two terms—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland and McKinley, all of them except Cleveland for two successive terms. Two of the nine did not live to complete their second terms—Lincoln and McKinley. Of the remaining seven, four have been talked of for a third term—two, Washington and Jefferson, for a third successive term; two, Grant and Cleveland, for a third term after an interval. In the cases of the remaining three—Madison, Monroe and Jackson—there was no talk of a third successive term partly because precedent was against it, chiefly because the men themselves were not eligible in the exciting political conditions, Jackson for other reasons, as well as because he was seventy and very infirm at the end of his second term.

It is generally supposed that Washington refused a third term because he was against it on principle. It is true, at that early day in the history of the Republic, indeed in the history of the democratic-republican form of government, there was a feeling that it was necessary in every formal way to emphasize the difference between the elective or votative principle and the hereditary principle. But Washington was not influenced by this feeling. In that immortal Farewell Address he apologizes for not accepting a third term, assures his countrymen that he is "influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful respect for past kindness." In the case of Jefferson, the declination of a third *successive* term was through dread of the monarchic idea. It is through Jefferson's adroit use of the precedent set by Washington that the impression exists that Washington declined a third successive term because he wished to safeguard against the possible future rise of a reigning family. Jefferson nowhere expressed himself on a third *not-successive* term; and he was succeeded by two of his devoted disciples who maintained his policies for four terms, or until long after he was dead.

Finally, the makers of the Constitution, having devised the four years' term, felt that they had done all that was possible to enable the people to rebuke a usurper and left them free to reëlect as many times as they might choose.

Grant had the first real opportunity in our history for a third not-successive term. The movement to get it for him was organized and managed and wholly inspired by a group of politicians—his private misfortunes combined with the unsatisfactory nature of his second term made the people, even the party rank and file, hostile or indifferent.

And now we again hear talk of a third not-successive term for Mr. Cleveland, in splendid health, returning to popularity, sixty-six years young, a large political factor both among independents and among democrats.

There are also other considerations in the matter besides precedent. But the precedent—Jefferson's imitation of Washington's example for a reason which Washington would have repudiated, and that an imitation as to three *successive* terms only—does not seem so strong on analysis as it is popularly supposed to be.

The Job that Pays More

AARON BURR used to say that "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day" was a maxim for lazy men—that the progressive man put off doing as long as possible in order that action might have all possible light. There is much in favor of this view—but let lazy, self-excusing men move cautiously in adopting it. In the same manner "Seize opportunity by the forelock" is a motto for the lazy and the dim-eyed.

To the energetic, capable man opportunities rarely come singly. They come in flocks, they linger and they return. He finds that he cannot take in all, that it is not wise to take the first that offers, that it is folly to jump at any. He comes to disregard the conspicuous but extremely rare instance of the fellow who soared high by jumping at his first opportunity blindly, just as he disregards the instance of the lazy man who slouched upon a fortune. The motto for him is:

"Don't resign your present job *solely* because another offers a little higher pay."

The Lesson of Decoration Day

DECORATION DAY, as we have it now, is one of those popular customs which, like Jonah's gourd, have grown so fast and into such huge proportions that we have almost forgotten why the seeds of them were planted in the first place.

Soon after the close of the Civil War a few sorrowing Southern women met one May day in a little village churchyard to lay flowers upon the graves of some men who were dear to them, and who had given their lives in vain for a cause which was lost. The idea quickly spread through both the South and North. The next year in many a village and town flowers were laid tenderly on the graves of the dead of both armies. Then military ceremonies were added, and by degrees orations more or less political became a feature of the day. Now the observance of the day is national; there is probably not a city or hamlet from one ocean to the other which does not thus honor its dead soldiers. Flowers and flags are laid also upon the graves of the heroes of the Revolutionary, the Mexican and the Spanish wars. This is right.

But isn't there something narrow in this purely military annual ceremony? If it is good for us once a year

"With uncovered head
To salute the sacred dead,"

why limit our homage only to those who died on the battlefield? Heroic blood throbs in brave hearts underneath the workman's grimy coat or the engineer's sooty jacket or even the calico gown of a half-starved woman, as often as under gilt braids and buttons.

We do not grudge a tear or a flower to the dead soldier. But why should we not also recognize the hero in the grave of the physician who risked his life for his patients every day; or the just judge who for many years taught a community the meaning of probity and honor, who left his children poor but died with hands clean of a bribe; or the inventor who spent his strength in perfecting a discovery which has widened and lightened all of our lives; or the man who has put his own pain and struggle into a book which has made life higher for us; or the poor obscure clergyman who starved body and soul and counted nothing lost if he might bring some lost wretch nearer to God? Surely these men have also served their kind and their country, and deserve some recognition at their hands.

In France, once a year, in every village the graves of those who were worthy and loved in life are heaped with flowers. This is the immortality which the poor give to their nameless heroes.

In Cornwall, in an old hamlet where King Arthur was born, there are a few graves on a wind-blown hill, and there forty years ago was buried an Italian sailor who gave his life to save his crew. Forty years ago, yet every year on All Saints' Day the villagers have laid a crown of evergreen on his grave.

Is there no lofty lesson of bravery and love taught in that poor wreath?

Do we wish to teach our boys on Decoration Day that there is no way for them to serve their country or their kind but by shooting or being shot?

Cannot the lesson be widened and lifted a little?

The Odds Against You

A FEW nights ago several successful working men and working women—two lawyers, an editor, an artist, a doctor, two merchants, a banker and a playwright—were dining at the house of one of them in New York City. The talk drifted to success against odds, and the lawyer said: "Of course, there can't be a victory unless there's a battle. Still, the odds can be too heavy."

"I should have agreed with you last month," said the merchant, "but now——" And he told this story.

"One afternoon in the fall of 1899 a woman came into the office of the Superintendent of one of New York City's free technical schools. She said: 'I am from ——, Illinois; it's a little place that you may never have heard of. My husband and I were born and raised there, and we've got four children. He's a carpenter. We've been thinking for several years now that we ought to do something to get on in the world. And finally we decided that we couldn't begin younger. So we just packed up and came. We want to learn to be builders. He's going to get a job as carpenter and I'm going to go to school and learn drawing and the building business generally. He'll go to night school, and I'll teach him what I learn, too.'

"The Superintendent tried not to show in his face what was in his mind. For the woman was about thirty years old but looked forty-five, so thin and stooped and badly groomed and badly dressed was she. And she had that dazed expression which a person who has never been in the city wears when he is adrift in one for the first time. The Superintendent tried to discourage her, but she seemed unable to comprehend what he was saying, and at each pause returned to her original proposal with a doggedness that seemed as stupid as it was irritating.

"She entered a drawing class and set to work. Her husband could get nothing to do in New York—he was not a member of a trades union and couldn't get into one. A place on a job in Porto Rico was offered to him and he went, sending out of his wages the money for the support of the wife and the four little ones. The woman worked hard at the school and soon surprised the Superintendent. Her face lost the dazed, 'downtrodden' expression. She learned how to do her hair and how to put on her clothes and how to carry herself. Also she learned her lessons at school—she wasn't brilliant, but she was indefatigable and desperately in earnest.

"After two years her husband returned from Porto Rico and she and he and the children went back to Illinois as poor as when they came.

"And," concluded the merchant, "the middle of last month my friend the Superintendent got a letter from the woman, saying that they were doing very well, that they had just got their first big contract and were practically certain to clear a large sum on it."

There are some people—a good many—who have disagreeable things to say about marriage. This is a good story to tell them. True, there are hundreds and hundreds of couples marrying to-day into what will be unhappiness and catastrophe. But there are thousands and thousands of couples marrying to-day into just such a partnership as that of this carpenter and his wife; and those couples are the significant ones. This is a land of working men and working women. A working man or woman can get on alone, but when you get the combination of a working man and a working woman in partnership "to get on in the world" and to bring up a family of boys and girls who will have the ideals that cluster round work as fruit clusters on a healthy tree—why, where is its superior and how can it be beaten?

Again, this carpenter's wife is a rebuke, and should be an inspiration, to every man and every woman now whining that he or she "has no chance." Have you no capital? Neither had she. Have you no friends? No more had she. Is your youth gone? So was hers. Have you a poor education? She had almost none. It matters not what handicap self-excuse may bring forward for her, or hers or Miss Nobody's, this woman had it—and she had four helpless children to carry on her bent back.

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PRESIDENTS THAT PUSH

THE REASONS FOR THEIR SUCCESS MADE CLEAR IN THE RECORD OF THEIR CAREERS

By Forrest Crissey

IN EVERY atom of his being President Samuel M. Felton, of the Chicago and Alton Railway, is a constructionist. The genius for building runs in his blood. For him to see a railroad property is involuntarily to plan its reconstruction.

How substantially his capacities in this elemental field of railroad work are recognized may be told in a single statement: For various reorganization committees and for the United States Courts Mr. Felton made, inside a period of five years, fifteen special reports — reports upon which hung the investment of millions of dollars and the expenditure of millions more. And when he made his last report of this kind, on the Alton road, he was told, in effect: "You say this can be converted into one of the soundest railroad properties in America. Very well; go ahead and make good your own recommendations." This is how he came to be president of the Chicago and Alton, and how that line came to be reconstructed from a notoriously ill-conditioned road into a line universally recognized as a model of the most modern and progressive constructive methods.

Probably Mr. Felton is as good an example of what is sometimes called "railroad precocity" as may be found in the country. At twenty years he was a chief engineer, at twenty-one a general superintendent, at twenty-nine a general manager, at thirty-two a vice-president, and at thirty-seven a president. This effectively answers the question: Has the young man a chance to get to the top in railroading?

But President Felton had one distinct advantage. He came of sound railroad stock, his father being one of the veteran presidents of the Atlantic seaboard. Before he was ten years old young Felton knew every piece in a locomotive and could give points in construction to the average section boss. He was his father's constant companion in inspection trips over the line, and the officials were plied with questions in a volume possible only to the alert and acquisitive boy of ten or a dozen years.

Although, at fifty, Mr. Felton is accorded a reputation as a "construction president" scarcely eclipsed by that of any man in America, he feels — according to the testimony of his intimates — almost as great a personal pride in the fact that he is a graduate of "Tech." (the Massachusetts Institute of Technology) as in any of his achievements as a builder of railroads. His loyalty to this famous engineering and scientific school is intense and he will warm to any caller who has won honors in this institution. Vacation intervals, during his school years, were employed in hard service "in the field," with a surveying gang, as rodman, leveler, transit man and field engineer. He began to "draw railroad money" at the age of fifteen.

Up to the time when he found an opportunity to show his hand in reconstruction his record of advancement reads: Entered service August, 1868, as rodman; 1870, leveler and assistant engineer Lancaster road; 1872, engineer in charge of surveys Chester and Paoli road; 1873, chief engineer Chester and Delaware River Railroad; 1874, general superintendent Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway.

A General Manager at Twenty-Nine

THIS brought him to the position of general manager of the antiquated New York and New England Railroad, with which he began the year of 1882. In opening the Hudson River extension of that line and improving the entire road he demonstrated his capacity for constructive work so effectively that in February, 1884, he was made assistant to the president of the New York, Lake Erie and Western, in special charge of the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad, which was in a dilapidated condition. Here he accomplished a task of rehabilitation which brought him still greater reputation.

Then came his first important traffic position, as vice-president of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company. Another year made him first vice-president of this line in charge of both traffic and operation.

His first presidency was that of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia road, and the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific Railway. After the failure of the Richmond and West Point Terminal System, which controlled the above lines, he became receiver of the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific.

This property was, in the phrase of the time, an "artistic wreck" both physically and financially. Before 1900 he turned the road back to its owners with roadbed and equipment in thoroughly first-class condition and entirely divested of its huge burden of debt and with money in its treasury. And this remarkable task was accomplished in the years of general panic and financial depression beginning in 1893 and ending in 1899 — a feat which has been the marvel of the railroad world.

Editor's Note — This is the second in Mr. Crissey's series of papers on successful railroad men.

PRESIDENT S. M. FELTON

Mr. Felton was made president of the Chicago and Alton road in September, 1899. Here his problem was practically that of making a first-class road out of "two streaks of rust and a right-of-way." Bridges were too light to carry modern equipment; locomotives were of the old-fashioned pattern and the cars of small capacity.

At once he ordered fifty new locomotives and over five thousand modern cars. Then he proceeded to rebuild the road, one division at a time. This involved new bridges also. To develop an adequate business for a reconstructed line implied a big increase in tonnage, and this could be profitably handled only by cutting down grades and reducing tonnage cost by the soundest constructive work. Now this labor on almost one thousand miles of road is practically finished. The coal business of the line, under Mr. Felton's direct management, has jumped from $19,000 in October, 1898, to $127,000 for the corresponding month in 1902; the freight earnings from $370,000 in October, 1898, to $470,000 in October of last year, and the passenger earnings in the same time from $221,000 to $282,000. He has spent about twelve million dollars in three years in equipment — bridges, rails, ballasting, signals, frogs and switches, side and double tracks, yards and roundhouses, remodeled shops and stations, and all the improvements necessary to convert a line that had been living in the past into a road unsurpassed in its physical condition by any in the West. That this work of reconstruction amply provides for the future is indicated by the fact that its average of tons per train mile in 1898 was 187, as against a present average of 382. What this means will be best understood by the practical railroad man; probably it cannot be fully appreciated by the lay mind.

How President Leeds Made His Millions

WILLIAM B. LEEDS, of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, is perhaps the wealthiest of all the Western railroad presidents. While trustworthy figures are difficult to obtain, it is possible he may actually be distanced by one or two competitors, but the general belief in railway circles accords him first place — an interesting fact when it is remembered that he is the latest recruit to the presidential corps.

So recent is his arrival among the railroad makers that popular impression credits him with being a novice in practical railroading and is inclined to rate him only as a dashing speculator, a "combination" organizer and a "tin-plate magnate."

But those who class the president of the Rock Island as one who has "bought his way in at the top," and must rely upon subordinates for a working knowledge of railway construction and operation, are far from the facts.

The erroneousness of such an impression is effectively established by the simple statement that Mr. Leeds has seen eleven years of active service in the employ of the Pennsylvania system — perhaps the most superb training-school for railroad talent in America.

Shortly after he had cast his first vote he enlisted with a Pennsylvania engineering corps. Two years later he was assistant engineer of a division. His quick grasp of construction problems soon compelled the attention of the management and he was given charge of "maintenance of right-of-way" for the important Cincinnati Division of the Pennsylvania. Then, in 1890, his executive capacities were complimented by his transfer into the operating branch. As superintendent of the division extending from Cincinnati to Logansport, Indiana, he faced almost every railway problem that can come to an official lower in rank than the general manager — for the division superintendency under the Pennsylvania system of control carries with it an amount of authority not generally attached to that position.

Inevitably he was brought into close touch with the industrial opportunities which the great "gas belt" of the Hoosier State offered. In 1891 he thought he saw an opportunity to make a modest fortune in the establishment of an enterprise for the manufacture of tin plate. Then the industry was literally in its infancy, and America relied upon Wales for this product. Many of his friends believed that he was foredoomed to failure; but he resigned his railroad position, with its flattering promises of promotion, "burned his bridges" and plunged into practically an untried field.

Here his abilities as a financier came rapidly to the surface. His venture was an immediate success. Very soon he saw the possibilities of consolidating the main tin-plate plants in the country. His campaign was quick and decisive. He succeeded in the enterprise and found himself, in 1894, president of the American Tin Plate Company, which came eventually to control that product in the United States. Then he pushed the consolidation idea to still greater lengths and assisted in bringing about the absorption of the American Tin Plate Company by the United States Steel Corporation — a transaction which made him a multi-millionaire.

Meantime, with Daniel G. Reid, W. H. Moore and J. H. Moore, he had become interested in three large steel companies which were also finally absorbed by the "Billion Dollar" steel combine.

This strong group of men, with energy equal to their wealth, turned their attention from manufacturing to railroading and began to cast about for a property capable of great expansion and development. The Rock Island seemed to offer the best inducement, and by a sharp and skillful financial campaign they secured the coveted control.

From Tin Plate to Steel Rails

Mr. Leeds' thorough grounding in practical railroad work fitted him to become the active executive of the enterprise, and in January, 1902, he became president of the road, which was then less than four thousand miles in extent, with its Western terminus at Colorado Springs, Colorado. In this property and its connections he saw the framework of a great, independent, transcontinental system, spreading out to California on the West and Old Mexico on the South.

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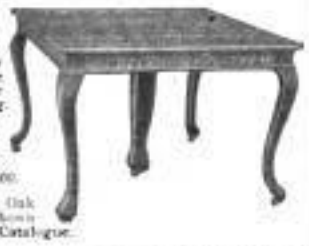

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The Young Woman in Business

By Mrs. George Benedict Carpenter

TO THE woman about to enter business life I would say: Do not give up your social life and connections; they will serve as a foil to your business environment and you will enjoy them as never before. They will give you variety, balance, relaxation and a personal life in which your own individuality has its proper place without regard to the world of affairs. You will be a better and more capable business woman for going into society—even though this sometimes implies making your toilet and being out late when you are tired and would prefer to be resting comfortably at home.

Men in business, it should be remembered, have, mixed with the routine of the daily grind of commercialism, a companionship and a semi-social intercourse from which the society woman in business is almost completely barred. She must draw the line between the business and the social side of her life very sharply and maintain this distinction at all costs. From first to last I found the problem of business life that of reconciling conflicting interests and personalities, and of altering the views, prejudices and determinations of men to meet your own; this called for the exercise of the same faculty which the woman in society must always employ: *Tact!* When I entered the business field I determined that the day when I had property enough to yield me a certain income I would retire into private life. After ten years of hard work I found that I had accomplished the task I had set for myself and was at liberty to retire. At the end of six years heavy financial reverses again brought me into business life. But I had now the capital of experience and the reputation of having been successful.

A Fresh Start in Business

This time I determined to build upon no foundation which had been laid by another. Success or failure would be wholly my own, so I resolved to organize from the bottom the enterprise in which I was to embark. There was an exhilaration and enthusiasm in this work which I was not able to feel in my former business in mastering the details of which I had to depend upon employees. This was my business, from start to finish, and the zeal which it inspired in me compels the counsel that a young woman entering into business should, if possible, be the originator of the enterprise which she undertakes.

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mrs. Carpenter's two papers.

My second enterprise was in line with my tastes and experiences. In other words, I took up the line of work which seemed nearest at hand and to which I believed myself best adapted. This is generally a safe rule to follow. In the management of a large public auditorium I had naturally come into contact with musical artists, entertainers and platform speakers. At the beginning of my second incursion into the world of affairs I aimed to manage musical talent and entertainers for small local concerts and private programs. My field grew beyond all my expectations, and at the end of the first year I had four times more income from my enterprise than I had anticipated. While I recognized that luck and opportunity must to some extent be reckoned with in determining the elements of any success, there was much personal satisfaction in the thought that I had worked out every step in the progress of this enterprise. The lessons taught me by this second undertaking were far more definite, significant and interesting than those of the first attempt.

The nature of the work brought to me scores of young women who claimed to be very anxious for advice as to how to solve the problems of self-support. Most of them, however, really came to secure influence which would help to place them on the stage or the platform. There was scarcely a day in those two years in which from three to twenty women did not call upon me for some purpose of this kind.

In consequence of these talks I have given not a little time to a serious review of my business experiences, with the view of summarizing their lessons in a few practical suggestions. If the daughter of a close and dear friend should come to me with the announcement that she found herself compelled to earn a livelihood, and perhaps to contribute to the support of her family; that she had not the marked gifts to insure success in artistic lines and therefore must take up some business, and that she wished me to give her the benefit of my own experience, I should advise her somewhat after this manner:

Don'ts for Business Women

Take a good, plain, practical business, in line with your own natural bent of taste and training. In making this selection take counsel with a friend who has made a large success in business and who sees things in a big way. Go to him occasionally, as you work out your plans; give him a frank insight into your affairs and induce him to point out the weak spots in your methods. Do not allow yourself to get into a rut; judge your methods by results, and, if these are not satisfactory, probe until you find the weakness in your management and then throw all your energies into a remedial plan.

Meet men on their own ground, neither asking nor secretly expecting special consideration in a business way because you are a woman; at the same time meet men always in a woman's way, remembering that the slightest loss of femininity, in thought or bearing, is a loss of power and of all that is dear and vital to a woman. To be more explicit on this point: do not, for example, sign your name in such a manner that it may be mistaken for that of a man. This is bad taste and bad business policy. Be frank to a fault and indulge in no directions which might help to obscure, even for the moment, the fact that you are a woman.

Cultivate a habit of democracy in seeing callers. The woman in business who hedges herself about with red tape and renders access to her office in the least difficult, overlooks two points in human nature. These are, that many business men are a bit shy in transacting business with a woman in her

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office, and would resent being denied an interview by a woman even under circumstances in which they would think nothing of it were a similar denial to come from a man. That there is something of a prejudice among business men against the entry of members of the opposite sex into the field of affairs cannot be denied. This critical attitude should be recognized and guarded against by special vigilance. Charges of "fussiness," of ultra-conventionality, of "drawing-room" methods, and other supposed feminine failings should be disarmed by a deliberate policy of democratic accessibility, directness and simplicity.

For the same reasons, special promptness should be a rigid rule. Keep your engagements with religious exactness, whether they are appointments for interviews or agreements to meet financial obligations, or relate to correspondence.

Take particular pains with your correspondence. Make a study of the letters which you receive from those who write what they wish to say and no more; whose correspondence expresses not only the delicate shadings of their thought, but also conforms to the relationship which they bear to you or which they would have you think you bear. Form your own letters on these models and make them fittingly concise and to the point, without being frigidly stiff and prim. It is perhaps better to err on the side of courtesy and friendliness than on the other. Or, to put it differently, do not feel that because you are a woman you are forever barred from dropping a friendly word in a business letter to a correspondent whom you know especially well.

As to Business Clothes

Always look well in your business clothes. Give as conscientious care to your toilet before you go to your office as you would if you were going to a ball instead. In these days of tailor-made street gowns and shirtwaists it is possible for any woman, no matter how busy, always to have on hand a costume entirely suitable to business wear and at the same time having the qualities of neatness and simple elegance. Slovenly dress, and especially unkempt hair, are particularly offensive to the average business man, and can do more to handicap a woman's business career than the most brilliant talents for finance can overcome.

Above all, cultivate tact—and that is by no means the synonym of duplicity. Then, with equal diligence, school yourself in perseverance. If inclined to take an uncheerful view of your affairs go to the theatre, the opera, or some social function in which you can be pleasantly diverted for a few hours. After this wholesome change of atmosphere come courageously to your problem and look it squarely in the face. If you do not find the outlook substantially and reasonably what it should be, search until the weak spots are located. Perhaps your confidential adviser may assist you in this process. Or, it may take the developments of business system to bring these facts to light. I know a woman in business, in Chicago, whose affairs are prospering to a remarkable degree. Yet she came to me in search of a young woman who could be depended upon so to systematize the records of her transactions as to indicate with certainty where she was losing, where her profits came from, what lines of her enterprise were expanding and what departments were being carried along by the prosperity of the successful branches. This procedure is far more sound and businesslike than to wait for a loss to show in the grand balance.

After every advisory conversation in which I ever participated had reached its supposed end, there has always been a pitiful exclamation: "Oh, if I were only sure that I am doing the thing for which I am best fitted!" But you cannot know. All you can do is to use your best judgment and then plunge heartily ahead as a man would. Generally, circumstances give some helping hint in this direction. If the instances already referred to have not made this sufficiently clear let me cite another—the case of a Chicago woman who is a successful real estate agent. When she found that she must earn her own livelihood she appealed to a friend for advice. He had no position to offer, but owned a tract of fine residence property on the North Shore. This he offered to place in her hands for sale on a commission basis. She eagerly grasped this first opening, applied herself to the study of "North Shore values," sold the property, and has now become an authority in that special field of real estate in Chicago.

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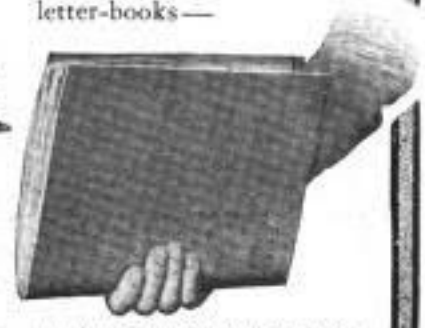

you keep the entire correspondence in a heavy manila folder, placing copies of your replies with the letters which they answer—all in order.

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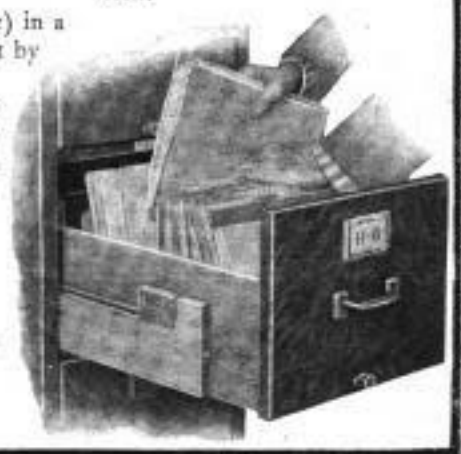

Catalogue 298-P describes the "Y and E" Vertical System in detail. Shall we send it to you?

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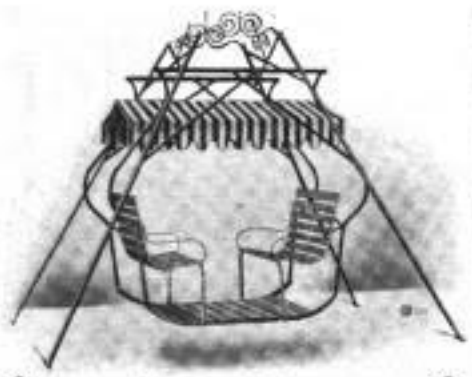

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THE CHIEF ENGINEER

(Continued from Page 3)

"Well, so long as you love me still!" she exclaimed with a little mocking laugh. "That's the great thing, isn't it? I mean for me, of course. I am greedy for love. It makes me feel so safe and comfortable to think that there are whole rows of men that love me. When you have a great fortune you begin to appreciate the things that money cannot buy."

"Oh, your money," he said. That word in her mouth always stung him.

"Well, you ought to hate my money," she remarked cheerfully. "It queered you, didn't it? And then all rich people are detestable, anyway—selfish to the core and horrid. Do you know that sometimes, when I have flirted awfully with a man at a dinner or somewhere, and the next day he telephones—and the telephone is in the next room—I've just said: 'Oh, bother, tell him I'm out.'"

"I thought I might be treated the same way," he said.

"Then you thought wrong, Frank," she returned, with a sudden change from her tone of flippancy and lightness. "I haven't sunk quite so low as that, you know; I meant other people—I didn't mean you, Frank dear."

This was said with such a little ring of kindness that Frank was moved.

"Then the old days still count for something?" he said.

"Oh, yes," she said.

"But not enough to hurt?" he ventured.

"Sometimes they do and sometimes they don't," she returned. "It depends on how good a time I'm having. But I hate to think I am weak and selfish and vain, and that the only person I really care for is myself. I value my self-esteem and it often gets an awful jar." Her eyes were unusually brilliant and her cheeks were pink enough to have been rouged. The sight of her old lover had stirred many memories in her bosom.

"And what about my job, Florence," he said, changing the conversation. "I've caught the yachting idea, too. Can it be managed?"

"Oh, I want to talk to you about that," she said.

"Well, go on," he said, as she hesitated.

"I am so afraid of hurting your feelings, Frank," she said with a singular timidity.

"My feelings are probably tougher than you think," he returned. "No, be quite open with me, please."

"You will think so badly of me," she said. "You will be affronted."

"It sounds as though you wanted to engage me for your butler," he said. Then, as she still withheld the words on her lips, he went on: "Don't be uneasy about saying it, Florence. If it's impossible—why—that's the end of it, of course, and no harm done."

"I want you to come," she said simply.

"Then what's the trouble?" he demanded, getting more and more mystified. "I don't mind being an artificer the least bit. I'm fond of working with my hands. I'm a good mechanic and I like it."

"I want you for my chief engineer," she said.

This was news indeed. Frank's face betrayed his keen pleasure. He had never soared to the heights of asking or expecting *that*.

"I had to dismiss the last one," she went on. "That's the reason why I'm still here, and not two days out as I had expected. He locked himself in his cabin and shot at people through the door, and told awful lies to the newspapers."

"If it's anything about my qualifications," he said, thinking he had found the reason of her backwardness, "I don't fancy I'll have any trouble to satisfy you. I don't want to toot my own horn, Florence, but really, you know, I am rated a first-class man. I'll prove that by my certificates and all that, or give me two weeks' trial and see for yourself."

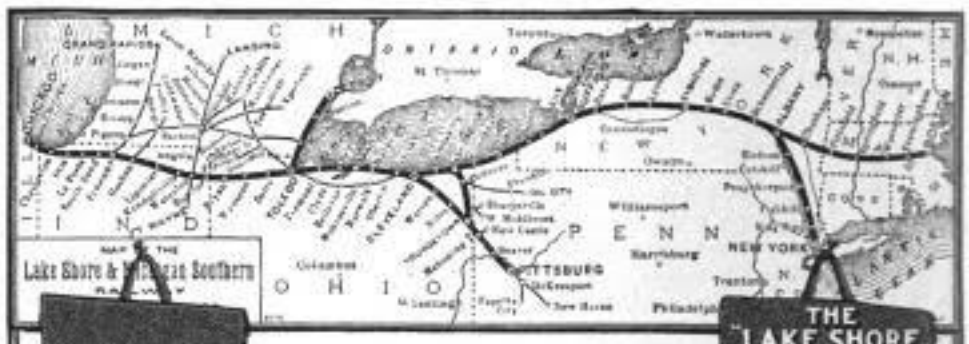
"Oh, it isn't that," she said.

"Then what the deuce is it?" he broke out.

"Frank," she returned, "it is not a question of your competency at all. You know very well I'd trust my life to you blindfold. It's—it's the social side—the old affair between us, the first names and all that kind of thing."

"Oh, I see," he said blankly.

"As an officer on my ship," she said, "you



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ARE SAFE

NO POISON

Has ever been found in the enamel of

Agate Nickel-Steel

The Blue Label Proves It.

Sold by leading House-furnishing and Department Stores everywhere. Send for Booklet.
If substitutes are offered write us.

LALANCE & GROSJEAN MFG. CO.
New York Boston Chicago

Kitchen Utensils HAVING THIS TRADE MARK

BURNED IN THE ENAMEL
ARE SAFE

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MEAL TIME CONSCIENCE

What Do the Children Drink?

There are times when mother or father feeds the youngsters something that they know children should not have. Perhaps it is some rich dessert, but more often it is tea or coffee. Some compromise by putting in so much hot water that there is not much tea or coffee left, but even that little is pretty certain to do harm. It leads to bigger doses. Then come the coffee ills.

It is better to have some delicious, hot, food drink that you can take yourself and feed to your children conscious that it will help and strengthen and never hurt them. A lady of Oneida, N. Y., says: "I used coffee many years in spite of the conviction that it injured my nervous system and produced my nervous headaches. While visiting a friend I was served with Postum but it was not well made, still I determined to get a package and try it myself and after following directions carefully the result was all that could be desired: a delicious, finely flavored, richly colored beverage. Since I quit coffee Postum has worked wonders for me.

"My husband who always suffered from kidney trouble when drinking coffee quit the coffee and took up Postum with me, and since drinking Postum he has felt stronger and better with no indication of kidney trouble.

"You may be sure I find it a great comfort to have a warm drink at meals that I can give my children with a clear conscience that it will help them and not hurt them as coffee or tea would." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Atar Myosotis

(FORGET-ME-NOT)

is compounded from carefully selected ingredients, and more than ten years has been considered necessary to develop the true perfume. One or two drops on handkerchief or lace produce satisfactory results. The concentrated strength and antiseptic qualities easily distinguish Atar Myosotis from cheap articles mixed with water, and in order to further distinguish the product from others, the Atars are offered only in Blue Glass bottles, mounted with sterling silver. It is the most refined, unique and attractive article for the toilet ever exhibited.

The silver mount is very suitable for engraving initials, monograms, etc. If you do not find it at your merchants, we will send it for $2

ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD
167 Strand, London, England.
509 Kent Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A.

could easily put yourself and me in a difficult position. In a way, we'll really be further apart than if you were in South America and I in Europe, for though we'd always be good friends and all that, the formalities would have to be observed. Now I have offended you?" she added, putting out her hand appealingly.

"I think you might have known me better, Florence," he returned. "I am not offended—what right have I to be offended?—only a little hurt, perhaps, to think that you could doubt me for a single moment in such a matter. I shall treat you precisely as I should any owner of any ship I sailed on," he said. "That is, with respect and always preserving my distance. I will never address you first except to say good-morning and good-evening, and will show no concern if you do not speak to me for days on end. Favoritism on board ship always breeds trouble," he went on, "and I shall expect none of it; while on your side you must not be offended if I appear reserved and mindful of my place."

"Oh, Frank, you are an angel," she cried.

"No," he returned, "only—as far as I can—a gentleman, Miss Fenacre."

"We needn't begin now, Frank."

"Am I in your service?" he asked.

"From to-day," she answered, "and I will give you a note to Captain Landry."

"Then you will be Miss Fenacre to me from now on," he said.

"You must say good-by to Florence first," she said, smiling. "You may kiss my hand," she said, as she gave it to him. "You used to do it so gallantly in the old days—such a Spaniard that you are, Frank—and I liked it so much!"

He did so, and for the first time in his life with a kind of shame.

"I hope we are not both of us making a terrible mistake, Florence," he said.

"Oh, I couldn't want a better chief engineer," she said, "and as for you it's the wisest thing you ever did. It's I, after all, who am making the sacrifice, for in a month or two all the gilt will wear off and you will see me as I really am. You will find it very disillusioning to go to sea with your divinity," she added. "You will discover she is a very flesh-and-blood affair, after all, Frank, and not worth the tip of your little finger."

"I had a good many opportunities of judging before," he replied, "and the more I knew her the more I loved her."

"Well, I am changed now," she said. "I suppose all the bad has come to the surface since—like the slag when they melt iron and skim it off with dippers—only with me there's nobody to dip. If *I* am astounded at the difference what do you suppose you'll be?"

"There never could be any difference to me," he said.

"That's the only kind of love worth talking about," she said, going to the window.

For a while neither of them spoke. Frank rose and stood with his hat in his hand waiting to take his departure. Florence turned, and going to an escretoire sat down and wrote a few lines on a card.

"Present this to Captain Landry," she said; "and now, my dear chief engineer, I will give you your *congé*."

He thanked her and put the card carefully in his pocketbook.

"What a farce it all is, Frank," she broke out. "There's something wrong in a system that gives a girl millions of dollars to do just as she likes with. I don't care what they say to the contrary; I believe women were meant to belong to men, to live in semi-slavery and do what they are told, to bring up children and travel with the pots and pans, and find their only reward in pleasing their husbands."

"I shouldn't care to pass an opinion," said Frank. "Some of them are happy that way, no doubt."

"What does anybody want except to be happy?" she continued in the same strain of resentment. "Isn't that what all are trying for as hard as they can? I'd like to go out in the street and stop people as they came along and ask them the one after the other: 'Would you mind telling me if you are happy?' And the one that said 'yes' I'd give a hundred dollars to!"

"As like as not it would be some shabby fellow with no overcoat," said Frank.

"Now you can go away," she exclaimed suddenly. "I don't know what's the matter with me, Frank; I think I'm going to cry! Go, go!" she cried imperiously as he still stood there.

Frank bowed and obeyed, and his last glimpse as he closed the door was of her at the window, looking down disconsolately into the street.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Advertising as a Factor
In Business Development

A SURVEY OF THE FIELD AND THE PROBABILITIES OF YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN WINNING SUCCESS THROUGH MAIL INSTRUCTION

Why Salaries From $100.00 to $500.00 a Month are Paid

"More Business Men than ever are today being trained for their own necessities"

By GEORGE H. POWELL

ABOUT three years ago an advertiser, who had spent over $7,000.00 within twelve months on mail order specialties, called on me for consultation. It seems that in return for this expenditure he had succeeded in selling a bare $1,000.00 worth of his product, and it was a very serious problem at this juncture as to whether he would better suspend activities and stop further losses or look for an expert who would be able to organize winning methods.

An inspection of his establishment revealed numerous glaring errors in organization and advertising. It appeared, among other things, that he had received over 6,000 inquiries in reply to his magazine advertisements, and that about one in five who had taken the trouble to answer the ads. actually sent a cash order. This average of one purchaser for every five inquirers would have been satisfactory had the advertisements cost say twenty-five cents per inquiry, and had the outfits brought from $2.00 to $5.00 each instead of only seventy-five cents. The nature of the goods practically precluded duplicate orders, so the proposition necessarily required the maximum of cash with first order to prove a success.

Had a trained ad. writer been in charge the advertisements would not have cost over twenty-five cents each, in which case the advertiser would have received enough money to have at least paid for his publicity, within a few hundred dollars, and it would not, therefore, have been a costly experiment. And, moreover, it would shortly have been apparent that a readjustment of the outfit price represented a good profit. In short, inquiries that can be had at twenty-five or thirty cents each, where one in five orders, will return immediate profit when $2.00 and upward is remitted on each outfit.

A fundamental knowledge of advertising gives anyone a key which will open the door to success and an understanding as to what "proposition" means in any ad. While no two things may require the same or stereotyped treatment, yet the basic principles once acquired are a safeguard against great losses and failures.

Of course, a proposition calling for $100.00 remittances, as is often the case, can stand for inquiries costing from $5.00 up, according to conditions, but the averages must always harmonize and the ultimate possibilities be known.

In the case of the business man referred to, I soon showed him how to readjust his business and turn loss into profit, chiefly through a better style of advertisements.

I mention this case to show how great is the need of trained writers of advertising, who not only save the untrained merchant or manufacturer endless worry and labor in the preparation of copy, but who also avoid the foolish waste of large sums of money in periodical space.

Again referring to the advertiser who lost some $5,000.00 because he didn't understand the elements of ad-writing, the pertinent question is—how much could he have afforded in way of yearly salary to a skillful ad. writer? Suppose it is set at $2,500.00, and an estimate of results drawn? The loss of thousands *averted* and a substantial *profit substituted*.

While such a salary is of course out of proportion to an annual expenditure approximating only $7,000.00, yet I submit it for analytical purposes.

And I may say that the partial realization of this, added to the enormous expansion of business throughout America, are the chief reasons why such brilliant possibilities await intelligent young men and women who qualify and make the most of the advertising skill they acquire.

The country needs them and their work, and as never before, but will tolerate no half-heartedness or unsteadfastness of purpose. The prizes are for the faithful only.

In these busy times, when commerce moves with thousand-mile strides and at lightning speed, there isn't much show or pity for the old school business men who jog along as their grandfathers did before them—patient and plodding and in collision with the swiftly moving modern methods which produce almost immediate results.

There is much in the theory of "the cumulative effect of advertising," but the "hammering effect," when it can be employed, is going to be a feature of the immediate future.

I am especially conscious of this through my somewhat extensive correspondence with representative business men from Maine to California who come to me both for the purpose of acquiring skill in the preparation of their own ads. and in seeking my competent graduates to fill their advertising departments. More business men than ever are today being trained for their own necessities.

Every week now adds to the list of converts to the new idea of progressive advertising, and I hazard no conservatism in saying that within the next ten years to come there will be almost as many professional writers of advertising as there are today publishers. We are rapidly approaching a new era, simply because the order of the day is the stoppage of losses at every point, and the very appearance of so much commonplace advertising now existent is ample proof of the needed reforms in the preparation of up-to-date ads. to replace those which now entail heavy losses.

Those of THE POST readers who have heard of the great success of the Powell System of Correspondence instruction and who have seen its practical effects in training ambitious people to fill fine salaried positions, will not be surprised at the statement that I am teaching so many notable business men, since the supply of available ad. writers is much in the minority to the demand. That the Powell System teaches ad. writing in best manner and in the shortest time is a matter of acknowledged record, and my plans to make this chosen work broad and applicable to all enterprises, as well as to the paid writer, will interest many.

To all POST readers who are interested in the profits of good advertising I will gladly mail on request my beautiful new Prospectus, the most explicit work of its kind ever published. Simply address me, George H. Powell, 198 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

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THE
Union Savings Bank

Capital, $1,000,000

What better investment could you ask for surplus earnings or idle funds than a savings account in a strong bank at

4 Per Cent. Interest

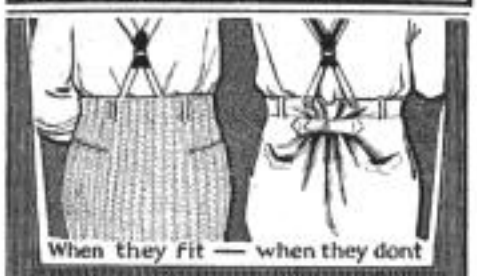
Compounded semi-annually. You can deposit any sum from **$1** up.

Handsomely illustrated booklet "Modern Banking" free for the asking.

DIRECTORS

Henry C. Frick	James H. Lockhart	Edward A. Woods
P. C. Knox	W. N. Frew	Frank S. Smith
A. W. Mellon	William B. Schiller	Geo. I. Whitney
R. B. Mellon	B. F. Jones, Jr.	H. C. McElwreary
F. J. Hearne	Geo. E. Shaw	James McCrea
James H. Hyde	Henry C. Fownes	J. M. Schoonmaker
Charles Lockhart	John B. Finley	David E. Park

FRICK BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.



When they fit — when they dont

"Good Luck"

That Dollar on top of our price will buy you almost the same goods from a dealer, and two dollars extra from a tailor, but you won't get nearly as snug a fit as we guarantee in our

Good Luck Trousers at $3.50

and save two dollars by buying *direct* from the maker of the genuine "GOOD LUCK" trousers.

D'ye catch on to that "Catch-On" Patent?

That's what cuts out the uncomfortable belt, suspenders and buckle strap. Places the strain upon the hips, *where it belongs*. Prevents sagging. *No* bunching of cloth at the back, *nor fullness* in front as with buckle-strap. Make your trousers *adjustable*. Device invisible. Neat. Quick. Proper.

Send $3.50 by draft or money order together with waist measurement and measurement of inside seam and we will send you a pair of faultless-fitting trousers equipped with "Catch-On" device. Express charges prepaid to any part of the United States or Colonies.

These trousers come in plain blue serge and striped serges. Also in striped cutting flannel in dark, medium and light colors.

If you think you cannot order without seeing materials, write for our free "Good Luck" book of samples.

THE GOOD LUCK (Schmitz & Shroder),
Dept. J, N. W. Cor. 6th and St. Charles Sts., St. Louis, Mo.

Pears'

is not only the best soap for toilet and bath but also for shaving. Pears was the inventor of shaving-stick soap.

Established over 100 years.

W. X. Y. Z. Nose Piece Don't Slip Off

In Hot Weather. No leaking the skin. Antiseptic. No more embarrassing failures to wear your glasses. **FIT** any **NOSE** or **NOSE GLASSES.** Send us description. Can fit them on glasses yourself. Send for a pair; money order or cash. 14k. Filled 85 cts. Solid Gold $1.00.

PRESPER'S OPTICAL PARLORS
2307 Frankford Ave., Phila., Pa.

Send 3 cents in stamps for "How to Test Your Eyes." We send Prescriptions for Glasses, which can be filled anywhere.

Humorists of the Pencil

(Continued from Page 5)

it is because we dislike to give up our old traditions. The modern Uncle Sam should be a clean, up-to-date, aggressive business man with million-dollar bills sticking from his pockets and a copy of the Monroe Doctrine embossed on his shirt-front. Then he would be typical of us.

As a general thing, politicians and public men have a kindly feeling for cartoonists, even though the latter sometimes handle them "without gloves." Publicity is a statesman's most valuable asset, and cartoons are as good as first-page display advertisements in giving him publicity. At the Gridiron dinner in Washington Senator Hanna was discussing the subject of cartoons with a friend. The latter suggested that the Senator could not have a very kindly feeling for cartoons on account of the many unpleasant ones that had been made of him in the campaign of 1896. "Not much," said the Senator. "Why, I wouldn't have missed those cartoons for a million dollars. I didn't mind them so much, and they did me a world of good." It is safe to say that no cartoonist that comes under the kindly spell of Senator Hanna's personality can go back to his drawing-board and draw him as the arch-enemy of the workingman and the embodiment of all that is heartless in capital.

The "Easy Marks" of Caricature

It is a curious fact that most public men of high standing have some marked individuality that makes them easy subjects for caricature. If they haven't they should speedily cultivate something that will make them distinctive. Senator Peffer's fame was undoubtedly due to his whiskers. The very minute that he dawned on the political horizon the cartoonists of all papers leaped at him with avidity and he at once became a national character. Senator Hanna is easily caricatured; Mr. Bryan and Mr. McKinley were both good subjects; David B. Hill, Thomas Platt, Richard Croker, Senator Depew, J. P. Morgan—all have some distinct feature that makes them easily recognizable in caricature. President Roosevelt is fortunate in being "unique" in his appearance. His eyeglasses and his teeth make him a shining mark. Mr. Cleveland is always recognizable in front, side or rear view, for the picture of a stout gentleman out fishing would instantly suggest the portly ex-President to every mind. It is known that Mr. Cleveland does not resent the cartoons that are made of him, even though they may show him as being much too stout and much less handsome than he is. A cartoon was sent to him some time since with the compliments of the cartoonist. In it the ex-President was sitting in a boat fishing and from a neighboring bank President Roosevelt was inviting him to represent the United States at King Edward's coronation. Mr. Cleveland responded: "Can't go. Have a bite." The idea was to illustrate that between "kow-towing" to royalty and "catching a nice fish" Mr. Cleveland vastly preferred the latter. In his acknowledgment of the original drawing he wrote:

"The incident and the ideas it suggests are not only amusingly suggested, but thoughtfully, except that I have not been invited to appear at the coronation either officially or unofficially, and the string of fish is wholly inadequate. I shall frame and carefully preserve the picture."

Both King Edward and the German Emperor are good subjects, the former for his beard and heavy eyes, and the latter for his distinctive mustache. It is said that the German Emperor manifested great interest in the cartoons printed in America during Prince Henry's visit to this country, and that he has large scrapbooks filled with them. He also has taken so much interest in cartoon work that he has drawn several himself.

Mr. Morgan's views as to cartoons are not known, but may be suspected. In the last two years he has been a cartoon figure second only to the President, and the predominating tone of the cartoons has been such that perhaps his love for cartoonists has not greatly increased.

A cartoonist is seldom a good judge of what will strike the popular fancy. Frequently the drawing that he labors over and considers exceedingly successful will never bring forth a single word of commendation,

The Psychology of Advertising

is simply common sense. It is a big sounding word, but as applied to the subject of advertising in

Mahin's Magazine

it means simply the study and exposition of scientific and experienced observers of the ***Reasons Why*** advertising does certain things. It is just the expert demonstration of the principles of cause and effect.

Successful Business Men

read Mahin's Magazine. Do you, ***Bookkeeper, Stenographer, Salesman, Clerk?*** Do you know that advertising presents a field for the exercise of your energy and common sense, to which your present earning power is small by comparison?

Mahin's Magazine will be helpful to you by merely reading its contents, but it will go farther and undertake the ***education*** of a ***limited number*** of earnest, conscientious workers.

To the subscriber who will enclose in the daily mail our subscription coupons, which we furnish without expense on application, MAHIN'S MAGAZINE will give a ***Full Paid $40 Scholarship*** in the well and favorably known

Chicago College of Advertising

(Owned and conducted by 10 leading Chicago advertising men)

when 60 coupons for annual subscriptions, bearing your name, shall have been received. No better opportunity was ever offered for you to benefit yourself, or what is equally as desirable, to benefit some worthy young man or woman who would make the most of one of these scholarships. Send in $1.00 today for subscription and request coupons from

MAHIN'S MAGAZINE
202 Monroe Street **Chicago**

The Acme of Simplicity.
Made to Run All the Time.

The Ideal Physician's Automobile

6½ H. P. Pierce MOTORETTE. VICTORIA TOP.

GEO. N. PIERCE CO., BUFFALO, N. Y. Manufacturers of
PIERCE Cycles and ARROW Motor Cars.
Catalogue FREE on Application.

MICHIGAN'S GREATEST STORE

Write for Catalogue

The best styles in wearing Apparel for men, women and children are depicted in our Spring and Summer Catalogue. Valuable price information, too, covering every line of goods in this complete department store.

You'll save money on every purchase made from this catalogue. We will mail a copy free if you write for it.

Pardridge & Blackwell
Woodward and Michigan Detroit, Mich.

HOME ENTERTAINMENT SOCIETY

YOU CAN HAVE ANY **Columbia Edison or Victor TALKING MACHINE**
WITHOUT ONE CENT OF COST
Except the records. Write
A. S. NOBLE, Mgr., 237 Broadway, N. Y.

TELEGRAPHY Circular free. Wonderful automatic teacher. 5 styles. $2.00 up.
OMNIGRAPH CO., E 39 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Advertising Taught by Mail

Send today for **free test blank** which enables us to advise you what your prospects are for success. This is the **largest**, most successful and most influential institution teaching the **science, art** and **practice** of **advertising.** Successful students everywhere earning **double previous incomes** who learned at home by giving **spare time only** for from three to six months.

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
910 Williams Building, Chicago
Owned and conducted by 10 leading Chicago Advertising men

The Artistic Pencil Pointer

Guides your knife and makes a beautifully tapered point. Superior in effectiveness to any of the costly machines on the market. Peter Billingall, Certified Public Accountant and Auditor, of Philadelphia, writes: "It is the only one I have ever come across that does the work in a really perfect manner." Price 15c., two for 25c., of your dealer or the Manufacturer,
E. L. McDIVITT
Belvidere, Ill.

Learn Civil Engineering

By my new methods. I teach Civil Engineering as no other man or school—resident or correspondence—has ever taught it. I teach it as only a practical man can teach it. I not only personally prepare each lesson, but I correct and criticise the work of each student myself. Instruction by mail. Prospectus and sample lesson, including a 9 x 12-inch blue-print, free.

WILLIAM E. McELREE
Late U. S. Townsite Surveyor. Rensaeville, Missouri

LEARN TO WRITE SHORTHAND

Stenography as It Should be Taught and as No Other Man Ever Taught It.

Students enrolling with this institution are placed under the direct personal instruction of Robert P. Rose. Our Book "*Progress in Shorthand*" mailed free. It tells everything.

PAGE-DAVIS SHORTHAND SCHOOL
Suite 13, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Squab Book Free

Squabs are raised in one month, bring big prices. Eager markets. Astonishing profits. Easy for women and invalids. Use your spare time profitably. Small space and capital. Here is *something worth looking into.* Facts given in our **FREE BOOK,** "How to Make Money With Squabs."

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.
2 Friend Street **Boston, Mass.**

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Rich Cut Glass Spoon Tray $3.00

A beautifully cut piece, 7 inches long and extra heavy. Pure crystal glass of rare brilliancy.

Prepaid anywhere east of the Mississippi on receipt of price

Write for booklet showing other styles and prices.

CROWN CUT GLASS CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The New Leather

which in five years time established its fame wherever civilized man wears shoes. Can be identified in all shoes by this label—

Ideal Leather makes heavy shoes soft, light shoes strong. Made in kid, calf, goat, colt, or cow hide. Write for book "How to buy shoes."

Wolff Process Leather Co., Philadelphia.

The Improved Method of

FINISHING FLOORS

Filling cracks with Griffin's Filler and Patent Applier.

ubl or new, for rugs or otherwise, with GRIFFIN'S WOOD CRACK and CRETICK FILLER and FINISHING SPECIALTIES, is very simple and economical, not requiring skilled labor though the highest degree of perfection is attained. We give full instructions for treating all surfaces. Write today for our descriptive matter to

GRIFFIN MFG. CO.
Dept. 6, Newark, New York

KALAMAZOO

in a **BUGGY** is like "sterling" in silver—quality. We make all our vehicles and sell to you direct, saving you two profits. We originated the 30 Days' Free Trial plan of selling buggies.

Kalamazoo Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co.
128 Kansas St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

OUR ROTARY MEASURE

The fastest *all around* measure made. Measures curves of any kind as easily as straight work. Accurate, carried in vest pocket, lasts a lifetime. So simple, anyone can use it. An ideal measure for factory, office or home. No skilled person can afford to be without it. Says one, "I would not be without it for $50.00." For a limited time only **$1.75** each. Your money back if not satisfied. Write today for free illustrated circular 52.

STECKENREITER MFG. CO.
94 Lake St. Chicago, Ill.

whereas some little feature that he regards as inconsequential may appeal to popular favor with mighty force and unanimity.

An instance in my own experience proves how true this is. At the beginning of the campaign of 1896 I was working hard and conscientiously on political cartoons. People looked at them and occasionally said pleasant things. But one day I inadvertently drew a dog—a rather ungainly but good-natured canine, merely to supply a needed detail in the composition of the cartoon. The next day, with similar purpose, I drew another dog that looked like the first dog. A subscriber wrote in and asked what the dog meant. The third day, just for fun, I drew the dog again. He was wisely listening to something Mr. Hanna was saying. A dozen letters swooped in and a dozen persons demanded to know what the dog meant. The dog then became a fixture and with each day the letters from anxious inquirers grew in number, until a perfect avalanche descended upon the office. "What does the dog mean?" "Why is that dog always around watching the progress of the campaign—now with McKinley, now with Bryan and now with Hanna?" "What is the deep-hidden significance?" All sorts of possible solutions were hazarded by the inquirers, some believing that it was a symbol that meant some foreign power. The dog became an absorbing mystery wherever the newspaper went.

Never in any case was the dog represented in bad humor. He was always good-natured, sometimes wearing a look of surprise, sometimes a look of deep concern, sometimes a look of incredulity and sometimes a look of exuberant glee. In a month it seemed to those around that particular newspaper as though the Presidential campaign had become almost totally eclipsed by the mystery of the dog. Thousands of letters came in from all corners of the country. If a day passed when the dog failed to appear there was a storm of solicitous inquiries from mothers and children, and even from men whose thoughts might presumably have been upon larger affairs. One day when Mr. Cleveland accidentally rocked on the dog's tail there was a flood of letters suggesting various remedies, and great relief the next day when the dog appeared with no visible sign of disaster beyond a bandage wound around the injured member.

The Fame of the Campaign Dog

When people spoke of me it was as author of the dog, whereas I aspired to a more honorable thing. All of my serious work apparently counted for naught, and I really began to fear that forevermore I should be known only through my association with the homely, good-natured creature that inhabited my cartoons.

In course of time I went away and the vicissitudes of fate threw my lot in the Philippines. For a time I breathed easy. But one day out in the jungle I came upon a tired soldier resting under a tree and we fell to talking of "God's country." When I casually introduced myself he started up with a glad look in his eyes and said: "You're not the man that drew the dog, are you?" A year later an Irish-American asked me the same question in the Leydenburg Mountains east of Pretoria, and the reluctant answer insured me the hospitality of the camp.

A year ago I began a series of pictures that were used once a week for the entire year. The central figure was a small country boy who owned five dogs, worth in the aggregate about $1.20. I reasoned that a small boy, next to a little dog, is about the funniest thing in the world, and for this reason might be the motif for a popular series. I followed this course through the spring, summer, winter and fall, from barefoot time back to barefoot time, from "skinning the cat," "saying a piece at school," "showing off" before the little girls, "taking care of the baby," "playing pirate," and so on through all these delightful experiences of boyhood. It was possible to introduce a good deal of sentiment in the pictures, for a small boy's life is full of it, and I found that the busy city man likes to be reminded of the days when he was a country boy and went calling on his Aunt Mary about dinner-time. Nearly every man who was a country boy had an Aunt Mary, and it does not make him mad to have some one remind him of it. In addition to the fact that the "boy" series apparently pleased men, I found that children were interested, and, of course, when the children are interested their mothers are bound to be, too. Thus far, however, the boy and his $1.20 worth of dogs have not been dramatized, which may mean that they have not quite reached the height of popularity.

GET THE

Famous Warner Library

It is the *only* single set of books which comprises *every* author and the literature of the *whole world*. It is not only a library of reference, but a library to read. It contains the brightest and best reading from the representative writers of every age.

OFFICIALLY APPROVED BY THE NEW YORK CITY SCHOOLS, AND NEW YORK STATE REGENTS.

Do you like poetry? **Warner** will give you the best, from Chaucer to Tennyson, from Dante to Longfellow.

Do you like humor? Here you find Mark Twain, or Artemus Ward, cracking jokes with Aristophanes.

Do you like fiction? The romances of ancient Egypt are found side by side with Ian Maclaren, or Robert Louis Stevenson.

Do you like history? Herodotus will tell you of battles and campaigns; while Gibbon or Macaulay outlines the rise and fall of nations.

Not only this—but the rank and value of every author is summed up in a series of brilliant essays by foremost authorities.

Warner is so Complete

that the largest public libraries cannot get along without it. Librarians are its most constant consulters. And it is so compact that the smallest home shelf of books finds it a necessary adjunct—for it furnishes a key to every other volume there.

The workmanship on the books themselves keeps pace with their literary quality. It is a set of books we are proud to distribute, and you will be proud to own. You will always point out the **Warner Library** when showing your books to your friends. It is beautifully bound, finely printed, and contains a wealth of special illustrations. If you had no other books than these you would still have

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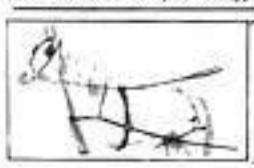

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Despotism and Democracy

(Continued from Page 11)

appeal peculiarly to men, so that most of them wished to oblige her. He was secretly amused at the courage and capability she had shown in organizing a political reception for him on such short notice, and determined to help her through with it. By way of showing his good will, he spoke with enthusiasm of Crane to many persons, and said that he should be pleased if Crane might be his colleague after the first of January.

At seven o'clock he was obliged to take his train. Before he stepped into the carriage of the Judge, who had asked the honor of driving him to the station, Senator Bicknell expressed to Annette the most sincere gratitude and pleasure at his visit.

"Tell Mr. Crane," he whispered to her, "that with a wife who has such masterly capacity for political management as you, my dear Mrs. Crane, he may expect any sort of promotion. If our State is honored by being awarded the Vice-Presidential nomination, I am afraid no one else will be heard of except Mr. Crane, if you take the affair in charge."

"You are laughing at me," cried Annette, laughing herself, but coloring with pleasure at Senator Bicknell's kind manner and flattering words. "Imagine me as a political manager!"

"My dear lady, the only political managers in the world among women are those like yourself, who don't know that they are managing. Good-by, and a thousand thanks. I have not spent so pleasant a day for a long time. Remember, when you come to Washington you are to dine with me many times, but I can't make you enjoy your dinner as much as I enjoyed mine. Regards to Crane." And he stepped into his carriage.

Crane did not return until the next evening, and was greeted by the sensational news of Senator Bicknell's visit. Annette was, of course, full of her achievement in entertaining the Senator. Instead of receiving her account with the pleasure which might naturally have been expected, Crane listened with sombre eyes and a face which grew pale and paler. His chagrin could not be concealed, and Annette was quickly convinced, to her distress and amazement, that Senator Bicknell's visit was anything but pleasant to Crane.

When this was borne in upon her she stopped speaking and involuntarily fixed her clear, accusing eyes on her husband. All at once her suspicions of the changed relations between Crane and Senator Bicknell, and Crane and Governor Sanders, became a certainty. In a moment of inspiration—the inspiration of an intelligent honesty—the probable state of affairs flashed upon her. Crane's countenance grew anxious as Annette watched him.

"Did the Senator say he had got my letter?" he asked.

"He expressly said he had not heard from you," replied Annette. "Did you go away to avoid the Senator?"

It was but a chance shot, but it hit the bull's-eye. Crane did not answer the question, but got up and walked to the other end of the garden.

She could not, of course, know the details, but she knew, then, that Crane was a traitor, and was pretending a good will which he was far from feeling. Annette suffered as only a high-minded woman can suffer when the lower man in one she loves reveals itself. But she said nothing. She knew that Crane must work out his own salvation, and that she could be of no help to him there.

And Crane, having a guilty conscience, knew that Annette suspected the game he was playing—and this made him more unhappy but not less guilty than before.

Annette had told Crane of Constance Maitland's invitation to them, which piqued as much as it gratified him. He knew quite well that but for Annette he would have had no invitation. Later came a note from Constance repeating the invitation very cordially, but Annette felt obliged to decline it with all the thanks in the world.

So the summer passed for those two.

As for Thorndyke, his visit at Malvern Court lasted a week. It was a week of heaven and hell to him. When he went away Constance Maitland realized that to accomplish her heart's desire she would have to do the proposing herself, as Queen Victoria did on a similar occasion.

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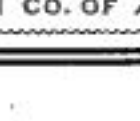

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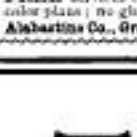

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Americans of To-Day and To-Morrow—By Albert J. Beveridge

WE ARE concerned with the large characteristics of national being. The little prudences and wisdoms of individual life and character the individual will work out from his own experience and the councils of the wise. But all these will finally converge upon the few great standards of communal character. These must be elemental—can only be elemental; for the community is very much akin to nature—is indeed a manifestation of nature like oceans or stars or plants or animals. In the ceaseless flow of the Gulf Stream the unaccountable drops of water may each bear some different ingredient of matter, yet all are impelled in the same direction. So in our national life the individual with all of his peculiarities must conform to the general tendency of the mass to which he belongs. And what we are now engaged in is finding our natural course—making a survey of those fundamental elements of national character which grow out of the American People themselves—of their quantity and quality of power, their position for the using of that power.

We are not moralizing; we are analyzing.

There is no teacher of the fundamentals like Nature. And we are discovering here a kinship between Nature and peoples and nations. Think deep enough and you will find in Nature and the Nation not alone a similarity, but more: you will find a oneness, a unity. They have the same rhythmic on-going; the same convulsions, cataclysms and hurricanes; the same periods of peace, generation and fruitage—the same everything. Therefore the cosmic lessons of Nature should be the decalogue of national living and doing.

About the first thing we observe in the material universe is thoroughness. Nature has the severe morality of the artist. She is not content to leave the picture unfinished. Like the true artist she must work it out to the smallest detail, as in the case of the inspiring tale of the painter who starved and froze but finally finished his work to the last application of pigment no larger than a needle's point. If Nature wants a desert she produces Sahara. If she wants mountains she is not content until thousands of miles of them are heaped one upon the other in a very plethora of rugged perfection; and we have the Cordilleras or the Alps or the Himalayas.

There is in her thoroughness a regularity, too—she will repeat seasons of the same kind—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter—through countless ages in untiring iteration. And each season in itself is perfect. She will have no icicles in June; it is the time for roses and yellowing wheat. And she gets through her work while she is at it. No doubt that is why the great characters of history have been so often likened to Nature—they did their work down to the final stroke with a splendid disregard of everything but the completion of their task. And so we find the deeds of Cæsar or Napoleon or the words of Milton or Goethe compared to the movement of stars or the perfection of fury the tempest displays.

Put tongues to the trees, rivers and plains of our continental Republic and the word of power which all would utter in unison to the American People would be "Thoroughness." The fertile alluvium of the Mississippi Valley cries out to the millions to whom its productivity yields life: "Be not in haste; the master hand that made me for you was infinitely leisurely and took æons for my preparation. For that master hand, like the hand of all mastery, was thorough." We dare not go brawling through our time doing immeasurable things by piecemeal. Who cares for the reputation of a Coleridge? "What vast possibilities his fragments of work display!" cries the critic. But what have we to do with his "possibilities"? What matters "fragments" to us? We care not for power however bulky, nor for ideals however exalted unless they realize some finished performance. The heyday of Athens was less than a century; yet in that time of the ripeness and fruition of her effort she produced perfect work which does us good now and will do the race good as long as the race itself endures.

The defect of the present period of our American life is want of this very thoroughness. Perhaps it is natural that it should be so. America is the young man of the nations. And young manhood is not careful of completeness, finish and perfection of task. The young heart beats with the force of the reproductive time of life, and arterial blood flushes the brain with currents of action and enterprise impatient of the careful processes which thorough thinking and thorough doing require. And here comes an apparent paradox and conflict of the Natural and the Necessary. Our age and situation and all the ingredients of our being make us strong and therefore negligent of details. But by the same token, if permanent and beneficent results are to be wrought by our effort the firm hand of Thoroughness must hold in check our impetuosities.

The older peoples have learned this; and by doing thoroughly well their work with their comparatively inferior tools they are able to compete very respectably with us in commerce and industry and to surpass us in letters, art and philosophy. Yet with our youth and the imagination, ideality and daring thereof, with our coal in its beds, our iron in its mountains, and our fields ready with the fatness which they have stored up through their idle milleniums; with all the things with which the high gods of circumstance have endowed us, the efforts of other nations would afford no comparison, but only contrast, if we were to use our opportunity with thoroughness.

The enemy of thoroughness is Haste. And the parent of Haste is Immoderate Desire. And this in turn is a quality and defect of youth. Consider this in our civic life. We decide to build a monument. We establish commissions for it, appropriate money not generously but lavishly. Next year we say: "What! is the work not yet done?" When, as a matter of art, the constructive brain has not yet had time to conceive the design which we would have perfect and everlasting. Or, we are confronted with the economic development of industrial organization awkwardly called "trusts." They are good as a whole; but they display along with good certain evil. At the evil we cry out, and should. We ask for laws, and are furious if they are not produced instantly; as though the lawgiver can turn out statutes as the lumber-mill turns out shingles. When finally the law, under the pressure of public impatience and therefore full of imperfections, is produced, we expect results from it by the very process of printing it. It is a characteristic of our national life at the present time. Thoughtful men and, better still, the thoughtful masses—for we have "the thoughtful masses"—see that the day has already dawned when this neurotic haste with its crudity and partial performance must give place to the very opposite qualities.

England has been successful as an administrative government because she has doggedly clung to the British ideal of thoroughness. The satirists and poets are seldom wrong; and he who pictured British character as a bulldog was accurate. But her bulldog tenacity is the tenacity of a purpose not to be loosened till its work is utterly done. So, the British people in their time, which now appears growing to a close, have wrought well and carefully; and this notwithstanding the fact that the British mind for the last hundred years has shown a singular atrophy of the inventive faculty, a sort of sterility of resourcefulness.

We Americans on the contrary are luxuriant in expedients. We produce devices to meet a given situation with a readiness akin to that with which tropical soil shoots forth vegetation. We, too, have, in the sweep of that divine purpose which directs the destinies of peoples, become an administering power. With our wonderful adaptability, our fertility of thought and our moral elevation we shall undoubtedly produce an administrative system for our new possessions as much in advance of anything the world has seen as the telegraph of our Morse or the electric light of our Edison is beyond the slow processes of communication and dull methods of lighting of other peoples and older times. That is to say, we shall do this unless our impatience spoils the thoroughness of our

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execution. That is the crux of all of our difficulties. It is the explosive point of the Prince Rupert's drop of our destiny.

The Philippines would give us comparatively little trouble—on the other hand would yield an increasing harvest of material reward and of national satisfaction at righteous deeds done—if we would not deny Time a partnership in our effort. If we would be content to make our work thorough (realizing that thoroughness involves the regeneration, moral, mental and physical, of a people—the introduction of new methods, the planting of new ideals, and therefore requires patience) the problem would become plain and the labor easy. The companion of the Thorough is the Gradual. How unreasonable to expect instantaneous results in world-work! We clamor for returns at the national counting-house and for the metamorphosis of Malay barbarism into New England civilization in a shorter time than it took our pioneers to clear a field and raise a profitable crop.

Also, we are competitors of England and Germany in the world's markets. If we are wise enough to add England's former and Germany's present Thoroughness in industry and method, the world of commerce and trade is literally ours. If we make Thoroughness the superintendent of our industry the Republic will be the commercial hegemon of all countries and all peoples.

Go to see the performance of excellent acrobats whenever you can. There is in their work far more than diversion; there is instruction which amounts to a stimulus. Observe the perfect calculation of distance, the sure, quick grasp of hand, the exact computation of time, and, through all, the hazard of it, the grace and ease of the flying bird. And consider, you who observe, that their art is a trivial one—the lowest form of amusement. Yet, reflect on the infinite pains they take for the sake of perfection. They could not perform the simplest of their complicated feats did they not practice daily—did they not bend the whole energies of their life to thoroughness. Yet, you who are a lawyer, or you who are a writer, or you who are a man of affairs, or still you other who are a statesman or should be—all your occupations are large and worth while compared with the profession of the poor acrobat. But do any of us reach the acrobat's perfection? If we do not, he is a better man than we. He plays his part—plays it thoroughly. We dissipate our energies. We do as much as we must and no more. Said a writer of great present popularity on this very theme: "How long do I labor over my pages? Not long, for the publisher is eager for them. And they will sell as well to-day or better than if I put unlimited care to their revision." But he was wrong there. Gibbon rewrote the first few chapters of his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire fifteen or sixteen times; and the ancients spent a lifetime on what would now fill a single volume. I will tell you, my friend, our national need is Thoroughness. It is my need of needs and yours too, doubt not. The acrobats bring it home to us with humiliating emphasis. So do sharp-shooters and all other performers of the arts of inferior diversion. Observe the vaudeville marksman shoot through a finger ring held by an assistant, and reflect that it took years of practice and scores of thousands of shots to acquire the skill which has no use but to amuse us.

In Canton, China, you may see a workman with a bent steel tool and a lathe turning a block of ivory into a ball. Without breaking this ball he hollows out a space until within the first cover is another ball; and this he hollows out and continues the process until perhaps twenty balls are each within the unbroken sphere of the other. These spheres he perforates with little stars and flowers. He has, at the end of indescribable toil, produced nothing better than a beautiful curiosity, you will say. Yes, he has produced perfection; and no perfection can be called trivial. You go away from the patient workman with your arrogance humbled.

How is it that Thoroughness is the necessity of our present national condition any more than it was yesterday or the day before? Let us answer this by taking commerce as an illustration. Until yesterday we were a developing people. We were engaged in the movement of communities within ourselves—planting new states, constructing railroads, building cities, locating and opening mines. We were "finding ourselves." And though that process is not yet completed, it is so far completed that we are matured and are in direct competition with other mature people. Well! we cannot sell our articles unless they are better made and cheaper than the articles produced by other peoples. All this means not ingenuity only, which is to-day our best commercial traveler, but also thoroughness in the making and finishing of our merchandise.

Or answer it by art and letters. Heretofore, a writer has seen a demand for a book. "The demand may cease," says the frugal man of the pen. "I will hasten my sheets to the printer." But this commercialism of letters is passing. Writers are finding out that their Aladdin reputations which yield profit and the vainglory of notoriety wither overnight. And the money greed which made them hasten to write "the book of the hour" is already succumbing to their instinct of immortality which commands them to write the book of the decade—the century. They are beginning to seize upon the lasting things of nature and life. The modern scientific method is helping this; and that spirit which is so stern a tyrant in the laboratory is spreading among the American masses. The American fireside is growing to be a tribunal of criticism. Note how impatiently a political sophistry is dismissed; how quickly the family circle rejects an untruth; with what contempt a slattern piece of work is cast aside. The magazine publisher recognizes this. He pays impossible prices for the most careful productions. Ask him why, and he will answer: "Because the American public demands the best. Articles equally interesting but not equally veracious or equally thorough can be had at a small fraction of the cost of our best material; but, you see, the circulation immediately drops. The instinct of the reading public is unerring and knows without analysis the perfect work from the imperfect and demands it—will have it."

The time is ripe for the American Leckys, Mommsens, Spencers. The present century will produce the American Goethe and Balzac—we dare not say the American Shakespeare; for, like the Bible, Shakespeare seems to be the interpretation of the present and future as well as the past.

"You Americans may give subsidies to your ships, but we will still hold our supremacy in the passenger service of the seas," said the president of one of the great German steamship lines. "We will do this in spite of your subsidies, in spite of your undeniable gifts in construction and all enterprise, merely because you have not the *gift of* thoroughness; and we Germans have. We will save enough in our selection of provisions; we will win enough in alluring passengers by the quality of our wine and food to offset the artificial help of your Government. For example: Although I am president of this company, I personally select our wines; I personally examine the quality of our companies doing the like." I say not that this German commercial king of the ocean spoke truly. I merely cite his statements. One thing is beyond all question, however—German maritime supremacy is built on the keel of German Thoroughness. Please reflect that the German flag has become one of the dominant ensigns of the oceans only within the last fifteen years—no time at all. But then, you see, the German ship lines in partnership with the German Imperial Government maintain a corps of students of the craft of shipbuilding. They have become the nicest calculators of the condensation of power, the enlargement of space in the construction of vessels, the adaptation of size and strength to capacity and speed the world has ever seen.

Yet Germany has only a window on the sea, while to the American Republic the oceans are our encircling verandas. As pointed out in the first of these papers, it is impossible that America shall not become the first sea power of the world and remain so. That is the verdict of our coast lines, our harbors, the currents of the deep, the trade winds and the globe's continents and islands. There is no appeal from the verdict of that jury of geography. Yet, it will be no undisputed mastery unless Thoroughness is made the admiral of our fleets.

Republican government is so superior to any other form of management of organized society that it detracts not from the excellence of our institutions to mention some of the drawbacks. Perhaps the most distinguished benefit which our popular government confers on the citizen is unlimited opportunity. Yet unlimited opportunity means unlimited rivalry; and this means a haste of achievement which becomes forgetful of substantial results. So we have the craze of getting rich quick; and some fear that this may become a permanent insanity. One man makes a great deal of money; immediately everybody else wants to make as much or more. From this Crœsus ambition of getting large wealth comes the desire to get it as quickly as possible. And this means the neglect of the solid and substantial, the ignoring of that which will be really beneficial next year as well as this year.

To all this a halt must be called. The national disease of million-mania must be checked and finally eradicated. But like all social and industrial evils the disease is curing itself. So many men have piled up so many millions that large wealth is becoming common—almost vulgar. Therefore the minds of those who got rich yesterday are already turning away from the dreary emptiness which sheer wealth affords to that fullness of life and real richness of reward which comes of doing something lasting and valuable for human society.

Also, the complicated nature of modern business demands the highest order of constructive talent in the management of our enormous modern investments. We are developing, instead of the old-time "financier," real statesmen of business. The newly-rich from fortunate adventure, mere chance or lucky speculation wait like messenger boys the command of the real generals of industry and commerce. And these latter have, for their lieutenants, Conserving Mind, Believing Heart and Thorough Method.

The general superintendent of one of the Middle Western railway systems, who started in as a freight handler at a dollar a day and now governs ten thousand men, said: "We must have an assistant superintendent. We have been looking for one for a year. The road has in its employ half a dozen sons of multi-millionaires whose fathers would do anything to get them the place. I cannot consent that any of them shall have it. Highly educated as they are, wealthy and influential as they are, not a man of them is thorough and persistent. We cannot intrust the machinery of our immense organization of traffic to incompetent hands. The dividends of our stockholders are at stake; and the lives of our hundreds of thousands of passengers are a factor in the selection of my assistant. We are searching the country for the man who has the ability, the health, the habits, and above all the thoroughness which this situation absolutely demands."

This is an instance which any person widely acquainted can duplicate by the hundred. And so, in spite of the haste which the opportunity and rivalry fostered by our democratic institutions create, the very structure of our social and industrial organization requires not even integrity more than it requires thoroughness. Your great newspaper, your great railroad, your great industrial corporation would fall to pieces without it, as masses of matter would dissolve into dust were it not for the mysterious force that we call cohesion. Thus we see that out of our national situation, out of the very elements of our present state of development, out of our individual needs as members of our continental community, Thoroughness is called for not as a matter of prudence or advisability, but as a matter of absolute necessity.

On Thoroughness hereafter our statesmanship must rest—no ill-considered laws, no rash policies for the American People.

On Thoroughness our diplomacy must rest—no brilliant play for present position, but each piece of American diplomacy comprehending the centuries.

On Thoroughness our industrial development must rest—no schemes which may dazzle for a decade and then break up because they are not carefully connected with the growth of the age.

On Thoroughness American literature must rest—no flashing comet of literary genius making the world gasp for the moment, but, instead, fixed stars that shine forever like the classics of the past.

Thoroughness, Thoroughness and yet again Thoroughness, from the tying of your shoestring to the solving of the Nation's highest problems!. It is the talismanic American word of the twentieth century.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of Senator Beveridge's papers on Americans of To-day and To-morrow.

The Hanky Panky Yankee

By Frank M. Bicknell

(A Suggestion for an English Music-Hall Ditty)

The bogeyman is loose upon this right, tight little isle,
He came across the ocean and he'll stay here quite a while;
A right smart Yankee from the States, he's full of pluck and brains,
And every time he shakes his purse the money simply rains.
He is a howling terror, he's a blasted bugaboo,
He buys things we don't want to sell, and sells things that we do;
He flings the oof about so free, unless we're on our guard
He'll carry off the birthplace of our own Immortal Bard;
Just anything he wants he takes, his cash he doesn't spare,
For he's a multi-million-, he's a blooming billionaire,—
This cranky, lanky, hanky-panky Y-a-n-kee!

He sells us wheat, he sells us meat, he sells us shoes to wear,
He sells us locomotives, his machines are everywhere,
He sends his prints to Manchester, to Sheffield sends his knives;
He undersells us every time, his business always thrives,
And when he isn't selling, to amuse himself he buys,
He buys things we should like to keep, things we most dearly prize:
Old masters, first editions, treasures rich and treasures rare,
Ancestral plate or acres, or heirloom from bankrupt heir,—
This Yank has coin to fill a bank, for cost he doesn't care,
For he's a multi-million-, he's a blooming billionaire,—
This cranky, lanky, hanky-panky Y-a-n-kee!

One day he buys a tram franchise, the next a steamship line,
There's naught too big for him to buy, his pocket is a mine;
He came and bought our Jumbo, he's bought old Jingo, too,
The wonder is he doesn't buy the whole blame' blessed Zoo;
He buys our ducal castles and no one dares rebuke,
And if his daughter asks him he will even buy a duke.
By'n'by he'll buy the House of Lords, likewise King Edward's crown,
Then form a little syndicate and buy old London Town.
Just anything he wants he takes, his cash he doesn't spare,
For he's a multi-million-, he's a blooming billionaire,—
This cranky, lanky, hanky-panky Y-a-n-kee!

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Democrats and Diamonds

Where the Jewels Come From, Who Wears Them, Who Buys Them or Only Rents Them

By David Graham Phillips

IF YOU wished fully to realize New York's present passion for luxury you could do so by taking a cab at seven in the evening and spending the succeeding six hours in glancing at the crowds in the streets and the first-class restaurants and theatres. You would have no time for a long pause at any one place; you would be in and out of your cab every moment or so; you would only cover a district less than a mile long, less than a quarter of a mile wide. Yet you would have seen about fifty thousand men and women with all the outward signs of great prosperity and evidently spending a good round sum for the single evening's enjoyment. Nobody gets anything for nothing anywhere in New York. You would have seen but a very small part of the population of New York that can, but a small part even of the population that does, spend money freely in more or less extravagant ways. But you would have got an overwhelming impression of luxury, of pleasure-hunting by droves of prosperous people, of extravagant dress, of jewels.

New Yorkers are always asking each other these two questions:

Where do all these people get all this money they "blow in" so freely?

Where do all these women get all those jewels?

As was suggested in the previous article, the most fashionable women of New York, those that have the half million and million dollar collections of jewels, do not as a rule at present wear in public places the great quantities of gems one might expect in view of what they could wear if they chose. But the less fashionable of the women who have the Croesus-like collections of ropes, collars, breastplates, stomachers, crowns, sprays, rings, earrings, combs, pins, buckles, clasps, fans and vinaigrettes, put it all on whenever they have a chance—and they often make the chance. Then there are the actresses, real and reputed, several hundred of them, all very much in evidence almost every day, who have prudently put by their earnings and their savings and the results of speculations on friendly tips by admiring stockbrokers. Naturally they put by in the, for them, most satisfactory form—jewelry. For jewels can be displayed and are therefore most useful in "making a front"; also, they can be pawned in stormy weather, sold quickly for cash in time of calamity. Finally, there is the great mass of young or youngish women, wives or sisters or dependents of more or less prosperous men—the women who "put it all on their backs." They come, evening, afternoon, morning as well, loaded with jewelry—diamond or emerald or sapphire pins in their hats; not one, but several, each worth from $500 to $1000; pendants, chains, jeweled purses, rings, these last weighting the fingers of both carefully-manicured, obviously idle hands. They glitter and flash as they drive in the Park or the Avenue, as they wander about the fashionable shops, as they wave their hands and toss their heads and twist their bodies in advantageous, but of course purely accidental, animation.

The Gem Dealers' Customers

THE evening's tour of the New York world of so-called pleasure would leave upon the mind, vividest of all impressions of luxury and ostentation, the impression of jewelry. In the first-class public resorts you will see few women who are not wearing at least three or four thousand dollars' worth; and you will see scores, many scores, wearing from twenty to fifty thousand dollars' worth; and you will see an amazing number with a hundred thousand dollars' worth or more. Women everybody knows, wives of men noted throughout the country for wealth? Not at all. Women who are not known outside a limited circle; women whose masculine sources of income, proper or peculiar, would not be known by name to any considerable part of New York's population. It must be remembered that there are more than four thousand millionaires and almost-millionaires on Manhattan Island, besides the visiting rich people and the resident prosperous workingmen with incomes of upward of thirty thousand a year.

There are five big jewelry shops in New York; there are a dozen at least, in addition, that would have been considered very big twenty years ago; and the department stores carry enormous stocks of jewels, including the finest.

Everything is jeweled nowadays—simplicity means moderation in bejeweling, not absence of it. Would you give a fine dinner or a pretentious dance? There must be jeweled favors. Would you give a wedding present? Something, anything, with jewels on it has the preference—not cheap jewels, but the precious or semi-precious that raise the cost of an article from a few dollars to a hundred at least, and more often to five hundred, a thousand, several thousand. Hat-pins

must be jeweled—a thousand dollars for a hat-pin is not at all rare. Cigarette cases, whether for men or for women, must be jeweled. So must every trifling article for a woman's dressing-table—and many articles for a man's.

The most fashionable and the least fashionable men in New York are still rather shy of adorning themselves with jewelry. But in between is a multitude, from bar-tenders and touts and roulette-wheel turners and financial mysteries to suddenly successful young and old business men, who go in for jeweled cuff-links, jeweled shirt buttons and waistcoat buttons, for rings and begemmed card-cases, pocketbooks, pocket-knives, pencils, and the like. A man who prides himself on simplicity will wear a pin that cost from $1000 to $10,000, will have other simple trifles jeweled to the extent of four or five thousand more. But the most ostentatious men are far, far behind the "quiet" and "simple" women. Parasol handles, fans and the like must have gems. The purse must be gold with diamonds along the upper edge and pearl pendants. And other articles which could not well be decorated with precious stones are studded with amethysts, white sapphires, peridots—at prices that would have staggered the richest American of a generation ago.

Miss Simplicity's Burden of Jewels

"I DETEST jewelry," said a New York woman not long ago. "It is *so* vulgar. I wear almost nothing nowadays."

And at first glance she did seem to have "almost nothing" in the way of jewelry in sight. But at second glance:

Two hat-pins, not less than	$ 2,400
A ruby surrounded by diamonds in a brooch,	20,000
A string of black pearls,	175,000
Three rings—a solitaire diamond, a black pearl, a white pearl,	32,000
Only seven articles, none conspicuous, yet in the total costing	$229,400

In the Moorish room at the Waldorf-Astoria the other afternoon sat three women, not conspicuously dressed. They had in view, taking them all, no less than ninety-four pieces of jewelry. The total value would doubtless show modestly beside the total of the one woman with "almost nothing"; but it would be a sum which, put out at interest, would bring an income five or six times that of the average preacher, school teacher or lawyer in a small town. The first impression of any of these New York jewel displays, dazzling though it is to the material imagination, is feeble in comparison with the showing on analysis. You can't buy much of a ring, as rings go nowadays, for less than a thousand dollars. And you can scatter ten thousand dollars without getting together enough to make a gamin take a second glance.

A stranger in New York might fancy that all of this bejeweled ostentation represented solid prosperity. The reverse is the case. There is no question as to the solid backing of the bejeweled wives and daughters of the real millionaires. But these aside, there is a vast deal of pitiful, contemptible sham. Like the handsome dresses, the handsome jewels represent—to omit moral conditions of a certain peculiarly offensive kind—a struggle after show at the expense of self-respect. People live in uncomfortable, sometimes even in squalid, places, live on the gas-stove, almost on the free-lunch plan, that the women of the family may stick on jewels. Tradesmen go unpaid, incomes are anticipated, the horrid spectre of financial ruin is admitted to lodging and to a share in the sleepless bed that the wife may cut a dash with her gems in Sherry's of a Sunday night. Nor is the husband behind the wife in the enthusiasm for this the most impressive kind of show. The wife is the family signal of prosperity to the outside world. Does the husband wish, by displaying a less gorgeous signal, to confess that he is less competent, less successful than other men of about his kind?

Two canons of the tooth-and-claw law of the tooth-and-claw section of New York's population are:

Be rich, if possible.

If not, seem to be rich at any cost.

But in addition to the bejeweled women who have at least some sort of a backing, shadowy and slippery though it may be, there are in still larger numbers the bejeweled women who have no sort of backing. How do these get their bedeckings of diamonds and sapphires and semi-precious stones that enable them to seem equally rich and equally extravagant with their sisters of the securely enthroned plutocracy?

On the "installment plan." In many parts of the city—notably in Broadway—there are jewelers who will in effect rent large quantities of jewels to any woman who can satisfy them that she can pay the rent and is not likely to run away.

"Certainly, lady," said a Broadway renting-jeweler to the wife of a young lawyer, "take this $20,000 necklace and the $10,000 worth of rings right along with you. Pay what you can from week to week and I'll credit it on the bill. Oh, no—we never send bills to our lady customers. We understand about those little domestic difficulties. You can tell him they are paste. Oh, you'll be surprised how soon you will have paid for them—part of them, at least. And then——"

The Installment Plan of Looking Wealthy

HE ENDED with a subtle, smiling hint that would have been a dose of the most insidious moral poison to a weak mind. This is an instance in what has become an enormous traffic. The cook, the watchman's wife, the floorwalker's daughter—they are buying a ring or a pin or a string of dubious-looking pearls on the installment plan. They are skimping to pay, and casting restlessly about. This way lie all manner of teasings to turpitude, of incitements to speculation.

The chief charm of jewels—no, let us not forget that such vulgarities as price have nothing to do with the charm of jewels—one of the alleged charms of jewels is that they give the wearer the same air of substantiality that he or she would have could he or she go forth displaying a certified check for a large amount, or a bundle of first mortgage bonds. People say: "Well, —— has ten thousand dollars, anyhow. Look at those jewels; they'd sell for that. And when the worst comes to the worst they can easily be secreted from the bankruptcy wreck." But now, alas! this, too, has passed away. The jewels may be installment-plan purchases—mere rented prosperity representing not substantiality and achievement but debt and deception and degradation. That is another item in the explanation why a New Yorker is on the one hand greedily credulous of stories of wealth and on the other hand cynically suspicious of the reality of any apparent prosperity, however plausible. Further, New York knows that there is a certain kind of New Yorker who appreciates that a moderate prosperity can be made to seem huge by spreading it out thin—for example, the woman who could afford to buy $10,000 worth of jewelry can afford to carry, on the installment plan and in vague hope of a windfall, $50,000 worth or more.

With these facts well in mind, a student of the great New York show finds a fascinating if melancholy or cynical interest in the throngs that pack theatres and restaurants in the evening and that press upon the jewel counters all day long. And in the splendid flashings of these myriad precious stones he catches many a baleful gleam—and many a malicious twinkle.

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. David Graham Phillips' two papers on this subject.

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RUSTICATED

"YOU should have seen the dean dance," said the druggist's clerk, "as I cauterized his hindquarters, and took some stitches in them, but 'twas awful thoughtless of your bull pup."

"Well, anyhow, Wilson, they've rusticated me for two years—it came too soon upon the trouble about the goose. I'll try Cork this time; luckily there's no residence at the Queen's."

"Luckily?"

I got to Cork of an afternoon and put up at the Victoria Hotel till I could find lodgings. Next morning I was late to breakfast, with a slight suggestion of headache, but found time to enter at college, send for a tailor, have my hair curled. A week in town, and no rooms yet, at hotel still, paid bill, one crown piece left, must have rooms. So I started out briskly and first for the college. Letter awaiting me:

My darling Robert:

Not hearing from you, we suppose you are reading hard. Papa says it is time you turned over a new leaf. He had a bill yesterday from a Dublin veterinary for trimming the ears and tail of that bulldog you made such trouble with in Trinity. The junior dean also wrote saying that your two years' term of rustication might be shortened by a twelvemonth should they hear of your doing well in Cork. Now we all want you to return to T. C. D. I am sending you a hamper prepaid to the Cork station awaiting your order. Always see that your linen is well aired on return from the laundry. Should you cough put a mustard leaf on your chest and take a glass of Amontillado with a little glycerine and—well—send for Doctor Townsend. Don't walk on the grass before ten o'clock, so as to avoid the dew. You should change to woolen socks in about a fortnight from this. Be sensible, but don't work *too* hard, as you are still growing. I inclose a note from your sister.

Your loving mother,

DOROTHY HAMILTON.

Inclosure:

Dear Bobby:

I do so hope you are well. There is nothing new and yet it seems an age since you were here. I had a note from Grace Rivers this morning. Her brother Tom wrote her that you could hear a pin drop in Trinity since you were sent down. Papa had the strangest and funniest letter, delicately scented, in a pretty foreign hand, from some Mademoiselle Yvonne de Château Demoli—what an extraordinary name—calling him her "*petit méchant*," her "*bien aimé Bobee*," saying that she was "*désolée*" by his absence, and imploring his return. 'Twas written from the Theatre Royal. We didn't see the letter to read its further contents. It made Uncle William laugh a good deal. "Wrong address," said he. If you happen to pass MacSweeney, Delaney's—and take care you do so on receipt—I wish you would buy me a curling-tongs and one dozen leather curlers; also three pounds No. 12 lamb's wool for creweling. I inclose the money as usual. Now, Puggsy, don't go at once and buy a new set of boxing-gloves or a meerschaum with my money, and then talk to me about the silliness of girls. Write regularly. Your loving sister,

PATIENCE.

P. S. When you want pocket-money in a hurry write to Momsey or me on general topics, and *don't* stamp the envelope. Send the curling-tongs at the very least. *Now! do:* you know I must have one. I look a fright near Grace Rivers. If I were only a man, Bob—but the best of you are horrid, coarse things; now, really, isn't that so?—I could snuggle up near Gracie and look at her for hours. She doesn't seem to talk to me—she purrs. Some day I, too, may find a sweetheart as nice as Gracie's. Do you think I could? I saw in the English Gentlewoman that Rowland's Macassar Oil "imparts brilliancy and pliability to the hair and beard." If you send me *all* I have written for I shall send you a bottle. You love Gracie, don't you, Puggsy?—tell me honest.

P.

Nothing could be further from my inclinations than a personal hunt for rooms. I never got quite accustomed to it, though the unpleasantness was perhaps more felt at first. Happily a fellow-student whom I made my confidant spoke to me of a house on the Mardyke, such as he thought might suit me, and on which that morning he saw an "Apartment to Let" notice. There would have been no trouble had I been disposed to live in the "diggings" of the average student, but I had a horror of dowdy landladies in faded finery and hair in curl-papers, of stuffy rooms and rickety furniture. This was such a street as prosperous tradesmen might occupy, or half-pay officers. As a matter of fact, Her Majesty's judges on circuit lodged there. Well, I set out. And sure enough there was the house, in perfect condition, new and evidently well kept.

What would inspection reveal of the inside?

My ring brought to the door, on the instant, a prim little man of middle age wearing goggles. This was the owner, Mr. Brownson. He was delicate of build, with straggling fawn-colored hair and whiskers, white and red complexion, blue veins and blue eyes. Altogether a dapper little person.

Behind him was a yet more dapper little wife, his counterpart save as to the whiskers. A momentary smile, whether of surprise or welcome, corrugated the skin in transverse wrinkles over a peaky little nose. In front of her ears hung down on either side a nice little hand-made curl such as ladies of quality loved in the days of our grandmothers. Behind the little wife, in a cunning little baby carriage, was the cutest little infant, of some undetermined sex, all a-chirp and a-coo. Beside the baby carriage was a sturdy servant girl, nineteen or thereabouts, fresh from the country; the full of a door, she took a strong hold of the ground with her feet; was in shape a perfect cube.

"Good Lord," said I to myself.

They were evidently about to

"I THOUGHT, MR. HAMILTON, YOU WERE A QUIET YOUNG MAN"

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An Irish College Story of the Roaring Sixties

BY HAMILTON WILLIAMS

set out for a walk as I rang. I must confess my purpose made me bashful, if not shamefaced; it was ever thus. I told them what I wanted, and, quite so, the second floor was to let furnished. The husband asked me to step upstairs and have a look. Everything was of the pink of neatness.

"I shall gladly take the apartments."

"Wouldn't I like to know the terms?"

"Why, of course," as if I had forgotten, though, as a matter of fact, I hadn't the faintest notion of what they should cost, and, what's more, didn't care. The figures suited admirably. Might he inquire my business? A student. Oh! he was afraid—didn't altogether know—would like to consult his wife—you see students were so noisy, turbulent even.

Heavens! was this paradise to escape me? Was I Ulysses, or Æneas, or Christopher Columbus to set out afresh on such detestable travels in search of a home or what not?

"As a matter of fact, my dear sir," and I coughed gently, following up with a subdued sigh, "I have come here to escape just such unpleasant associations," and then again, I was reading law not medicine. (Note: Art students were the middle term.) He looked at me and into me. The latter somewhat bored me. He was hesitating—I was patient for I felt I had gained my cause. I was certainly good-looking, if not indeed distinguished, and that in the judgment of such critics as my mother and my father's sister, sweet Aunt Bessie. In dress and bearing I was a toned-down Count d'Orsay with the curls both natural and acquired of Alfred de Vigny. A word or two with his wife on our return and my lot was fixed agreeably. The family party set out, but the Cube was left to wait upon me and arrange my rooms. A passing street arab took a note to the baggage-master at the station; a second sought a cabman who returned in short order from the hotel with my luggage.

"That will pay you," and I gave him what was left of the crown piece after tipping the arabs. He smiled. "You're a king," said he. "Uncrowned," said I. "Thim's the best be far," said he with decision, just as if he had known both sorts intimately and had taken sides.

At length I sat down before a blazing fire, my troubles at an end, if my pockets were empty, for a letter or telegram would bring me money in the morning. What with a cup of well-made Mocha, a comfortable armchair and the cozy surroundings, faith, I needn't have called the Queen my aunt, and in troth I didn't, either. A gentle languor crept upon me, and I fell into a doze, to be awakened by a tapping at the door.

"Come on," said I, and in strode the Cube.

If I knew as much then as I did later I'd rather have seen Poe's Raven fluttering in.

"They's min at the door wid a hamper for you, sir."

"Send them up."

And after a moment in came the raw material of a cataclysm bearing the promised hamper. He laid it down in the corner which, as my back turned to the cataclysm, I had vaguely indicated by a hand motion. Now, I was invariably liberal in the matter of tips. Whatever some may say, it makes life easier, and that's a gain, but I hadn't a butcher's penny. And that's why I didn't turn round, but rather, when a heavy breathing and the drop on the floor showed that the Raw Material's work was done, said, with an affectation of thoughtless indifference:

"That will do, my man—please shut the door as you go."

"My man, indeed!"

"My catastrophe—my thoroughbred Vesuvius, if you please."

"Oh! I axes your pardon, sir—they's wan and sixpence due on the hamper."

"I'm afraid you're mistaken," I replied; "that hamper is prepaid."

"Oh! begor, sir, that's all right as far as up to the station goes, but I'm towld to collect the wan and sixpence for the transportation ov it from the station to the house."

This was a dreadful poser, though it served, however unpleasantly, to clear up the situation. But all this clearing up didn't bring one and sixpence into view. Many a time before and many a time since have I found myself in a tight place when quick thinking and action just pulled me through, and why, reflecting reader, tell me why, I didn't in this particular pass recall the innumerable hampers which a loving mother had at different times sent me, all warranted to contain, hidden away in some corner, at the very bottom, a sockful of silver and one-pound notes, National, Munster and Hibernian, the equivalent of a myriad one and sixpences. To-day when some fool cross-examiner or other callow psychologist asks me why or how I remember or fail to remember anything I think of the hamper. Be that as it may, my memory failed me just at the time I should have thought of the possibilities of the leprechawn stocking within the hamper.

"There's some mistake somewhere," I rejoined after a moment; "leave the hamper and go—I'll call at the station later, and straighten out matters."

"The divil a bit," roared the Raw Material—he must have thought I brought his word in question—"no wan and sixpence, no hamper—them's my orders."

It doesn't take much to start a fight in Ireland—thank the Lord for all His mercies—no well-regulated mind but keeps well stocked with such excuses, and here was one to justify an Armageddon.

"I've told you what to do," said I in measured tones, with an unconscious stiffening of the jaws; "now go."

"Arrah be aisy, me little buggawn—won't you let me stay till you've finished your tay? What kind ov a cantankerous cocksparra did ye have for a wet nurse that makes ye so bowld wid yer betters?"

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He went through the door, and only 'twas open he'd have carried it with him.

The staircase opened on the landing just outside the door, and down the stairs he went, not making two bites of a cherry, or of the one blow. I was too quick for him, and then again, as I reached the angle of his jaw he tripped on the corner of the hamper. I closed the door. Talk of "chorus hymeneal or triumphal chant!" There wasn't a single blood corpuscle in my body but was playing the organ as I went to the window to see the van men drive away.

Drive away indeed! If so they meant they were taking the wrong road, for my eyes fell upon them leaving the van and making for the hall door, one with a whip in hand, the other with a horse trace. No time was to be lost, so I quickly took the advice of a veteran blackthorn stick which stood expectantly by the mantelpiece, and awaited the invaders at the head of the stairs. You could break the ten Commandments with that same blackthorn, not to talk of a man's head. Murder Macquire—his real Christian name was Murtagh—a grandfather's tenant of mine, was the original owner. Some day I'll write down the story. Well, I was awaiting the invaders—the job was an easy one. They were on time, but I was on top, and the odds were even. The narrowness of the battlefield soon forced us to fall back on our fists for want of room to ply our weapons. After a few minutes of joyous and delirious effort I was downed by a punch over the destined repository for my angelic mother's Amontillado and glycerine, the enemy occupying temporarily a recumbent position on the top of me.

I have suggested that the street was an eminently quiet one, and so it was to the extent that any disturbance ever found therein was invariably of exoteric, never of esoteric, origin. But its normal placidity of bearing was conditioned by the fact that twice daily it was a highway for students on the way to college, whilst at uncertain intervals boys of the town found it a short cut to their football grounds which lay beyond. As usual, no love was lost between these types and so——

Great Heavens! what cyclonic roaring is this now, and what trampling thousands? My brain was in a whirl; this must be an earthquake or a foretaste of Heaven. Blücher at Quatre-Bras couldn't hold a candle to it. In an instant I was on my feet, haled up, punched up, held up, and around me a wild swarm of combatants. Troops of students—Jove, where did they all come from?—legions of town loafers yelling and struggling and puffing—the original invaders had left the hall door open, hence the deluge. The students were headed by two demi-gods: a cousin of mine, Berkeley Russell, remarkable for a cast in the eye and an awful temper, and Tim Neville, whose game leg was compensated for by the arms of a blacksmith and the ferocity of an Apache. The loafers had no head, but hands that were moulded for manslaughter. The real business of the day began. Crowds gathering on the outside blocked the street and swarmed into the house. Everybody couldn't join in the mêlée: the disappointed overflowed the building from attic to basement and began looting. The hungrier and wiser were regaling themselves with a hasty lunch in the kitchen. So much the worse for the quiet of the house. The Cube gave a piercing scream, and a section of the students ran down to investigate. Things were lively enough already, but the infernal din of clashing kettles and pans as the students and loafers were settling their troubles round the kitchen table, was, barring puns, a pandemonium. It was a toss up whether I or my antagonist for the moment would go head foremost over the bannister, when out from nowhere dashed the little white-and-red-faced landlord. 'Twas easy enough with anything at all like hindsight to recognize that his frantic rush toward me was an emphasized interrogation, nothing more.

"But how could I have known at the time?" said awful Berkeley afterward. And faith he couldn't, for he didn't do a thing but just lam the unlucky landlord—what are they made for, anyhow?—a prize-poem-beauty-on-the-jaw that sent him flying. He was awful reckless, was Berkeley, but very fond of me.

"Go sit down and weep, you infernal idiot," I roared, "you've cooked my goose," and I ran to pick up poor Brownson, who was momentarily reclining on his head, and apparently in deep thought—his latest experience had evidently impressed him with the beauty of repose. Meanwhile, the students from the kitchen had rejoined us and, with redoubled energy, we made one wild, swirling rush upon the enemy. The event demonstrated in the concrete the supreme value of a liberal education. The Latinists rode rough shod over the Vernaculars. Caius Julius Cæsar McGillicoddy surnamed "Femur"—from his blackthorn, which was the shape of a thigh bone—forced Vercingetorix MacNally, otherwise known as "Scrab" Nally, to swallow a section of his dental formula and suffer the fracture of some unoffending ribs. Marcus Furius Camillus O'Brien knocked the eternal stuffing out of Brennus O'Shaugnessy surnamed Brandy Punch. But why particularize? The decisive moment saw the unfortunate if blameless hamper flung over the bannister in an effort to crush the desperate last resistance of a small knot of the enemy, whose nucleus was the two van men. A few heads more were badly done up and the enemy finally routed, but the hamper gave way under the strain and the contents went to join the waste and ruin of our great upheaval. The war was now over and the hall door shut to.

Heavens! what a sight our wounded eyes fell upon. A seismologist might have felt at home. A Lurrighadhaun couldn't have found enough of the mirror over the mantelpiece to shave with. I didn't so much bother about the chair legs—for the fellows must have weapons to fight with, though the pictures on the wall, or rather the frames, might have been left alone—but Neville welted a coal porter with a "Noble Army of Martyrs" and the porter's side partner nearly broke Neville's jaw with Queen Victoria. Black eyes and bloody noses were in any event too commonplace to be worth an inventory, but when Berkeley's nose was driven in the same direction as the cast in the eye, I have seen much handsomer portrait painting on a tea-caddy. The dapper little landlady was alternating fits of swooning with fits of hysteric screaming, but the peaky little nose kept on doing a little corrugating giggle on its own account. The baby sucked its toe to the climax and the Cube sang O'Donnell Aboo. Breathless we assembled in my room, which was packed. Tim Neville moved the dreamy-eyed landlord into the chair. We drank his health in some fairylike whisky which was found in the pantry. "Gentlemen," said Brownson, "you must permit me to retire. I feel rather exhausted. I'll sleep well to-night, if I don't have a nightmare."

"More power to you," cried we all.

He looked for the moment as if meditating; said he, "I thought, Mr. Hamilton, you were a quiet young man."

"So I am," said I, "only I can't stand imposition."

"How so?" said he.

"Those ruffians wanted to overcharge me one and sixpence for bringing me the hamper," I explained.

"'Tis hard to understand the Irish," he groaned, and as we led him to the door he trod on a well-filled sock in the torn toe of which appeared one and sixpence.

I lived two years with him.

THE CHIEF ENGINEER

The Love Story of a Patient Man

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

III

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—When Florence Fenacre fell heir to her millions no one was more astonished than Florence herself. In the old New England seaport where she had always lived the only memory of her uncle had been that of deep-seated division between him and her father, and nobody could have supposed that the lonely old millionaire meant to make reparation in his will. Indeed it had been pretty well settled by the good gossips of the town that Florence was to marry Frank Rignold. Frank was the chief engineer of a cargo boat running to South American ports. He had no promise from Florence—rather had she discouraged him—but he felt that his whole-hearted devotion was making its impression, and his hopes were high with a lover's optimism—until the millions came.

Frank recognized the situation at once and went back to his engine-room without a whimper. He heard of her occasionally, of the triumphant show her beauty, her grace and her millions were making in the world. One day he saw her yacht in the harbor and resolved to ask for a position on her engine-room staff. Miss Fenacre answered his letter with a request for a personal interview, and when he walked down the street again it was as chief engineer of the Minnehaha.

SPRING was well begun when the Minnehaha sailed for Europe to take her place in the mimic fleets that were already assembling. As like seeks like, so the long, swift, white steamer headed like a bird for her far-away companions and arrived among them with colors flying and her guns roaring out salutes. By herself she was greedy for every pound of steam and raced her engines as though speed were a matter of life and death; but once in company she was content to lag with the slowest and suit her own pace to the stately progress of the schooners and cutters that moved by the wind alone. She found friends among all nations and, in that cosmopolitan society of ships, dipped her flag to that of England, France, Holland, Belgium and Germany.

It was a wonderful life of freedom and gayety. A great yacht carries her own letter of introduction and is accorded everywhere the courtesies of a man-of-war, to which, in a sense, she is almost a sister. Official visits are paid and returned; naval punctilio reigns; invitations are lavished from every side. There is, besides, a freemasonry among those splendid wanderers of the sea, a transcendent Bohemianism that puts them nearly all upon a common footing. A holiday spirit is in the air, and kings and princes, who at home are hidden within walls of triple brass, here unbend like children out of school, and make friends, and gossip about their neighbors, and show off their engine-rooms and their ice plant and some new idea in patent boat-davits after the manner of very ordinary mortals. Not, of course, that kings and princes predominate, but the same spirit prevails with those who on shore hold their heads very high and practice a jealous exclusiveness. Among them all Florence

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Fenacre was a favorite of favorites. Young, beautiful and the mistress of a noble fortune, there was everything to cast a glamor about this charming American, who had come out of the unknown to take all hearts by storm.

Her haziness about distinctions of rank filled these Europeans with an amused amazement. There was to them something quite royal in her naiveté and lack of awe; in her high spirit, her vivacity and her absolute disregard of those who failed to please her. She convulsed one potentate by describing another as "that tiresome old man who's really too disreputable, you know, to have tagging around me any longer"; and had a quarrel and a making up with a duke about a lighter of coal that their respective crews had come to blows over. Everybody adored her and she seldom put to sea without a covey of love-sick yachts in her wake.

Of course, here as elsewhere, every phase of human character was displayed, and most conspicuous of all among the evil was the determination of many to win Florence's millions for themselves. Amid that noble concourse of vessels, every one of which stood for a princely income, there were adventurers as needy and as hungry as any sharper in the streets of New York. There is an aristocratic poverty, none the less real because you must add three naughts to all the figures, that first surprised and then disgusted the pretty American. Her first awakening to the fact was when, as a special favor, she sold her best steam launch to a French marquise at the price it had cost her. Though that lady was very profuse with little pink notes and could purr over Florence by the hour, her signature on a check was never forthcoming, and Florence had a fit of fury to think of having been so deceived.

"It was a downright confidence trick," she burst out to the Comte de Souvary, firing up afresh with the memory of her wrongs. "I loved my launch. It was a beauty. It never went dotty at the time you needed it most and it's name among the men was Old Reliable, and it was a vertical inverted triple expansion direct-acting propeller!" (Florence could always rattle off technical details, and showed her Americanism in her catalogue-like fluency in this respect.) "And I miss it and I want it back, and the horrid old woman never means to pay me a penny!"

"Oh, my child," said the count, "she never pays anybody ze penny. She is a stone for which one looks in vain for blood. Your launch is — what do you call it in ze Far Vest — a goner!"

"But she's descended from Charlemagne," cried Florence. "She has the entrée to all the courts. She ought to be exposed for swiping my boat!"

"What does anybody do when he is robbed?" said the count philosophically. He could afford to be philosophical: it wasn't *his* vertical inverted triple expansion direct-acting propeller.

"Smile and be more careful ze next time," he went on. "The marquise's reputation is international for what is charitably called her eccentricity."

"In America they put people in jail for that kind of eccentricity!" exclaimed Florence.

"Oh, the best way in Europe is money-with-order," said the count, "what I remember a friend seeing in that great country of which you are ze ornament — In God we trust: all others cash!"

"Well, it's a shame," said Florence, "and if I ever get the chance of a dark night I'll ram her with the Minnehaha!"

Florence's mother, a dear little old lady who did tatting and read the Christian Globe, was always the particular target of the fortune-hunters who pursued her daughter. It seemed such a brilliant idea to capture the mother first as the preparatory step of getting into the good graces of the heiress; and the old lady, who was one of the most guileless of her sex, never failed to fall into the trap and take the attentions all in earnest. The Comte de Souvary used to say that if you wished to find the wickedest men in Europe you had only to cast your eyes in the direction of Florence's mother; and she would be trotted off to church and driven in automobiles and lunched in casinos by the most notorious and unprincipled scapegraces of the Old World.

Florence, who like all heiresses had developed a positive instinct for the men who meant her mischief, was always delighted at the repeated captures of the old lady; and it was an endless entertainment to her when her mother was induced to champion the cause of some aristocratic ne'er-do-well.

"But, mamma," she would say, "I hate to call your friends names, but really he's a perfect scamp, and underneath all his fine manners he is no better than a wolf ravening for rich young lambs!"

"Oh, Florence, how can you be so uncharitable," her mother would retort. "If you could only hear the way he speaks of his mother and his ruined life, and how he is trying to be a better man for your sake ——"

"Always the same old story," said Florence. "It's wonderful the good I do just sailing around and radiating moral influence. The count says I ought to get a medal from the government with my profile on one side and a composite picture of my admirers on the other! And if I do, Mamsey, I'll give it to you to keep!"

—SHE BURST OUT, "... YOU LOVE HER—AND AS FOR ME I MIGHT AS WELL DROWN MYSELF"

Frank Rignold was sometimes tempted to curse the day that had ever brought him aboard the Minnehaha. To be a silent spectator of gayeties and festivities he could not share; to be condemned to stand aloof while he saw the woman he loved petted and sought after by men of exalted position — what could be imagined more detestable to a lover without hope, without the shadow of a claim, with nothing to look forward to except the inevitable day when a luckier fellow would carry her off before his eyes. He moped in secret and often spent hours locked in his cabin, sitting with his face in his hands, a prey to the bitterest melancholy and dejection. In public, however, he always bore himself unflinchingly, and was too proud a man and too innately a gentleman to allow his face to be read even by her. It was incumbent on him, so long as he drew her pay and wore her uniform, to act in all respects the part he was cast to play; and no one could have guessed, except perhaps the girl herself, that he had any other thought save to do his duty cheerfully and well.

Captain Landry sat in the saloon at the bottom of the table, Florence herself taking the head; but the other officers of the ship had a cozy mess-room of their own, presided over by Frank Rignold as the officer second in rank on board. Thus whole days might pass with no further exchange between himself and Florence than the customary good-morning when they happened to meet on deck. Except on the business of the ship it was tacitly understood that no officer should speak to her without being first addressed. The strict etiquette of a man-of-war prevailed; everything went forward with stereotyped precision and formality; the officers were supposed to comport themselves with impassivity and self-effacement. Florence had no more need of being conscious of their presence than if they had been so many automatons.

Her life and theirs offered a strange contrast. She in her little court of idlers and merrymakers; they, the grave men who were answerable for her safety, the exponents of a rigid routine, to whom the clang of the bells brought recurring duties and the exercise of their professional knowledge. To her, yachting was a play; to them, a business.

"I often remark your chief engineer," said the Comte de Souvary to Florence. "A handsome man, with an air at once sad and noble — one of zoze extraordinary Americans who keep for their machines the ardor we Europeans lavish on the women we love, and whose spirits when zey die turn without doubt into *pétrole* or electricity."

"I have known Mr. Rignold ever since I was a child," said Florence, pleased to hear Frank praised. "I regard him as one of my best and dearest friends."

"The more to his credit," said the count, astonished. "Many in such a *galère* would prove themselves presumptuous and troublesome."

"He is almost too much the other way," said Florence.

"Ah, that appeals to me," said the count. "I should be such anozer in his place. Proud, silent, unobtrusive, who gives dignity to what otherwise would be a false position."

"I came very near being his wife once," said Florence, impelled, she hardly knew why, to make the confession.

The count was thunderstruck.

"His wife!" he exclaimed.

"Before I was rich, you know," explained Florence, "A million years ago it seems now, when I lived in a little town and was a nobody."

"Anozer romance of the Far Vest," cried the count, to whom this term embraced the entire continent from Maine to San Francisco.

Florence was curiously capricious in her treatment of Frank Rignold. Often she would neglect him for weeks together, and then, in a sort of revulsion, would go almost to the other extreme. Sometimes at night when he would be pacing the deck she would come and take his arm and call him "Frank" under her breath and ask him if he still loved her; and in a manner, half-tender, half-mocking, would play on his feelings with a deliberate enjoyment of the pain she inflicted. Her greatest power of torment was her frankness. She would talk over her proposals; weigh one against the other; revel in her self-analysis and solemnly ask Frank his opinion on this or that part of her character. She talked with equal freedom of her regard for himself, and was almost brutal in confessing how hard it was to hold herself back.

"I think I must be awfully wicked, Frank," she said to him once. "I love you so dearly and yet I wouldn't marry you for anything!" And then she ran on as to whether she ought to take Souvary and live in Paris or Lord Comyngs and choose London. "It's so hard to decide," she said, "and it's so important, because one couldn't change one's mind afterward."

"Not very well," said Frank.

"You mustn't grind your teeth so loud," she said. "It's compromising."

"I wish you would talk about something else or go away," he said, goaded out of his usual politeness.

"Oh, I love my little stolen *tête-à-têtes* with you," she exclaimed. "All those other men are used up, emotionally speaking. The count would turn a neat phrase even if he were to blow his brains out the next minute. They think they are splendidly cool, but it only means that they have exhausted all their powers of sensation. You are delightfully primitive and unspoiled, and then I suppose it is natural to like a fellow-countryman best, isn't it? Have you found any girls over here you like as well as me?"

"I haven't tried to find any," said Frank.

"You aren't a bit disillusioned, are you?" she said. "You simply shut your eyes and go it blind. A woman loves that in a man. It's what love ought to be. It's silly of me to throw it away."

"Perhaps it is, Florence," he said "Who knows but what some day you may regret it."

"I often think of that," she returned. "I am afraid all the good part of me loves you, and all the bad loves the counts and dukes and earls, you know. And the good is almost drowned in all the rest, like vegetables in vegetable soup."

She excelled in giving such little dampers to sentiment, and laughed heartily at Frank's discomfiture.

"You can be awfully cruel," he said. "I wonder you can be so beautiful when you can think such things and say them. You treat hearts like toys and laugh when you break them."

"Well, there's one thing, Frank," she said seriously. "I have never pretended to you or tried to appear better than I am; and you are the only man I can say that to and not lie!"

IV

THE Comte de Souvary, toward whom Florence betrayed an inclination that seemed at times to deserve a warmer word, was a French gentleman nearing forty. He was a man of distinguished appearance, with all the gayety, grace and charm that, in spite of popular impression to the contrary, is not seldom found among the nobles of his country. His undoubted wealth and position redeemed his suit from any appearance of being inspired by a mercenary motive. Indeed he was accustomed himself to be pursued, and Florence and he recognized in each other a fellowship of persecution.

"We are ze Pale Faces," he would say, "and ze ozzers zey are Indians closing in from every corner of ze Far Vest for our scalps!"

He was, in many ways, the most accomplished man that Florence had ever known. He was a violinist, a singer, a poet, and yet these were but a part of his various gifts; for in everything out of doors he was no less a master and took the first place as though by right. He was the embodiment of everything daring and manly; it seemed natural for him to excel; he simply did not know what fear was. He was always ready to smile and turn a little joke, whether speeding in his automobile at a breakneck pace or ballooning above the clouds in search of what to him was the breath of life: "ze sensation." He could never see a new form of "ze sensation" without running for it like a child for a new toy. His whole attitude toward the world was that of a furious curiosity. He could not bear to leave it, he said, until he

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had learned how all the wheels went round. He had stood on the Matterhorn. He had driven the Sud express. He had exhausted lions and tigers. In moods of depression he would threaten to follow Andrée to the pole and figure out his plans on the back of an envelope.

"Magnificent!" he would cry, growing instantly cheerful at the prospect. "Think of ze sensation!"

He spoke English fluently, though shaky on the *th* and the *w*, and it was first hand and not mentally translated. His pronunciation of Far West, two words that were constantly on his lips, was an endless entertainment to Florence and out of a sense of humor she forebore to correct him. It was typical indeed of his ignorance of everything American. Europe was at his fingers' ends; there was not a country in it he was not familiar with, intimately familiar, knowing much of what went on behind the scenes, and the lives and characters of the men, and not less the women, who shaped national policies and held the steering-wheels of state.

"Murieff would never do that," he would say. "He is constitutionally inert, and his imagination has carried him through too many unfought wars for him to throw down the gage now. He smokes cigarettes and dreams of endless peace. I had many talks with him last year and found him impatient of any subject but the redemption of the paper ruble!"

But his mind had never crossed the Atlantic Ocean. He still thought that the Civil War had been between North and South America. To him the United States was a vague region peopled with miners, pork-packers and Indians; a jumble of factories, forests and red-shirted men digging for gold, all of it fantastically seen through the medium of Buffalo Bill's show. It was a constant wonder to him that such conditions had been able to produce a woman like Florence Fenacre.

"You are the flower of ze prairie," he would say, "an atavism of type, harking back a dozen generations to aristocratic progenitors, having nothing in common with the Pathfinder, your papa!"

"He wasn't a pathfinder," said Florence; "he was a whaler captain."

But this to the count seemed only the more remarkable. He raised the fabric of a fresh romance on the instant, especially (on Florence telling him more about her forebears) when he began to mix up the Pilgrim Fathers, the Revolutionary War and the Alabama in one brisk panorama of his ever dear "Far Vest!"

Florence's acquaintance with the Comte de Souvary went back to Majorca, where, in the course of one of those sudden blows, so common on the Mediterranean, their respective yachts had fled for shelter. His own was a large auxiliary schooner called the Paquita, a lofty, showy vessel which he sailed himself with his usual courage and audacity. He had the reputation of scaring his unhappy guests—when any were bold enough to accept his invitation—to within the proverbial inch of their lives; and they usually changed "ze sensation" for the nearest mail-boat home. Florence and he had struck up a warm friendship from the start, and for the whole summer their vessels were inseparable, sailing everywhere in company and anchoring side by side.

The count had a way of courtship peculiarly his own. He made it apparent from the start how deeply he had been stirred by Florence's beauty and how ready he was to offer her his hand; but as a matter of fact he never did so in set terms and treated her more as a comrade than a divinity. He talked of his own devotion to her as something detached and impersonal, willing as much as she to laugh over it and treat it lightly. He was never jealous, never exacting, and seemed to be as happy to share her with others as when he had her all alone in one of their *tête-à-têtes*. What he coveted most of all was her intimacy, her confidence, her frank expression of her own true self; and in this exchange he was willing to give as much as he received and often more. Sometimes she was piqued at his apparent indifference—at his lack of any stronger feeling for her—seeming to detect in him something of her own insouciance and coldness.

"You really don't care for me a bit," she said once. "I am only another form of 'ze sensation'—like going up in a balloon or riding on the cowcatcher."

"I keep myself well in hand," he returned. "I am not approaching the terrible age of forty without knowing a little at least about women and their ways."

"A little!" she exclaimed ironically. "You know enough to write a book!"

"Zat book has taught me to go very slow," he said. "Were I in my young manhood I'd come zoop, like that, and carry you off in ze Far Vest style. But I can never hope to be that again with any woman; my decreasing hair forbids, if nozing else; but my way is to make myself indispensable—ze old dog, ze old stand-by, as you Americans say—the good old harbor to which you will come at last when tired of ze storms outside!"

"Your humility is a new trait," said Florence.

"It's none ze less real because it is often hid," said the count. "I watch you very closely, more closely than perhaps you even think. You have all the heartlessness of youth and health and beauty. I would be wrong to put my one little piece of money on the table and lose all; and so I save and save, and play ze only game that offers me the least chance—ze waiting game!"

"I believe that's true," said Florence.

"Were I to act ze distracted lover you would laugh in my face," he went on earnestly. "Were I to propose and be refused my pride would not let me—my instinct as gentleman would not let me—go trailing after you with my long face. The idyl would be over. I would go!"

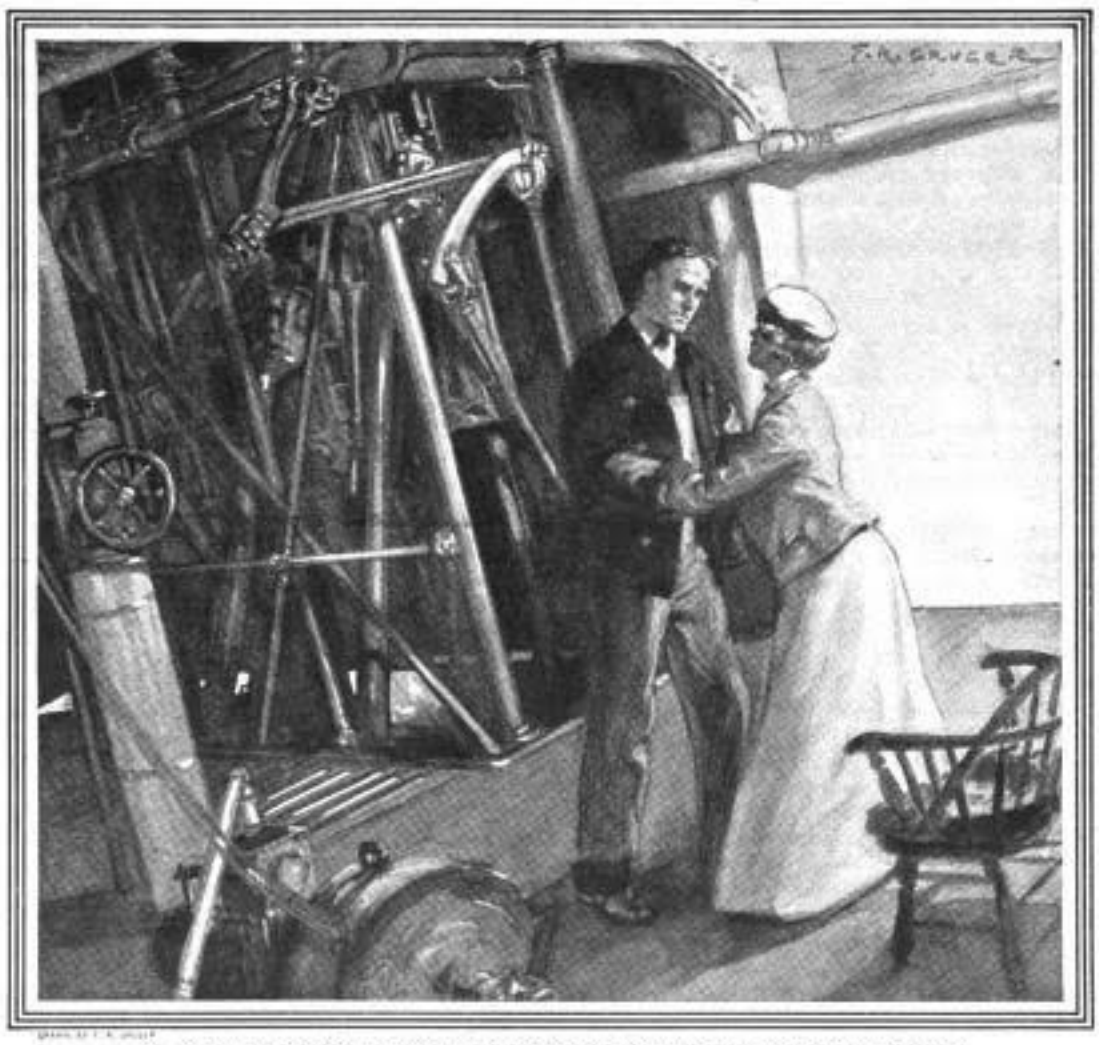
"There are times when I think a heap of you," said Florence encouragingly.

"Oh, I know so well how it would be," he continued. "A week of doubt—of fever; a rain of little notes; and then with your good, clear, honest Far Vest sense you would say: 'No, *mon cher*, it is eempossible!'"

"Yes, I suppose I should," said Florence.

"I would rather be your friend all my life," said the count, "than to be merely one of the rejected. I have no ambition to place my name on that already great list. I have never yet asked a woman to marry me, and when I do I care not for the expectation of being refused!"

"You are like all Europeans," said Florence. "You believe in a sure thing."



"—AND I THOUGHT IF ANYTHING HAPPENED I'D LIKE TO BE WITH YOU!"

"My heart is not on my sleeve," he returned, "and I value it too highly to lose it without compensation."

"It is interesting to hear all your views," said Florence. "I am sure I appreciate the compliment highly. It's a new idea, this of the wolf making a confident of the lamb."

"Oh, my dear," he broke out, "I am only a poor devil holding back from committing a great stupidity."

"Is that how you describe marrying me?" she said lightly.

"Ze day will come," he said, disregarding her question, "I think it will—I hope it will—when you will say to me: 'My dear fellow, I am tired of all this fictitious gayety; of all this rush and bustle and flirtation; of this life of fever and emptiness. I long for peace and do not know where to find it. I am like a piece of music to whom one waits in vain for the return to the keynote. Tell me where to find it or else I die!'"

"Rather forward of me to say all that, Count," observed the girl. "But suppose I did—what then?"

The count opened wide his arms.

"I would answer: here!" he said.

Thus the bright days passed, amid animating scenes, with memories of sky and cloud and noble headlands and stately, beautiful ships. Like two ocean sweethearts the Minnehaha and the Paquita took their restless way together, side by side in port, inseparable at sea. At night the one lit the other's road with a string of ruby lanterns and kept the pair in company across the dark and silent water. Their respective crews, not behindhand in this splendid camaraderie of ships, fraternized in wine-shops and strolled through the crooked foreign streets arm in arm. Breton and American, red cap and blue, sixty of the one and eighty of the other—they were brothers all and cemented their friendship in blood and gunpowder, in tattooed names, flags and mottoes, after the time-honored and artless manner of the sea.

In the drama of life it is often the least important actors who are happiest, and the stars themselves are not always to be the most envied. Florence, torn between her ambition and her love, knew what it was to toss all night on her sleepless bed and wet the pillow with her tears. De Souvary, who found himself every day deeper in the toils of his ravishing American, chafed and struggled with unavailing pangs; and as for Frank Rignold, he endured long periods of black depression as he watched from afar the steady progress of his rival's suit; and his moody face grew moodier and exasperation rose within him to the rebellion point.

V

BY SEPTEMBER the two yachts were lying in Cowes, and already there was some talk of winter plans and a possible voyage to India. The count was enthusiastic about the project, as he was about anything that could keep him and Florence together, and he ordered a stack of books and spent hours at a time with the mistress of the Minnehaha, reading over Indian Ocean directories and plotting imaginary courses on the chart. With the prospect of so extended a trip before him, Frank found much to be done in the engine-room, for their suggested cruise would be likely to carry them far out of the beaten track, and he had to be prepared for all contingencies. A marine engine requires to be perpetually tinkered, and an engineer's duty is not only to run it, but to make good the little defects and breakdowns that are constantly occurring. Frank was a daily visitor at the local machine-shop, and his business engagements with Mr. Derwent, the proprietor, led insensibly to others of the social kind.

Derwent's house was close by his works and Frank's trips ashore soon began to take in both. Derwent had a daughter, a black-haired, black-eyed, pink-cheeked girl named Cassie, one of those vigorous young English beauties that men would call stunning and women bold. She did not wait for any preliminaries but straightway fell in love with the handsome American engineer that her father brought home. She made her regard so plain that Frank was embarrassed, but she was not a bit put off at his reluctance to play the part she assigned to him.

"That's always my luck," she remarked with disarming candor; "a poor silly fool who always likes them that don't like me and spurns them that do!" And then she added with a laugh that he ought to be tied up, "for you are a cruel, handsome man, Frank, and my heart goes pit-a-pat at the very sight of you!"

She called him Frank at the second visit; and at the third seated herself on the arm of his chair and took his hand and held it.

"Can't you ever forget that girl in Yankeeland?" she said. "She ain't here, is she, and why shouldn't you steal a little harmless fun? There's men who'd give their little finger to win a kiss from me—and you sit there so glum and solemn, who could have a bushel for the asking!"

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For all Frank's devotion to Florence he could not but be flattered at being wooed in this headlong fashion. He was only a man, after all, and she was the prettiest girl in port. He did not resist when she suddenly put her arms around him and pressed his head against her bosom, calling him her darling; but remained passive in her embrace, pleased and yet ashamed, and stung to the quick with self-contempt.

"You musn't," he said, freeing himself. "Cassie, it's wrong—it's dreadful. You mustn't think I love you, because I don't."

"Yes, but I am going to make you," she said with splendid effrontery, looking at herself in the glass and patting her rumpled hair. "See what you have done to me!"

Had she been older or more sophisticated Frank would have been shocked at this reversal of the sexes. But in her self-avowed and unashamed love for him she was more like a child than a woman; and her good humor and laughter besides seemed somehow to belittle her words and redeem the affair from any seriousness. Cassie made no demands of him and acquiesced with apparent cheerfulness in the implication that he loved another woman. She accepted the little that was left over, and though she wept many hot tears in secret, outwardly at least she never rebelled or reproached him. She knew that to do either would be to lose him.

It must not be supposed that all this went on unremarked, or that in the gossip of the yacht Frank and Cassie Derwent did not come in for a considerable share of attention. It passed from the officers' mess to the saloon, and Florence bit her lip with anger and jealousy when the joke went round of the chief engineer's "infatuation." In revenge she treated Frank more coldly than ever, and went out of her way to be agreeable to De Souvary, especially when the former was at hand and could be made a spectator of her loverlike glances and a warmth that seemed to transcend the limits of ordinary friendship. She made herself and Frank utterly unhappy.

She made no objection when Frank asked her permission to show the ship to Derwent and his daughter.

"You must be sure and introduce me," she said with a sparkle of her eyes that Frank was too unpresumptuous to understand. "They say that she is a raving little beauty and that you are the happy man!"

"I hope you don't think there is anything in it," he exclaimed very anxiously. "I suppose there has been some tittle-tattle—I can read it in your face—but there's not a word of truth in it—not a word, I assure you."

"I don't care the one way or other, Frank," she said. "You needn't explain so hard. What does it matter to me, anyway," and with that she turned away to cordially greet the count as he came aboard.

The two women met in the saloon. Florence at once assumed the great lady, the heiress, the condescending patrician; Cassie flushed and trembled; and in a buzz of commonplaces the stewards served tea while the two women covertly took each other's measure. Florence grew ashamed of her own behavior, and unbending a little, tried to put her guests at ease and led Cassie on to talk. Then it came out about the dance that Derwent and his daughter were to give.

"Frank and I have been arranging the cotillon," said Cassie, and then she turned pink to her ears at having called him by his first name before all those people. "I mean Mr. Rignold," she added, amid every one's laughter and her own desperate confusion. Florence's laughter rang out as gayly as any one's, and apparently as unaffectedly, and she rallied Cassie with much good humor on her slip.

Cassie cried when Frank and she returned home.

"She's a proud, haughty minx," she burst out, "and you love her—and as for me I might as well drown myself."

Frank attempted to comfort her.

"I—I thought it was a girl in America, Frank, a girl like me—just common and poor and perhaps not as nice as I am. And you know she wouldn't wipe her feet on you," she went on viciously, "she so grand with her yachts and her counts, and oh, I think I'll run over to Injya for the winter, or maybe it's the Cairo or the Nile, says she!"

Frank protested that she was mistaken; that it wasn't Miss Fenacre at all; that it was absurd even to think of it.

"Oh, Frank, it's bad enough as it is without your lying to me," she said, quite unconvinced and wiping away the tears. "You've set your eyes too high and unhappiness is all that you'll ever get from the likes of her. You're a fool in your way and I'm a fool in mine, and maybe when she's married to the count and done for you'll mind the little girl that's waiting for you in Cowes!"

"But I don't want you to, Cassie," he said. "You're talking like a baby. What's the good of waiting when I am never coming back?"

"You say that now," she exclaimed, "but my words will come back to you in Injya when you grow tired of her ladyship's coldness and disdain; and I'm silly enough to think you'll find them a comfort to you out there, with nothing to do but to think and think and be miserable."

VI

THE next day he found Cassie in a more cheerful humor and excited about the dance. The house was all upset and she was busy with a dozen of her girl friends in decorating the hall and drawing-room, taking up the carpets, arranging for the supper and the cloak-rooms, and immersed generally in the thousand and one tasks that fall on a hostess-to-be. Frank put himself at her orders and spent the better part of the afternoon in running errands and tacking up flags and branches; and after an hilarious tea, in the midst of all the litter and confusion, he went back to the ship somewhat after five o'clock. As he was pulled out in a shore boat he was surprised to pass a couple of coal lighters coming from the Minnehaha, and to see her winches busily hoisting in stores from a large launch alongside. He ran up the ladder, and seeing the captain asked him what was up.

"Sailing orders, Chief," said Captain Landry, enjoying his amazement. "We'll be off the ground in half an hour, Eastward bound!"

"But I wasn't told anything," cried Frank. "I never got any orders!"

"The little lady said you wasn't to be disturbed," said the captain, "and she took it on herself to order your staff to go ahead. I guess you'll find a pretty good head of steam already!"

Frank ran to the side and called back his boat, giving the man five shillings to take a note at once to Cassie. He had no time for more than a few lines, but he could not go to sea without at least one word of farewell. They were catting the anchor and were already under steerage way when Cassie came off herself in a launch and passed up a letter directed to the chief engineer. It reached him in the engine-room, where he, not knowing that she was but a few feet distant, was happily spared the sight of her pale and despairing face.

The letter itself was almost incoherent. She knew, she said, whom she had to thank for his departure. That vixen, that hussy, that stuck-up minx, who treated him like a dog and yet grudged him to another, who, God help her, loved him too well for her own good—it was her ladyship she had to thank for spoiling everything and carrying him away. Was he not man enough to assert himself and leave a ship where he was put upon so awful? Let him ask her Mightiness in two words, yes or no; and then when he had come down from the clouds and had learned the truth, poor silly fool—then let him come back to his Cassie, who loved him so dear, and who (if she did say it herself) had a heart worth fifty of his mistress', and didn't need no powder to set off her complexion. It ended with a piteous appeal to his compassion and besought him to write to her from the nearest port.

Frank sighed as he read it. Everything in the world seemed wrong and at cross-purposes. Those who had one thing invariably longed for something else, and there was no content or happiness or satisfaction anywhere. The better off were the acquiescent, who took the good and the bad with the same composure and found their only pleasure in their work. Best off of all were the dead whose sufferings were over. But, after all, it was sweet to be loved, even if one did not love back, and Frank was very tender with the little letter and put it carefully in his pocketbook. Yes, it was sweet to be loved. He said this over and over to himself, and wondered whether Florence felt the same to him as he did to Cassie. It seemed to explain so much. It seemed the key to her strange regard for him. He asked himself whether it could be true that she had wilfully ordered the ship to sea in order to prevent his going to the dance. The thought stirred him inexpressibly. What other explanation was there if this were not the one? And she had deserted the count, who was away in London on a day's business; deserted the Paquita at anchor in the roads! He was frightened at his own exultation. Suppose he were wrong in this surmise. Suppose it were just another of her caprices!

They ran down Channel at full speed and at night were abreast of the Scilly lights, driving toward the Bay of Biscay in the teeth of an equinoctial gale. At the behest of one girl, eighty men had to endure the discomfort of a storm at sea, and a great steel ship, straining and quivering, was flung into the wild black night. It seemed a misuse of power that, at a woman's whim, so many lives and so noble and costly a fabric could be risked in vain. From the captain on the bridge, dripping in his oil-skins, to the coal-passers and firemen below who fed the mighty furnaces, to the cooks in the galley, the engineers, the electrician on duty, the lookout man in the bow clinging to the life-line when the Minnehaha buried her nose out of sight—all these perforce had to rise and do at Florence's bidding without question or revolt.

Frank's elation passed and left him in a bitter humor toward her. It was not right, he said to himself, not right at all. She ought to show a little consideration for the men who had served her so well and faithfully. Besides, it was unworthy of her to spoil Cassie's dance and betray such pettiness. He felt for the girl's humiliation, and though not in love with her, he was conscious of a sentiment that hated to see her hurt. He would not accept Florence's invitation to dine in the saloon, sending word that he had a headache and begged to be excused; and after dinner, when she sought him out on deck and tried to make herself very sweet to him, he was purposely reserved and distant, and took the first opportunity to move away. He was angry and disheartened.

Toward eleven o'clock at night, as Frank was in the engine-room moodily turning over these reflections in his mind and listening to the râce of the screws as again and again they were lifted out of the water and strained the shafts and engines to the utmost, he was surprised to see Florence herself descending the steel ladder into that close atmosphere of oil and steam. He ran to help her down, and taking her arm led her to one side where they might be out of the way. Here, in the glare of the lanterns, he looked down into her face and thought again how beautiful she was. Her cheek was wet with spray, and her hair was tangled and glistening beneath her little yachting cap. She seemed to exhale a breath of the wild air above and bring down with her something of the gale itself. She held fast to Frank as the ship labored and plunged, smiling as their eyes met.

"You are the last person I expected down here," said Frank.

"I was beginning to get afraid," she returned. "It's blowing terribly, Frank—and I thought if anything happened I'd like to be with you!"

"Oh, we are all right," said Frank, his professional spirit aroused. "With twin screws, twin engines and plenty of sea room—why, let it blow!"

His confidence reassured her. He never appeared to her so strong, so self-reliant and calm as at that moment of her incipient fear. Among his engines Frank always wore a masterful air, for he had that instinct for machinery peculiarly American, and was competent to the point of genius.

"Besides, I wanted to ask you a question," said Florence. "I had to ask it. I couldn't sleep without asking it, Frank."

"I would have come if you had sent for me," he said, not a little curious to know what she wanted.

"I couldn't wait for that," she returned. "I knew it might be hard for you to leave—or impossible."

"What is it, Florence?" he asked.

She looked at him strangely, her lustrous eyes wide open and bright with her unsaid thoughts.

"Are you very fond of her, Frank?" she asked.

"Her? Who?" he exclaimed. "You don't mean Cassie Derwent?"

"Yes," she said.

"Of course I'm fond of her," he said.

"More than you are of me, Frank?" she persisted.

"Oh, it isn't the same sort of thing, Florence," he said. "I never even thought of comparing you and her together. Surely you know that? Surely you understand that?"

"You used to—to love me once, Frank," she said with a stifled sob. "Has she made it any less? Has she robbed me, Frank? Have I lost you without knowing it?"

"No," he said, "no, a thousand times, no!"

"Tell me that you love me, Frank," she burst out. "Tell me, tell me!" Then as he did not answer she went on passionately: "That's why I went to sea, Frank. I was mad with jealousy. I couldn't give you up to her. I couldn't let her have you!"

She pressed closer against him, and tiptoeing so as to raise her mouth to his ear she whispered: "I always liked you better than anybody else in the world, Frank. I love you! I love you!"

For the moment he could not realize his own good fortune. He could do nothing but look into her eyes. It was her reproach for years afterward that she had to kiss him first.

"I suppose it had to come, Frank," she said. "I fought all I could, but it didn't seem any use!"

"It was inevitable," he returned solemnly. "God made you for me and me for you!"

"Amen," she said, and in an ecstasy of abandonment whispered again: "I love you, Frank. I love you!"

(THE END)

TO YOU

By Charles Battell Loomis

Young man, you can
Make a hit—be IT.
It's up to you to do
What you were made for and fed and prayed for.
So don't sit down and frown
And groan and moan
And wait—and rail at Fate—
And speak of a clique
That prevents events
From coming *your* way. A *sure* way
To invite disaster which comes the faster
If you beckon to it—for then you woo it.
Just say, "I *will* do better than Bill
Or Ned or Fred or Ted,"
As the case may be. Because, you see,
A thing's half done that's well begun.
There's something *you* can do
In a way to pay.
Don't whine or grunt, but do your stunt,
And after a while you'll smile
And say, "I may
Be happy yet." You bet!

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How Modern College Students Work Their Way—By Forrest Crissey

ROMANCE in college careers has not yet been wholly crushed out. The class of 1903 will have stories to tell as good as those which they have already heard from the "grads" of an older generation.

Hanging on the wall of a well-known Chicago preacher's study is an old-fashioned bucksaw, its blade still bright and its handle worn smooth by long use. This saw stands as a symbol of old-time methods of self-support in undergraduate experience. But the reign of the bucksaw is now at its end; it no longer represents an almost universal experience of the American boy working his way through college. True, this weapon of self-support has not been banished from the field, especially in the "freshwater" colleges, but it is no longer entitled to stand as an emblem of the entire fraternity. Another symbol must supplant the bucksaw, and the choice is not easily determined, for the change in methods of self-support among college students has been very great. This expansion of the working field open to youths dependent upon their own resources and determined to taste the consolations of the higher education has been greater in the universities and colleges located in cities of considerable size than in the colleges situated in comparatively small towns and villages. But, despite this almost universal change in the methods and means of self-support, the sturdy spirit that drove the bucksaws of the previous generation still holds sway; young men and women are still following high educational ideals, and sacrificing pleasure, comfort, and even the necessities of life, in their pursuits; real heroism and romance are being woven into the college associations of to-day as truly as they were when men who are now the nation's leaders were "working their way" toward coveted degrees.

SOME OF THE MANIFOLD DEVICES BY WHICH PERSISTENT, RESOURCEFUL BOYS AND GIRLS PUSH THEIR WAY TO AN EDUCATION

The Breaker-Boy Who Made His Way

A FINE example of the survival of this old-fashioned thirst for a college education is to be found in a certain boarding-house in connection with the University of Chicago. Serving the "French table" in this institution is a lad of about eighteen years of age whose face and figure hint of his Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry. Only the French language is permitted to be spoken at this table, and the waiter comes under this rule as well as the guests. Little more than a year ago this lad who now takes his orders in French could not read or write, and the story of his coming to Chicago is one of the romance chapters in the history of the University of Chicago.

Shy and trembling, but with a mask of stolidity on his countenance, this boy of seventeen timidly made his way to the office of the president's secretary. Awkwardly fumbling his cap, he announced that he came from Pennsylvania to "get a college education." His clothes were tattered and grimy, his hair unkempt, and his speech of a sort unfamiliar to the official of the University. A few kindly questions drew from the boy the still more astonishing information that he could not read, write, add, subtract or multiply.

"But tell me what started you to come here, and how you made your way?" said the official. Then, in his curious dialect, the lad told this story. His home was in the coal-fields and his only education had been at the "breakers." Only a few months before his father had suddenly died the tragic death of a coal miner. Then there was a family council in the little cabin at which the mother said the final word: "There is only one way out of this kind of life. You must get a college education." From the meagre fund which the tragedy had left in her hands she took ten dollars, gave it to the boy, and told him to go to the big university at Chicago. These instructions were ample, and the boy started on the long journey full of faith in the ultimate outcome. Without drawing any fine moral distinctions, he began the struggle to "beat" his way to Chicago by stowing himself in box-cars, riding on the trucks underneath freight cars, and otherwise outwitting the vigilance of train crews. Often he was compelled to "lay over" and do odd jobs in towns and cities for a little food, but more frequently he went hungry. His whole purpose was to keep intact his educational fund of ten dollars and still get on toward Chicago, and this he did with the grit and shrewdness of a true "breaker-boy."

At last he landed in Chicago. In the mining town in which he had lived the saloon was the centre of social life, and consequently he at once drifted into one of these public houses—a dive in South Clark Street. Here he secured permission to leave his bundle of clothes and personal trinkets while he went out to look for a place to work for his "keep." On returning he was gruffly told by the barkeeper that he must pay two dollars charges for the storage of his bundle. Although realizing the injustice of this demand, his training under oppression had taught him to avoid "making trouble," and consequently he quietly parted with this heavy draft upon his little hoard of capital. Then he trudged out to the University to meet his fate.

Before this story was finished the official who heard it decided that here was college timber of the right sort. He found a place for the lad to earn his board by waiting upon table and also interested a young woman in the boy's case. Under her tutelage he learned to read, write and "figure" so rapidly that he was soon entered in the preparatory school connected with the University, where he is now one of the brightest students. At the "French table" which he serves he has picked up a fair familiarity with that tongue, and is on the way to a full college career.

An Undergraduate School of Practical Politics

IT IS a far cry from wood-sawing to practical politics, but the latter is a favorite resource for self-supporting students in the University of Chicago. In the recent municipal campaign full forty of the most athletic undergraduates of the University found profitable employment as "watchers" at the polls. Most of them were members of the various ball teams. They were sent into the toughest districts of the city where the party employing them was in hopeless minority. One of these watchers, a freshman weighing 230 pounds and a trained boxer, found himself suddenly beset by a gang of hoodlums. For ten minutes he was busier than he has ever been as right-guard on the football team, but he used his fists so adroitly that at the end of the battle he had upheld the dignity of his colors and pounded into the sluggers of the First Ward a new respect for higher education. Another of the athletes, not quite so "handy" with his fists, was attacked by two women and a man armed with knives. The outcome of the struggle seemed in doubt for several moments, but his coolness and grit saved him from serious injury, and he gave a good account of himself. Not all of these battles at the polls have scored triumph for the undergraduates, but it is certain that their participants have learned more about practical politics while earning election money than in a whole course of classroom lectures.

Those students, however, who have made the largest earnings in the political field have depended more upon their powers of diplomacy than upon their muscle. This work is paid for at rates depending upon the generosity of the political candidates or their managers. Recently a reform candidate for the State Senate engaged a squad of picked college men to make a house-to-house canvass of his district. These students were chosen for their tact and pleasing personal address, and were sent upon their mission armed with arguments and petitions. Their instructions were to get signatures where possible, but to make friends wherever they went. Although the opposition to their candidate was strong, and many doors were shut in their faces, they returned to headquarters with 1200 signatures. More important than this, they had entered into their work with an enthusiasm and intelligence which aroused public sentiment to a high pitch and carried the district for their candidate. For this work they received fifty cents an hour, and the total added materially to their school fund, besides demonstrating that the college man is among the best of political canvassers. Many more of the young men of the University found employment as regular party canvassers, going from house to house, immediately preceding the election, to learn the political preference of the voters and thus enable the party leaders to make a close estimate of their strength.

Probably the most successful of the self-supporting who ever matriculated at the University was a young man who followed the novel calling of giving massage and exercise treatment to "select clients" among the wealthy men of Kenwood. He reduced corpulency and kept the "high livers" of that aristocratic suburb in condition at the rate of a dollar and a half an hour. Not only did he pay his way by this means, but he also made an excellent class record and left the University with a substantial bank account to his credit.

Another equally interesting case is that of a young man who was invited to come from a "freshwater" college to the University because of his skill in playing the bass tuba. He was needed in the University band, and was told that employment sufficient for his support would be found him if he would make the change. Almost immediately after his arrival work was supplied him as coach and companion for the son of a wealthy merchant. This boy was a little backward in development, and the freshman was employed to give him both physical and mental training. In return for this service the student was given a home in the family, all of his living and routine expenses were provided him, and he was also paid a salary of fifty dollars a month. This arrangement was so satisfactory to the boy's father that the freshman was taken, without cost to him, on the extensive travels in which the family indulged during the vacation months.

Opportunities for exercise of business talent are always open to the students attending a college or university located in a large city. One young man, who came into the University of Chicago from a farm thirty-five miles from Chicago, is doing a thriving business in selling butter and eggs from his father's farm to the faculty. This demands little of his time and clears him about eight dollars a week. Another resourceful boy is paying his entire way through his agency for theatre tickets, which he established and has developed to surprising proportions by his care and promptness. His charge is the moderate commission of ten cents on each ticket bought. A season of grand opera usually nets him at least $150. This, in addition to his regular patronage, enables him to take his university course in comfort. One reason for his success lies in the fact that the theatres will not reserve seats on individual orders sent in by telephone, whereas, by special arrangement with the managers, he is allowed this privilege. By doing a strictly cash business he insures himself against losses.

A Suburban Shopping Service

SOMETIMES the business ventures of the self-supporting students achieve an embarrassing success. An instance illustrating the possibilities of this development is found in the experience of a boy who established a messenger and shopping service. He made two trips daily from the University to the business centre of the city, and executed his commissions with such skill and judgment that he soon found himself swamped with orders. Then he attempted to employ assistants. This experiment proved to be his stumbling-block. His helpers could not give satisfaction, and finally so demoralized his business that he was compelled to abandon it. His experience, however, is useful in demonstrating the fact that two or three conscientious students may jointly operate a venture of this kind with every promise of success.

A very considerable number of undergraduates make their way by acting as night and relief clerks in drug stores and small hotels. Others serve as "gate-keepers" in the employ of steam railroads handling a large suburban passenger service, and still others find employment as extra conductors on the elevated railroad, working mainly during the rush hours of the morning and early evening. A few are able to make their way by serving as night operators at telephone switchboards, and one student makes a good salary as a night telegraph operator.

Among the more traditional means of self-support in the large city is the work of the lamplighter and the newspaper carrier, and many a man now working his way will some time revive "old college days" with tales of his night and morning "runs" through storm and sleet, carrying the lamplighter's torch or a bundle of morning papers.

Often some personal gift furnishes the key to the student's opportunity for self-support. One young man, with an artistic bent, finds profitable work through his skill in coloring lantern slides and in operating the stereopticon lantern,

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another student with a good knowledge of French does translating for a publishing house, and still another earns twelve dollars a week setting type in a printing office.

As a rule, large colleges and universities do not encourage girls and young women to matriculate unless provided with funds practically sufficient to carry them through the year. Occasionally, however, a young woman shows the resourcefulness and determination which override this standing discouragement. One such instance is well remembered in President Harper's office.

"I have come," said this applicant, "to enter this university and to stay until I get my degree. I haven't a dollar to start with, but I am strong and willing to do any kind of work that offers."

All objections and discouragements she was likely to encounter were earnestly urged upon her, but she would not yield. Finally she was given a place in a boarding-house where she served the table and did some kitchen work. While this provided her with food and shelter it gave her no funds for incidental expenses. But she was equal to this emergency, and asked permission to post a notice on the bulletin-board which read, "Mending and darning neatly done. Leave your order. Work called for and delivered. Prices reasonable." An order-book was hung below the notice, and in a few days the courageous young woman was well supplied with work. She "darned her way" through the University, secured her coveted degree, and is now a teacher in a Philadelphia high school.

A good working knowledge of stenography and typewriting is recognized by the officials of colleges and universities as undoubtedly the best equipment for self-support with which a young woman can enter upon the long struggle for a degree. The volume of this kind of work done in an educational institution of the first class is very large, as nearly all of the faculty, as well as many of the undergraduates, are engaged in literary labors in addition to their routine work and correspondence. In many instances good stenographers receive as high as seventy-five cents an hour for dictation and ten cents a page for transcribing their notes. A good reading voice is another excellent element of equipment in this field for young women who have set themselves the task of working their way through college. This often enables them to secure positions as companions to invalids and elderly women. An ability to entertain and care for children is also a desirable quality for a self-supporting young woman at college, for nurse-maids and governesses are much in demand. Department stores and the smaller shops and stores of large cities furnish a means of at least partial self-support to many young men and women attending the metropolitan college, and scores of undergraduates are found behind the counters of these institutions, especially during the season of holiday trade.

The Boy Who Enlisted for the Whole War

CERTAINLY one of the most novel and attractive vocations now followed by the independent college student is that of traveling guide. One young University of Chicago boy, with a liking for mechanical and industrial affairs, earns a comfortable livelihood by acting as "guide" to the sons of wealthy business men. Regularly he takes his young charges through the great business houses and manufacturing plants and explains their operation and significance in detail. His success is sufficient to warrant the presumption that any bright undergraduate located in a large city may reasonably expect to make his way by adopting this novel calling.

Although the University of Chicago and other large educational institutions have found it necessary to organize regular employment bureaus for the benefit of students desiring to become self-supporting, some of the newcomers who must earn their way are so resourceful and energetic that they are quite independent of this official aid. The spirit of this class of students is shown by the experience of a young man from San Francisco. He wrote to the University saying that he had been employed as a stenographer in the general office of a railroad company, and supposed that he was doing good work until he saw two men promoted over his head. Then he knew there was some deficiency in his equipment. It was not in his stenographic skill, and consequently he concluded it must be in his general education. He desired to learn the full details of requirements for a university course. Shortly after his letter had been answered and about two months before the opening of the college year this young man presented himself at the President's office and referred to his letter.

"But why have you come so far in advance of the beginning of your term?" he was asked.

"Oh, I thought it would be well to get the lay of the land and have everything in shape before then," he answered.

"Of course," was the reply, "the first thing to do is to look up some work for you. We have a regular employment bureau to which you may apply——"

"No," interrupted the young man, "I've got a good job myself—picked it up on my way across the city, not an hour after I'd landed. What I'm worried about is the study end of the business; I'll get along all right on the other things."

It was found that, contrary to his expectations, he was not able to enter the University, but must spend two years or more in the preparatory school.

"That's rather hard," he commented, "and it's more than I bargained for, but I'm not going to have any more young chaps that can't do better work than I promoted over my head if a university training will stop it. So I'll enlist for the whole war."

He is now making an excellent scholarship record in addition to earning a comfortable living. His push, energy and way of doing things are accounted a positive and valuable influence at the University.

Country College or City University?

DR. RICHARD C. HUGHES, President of Ripon College, Wisconsin—one of the most progressive of the "freshwater" colleges of the West—draws the following comparisons between the conditions in the country college and the city university, so far as the self-supporting student is concerned:

"For the undergraduate," declares Doctor Hughes, "a college may be too large or too small and may be located in too large a city or too small a town. Graduate and professional schools are better located in large centres, but the undergraduate student can do his best work in a country college strong enough to have good first-class equipment, located in a town large enough to provide all the comforts of modern life but small enough to be free from the temptations and distractions of a great city. This country location is best from the educational point of view to give students opportunity for *fellowship with each other and with the faculty* that they cannot get in the larger crowd. It provides a more simple and wholesome life at a time when this is most important for rich and poor alike. The boy reared under such conditions early adapts himself to any conditions in later life.

"The matter of smaller expense in this country location makes it possible for very many to secure a liberal education who could not afford the expensive life of the city or the city university. The earning capacity of the average Freshman is small. If he is obliged to work any part of his way the cost needs to be low. The cost for an education in the city university ranges from $600 to $1000 for the average student. A multitude of our best students who make the most useful men come from homes where the total income is not more than this. He is a rare boy who can leave such a home and make his own way in the university from the first. However, many test their powers in the small college for the first years of their course, and then continue to work their way in the more expensive university. This they find very practical and satisfactory.

"Often the question is asked: Is it possible for young men handicapped by poverty to take high rank in their studies and make success in after life? In my own experience, one man who sawed wood and made gardens to earn his way took high rank in his classes, is now a successful business man and a member of the Senate of his State. Another who worked for his board in a private family, doing odd chores, is dean of one of the most important schools in a large university. Another, a German lad, tutored in German throughout his course and is now at the head of a large mission enterprise of great value to his people. I persuaded a boy to leave his father's tailor's bench to enter a small college. Neither the father nor I had any idea of what was latent in the lad. During the last years of his course he tutored in biology. Upon graduation he took his Ph. D. in physiological chemistry in one of the strongest graduate schools in the country, and, although a very young man, has already done valuable service in the field of bacteriology. Except for this near-by small college he would never have dreamed of an education beyond the common school.

"I know a lawyer not more than forty-five years of age, with a practice amounting to nearly $20,000 a year, who walked barefoot to the country college, fifteen miles from his home, earned his way throughout the course by manual labor, and made it a practice not to wear his shoes in the summer excepting under extreme necessity, in order to save them for the colder weather when he needed them more. He took front rank in his profession from the start, and is to-day a man of great influence and character.

The Cost of Living

"AS TO methods of self-support, our boys now in college do about as boys always have done when under the necessity of earning money: take the job that comes first to hand. One boy keeps the books in two of the town stores and has an agency for a laundry. Another is janitor of the public-school building, and is the best janitor the school board has ever employed. He is making a record for thoroughness and accuracy that will be a valuable asset when he leaves college to enter business. Two are teaching in the high school one hour a day, and several find odd jobs about the homes in the town. Others report for the city papers and very many spend their vacation in canvassing.

"Country colleges make it a point to keep expenses low so that any student can be entirely independent of charity. The greatest handicap a boy can have is to form the habit of receiving charity. Generally they have some scholarships to be awarded, but they are bestowed for merit. Students are expected to earn them by doing exceptional work, and at Ripon we make no exception in favor of students entering the ministry or any other profession. It is a mistake for a boy to enter a university or college where the life is too expensive for him, and allow himself to be helped with money he does not earn.

"There are many students of the smaller colleges whose total expenses for the college year are not more than $200. They tell me they are happy and contented, they take their full part in college society and athletics, and are ready to take their chances in a contest with any city-bred men coming from the large universities, either in the classroom or in the larger outside world."

Judge James A. Blanchard, of the Supreme Court of New York, was once asked by a man who had been reared in the East:

"Don't you think you could have made your way to the high position you hold more readily if you had had a degree from one of the great universities?"

"I don't know anything about that," replied the well-known jurist, "but I am quite certain that I should never have left the farm if it hadn't been for the little "freshwater" college near my home. I entered there for a few terms' work at a time when it would have been impossible for me to have gone East or to any large college or university. At that time I fully expected to return to the farm and spend my life in agriculture. But my ambition became aroused, I found it was possible to make my own way, and so I continued the fight and finished the entire course. And there have been hundreds of such instances in connection with the smaller country colleges."

The Principle of Protection

WHEN the last tariff squabble was on a number of importers called on Senator Platt at his office in New York to protest against the proposed increased duties on Oriental rugs. "It will kill the rug business," said the spokesman. "The duty is too high now, and if it is increased to this absurd figure we cannot import rugs and sell them. Why should the duty be increased?"

"Well," replied the Senator, "some of our fellows make rugs up in Amsterdam. They want the duty set higher. That's the principle of protection, you know."

"But, my dear Senator," protested the rug man, "don't you see that with rugs costing us so much to import there will be no chance to get rid of them?"

"Is that a calamity?" inquired Senator Platt. "Why can't we make Oriental rugs in New York? Our fellows up in Amsterdam say they can make them just as good there as anywhere else."

Then the importers entered on a long argument to show the Senator that the making of Oriental rugs is an art cultivated for centuries and that the workmen, the local conditions and the atmosphere are not to be found in New York. "Indeed," the argument concluded, "we can no more produce Oriental rugs in New York than we can produce Titians."

"Oh, well," said the Senator, "none of our fellows is making Titians now, and I'll be glad to help you about those."

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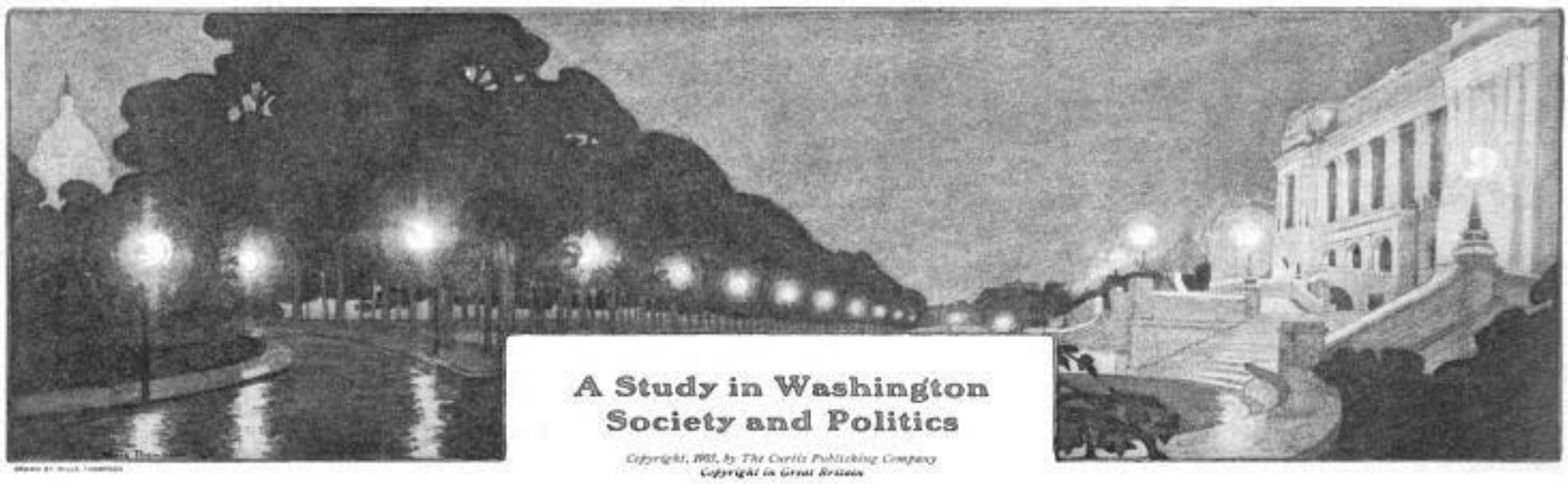
Despotism and Democracy



A Study in Washington Society and Politics

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CHAPTER IX

ON THE first Monday in December—a gloriously bright winter day—the flags were run up over the Senate and House wings of the Capitol building. Congress had met once more.

There were the usual thronging multitudes in the corridors, the usual pleasant buzz of meeting and greeting in cloak and committee rooms, and the cheerfulness and exhilaration of the last session were flamboyant in the present one.

Among the last members of the House to arrive was Julian Crane. He had come late because he wished to put off as long as possible the meeting with Senator Bicknell. Of course, they must meet early and often, but that did not make Crane take any less pains to postpone, if even for a day, the sight of the man he had betrayed. But almost the first acquaintance he ran across was the Senator, in a group of brother Senators who had strolled over to the House side.

Senator Bicknell greeted Crane with unusual cordiality. In the first place, he really wished to attach Crane to the Bicknell chariot, but he had such agreeable recollections of his August day in Circleville, of Annette and her muslin gown, her roast chicken and boiled corn, her sweet, fresh, spare bedroom, where he had enjoyed one of the best naps of his life, and her impromptu reception in the afternoon, that he felt an increased kindliness for Crane. He showed this by buttonholing Crane in the midst of the group of Senators and telling the story of his day in Circleville. He paid Annette many sincere compliments, and declared that if Crane should enter the Senatorial contest a year and a half hence and should defeat him it would simply be on account of the charming Mrs. Crane. It was not fair to pit a man with such a lovely wife against a hopeless and incurable bachelor like himself.

Under other circumstances Crane would have been highly gratified, but now it tortured him. He heard once more ringing in his ears Governor Sanders' words, "It is absolutely necessary that Senator Bicknell be not taken into our confidence." To cap the climax, Senator Bicknell said:

"Be sure and give my warmest regards to Mrs. Crane and tell her I shall take the first opportunity to call on her—she is here, I suppose? She mentioned last summer that she was coming on with you."

"Yes," replied Crane, "we are established for the season." And he gave the name of a comfortable, but not expensive, apartment house where they had quarters.

"And say to her that, although I can't give her a dinner half so good as she gave me, I shall expect her and you to arrange to dine with me at my house at a very early day."

Crane escaped and went to his seat in the House. While he was contemplating the baseness of his own conduct Thorndyke came over and spoke to him.

Thorndyke's first impression of Crane was that he looked haggard and worn, and Crane's impression of Thorndyke was that he had grown about ten years younger. His greeting to Thorndyke was very cordial, but he was conscious of a strange thing: that ever since his bargain with Sanders, the meeting with former friends, men of sterling probity, gave him a vague uneasiness. It seemed to him as if, in duping Senator Bicknell, he was duping every honest man he knew. Thorndyke, too, asked after Mrs. Crane, and it began to dawn upon Crane's mind that Annette had the power, in a remarkable degree, of pleasing men of the world. Still, he thought her not quite good enough for himself, particularly if the brilliant future he planned should materialize—as it must and should.

The proceedings of the day were perfunctory, and it was but little after three o'clock when Thorndyke left the House. The afternoon was briskly cold, and the sun glittered from a heaven as blue as June. Just as Thorndyke came out on the plaza he encountered Crane, who would have avoided him—but it was scarcely possible.

The two men walked down the hill and toward Thorndyke's old quarters. They talked amicably and even intimately, but Thorndyke got a curious impression of reserve from Crane—and reserve was the last thing in the world to develop in Julian Crane. The truth of the matter was, of course, that Crane was turning over in a gloomy self-absorption all the difficulties of his situation, which were accentuated by his being in Washington. The strong fancy which Senator Bicknell had taken to Annette made everything harder. It seemed as if all those things which might be reckoned an unmixed good for an honest man were a burden and a perplexity to him, Julian Crane.

Thinking these uncomfortable thoughts, he found himself before the apartment house and went to his own quarters. They were small and cramped, but the locality was good and the outlook was pleasant. Annette and the two children met him with smiles. The children had grown acquainted with him and had become fairly fond of him. As for Annette, she had never in all her married life so striven to help her husband as in the last few months, when she had seen that he was troubled and suspected that he was engaged in wrongdoing. All her pity, all her loyalty as a wife, had risen within her. She had gradually abandoned the attitude of reserve which she had maintained toward him ever since that first unfortunate experience in Washington so long ago. She reproached herself, as the good always do, for not having been better. Had she given him more of her confidence and sought his more she might now be in a position to help him—or at least to sympathize with his trouble, whatever it might be. But her conscience should never upbraid her again for want of sympathy and tenderness to him. He might tell her of his perplexities, or he might keep them to himself—she would be all tenderness and softness to him. And then the hope was born and lived in her heart which every neglected wife has: that calamities of the soul as well as the heart might bring her husband once more to her side. For Annette had never ceased to love her husband, and with a woman loving spells forgiveness.

Crane dutifully delivered Senator Bicknell's and Thorndyke's messages and Annette's eyes sparkled with pleasure. She felt an increase of courage. She thought Crane must have seen that she had been a help, not a hindrance, to him, socially and personally, when she had been given a chance; and she meant to show him that she could hold her own in Washington as well as in Circleville.

A week or two passed in all the gay confusion of the beginning of the season in Washington. Thorndyke had watched his chance to call on Constance Maitland. Carefully avoiding her usual day at home, he had called on a peculiarly raw and disagreeable afternoon, very late, when he felt sure that she must have returned from her daily drive. He found her in her drawing-room, which was dusky, although it was but six o'clock, with a bright fire leaping high and making the charming room bright with its ruddy glow.

Constance, wrapped in rich, dark furs, her cheeks tingling with the fresh, cold air without, her eyes sparkling, was standing before the blazing fire. She was unaffectedly glad to see Thorndyke, and he felt that sense of quiet well-being which always came upon him when he was with her in her own house. They had much to talk about. Constance took off her furs and the long, rich cloak which enveloped her, and sat down on the deep, inviting sofa, and motioned Thorndyke to her side.

Among the persons they spoke of were Julian Crane and Annette. Thorndyke volunteered the suggestion that Crane was passing through some sort of a crisis—he was so changed, so silent where he was formerly talkative, so full of vague exultation and of equally vague depression. Thorndyke had seen Annette and the children; Annette had asked to be remembered to Miss Maitland, and Constance replied that she should call at once to see Mrs. Crane. She was not particularly interested in Julian Crane's crisis, except that she said that he ought to be more attentive to his wife.

But soon the conversation got down to the you and I—the books each had read, the thoughts each had pondered, the places each had seen. Constance had remained continuously at Malvern Court from June until late in November. She had had a succession of house parties during the summer, but in the golden autumn she had been quite alone.

"It was the sweetest, the most peaceful life you can imagine," she said thoughtfully. "All the world was shut out—except Virginia cousins—but I even escaped most of them. All day I was out in the woods and lanes, riding or driving or walking, and in the evening, with a wood fire, a book, a piano and a lamp, it was company enough, yet it was solitude itself. It was like Omar's shady tree and loaf of bread and jug of wine and book of verse."

"And '*Thou*,'" added Thorndyke under his breath. He was watching her with a silent rapture which possessed him on meeting her after an absence. She surely had the softest and sweetest voice in the world, and those charming tricks of pronunciation—she called solitude "solee-tude" and piano "pe-arno," and was quite unconscious of it, and bitterly denied any difference between her speech and Thorndyke's. Constance was conscious of the adoring look in Thorndyke's eyes; she had heard the one suggestive word—perhaps it was that which caused a happy smile to flicker for a moment on her lips, revealing the faint, elusive dimple in her cheek—but she continued as if she had neither heard nor seen nor understood:

"I have heard about the solitude there is in crowds, but I never could find it so. I am so dreadfully sociable—Southern and Creole French, you know—that I always find troops of friends and acquaintances in a crowd. But in that solitary old country house in the autumn—that, if you please, was to be alone."

"You seem to have a passion for solitude," said Thorndyke rather crossly.

"Oh, no, only a taste for it at times. I never contemplated with pleasure a solitary life, and I have a horror of a lonely old age."

What did she mean? Was she proposing to him? Thorndyke was a good deal staggered by this speech from the lady of his secret love.

The time sped fast with them, and both of them started when a neighboring clock struck seven. Constance rose at once.

"I must go and dress for dinner at once, and you—you will remain?"

Such an idea had never entered Thorndyke's brain before, but in half a quarter of a second he had accepted.

"Of course," said Constance airily, picking up her muff and putting her bare hands in it, "it's very improper for you and me to dine together without others, but we have reached that comfortable age when we can commit all sorts of improprieties in perfect safety. It is a fine thing to grow old."

"That thought almost reconciles me to the loss of my hair," replied Thorndyke. "You will excuse my afternoon clothes, of course—since you have asked me to stay."

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"Certainly. And out of consideration for your feelings I shall make only a demi-toilette."

Presently they were seated at a small round table and Scipio was serving a dainty little dinner. How young they felt! There was no débutante or fledgling youth present to remind them that Time had meddled with their hair and complexions, no elderly persons to claim them as pertaining to middle age. Thorndyke had rarely been more exhilarated in his life. There would be a morrow—nothing was changed by these stray hours of happiness—but still they were hours of happiness. As for Constance, she was radiant with pleasure, and was at no pains to conceal it. Thorndyke, it is true, always found misery and disappointment waiting for him at his lodgings whenever he returned from Constance's house, but they could not frighten off those occasional sweet hours which bloomed like snowdrops in a barren and frosted field.

One of the first visits that Constance paid was to Annette Crane. As Thorndyke had seen anxiety written all over Crane's personality, so Constance saw that Annette was not wholly at ease. But she was unaffectedly glad to see Constance, and soon returned the visit. Crane did not accompany her. He was beginning to feel a species of resentment toward Constance. Why, although he had told her of the comforting and sustaining power she had for him, had she chosen to treat him exactly as she treated all other men, except the few whom she chose to favor outrageously? Why, when she showed him any consideration, was Annette the obvious cause? Self-love was beginning to do for Crane what conscience had failed to do—emancipate him from his admiration for a woman other than his wife.

A day or two after reaching Washington Crane had left a card for Senator Bicknell. When Senator Bicknell returned the visit Crane, luckily, was not at home, and the Senator paid his call on Annette and enjoyed it very much. He had said to her at leaving:

"Remember, Mrs. Crane, you promised to dine with me many times in Washington, so that I may repeat, as far as possible, that pleasant day at Circleville."

"I am prepared to fulfill my promise," replied Annette, smiling, "but I hope you will give me a better dinner than I gave you."

"More kickshaws, perhaps, but nothing better. My dear lady, you must remember the difference between a *gourmand* and a *gourmet*. One—the *gourmand*—is a crude product, and would prefer *my* cook. The *gourmet*, who is a critic by profession, would certainly prefer yours."

It was arranged that Annette and Crane should dine with the Senator to meet a large party the next week. If Crane should be found to have made an engagement, Annette was to notify the Senator.

But he had made none. When he returned from the House that evening at six o'clock Annette told him of the Senator's visit and invitation, and, as ever since the summer, as soon as Senator Bicknell's name was mentioned a look of guilt and shame came upon Crane's expressive and mobile face. There was, however, no ground for declining, and besides, had he not agreed to keep on the best possible terms with Senator Bicknell until—until the time came to betray him? And as he would be obliged to meet Senator Bicknell socially many times in the two years he would be plotting against him, Crane had no object in avoiding him now—but, in meeting him, Crane had the grace to suffer pain.

On the night of the dinner Annette, arrayed in her white crêpe, was among the prettiest women present. It was a very large dinner, extremely magnificent, and made up of important persons, but Annette Crane was by no means unobserved or unadmired. Crane was forced to see that. She was placed near to Senator Bicknell, and he paid her a degree of kind attention which would have been flattering to any woman.

When the dinner was over and the gentlemen were about to join the ladies in the superb Louis Seize drawing-room, Senator Bicknell whispered to Crane as they passed from the Louis Quatorze dining-room, "Remain half an hour after the others leave."

Crane started—had the Senator heard anything? He reassured himself by remembering that the Senator would not attack him, an invited guest, and in the presence of his wife. But the thought of a private interview with Senator Bicknell on any subject was disquieting to Crane.

When the last carriage had driven off and only Crane and Annette remained Senator Bicknell said:

"Come into my den, and as I propose to take Mrs. Crane into my confidence, on account of the extraordinary political capacity she manifested on my visit to Circleville, I shall ask her to let us smoke while I unfold a scheme to you."

The den was a small, luxurious room, in the Louis Quinze style, and fit to harbor Madame Pompadour herself. It was shaded by opalescent lamps, Turkish rugs covered the parquetry floor, pictures and bric-à-brac worthy of a palace were to be found there. Some people thought that the Senator's den was one of the causes of the weakening of his political power. Many rural legislators reckoned his "fixin's" as wicked, and were only reconciled by hearing of the prices paid by the Senator for Percheron horses and Jersey heifers. The Senator did not care a rap for either Percherons or Jerseys, and scarcely knew a Percheron horse from a Jersey cow, but it was a concession to the rural statesmen, and he wisely reckoned these bucolic luxuries in his political expenses. Seated before a fire of aromatic wood Senator Bicknell, offering a choice cigar to Crane and taking one himself, began to unfold his scheme. Annette, her white gown brought into high relief by a ruby lamp swinging overhead, sat silent and listened. She did not, apparently, watch her husband's face, but she knew every expression which passed over it, and could have interpreted it, as well as every tone of his voice.

"To come to the point," said the Senator blandly, "I am one of a number of gentlemen interested in a deal of about two million acres of land in Texas. We have had an offer to sell our holdings and we have determined to accept. Part of the purchase money is to be paid in cash, and there is also a transfer of property contemplated for about a million of dollars. Our attorneys are in Chicago, but meanwhile we want a man to go down to Texas once in a while and see how things are coming on, and attend to some matters of detail which I will state later. The whole matter will hardly be settled under a year. We propose to pay a fee of ten thousand dollars and a small commission. I should say there was something like twenty thousand dollars in it for the right man. Several, of course, have been suggested; but you know, Mr. Crane, I am like John Adams was about New England men—there never was an office existing or created during John Adams' time that he hadn't a constituent ready for it. So, when the necessity for a man for this work became evident, I suggested I had a constituent, likewise a colleague in the lower House, who could manage the job if he would, and mentioned your name."

WHEN HE BEGAN HE SCARCELY KNEW WHETHER HE COULD GET THROUGH A SINGLE SENTENCE

Twenty thousand dollars! It seemed to Crane an enormous sum. Then he heard Senator Bicknell's voice continuing:

"It would oblige you to take a trip to Texas during the Christmas recess, and you would have to spend two or three months down there next summer; but I am persuaded we shall reach an early adjournment, so it would not necessarily interfere with you in any way. Besides, it might be useful to you in other ways, and it would be decidedly useful to me. It would show the people in the State that you and I are working well together in harness, and, Heaven knows, I need some assurances of the sort to be given! That scoundrel, Governor Sanders, has been knifing me right and left all over the State, and I look for trouble both at the convention next summer and if I am up for reëlection, a year and a half from now."

Crane remained silent a minute or two, and grew pale. Senator Bicknell thought he was a little overcome at what was really a very magnificent offer to a man in his situation.

Annette, who had taken in with perfect intelligence all Senator Bicknell was saying, kept her eyes away from her husband. If he were in league with Governor Sanders——

Crane was not only overcome, he was overwhelmed. The thought came crashing through his brain: "This is the man I am secretly trying to destroy." Every word the Senator uttered seemed to have the force of a thousand voices. "That scoundrel, Sanders"—Yes, Sanders was a scoundrel, but he had never pretended to be a friend of Senator Bicknell's, nor was he indebted to the Senator for anything. Their warfare had been open and above board, while his—— Crane could have cried aloud in his torture as he recalled the treacherous alliance into which he had entered. His head was reeling, he heard the Senator's voice afar off, the ruby light falling upon Annette in her shining white gown seemed to be a hundred miles away. Yet, with a calm voice, and with only a slight tremor of his hands, Crane answered:

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart. You have made me a very splendid offer. Twenty thousand dollars to a rural Congressman is a great deal of money, and as for the confidence you show in me, I feel it more than I can express."

He was conscious that he was displaying wonderful nerve. When he began to speak he scarcely knew whether he could get through with a single sentence, but he had spoken with tolerable ease and composure. Of course, he must appear as if he would accept. He could not, on the spur of the moment, devise any plausible refusal. He must have time to think—but of course it was utterly impossible that he should consider the matter for a moment. He was not yet bad enough for that. If only he had remained honest! For nothing brings home a man's evildoing to him more than when he sees the result in a concrete form. His wrongdoing comes out of the regions of mind and morals, and becomes a tangible and visible thing, like an incarnate devil. He realizes his sin when he receives the wages of sin.

Annette listened to every note in Crane's voice, and heard there—falseness. He was not happy, not grateful for the offer. But she, at least, thanked Senator Bicknell from the bottom of her heart for his kind wish to benefit them. When he finished speaking she leaned toward him and laid her hand on his, while her eyes glowed with a lambent light:

"I thank you—I thank you not only for my husband and myself, but for our little children. It means an education for them—many things their father and I have longed to give them when they are older, but feared we could not."

Senator Bicknell raised her hand to his lips and kissed it gallantly.

"My dear lady," he said, "I am glad to oblige your husband, and I believe he will render a full equivalent for whatever he makes out of this transaction. And I have frankly told him that I think our coöperation in business will be a good thing for me politically. But the day I spent at your house, the kind hospitality to your husband's friend, the sweetness of your home, the excellent behavior of your children, quickened very much the interest I felt in Mr. Crane, and it was a factor in my effort to serve him. Come now, Crane," said the Senator, tapping him on the shoulder, "all I ask is that when I am up for reëlection, if you choose to contest the election with me you will please leave Mrs. Crane at home. If ever she enters into the campaign I am lost."

"She will enter the campaign, but it will be for you," replied Annette.

Crane then pulled himself together, and again expressed his appreciation of Senator Bicknell's kindness, and asked when they could meet to go into details of the affair—a meeting at which Crane was determined to decline the benefits offered him.

"Oh, some day next week—I'll let you know when I hear from Chicago," replied the Senator; and after a little more desultory talk the Cranes rose to go.

"I took the liberty of sending your carriage away and my chauffeur will take you home," said the Senator, mindful of attentions to a pretty and pleasing woman.

In a little while Annette and Crane were seated in the Senator's automobile and rushing through the frosty December night toward home.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Persistent Pot-Hunting

GOVERNOR STANLEY, of Kansas, was once so pestered by office-seekers that he found it necessary publicly to make the statement that, in view of the exceedingly numerous applications for office he had received through the mails, he should be unable to give any attention to them, much less afford any hope of success to the various applicants.

In the course of a few days after making the statement in question the Governor received the following note:

"My dear Governor: I understand that you have said that you were going to take a week off to destroy the pile of letters asking for jobs. If everything else is gone, then, my dear Governor, I should like the job of tearing up the letters."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ All real success is in making one's way.

¶ Most self-made men would put in a college education if they had the job to do over again.

¶ That Chicago millionaire is still after the ideal servant girl, but of course she left last week.

¶ In swinging the circle President Roosevelt seems to have worked a loop around a renomination.

¶ As usual this is the grouching season of the man who wants the second-story front for the back gable price.

¶ The present population of the United States is about 80,000,000, a few of whom have not yet written novels.

¶ It has cost a lot, but Mr. Carnegie has reached the proud moment when he can get his speeches printed in full.

¶ The summer traveler who always has better food at home never offers a reasonable explanation as to why he left.

¶ To the bicycle face the automobile added goggles. If the flying-machine is going to do worse, let us be satisfied with what we have.

¶ Uncle Sam exports over a billion dollars' worth a year, but he maintains the balance of trade by keeping Mr. Rockefeller home.

¶ Fighting a way to the refreshment table is one of the joys of a big American crowd, showing again that none but the brave deserve the fare.

¶ It is proposed to start a hall of fame for the men who really never loved but one girl. It will require a very small hall and there will not be a quorum.

The Professions and the Callings

AT THE recent national convention of the American Medical Association at New Orleans, Doctor Billings, the president, said: "This country needs about twenty-five hundred medical students annually, and the medical schools are turning out between ten thousand and twelve thousand." We are told by distinguished judges and leading members of the bar that the supply of lawyers is fully twice the demand, with a gentle hint that a famine of legal graduates for a few years would not be a disastrous hardship. In the ministry the returns are conflicting. Some of the denominations report an abundance, but many others have empty pulpits, the small salaries being cited as a cause. There is some question as to whether or not journalism is a profession — Dr. St. Clair McKelway, an eloquent authority, in a speech the other day, "hoped" it soon would be; but there is no doubt at all that every publication office has a long waiting list, and the number of applicants grows with each college and university commencement.

Turning from the professions, we find that the callings resemble their names in the calls they are making upon the educated ranks for trained young men and women. Three presidents of great universities have within the past half-year complained that the inroads of the industries upon their ranks of students and instructors had become serious and that they could not furnish one-half as many desirable workers as were needed in the applied arts alone. Four of the scientific schools say that this year's graduates will step at once into lucrative employment, and more could do so if they were at hand. In the tremendous developments of the past decade nothing has been more significant than the general competition for educated workmen. This wonderful country has outgrown the mere scramble for quantity and is now racing for quality, and in that contest science and skill and originality are of the utmost value.

One happy result of the new conditions is the realignment of the social order. The professional men no longer monopolize the inner circles of culture and aristocracy. The man who does things has taken a place higher than the man who simply belongs to a profession. Neither law nor theology nor medicine carries a patent right to a finer nobility than any other department of education, effort or investigation. A big lot of nonsense has been knocked out of society, and the field of endeavor has been widened and made more attractive to all the earnest workers of the world.

We have all been preaching the inherent and essential nobility of work ever since printing became common, but it has remained for the truly golden age to break down the old barriers and to make opportunity free and the reward honest and right. It is folly, of course, to think that the big places in any of the professions are all filled and that greater prizes are not to be won, but the important fact is that the professions do not enjoy their old monopolies, that there are other desirable proficiencies, compensations and victories, and that the credits are of more equal merit in the eyes and appreciations of the times.

And in this new order the engineer who plans and builds a fine work is a bit more consequential in the public esteem than the eloquent representative of the law who delivers the dedicatory address. We can keenly enjoy the satire of a paragraph which went the rounds the other day, saying that in the unveiling of a certain monument the name of the sculptor was actually mentioned ahead of the master of ceremonies.

The Bear and the Dragon

SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on Russia in Manchuria have fully prepared our readers for the latest great international development. His accuracy of statement and of judgment has been confirmed in general and in detail.

It is highly improbable that our Government will interfere with Russia's age-old program. England will hardly be able to persuade us that we ought to spend thousands of millions of money and thousands of precious American lives in promoting her Asiatic interests. No matter what flag flies over any part of Asia, we shall get our legitimate share of the trade there, just as we are to-day getting our share — and a very big share — of the trade of the various European countries. Your Uncle Samuel gives his undivided attention to keeping the best kind of a general store he knows how to keep; and he doesn't send soldiers but drummers out to gather in the orders.

Cut Out the Educational Frills

A RICH self-made Chicago man has put himself to a great deal of trouble to write a book tending to show by statistics and other facts that for purposes of success in business the college education is a failure. Many of the college people are laughing at him — and beyond question he does go to the extreme of an extreme. At the same time the man is honest, and the sound idea in his book will bear fruit.

There is a theory that the body can be properly developed only by forms of manual labor which are otherwise absolutely useless. Hence a boy scorns to learn farming or gardening or a trade, and spends years in studying football, handball, polo and billiards. There is a theory that the mind can be properly developed only by forms of mental labor which are otherwise absolutely useless.

Let the ordinary college graduate honestly answer this question: Except for "making a front," how much use have your Latin and Greek, your analytical geometry and differential calculus, ever been to you?

The fact is that at the basis of much "sport" and much "higher education" lies the notion that there is superiority in ability to do, or plausibly to profess ability to do, what the mass of mankind has not had the leisure to learn to do.

As the run of humanity is secretly snobbish, the craving for ornaments that are supposed to constitute the "gentleman," for the useless hands and impeding frilleries that are supposed to constitute the "lady," would perish indefinitely but for one unsurmountable fact. That is — more and more the world is getting to be a place where only the worker, only the lusty, alive "hustler" can maintain a foothold. And the colleges will have to recognize the fact and to drop their beloved, moth-eaten trappings of mediævalism.

The Civilization Promoters

KINGS and Emperors over in Europe are running about, visiting each other; millions of dollars are being shot away and otherwise squandered; and the shallow sycophants of the European press are recording the "vast increase of international comity as the result of the meeting of their majesties." As these visitings are costing us nothing, as the clamor of cannon and the hurly-burly of saluting soldiery are too far away to disturb our slumbers, we of America can have no cause for complaint.

The peoples of the earth are slowly coming to understand one another, to grasp the great common-sense truths of the brotherhood of man and the folly of fighting. But the visitings of princes and presidents are not helping this on. One of the most wearisome ironies of history is the oft-repeated spectacle of Kings kissing on the eve of their subjects leaping at each other's throats. The way for prince or peasant, for president or private citizen to promote civilization is by setting a good example and wasting or encouraging the waste of as little money as possible — especially of other people's hard earnings.

The King of Italy "blowing in" hundreds of thousands of lire, wrung from wretched Italian peasants, to entertain Edward, who left a country where one of every four of his English subjects is a pauper, or to give a good time to William, millions of whose German subjects envy the domestic animals, which are at least well fed; to call this civilization-promoting is to indulge in one of those satiric figures of speech which, as Bunyan said, "make the fancy chuckle while the heart doth ache."

The Pitfalls of the Law

IN HIS will Washington provides for the settlement of a contest, "if unhappily any should arise," by three arbitrators, and says that they—

"Shall, unfettered by law or legal constructions, declare their sense of the testator's intention."

Thus, even in Washington's day, there was among men of sense and experience a strong aversion to courts and to lawyers — in cases where justice was wanted. And this aversion was never so strong as at the present time when the lawyers have had another hundred years in which to set traps and dig pitfalls all round the throne of justice, and to erect toll-gates at every avenue leading to it. Yet the whole reason for the existence of court and law — and lawyer — is that justice may be had by all, especially by the many — the poor and the humble.

Our courts, our judges, are in the main sound and just. The trouble is with the lawyers and the lawyer-made laws. In a day when might employs a lawyer permanently at a large salary as soon as he shows more than ordinary talent, is it likely that legislatures filled with lawyers will move effectively to right the wrong?

Why the People Fear the Trusts

REGIMENTS of arguments for capital-trusts and labor-trusts are hurled at the people of this country, but they continue to be suspicious, continue to listen attentively to any one who comes forward with a plausible "remedy" for what the trust-advocates say is not disease but a national development of healthy growth. What is the reason for this tenacious, not-to-be-reasoned-with popular instinct? The usual answer is "Popular ignorance." But that is as shallow as it is easy. Analysis discloses the truth, the bedrock basis for popular dread and suspicion. It is expressed in the one word: Power.

The people of this democracy know that their liberty rests upon equality, that in our social scheme no man and no group of men is permitted to have irresponsible, unendable power. The corporation has always been sharply watched by the people because it looked like a something possessed of real power. The combination, that amazing expansion of the corporation idea, is suspected and dreaded because it is obviously a depository of genuine power — the brains and muscles and capital of thousands intrusted to one man who is in no way responsible to any one or checked by any one, so long as he earns dividends and interest, no matter how. And for obvious reasons this applies equally, will presently apply as forcefully, to the labor "combine."

"No other depositories of power than the people themselves," says Jefferson, "have ever yet been found which did not end in converting to their own profit the earnings of those committed to their charge." And this the people believe — and can't be reasoned out of by plausibilities or philanthropics.

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Saving the Wasted Year

The Need for an Earlier Start in Life Studies

By David Starr Jordan

IT HAS long been recognized that a four-years' college course, after the course in the secondary school, and preceding the course in professional training, holds the young man a very long time in school. Few men are prepared for college, as matters stand, before the age of seventeen or eighteen. Few graduate under twenty-one or twenty-two, and the professional school demands the years to twenty-four, twenty-five or twenty-six. After this follows another year or two of petty beginnings, and by the time the young man is fairly under way he has reached the age of thirty. If from ill health, hesitation of policy, or for any other reason the college course is delayed, the entrance on professional life becomes correspondingly later. By this process the ancient rule of health, "Rise early, before you are twenty-five, if possible," is persistently violated.

There is no advantage in merely putting in time in college at the expense of serious work outside. Every day in school should justify itself. Wherever time can be saved without sacrifice of results it is a real gain in education.

The college course has been systematically lengthened within the past twenty years. It has been made longer that it may be enriched and made effective. To this end, subject after subject of an elementary character has been thrown backward to the preparatory schools. In this there are some advantages. The college with more advanced pupils becomes more enlightened. It offers a broader range of subjects, and touches the interests of a much larger number of men.

On the other hand, students are often kept in their local high schools until they are tired of the place and tired of the work. Higher education starts when a boy leaves home and begins to depend on himself. Because the high schools have an inadequate and over-feminine teaching force, very many boys who might have been helped by a college education abandon the school long before they are ready to enter college. There is a constant pressure on the preparatory school to undertake more work and to do it more rapidly. The preparatory school tries to do this with some success, and also with serious drawbacks. The greatest disadvantage is that the results are tested as to quantity rather than quality of work done.

The college has not yet devised a qualitative scale of admission—not how much the student knows, but what is the nature of his ability and training should be the test of preparation. The college ought to insist that the student shall be able to go on with the higher work successfully, rather than that he should have to his credit such and such subjects or their equivalents. But it is easier to make numerical estimates than to test the student's mettle. It is easier to measure cordwood than culture, and our tests of preparation are based on the method used in estimating cordwood.

The college should receive men whenever they are ready for its freedom and ready to do its work. If it can devise a sure method, it may "dip down" into the lower schools and take their best students when they have reached fitness for independent study.

To Abolish the Senior Year

HAVING turned the freshman year of twenty years ago over to the preparatory schools, the college can now do correspondingly more in its senior year. Shall it use this time for general culture or for professional training? Here the pressure to yield this year to the professional schools makes itself felt. In America the professional schools have vainly tried to train men who have no foundation of knowledge or discipline; to make physicians and lawyers out of men with neither scientific knowledge nor literary culture. This has failed, and in its failure has brought all American professions, except engineering, into disrepute.

The reputable professional schools demand, or will soon demand, a college education as a prerequisite for entrance. No man with less training than this can do specialized work decently. The college course represents a degree of enlightenment and a kind of training without which professional success and usefulness are not possible. The extension of the elective system has enabled the college to meet the needs of all kinds of men of brains and force.

To shorten the college course to three years is to yield the last year to the professional schools, and these sorely need the additional time.

Another influence tending in this direction comes from the German educational system. In Germany, the local high school, or gymnasium, takes, let us say, two of the years we give to the college. The professional school, or university, takes the rest. The university gives no general culture or general training. The gymnasium gives nothing else, and its curriculum is as rigid as that of the university is free.

Paring Down the College Course

WHILE German educators are considering the possible introduction of the college as an intermediate between the gymnasium and the university, there is in America a tendency toward the obliteration of the college, by merging its higher years into the university, its lower into the preparatory school.

It is true that in the gymnasia students get on faster than in our high schools and preparatory schools.

The German student is as far along in his studies at sixteen as the American at eighteen. This is due to the fact that American life makes more outside demands on boys than life in Germany does. The American boy is farther along in self-reliance and in knowledge of the world at sixteen than the German at eighteen. The American college freshman, especially if brought up in the West, knows a thousand things outside of his books, and more useful, because more true than the things most of his books contain. He can ride, drive, swim, row, hunt, take care of horses, play games, run an engine, or attend to some form of business, while the German boy cannot even blacken his own shoes.

As education is no perquisite of the rich, the American boy has very likely been obliged to earn the money he spends on his own education. To do this he loses time in scholastic marks, but in the long run this is clear gain, provided that he does not abandon his education. The boy who graduates at twenty-four is often more than three years ahead of the one who takes his bachelor's degree at twenty-one. To lose time in testing life is not a loss at all, and the American boy is the stronger for his early escape from leading strings. When his university training is over he is not merely learned; he is adequate, and the higher ideal of personal effectiveness supplements the German ideal of erudition, or the English ideal of personal culture.

It is proposed now to let a man graduate in three years, provided he can do four years' average work in that time. This is no new proposition and needs no discussion. Many men can do in three years more than the average man can in four. In many institutions, in most of those in the West, this privilege has been allowed for many years. If guarded from abuse, and the possibility of mere cramming is excluded, there can be no objection to it. In many institutions a man graduates whenever he has done the required work, and the propriety of this needs no argument.

But the average man cannot do the required work in less than four years. What shall we do for him? It is practicable to reduce the amount of work required for graduation. This would still leave the college course longer than it was twenty years ago, because so much more is now required for admission to college.

I do not believe that this is the best solution. It is better, I believe, to bring the elements of professional knowledge and the beginning of advanced research into the course itself. It is better to break down the barrier between the college and the university, by letting the university dip down into the college. For example, in making lawyers, the work in elementary law can be relegated to the college, as in making chemists we now teach elementary chemistry in the freshman year. In training physicians, the elementary work, physiology, general anatomy, histology, chemistry, should all be in the college course, and in making scientific men of any grade the senior year is none too early for the beginnings of scientific research. I believe that the four-years' college course offers a great advantage. It is now possible to offer the serious student before graduating the crowning value of the college course, something of the method of research. It is likewise possible to offer the elements of professional training inside the college course, and not as an affair wholly separate. In favor of this arrangement the following facts may be urged.

It is an advantage to college training to relate it to life. The sooner a man knows what he is to do in life and gets at it the better. This being admitted, the fuller the preparation the better, provided the final goal is always kept in view. To make a first-rate surgeon the scalpel should be in use from youth onward. It need not be used on the human body, but the methods of histology and anatomy should be learned early and never allowed to fall into disuse. To put an embryo physician through four years of classics and mathematics, and then to turn him suddenly into dissection and clinic, is to invite failure. He has learned nothing of research in his college course, his hand has grown clumsy and his power of observation is dulled. To be a good physician he should have turned his whole college course in that direction—not that he should have had less of literature and the humanities, but that these should aid science, not displace it.

The Problem of the Specialist

A YOUNG man makes a better lawyer if he is a law student throughout his college course, for six or seven years, not merely for three at the end. Elementary law is in no sense an advanced study. It has a natural place in the college curriculum, with just as much right as economics or the history of philosophy, and to the ordinary college course the universities should relegate elementary law, physiology, histology, comparative anatomy, and all forms of science which are elementary and fundamental to professional research. When this is done four years will be none too long for general training, and the professional departments will deal with men prepared to do serious work, men worthy of the advantages the best libraries and laboratories can have to offer. Then, if the time is to be shortened, the result can be reached by the higher demands of the professional schools. It is absurd to call the department of law "a graduate school" when half its students are engaged with the *a b c* of equity, a subject as elementary as plane geometry. Let elementary law go with elementary geometry. The advanced school can devote itself to advanced training, and a man who is to be a lawyer can think in terms of law throughout his college course. He will be a better lawyer for doing so, and his work being better related to life he will be in every other respect a better scholar on account of it.

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Talks with a Kid Brother

By Jesse Lynch Williams

The "Nicest Fellows"

WHEN I entered college I thought about half my classmates were freaks. Before graduation I found something to admire and a good deal to like in about all of them. Since then I've gone on the principle that a freak is a man I don't know. Familiarity breeds contempt—occasionally. But propinquity produces appreciation—more frequently.

Now, of course, I don't mean that every man you run up against is likely to prove just your sort. On the contrary, I will go so far as to say with Stevenson of an occasional type that bobs up now and then in business or play time—what was it Stevenson said of a certain prig? "I don't know what it is about that man, but somehow he arouses within me passions that would shame hell!" But these are merely the exceptions to prove the generalization that, however fastidious you may be, there are rather few human beings in this interesting world who are not worth knowing, and still fewer, however they grate upon you at times, who do not become more and more likable the better you become acquainted with them.

Every family is a unit. Each one of these classmates of yours represents a household which has just as well-established traditions and as much-worshiped Penates as in the ancient times, referred to in that open book there on the table which you ought to be reading now instead of indulging in the pleasure of hearing me talk. And of all the beneficial effects of college association, I sometimes think the best is that your moral, as well as your mental and social, horizon is broadened, your eyes are opened, your sympathies are extended by knowing and liking so many different sorts of fellows. Even if your family views of life and conduct are not modified, you are at least made to appreciate and tolerate the family views of other fellows. I do not say our way of looking at and doing things at home is not the best in the world, but, like almost every other family in the land, we are inclined to forget that there are other opinions, likewise regarded as the highest product of Christian civilization. Certainly it is worth while to take a look at other traditions, other Penates, other portraits—even though ours are, of course, the handsomest and most distinguished. Think of all the fellows who never would have the benefit of knowing—in the sense of understanding and appreciating—any but that small segment of society in which they happen to be born, if it were not for the propinquity and familiarity of college life. Take the case of young Dashwood.

Being a Philadelphian, Dashwood had been brought up to think it not only dangerous but wrong to know any but the sort of people his mother invited to her annual ball in January. When he came to college he quietly took for granted that he would receive his (Dashwood's) due just as he had at home from the boys at school, being Philadelphians. There was nothing arrogant about it; he was a rather modest fellow, a younger brother of superior Dashwoods; but he could not forget, even if he wanted to, that he, too, was a Dashwood. In this case it took more than mere hazing to readjust his ego; hazing he looked upon as a tribute to his being a Dashwood. "Naturally I have been horsed a good deal," he wrote home.

When the sophomores had finished with him he still went on the assumption that his own classmates would accord him what he considered no more than his just desserts—his full share, for instance, of the honors by popular election so dear to undergraduates. Why not? Had not the Dashwoods always been sought out for distinctions in Philadelphia? But would you believe it? many of these fellows had never heard of the Dashwoods before, and did not fancy the way this one said How-do-you-do. He was not even elected to the dance committee, though this was just the sort of thing he was suited for. All the earlier Dashwoods in college

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of Mr. Williams' papers. The next will appear in an early number.

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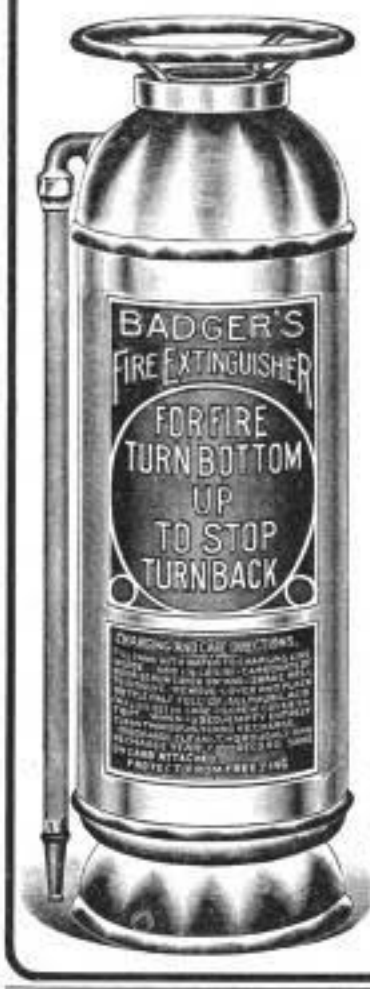

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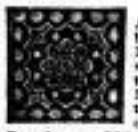

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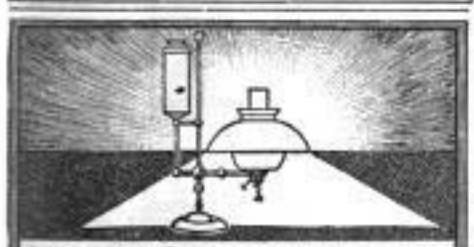

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had been prominent socially, if in no other way.

His mother—she used to warn him every week against letting any but "the nicest fellows" cultivate his acquaintance—began to feel sorry, not for her Willie, of course, but grieved for the deplorable ignorance of his classmates who did not seem to know a Dashwood when they saw one. What was the college coming to! She was interested in the college; the Dashwoods had always honored it with their patronage.

But note what happened. This shows that not all the sturdy stuff in the Dashwood blood had been spilt in the historic struggle to prove that all men were born free and equal. Instead of throwing a bluff at liking his loneliness, and doing the proudly exclusive act, after the manner of some of his kind, it occurred to him that possibly the fault lay in himself instead of in his classmates.

"To be sure—why should they like me, anyway," he said, and "a great light broke in upon him," as the lady novelists say, and he saw himself and other boys as they really were and not as they seemed to be. Then he began cultivating the society of the quiet fellows who really counted; and gained it in time, when he deserved it. Became ambitious and industrious, took a high standing in his class, won respect by his independence, tried for some more honors, missed one or two, worked harder and earned several. By the time he was graduated last year he was one of the "big men" of the college, as I believe you call them, and withal a great upholder of the democratic spirit. That is the most interesting phase of his development to me. I understand that he used to take down home for the week-end not those classmates whom his sisters would call the "nicest men," but friends of his who he thought would most enjoy and benefit by a Sunday at his mother's very complete country place, worthy fellows in most cases, but sometimes rather astonishing. His sisters used to laugh about it with their friends and blame it to his sociological fad, but his mother took the blow pretty hard, wondered which side of the family was to blame for the taint of common blood, and prayed for patience till the time of her son's graduation—with which was to begin the gradual reformation of the prodigal.

It would be diverting to observe how this reformation business proceeds. Sooner or later, I suppose, he will be reimprisoned in Philadelphia society. But whether his mother makes him live down his past or not, he has learned a few things at college he could have acquired at no other place and in no other way, and they can't hurt him, whatever he decides to do with his God-given life.

You can see all sorts of people in travel, you can find out about their history and habits in books, but what you cannot get by travel or reading is the close, personal touch, the intimate first-hand impression. You can only get at the personal equation by personal contact. All of which might have been summed up by repeating that the best study of man is man, except that I wanted to bring out the idea that, owing to the conditions of your life and the age of those living it, you have a great opportunity, here on this campus, in these dormitories, for laying down a good working foundation of a knowledge of human nature—including your own. Do not miss the opportunity. When you get settled down in the world most of you will fence yourselves off from one another by office hours, business principles, sophistication and wives. Now is the time.

I'm reminding you of this, because, you see, you are by way of becoming one of "the big men" of the college yourself, and having arrived by a different route, I sometimes wonder if you are getting all that's coming to you out of your college course. No, I'm not going to jump on you for catching that condition in Physics. That's shop, and I promised not to talk shop any more. (Instead, I write it to you once a week.)

What do I refer to? Well, Little Tompkins isn't one of the "big men," like you; I know; he didn't even make a club, but his brother is a dear friend of mine, and if the kid Tompkins is anything like George, I'm sorry you've missed each other. What's that? You say you have nothing against Tommy? A nice little chap? Only you haven't time this year for anything. Well, I hardly hoped that George's brother and my brother would hit it off together. Somehow the younger generation of friends seldom do. It's like the marriages that young mothers plan together over their babies' clothes; they never come off. But

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remember that just because you happen to be in with the important push is not necessarily a proof that you deserved it any more than Tompkins. You may consider yourself in your quiet, carefully unconceited way an awfully nice fellow, but how do you know that Tompkins, or that quiet poler in the seat next to yours in chapel, does not consider himself a still nicer fellow. Possibly you'll think so, too, eventually. Who knows? You may be asking Tompkins for a job some day, like Henry Haskell, the great baseball player. He was a very big man in college, so big that it took him years to get out, it seems. After graduation he kept on coming back to coach the team, kept on being known as "Haskell, the great catcher"—and as nothing else. It's hard for you to realize it from where you stand, with your nose up against athletics, so to speak, but it's rather chagrining to a grown man who has been out of college a tenth of a century to be known only for what he once was as a yawping undergraduate.

Well, in desperation, Haskell dropped in at Alfred Mortimer's one day and, after waiting his turn in line, was shown into Mortimer's private office. They weren't friends, but had been in college at the same time.

"For Heaven's sake, Mortimer," said Haskell in his direct manner, "isn't there something you can give me to do to earn a living?"

Now, Mortimer was a very inconspicuous looking little man and had a soft, thin voice. "Why, Mr. Haskell," he said with a queer gleam in his eye, "I didn't suppose you knew my name. You never seemed to be aware of my existence in college."

"But that was in college, Mortimer," said Haskell, blushing. "I am now," he added with a smile, and looked around at the expensive Wall Street office furniture.

Then the soft, thin voice replied: "Mr. Haskell, I don't suppose you remember this but I have never forgotten it. One day when I first arrived at college I was passing inoffensively down the street, minding my business and not saying a word to anybody. You stuck your head out of an eating-club window and said to me, without a smile or any introduction, 'You d——d freshman!' and closed the window; I had never seen you before. Do you remember?"

"No, I don't recall it," said Haskell, laughing uncomfortably.

"I do. I resolved that I should revenge myself some day. This seems to be the day, Mr. Haskell. When would you care to get to work?"

Haskell took the position, and they eventually became the best of friends.

Now, it isn't necessary for me to remind you how I should feel if I heard of a brother of mine deliberately "getting in with" anybody for what he could "get out of it." That is the limit—not so much because of the lie in it, but because it is the prostitution of friendship, and friendship is one of the best things we are allowed on earth.

I remember once when a man, who might better be called a person, left the room where a gang of us were loafing. "Yes," said the owner of the room in answer to the eloquent silence which followed the closing of the door, "I admit that he is an unmitigated ass, but I only cultivate him because he may be useful to me later in New York society." This, by the way, produced another eloquent silence. I, for one, had ingenuously assumed that our host was so invariably decent to the ass because so few of the rest of us ever were. He was a charming, generous man, in many ways a noble fellow, but after that I never felt perfectly comfortable in his presence again. I couldn't help wondering how I was to be useful to him.

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"B-b-b-b-b-because," painfully stammered the boy, "I c-c-c-c-c-could-could-couldn't s-s-s-say it."

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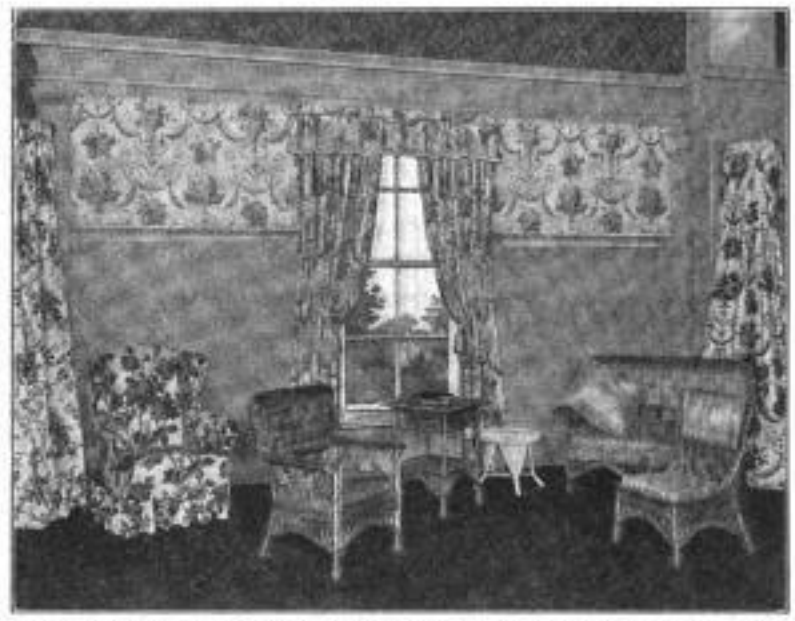

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Shortening the College Course

By Dr. William Mathews

ONE of the weaknesses of Americans is a love of "short cuts." Short cuts in travel, short cuts in education, short cuts to the learned professions, to mercantile callings, to wealth and to distinction are craved by thousands of young men who have no conception of the necessity or the time and toil required for laying broad and deep the foundations of their life-work. An extreme example of this was the woman in a Western State who wrote to a college professor, asking if he did not think she would be qualified to teach elocution if she should go there and take twelve lessons in the art.

Till recently the heads of our great schools have stoutly antagonized the "short-cut" theories of education. Great, therefore, was the surprise of American educators when the statement was made by the newspapers that the president, not of a young college, but of one of the oldest and most celebrated American universities—Columbia—had proposed a shortening of the college course, at least in some cases, and conferring the degree of A. B. on young men who have studied there but two years. The main reason given for the change is, we believe, that a young man who spends four years in college, before entering the professional school, is too late in entering upon a professional career.

Why is it too late, if a man enters upon a professional career at twenty-three, twenty-four or twenty-five years of age? Many of the ablest men in the country have graduated from college at later ages than these. The names of two able college presidents, and one very able president of a theological seminary, occur to us, who completed their college course at twenty-eight. An Englishman is quite content to enter upon a professional career at thirty. One of the chief justices of England did not begin the study of law till he was thirty-seven years old. Is it because the student cannot wait so long before beginning to earn money? Then let him enter college earlier, or shorten his professional course, rather than abridge his education as a *man*.

Cut down the college course to two years and it would be the merest mockery to call it a "*liberal* education." It has long been a complaint that, owing to the rapid growth of science the college curriculum is so loaded with studies that even in four years the student finds it difficult to master them. What, then, can be expected of him if he has but two years for the purpose? The advocates of shorter courses seem utterly to forget that *time* is an essential element in the acquisition of knowledge and in mental training.

If there is anything certain in education it is that, to make our acquisitions our own, and hold them fast in the memory, a period sufficiently long for the formation of mental associations between the newly-acquired information and that previously possessed must elapse, so that the new ideas may be linked with the old by suggestive chains. No new knowledge is really our own until it has been so turned over and over in the mind that it is not merely added to the old, but interpenetrates it, so that the old can scarcely come into "the sphere of consciousness" without bringing the new within it. In short, "education is growth, and growth depends, not on acquisition, but on assimilation;" and assimilation is a slow process which cannot be hurried.

In view of all this, we rejoice that Harvard University has announced that it has no intention of permitting its requirements for the degree of B. A. to be lowered. "It has no sympathy," says President Eliot in his last annual report, "with any efforts to lower the standard of the degree of bachelor of arts, or to substitute for it an inferior degree. . . . It proposes to uphold the standard of that degree by all appropriate legislation within its own walls and by the effect of its admission examinations on the secondary schools, and it has already done all that a university can do to support the primary degrees in arts and sciences, by requiring such a degree for admission to its principal professional schools."

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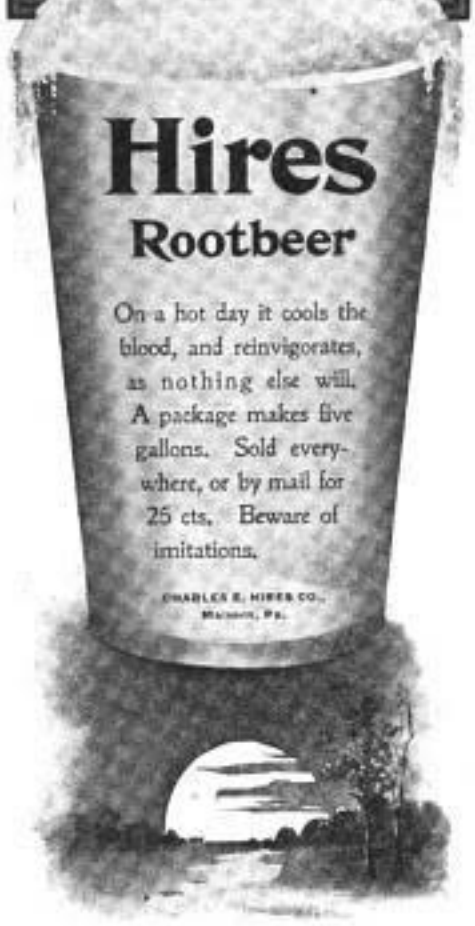


Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

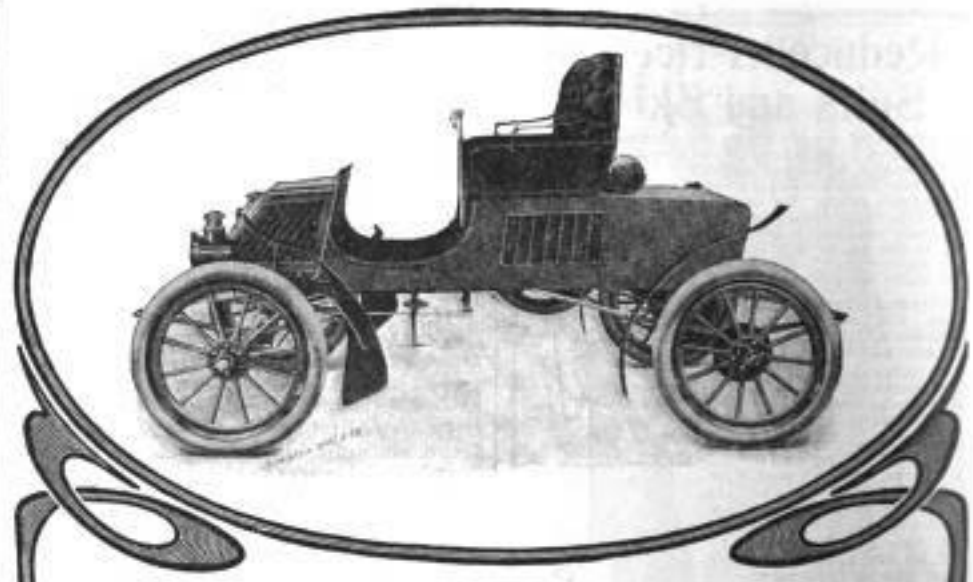
HIS OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND — Is it right to put him in a book? Professor Linn answers.

¶ The same problem confronts the author, whether his intention leans toward adventure or philosophy—that is, whether he means simply to tell a story or to throw fresh light upon some one of the questions that life asks us all. That problem is, how to make the characters sufficiently vital to hold the interest of the reader. With this problem Stevenson had to struggle in writing Treasure Island, no less than Hardy in writing Tess of the D'Urbervilles, although the one book is only a thrilling roadside tale and the other a contribution to the doctrines of fatalism. No doubt a certain class of readers is satisfied, it is true, with the mere clash of swords and rattle of musketry; and there may be a few chilled souls who can enjoy a book written in accordance with the principles of a game at chess, where wooden figures are skilfully moved about to secure the attainment of a predetermined end. But most of us, even in our historical novels, want a man behind the gun; most of us insist that if life is a game, it is not a game of chess but a game of football. Granted the author's problem, then, the next question is, where is he to find his characters? Is he—to make matters specific—justified in sketching his friends and acquaintances? Yes, and no.

We may as well take for granted that no man was ever so great a genius as to imagine a *new* trait of character. If any man did imagine one, its presentation would necessarily be ineffective, because no reader would recognize it, and therefore it would be, in the best sense, untrue to life. That character is most effective which makes the widest appeal; which is seen to be kinsman to the greatest number of us. We sympathize with Hamlet, because in him Shakespeare shows us with almost superhuman skill the essential tragedy of that indecision of soul that we all have, to a greater or less degree, in ourselves. Romeo and Juliet will be immortal because they are great actors in a drama that is always playing in our own hearts. If we ourselves did not hesitate, did not love, we should not care for Hamlet or for Juliet. The author sees, in himself and in those around him, certain impulses and feelings, braveries and doubts, and the best that he can do is to endow his characters with these. He does so. He takes the daring of one, the simplicity of another, the affectation of a third, combines them, calls the result a man, puts it in a certain situation, and bids it speak and act. His success in literature depends upon two things—the poignancy of his situations and the psychological accuracy of his guesses at his character's speech and action. In this fashion, we may be absolutely confident, Homer drew Thersites and Hardy drew Tess. There is no other way.

If the author goes further, takes one of his acquaintances as a whole, or, worse still, takes as a whole the worst side of one of his acquaintances, and presents it without any disguise, he does, no doubt, an ungentlemanly thing. Dickens was ungentlemanly when he caricatured Leigh Hunt in Harold Skimpole. Of course, this statement does not apply to the honest attempt to reproduce figures of past history, such as Thackeray makes in Esmond or Churchill in Richard Carvel. Fidelity to personality is in such a case one of the demands we make upon the author. But to pillory a living man, to set him up, recognizable, before the public gaze, is ungentlemanly.

Unfortunately, authors will continue to do it. For it is, in the first place, easy. Each of us knows many a person with latent, or even obvious, possibilities of drama in the relation of his character to actual events. The temptation to reproduce him, character, events and all, is often strong. And, in the second place, speaking only from the point of view of art, of craftsmanship, it seems to me entirely permissible. There is



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no reason why such a figure as, for instance, that of Cecil Rhodes should not, if adequately presented in fiction, be of permanent and surpassing interest. That it offers grave difficulties Mr. Morley Roberts showed by his bad failure in The Colossus; and any model which offers grave difficulties tickles the ambition of the artist. Again, the trend of the world's thought to-day seems businesswards. Therefore it is inevitable that the type of great business man will be given a place in fiction, as the type of great captain has been in the past. Harold Frederic tried his hand in The Market-Place; Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne tried his in Thompson's Progress. Both of those gentlemen endeavored to create a type — not a character who was unique, but one who was the essence, the exponent, of a class. Had they chosen rather to draw some individual man they might have succeeded just as well, and against their craftsmanship we should have had not a word to say; but of their ethics and their courtesy we might have had our own opinions.

— James Weber Linn.

FRIEND PAUL — A man with the qualities of the original boy — wholesome and impulsive.

¶ When some of us, who now are gray, were young folks, a new story-teller began to talk in the world, and the facts which he told us were more strange and incredible than the fables of Scheherezade or Grimm. When he was a boy of sixteen, his father, a French planter in Louisiana, sent him as supercargo on one of his ships, which was to bring back skins and ivory from the African coast. Some of the vessels that sailed in their company carried on a blacker trade. Under their battened hatches went on mysteries of torture and murder which the boy soon understood. He loathed the business. His hands and soul were clean of it, be sure of that.

He always had a curious liking and fellowship for the negro, the red man — for all wild races. The woods called to him — the mysterious unknown secret quarters of the earth. He plunged into them with a boyish delight and utter ignorance of technical Anthropology.

In the old maps of Africa of that day you will find a vast tract of blank yellow filling the whole centre, and marked Unexplored Region. Into this Mystery went Paul du Chaillu with his beads and his gun, a chubby, cheerful boy with a friendly hand outstretched to every savage. It is a short story. He crossed unhurt from sea to sea, leaving wondering black friends behind him. He discovered the tribes of pygmies and the gorilla. Coming back to civilization he told his strange story. We all read it as a fairy tale; Royal Geographical Societies brutally rejected it as a lie.

Years afterward, when the truth of his story was proved, they recanted, but they never did him justice.

That was a half a century ago, but in all of that time Friend Paul, as those who knew him loved to call him, remained the same clean-minded, affectionate, eager boy, always finding depths of goodness or power in his friends which nobody else suspected.

Now and then, in every generation and country, there starts up a man with the qualities of the original Boy. He thrusts custom and precedent aside. He gets to the heart of things. His tears are wet, his laugh rings true and hearty. He stirs up wholesome longings and ambitions in every man and woman whom he meets. The dullest, most perfunctory slave of fashion grows human with him. When he laughs you laugh; when he is in trouble there is an angry ache at your heart that will not down. He may be learned in books and gray with experience, but at heart he is forever the boy who trusts and is trusted by all who are of his kind in the earth.

Why is it that the world invariably loves this kind of man but does not take him seriously?

He does not, it is true, accept its rules nor its scale of values. He does not care to make money; he never has asked whether he has a right to join the Sons of the Revolution or whether his wife is in the exclusive set in the town or not.

But his work has sometimes been of the highest. Walter Scott was of this class of men, and Clay, and Robert Emmet, and Francis of Assisi, and the Apostle John. The supercilious world accepts the work but regards the impulsive worker with a pity almost contemptuous.

The cat, we remember, said to the ugly duck, "Can you purr like me?" And the hen asked, "Can you lay eggs like me?"

"No? Then," they cried, "of what earthly use are you in the world!"

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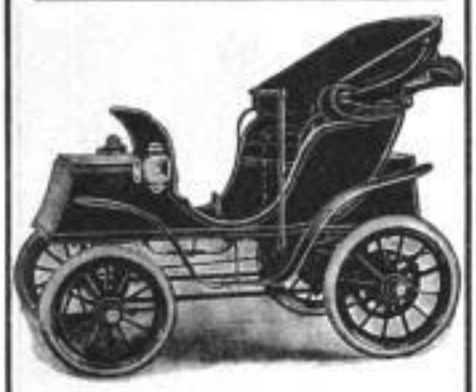

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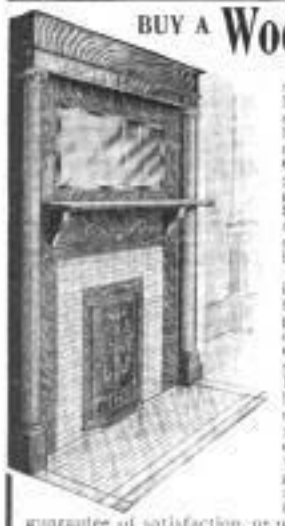

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The Correspondence College

By George Herbert Fisher

"POVERTY," significantly remarks Ouida, "is a kind of blindness. We can only grope through life when we are poor, hitting and maiming ourselves against every angle." The blindness of poverty is due to its ignorance of ways and means that, were it educated, it might utilize. A system, such as that of the correspondence schools, that enables the poor and those in moderate circumstances to secure efficiency through knowledge, is a step in the onward progress of civilization.

The need of technical training for the workers is as old as the New World. "We are at Pains to make boys Scholars, but not Men," said William Penn, two centuries ago; "to talk rather than to know. We press their Memory too soon, and puzzle, strain and load them with Words and Rules; to know Gramar and Rhetorick, and a strange tongue or two, that it is ten to one will never be useful to them; Leaving their natural Genius to Mechanical and Physical, or Natural Knowledge uncultured and neglected. Many Gardiners and Husbandmen are yet Ignorant of the Reason of their Calling; as most Artificers are of the Reason of their own Rules that govern their excellent Workmanship." It was not for over two hundred years after this was written that facilities were provided to fill the want indicated by William Penn.

Some of Those Who Benefit

A contracting carpenter told me recently that he had just had two opportunities that he would like to have seized, but could not: to draw the plans for one house and to make up the specifications for another.

"I had to lose both jobs," said he, "because I could not draw a plan to scale and hadn't learned to make out masonry specifications."

"I am going to take a correspondence course in architecture," he continued; adding regretfully, "but the fees on those two jobs alone would nearly have paid for the course."

This indicates the classes whom William Penn wished to better and whom the correspondence courses benefit in greatest numbers—men who are at a point in their work where further advancement is blocked by lack of education. Those for whom the correspondence schools were specifically designed are included in three great classes: first, mechanics whom the advancing requirements of the trades have overtaken and who need instruction therein, to keep from falling into the widening ranks of common labor; second, people whom circumstances, or poor judgment, have placed in occupations where they cannot possibly succeed and who need to change to work suited to their abilities; and, lastly, boys and girls who desire to enter occupations, preparation for which is ordinarily made in technical or professional schools, but who cannot afford to lose the time or spend the money requisite for residence courses of study.

To educate these classes in the theory of the trades and professions the correspondence schools sprang into being in the early nineties, and have grown with a vigor reminding one of Jack and the Bean Stalk. In 1891, when the first courses by mail were offered, adapted to the requirements of miners and mechanical workers, the hitherto potential demand of the people for opportunity to secure technical education became an active one, and from one solitary student by mail the number has risen to half a million; and the correspondence system of education has accomplished and is doing a work in the educational scheme of the country as needful in its sphere as that of the public schools, colleges and technical schools is in theirs.

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way from irresponsible and ignorant "mail-order men" and frauds designed to impose on credulous believers in one or another phase of the "magic power of mind over mind," up to some of the best-known colleges and universities and to one great institution, of vast financial strength, devoted solely to correspondence instruction, and employing hundreds of specialists and experts.

An excellent plan for the intending student by mail to follow is to write to students of the institutions about whose courses he is inquiring, and to decide upon their reliability by what the students report, giving due consideration to the intelligence and position of the latter, as well as to what friends say who are engaged in the line of work in which the intended course is given.

There are two principal methods of instruction employed by the leading correspondence institutions. The colleges and universities giving such courses require their correspondence students to study from the regular college textbooks. Professors or tutors direct the students by means of a syllabus and by lectures upon the books, and secure thoroughness through an occasional "quiz," or examination. The faculty of the University of Chicago are particularly enthusiastic over the results attained there by the correspondence method. Dr. C. A. McMurray, Professor of Pedagogy, says: "Those who took my course by correspondence did three times as effective work and gained three times as much satisfaction for themselves as those who took it in the classroom." And President Harper and others of the University faculty are equally enthusiastic over correspondence instruction as carried on at their institution. This method of instruction appeals to those classes who already possess considerable education, such as clergymen and teachers, but who desire to keep abreast of current progress or to work for advanced degrees. It is not, however, adapted to the needs of the comparatively uneducated, because the average textbook necessarily presupposes an amount of education not possessed by any large proportion of the people.

How the Courses are Laid Out

The other method, employed by the typical great correspondence schools, is to employ experts in the lines in which courses are to be given, who prepare complete courses of study, from arithmetic up to the most advanced subjects. Only such classes of mathematics are embodied as are needed to utilize effectively the formulas and processes employed in actual work, for it is necessary to abridge the courses in this respect in order to meet the requirements of men who have only an hour or two a day for study. The courses of study are divided into relatively short lessons, accompanied by sets of test questions which the student answers and mails to the school, proceeding with the next lesson while his answers are being corrected at the school. The corrected answers are returned to the student with personal suggestions as to how to strengthen himself on weak points. A high standard of thoroughness is maintained, ninety per cent. being the minimum passing mark. The courses of study are models of conciseness and completeness, and it is to their excellence that the great success of the correspondence system of instruction is to be attributed.

Judged by results there is not so much difference between an education obtained by this method and that gained in a technical residence course. Some of the most important positions, for example, in the development of the great trolley systems throughout the country, requiring the services of employees capable of filling the positions of mechanical and electrical engineers, are filled by men who have not the dignity of a college diploma, and filled most creditably, too. The retiring president of the national association of the officials of electric-light companies states that the man in whose judgment in mechanical matters he puts most reliance, in matters of greatest importance, got his entire education in the practical work of the shop with a correspondence course in electrical engineering to complete it. On every hand are to be found men in the important positions of mechanical, electrical, civil and mining engineers, doing effective work, whose technical education was obtained in correspondence courses in engineering.

Drafting occupies a large place in the list of occupations entered by the correspondence method, and the army of invasion trained in the new system of education is pressing into other vocations, such as chemistry, architecture, designing, telegraphy and telephony,

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entrance into which always, hitherto, presupposed training at a residence school. In the future it is to be expected that, in a larger measure than before, men from the shop and the field will be found occupying the higher positions in engineering, because the correspondence system has placed them at a less disadvantage with their brothers from the engineering schools than in the past, a fact that the people who cannot go to college have not been slow to recognize.

Captains of industry have taken very kindly to the correspondence system of instruction in engineering and the trades. It gives them an unprecedented opportunity to increase the effectiveness of their expenditure for labor. The lack of efficiency has been felt more than is generally known. One large concern that accepted a heavy job of a kind a little out of the common, some time ago, was able to put but two men on it; the superintendent and a foreman were the only ones out of several hundred who had enough technical and practical training to do the work required. A railroad master mechanic remarked recently that, if he could do it, he would have every man in his employ take a correspondence course along the lines of his work. The vice-president of a railroad bought ten courses for subordinates in the civil engineering division of his railroad.

Not all employers furnish courses for their employees, but a great many advise their men to take them. Many concerns furnish study-rooms or drafting-rooms better equipped than many regular drafting offices. A leading manufacturing company at Dayton, Ohio, is one among many that encourages clubs of students, and it equips a clubroom for their use. In cities where there are many correspondence students, the students have organized clubs of their own for mutual improvement. Clubrooms are rented and furnished with blackboards and study-tables, where the members can meet, discuss their studies, and help one another to the successful completion of their courses.

Of Interest to Employers

In the railroad business the results of correspondence instruction are apparent, and especially so to those on "the inside." It always seemed to be difficult for engineers and firemen to master the mysteries of combustion, the action of steam, and the adjustment of the steam mechanism and appliances; the little points were missed that go for the greatest economy of operation. The companies, therefore, welcomed the opportunity of securing savings that would help out the dividend sheet, and it was not long after the preparation of courses for railroad men that the advantage of employing correspondence graduates was manifest. Within a year after one of the well-known railroads had its engineers and firemen take courses, the general manager said: "We are using twenty per cent. less coal and fifty per cent. less oil than before our engineers and firemen took these courses." The courses are a good thing, also, for the men in their struggle for advancement. At one general examination for promotion on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad a large percentage of the firemen coming before the board of examiners were correspondence students, and every one of those who had made good records in their courses of study passed successfully, with a high mark.

Among the functions of the ordinary college or technical school is that of an employment bureau. The best students are recommended for positions. One of the technical schools this year secured situations for its entire graduating class. The correspondence school acts in the same capacity for its best students, securing, yearly, better positions for thousands of students. The presentation of a diploma in a course by mail is the "open sesame" to many drafting-rooms and mechanical or electrical shops. The thorough student, by whatever system taught, makes the most desirable employee.

It is impossible for any one to gain an idea of the work done by a great correspondence school, or the spirit in which it is carried on, until he visits the institution, or, at least, comes into touch with those helped by it. The working classes are thoroughly familiar with this class of schools and justly consider them the greatest boon ever offered. The correspondence school made its advent just in the nick of time, when advances in industrial methods were so rapid and changes so complete that, even for mechanics, success was impossible without a certain degree of knowledge, and when it had become "Educate or perish." Happily, American genius promptly supplied the deficiency.

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Elec. Machine Des.	Arch. Draftsman	Stenographer
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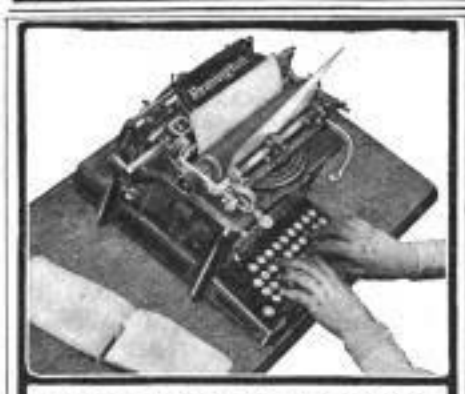

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UNTIE the KNOT with SYSTEM

System in business is protection from snarls—protection from knotty, vexatious complications—protection from the little nuisances that waste time and money. The trivial troubles are the ones that keep you from getting things done. True system is automatic insurance against them. This page describes some of the appliances which smooth the way to a well-systematized business. These appliances save watching—save worrying. Read this page carefully. A convenient coupon in the lower right-hand corner will bring more detailed information without cost.

An ERICSSON INTERIOR TELEPHONE SYSTEM shortens office work, saves actual time, saves confusion. To some men such a system seems a luxury. All who have installed the system know it is an economy. Cheap interior 'phones soon get out of order. That's worse than no system at all. But the Ericsson is built to last—the same quality and style used on long distance lines. No other concern anywhere has studied the telephone system so thoroughly, or devised so many special instruments and attachments to save time and bother in office communication. The Ericsson system contains all the best features of other 'phones and some features found in no other 'phones. Ask now for Catalog 4.

There was a time when any old chair would do for the office. Business and comfort were not partners. But times have changed and ideas of business comfort have changed with them. McCLOUD'S NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY ADJUSTABLE SPRING BACK CHAIRS have been important factors in the improvement. "Back Rosiers" they call them—because they give complete back rest while at work, thereby enabling the man at the desk or woman at the typewriter to accomplish more work with greater comfort. Catalog 14 describes the McCloud Chairs and shows the adjustment which fits the back.

A postal scale is not a luxury—it is a necessity. The greater the amount of mail, the more actual necessity it becomes. The owner of a PELOUZE "MAIL & EXPRESS" SCALE will save its cost in a short time, and the heavier and larger his mail is the shorter the time will be. It tells the exact cost of postage on all mail matter. It weighs express packages up to 16 lbs.—every scale is warranted. Whether your mail list is large or small, it will help you to cut down your stamp bill, as well as facilitate the handling of mail. Catalog 10 will give you useful information about Reliable Postal Scales. Ask for it on the coupon.

No matter what you want to file—information, papers, samples, documents—there is a Shaw-Walker way to do it. And that way is the best way because it is the most simple. Shaw-Walker card systems are better than books—Shaw-Walker vertical letter files better than flat sheet cabinets—Shaw-Walker sectional bookcases better than solid ones. All are built in sections so they will grow as your business grows. Send to-day for Catalog 19. It tells all about SHAW-WALKER SYSTEMS. The book is concise, terse, yet complete. Costs the Shaw-Walker Company 3c. to send it, but they will do so gladly if you simply sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement.

Time is money. This is particularly true in the commercial world. BAIRD'S No. 12 TIME STAMP makes an absolutely accurate record for every purpose where time counts. The receipt of correspondence, job time, the arrival and departure of employees and in countless other cases time is measured to the minute by this—the only durable time stamp. It is made of the finest materials, with finely polished steel bearings. The clock movement, being in an entirely separate compartment from the stamping mechanism, is unaffected by the hammer action. The price is remarkably low. Catalog 3 describes and illustrates the Baird Time Stamp.

For many years methods of accounting did not change materially, but when the BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE was placed on the market this branch of office work was revolutionized. To-day there are 14,000 of these great time savers in banks, mercantile houses, factories, wholesale and retail stores, etc. Wherever this machine is not part of an office equipment it is because its merits are not understood. It bears the same relation to figures that the typewriter does to correspondence. It adds figures with ten times the speed of the quickest clerk and it is mechanically impossible for it to make a mistake. Described in Catalog 13

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Any one who has spent time searching through a mass of papers for a paragraph once marked, a misplaced clipping or memorandum, will appreciate the tremendous advantage of having such data arranged in order and at his fingers' ends.

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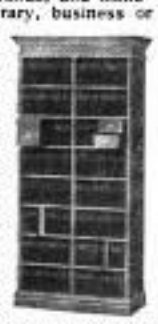

The little things in an office sometimes save the most time, labor and money. RUBBER STAMPS, NUMBERING MACHINES, ETC., suited to your business, will aid you in a countless number of ways, and at little cost considering the valuable service they can render. There is system in using stamps, too, that you ought to know about. An ingenious little holder called "Rex" keeps them in order, clean and handy. The best ideas on Rubber Stamps and kindred articles are described in Catalog 12. New ideas for Rubber Stamps are being discovered almost daily. If you send for this catalog you will receive not only the latest and most practical ideas discovered up to date, but will be kept informed of new schemes that are being constantly originated in the leading mercantile houses.

Old fashioned bound books for accounts are impractical and expensive. Loose leaf books allow of arrangement, rearrangement and expansion. They save time, for the yearly or semi-yearly opening of new books is done away with. They are self indexing. No outside index is required. The JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S LOOSE LEAF BOOKS have every advantage of any loose leaf book and more—absolute alignment of the leaves—a strong binder in which the leaves cannot move a hair's breadth. Every progressive business man should read Catalog 1. It explains JONES PERPETUAL LEDGER COMPANY'S LOOSE LEAF BOOKS and how you can use them in your business.

SOME business men are prejudiced against fountain pens. And that same prejudice has kept them from knowing how great a saving WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS would make in their office work. Continuous writing without dipping and blotting saves so much of a man's own time—and the time of his stenographers and clerks—that a pen pays for itself in a short time. But the fountain pen must be a "Waterman," else the bother and leaks and breaks might offset the saving. Catalog 5 tells all about Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, and of special pens made for modern office work. If you are interested in manifold work, tell us.

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Every man who conducts correspondence is interested in the question "Which is the best typewriter?" There are twenty-five substantial reasons why the OLIVER TYPEWRITER is the best machine the world has produced. So phenomenally successful has this machine become that it has proven its unqualified right to the title, "The Standard Visible Writer," and the business world has decided that its adoption increases quantity, improves quality and reduces expense. Strong claims—but easily proven. The wide range of the Oliver Typewriter's usefulness makes it easy to adopt systems heretofore impracticable except with the pen. Catalog 2 explains in detail.

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The Reading Table

A Democratic Monarch

THE Duke of Bavaria is a zither player of uncommon ability and often wanders out into the woods where he can enjoy undisturbed the charm of music.

One day, when he had found a secluded nook and was absorbed in his favorite pastime, some passing peasants, attracted by the music, made their way to him.

"You play well," said the leader as the Duke, becoming aware of the presence of intruders, laid down his instrument; "if you will follow us to the inn yonder and give us a few tunes we will see that you do not want for food and drink."

"At your service," said the amused monarch, rising and joining the rustic crowd.

Once at the inn he was made to play every song he knew while the peasants applauded loudly and insisted on his drinking bumper after bumper of the rich, foaming beer.

It was nearing sundown when the Duke rose to leave.

"I must go now," he said. "I am expected in Munich before night."

"Just one more tune," shouted the crowd, "the Duke's Waltz, and we let you go."

He hesitated.

"Twenty sous for the waltz," continued the speaker, laying down a coin on the table.

The Duke smiled and played the waltz; then he pocketed the money and, with a farewell to the merry party, he left.

No sooner was he outside than the innkeeper, who had recognized the monarch and had only kept his peace because warned to by a sign, hastened to the peasants.

"Have you fools any idea of who the person was that you treated like a common street fiddler?"

"Not the slightest," answered one; "but he is certainly a great musician. Do you know him?"

"Know him? Why, it is the Duke, in person."

With a bound every man was on his feet and rushed after his sovereign begging his forgiveness.

"No apologies," said the Duke merrily. "You gave me more pleasure with your sincere appreciation than I have ever had before, and the money is the first I have ever earned. Go back without fear; and to prove I am not angry I will come again and play for you and we will again drink together."

When the President Tramps

RESIDENTS of Washington who take their outings in carriages and auto-vehicles wonder why in all their trips, particularly along the suburban roads of the Capital, they have never encountered President Roosevelt. They have seen him frequently on his favorite mounts, but never afoot.

That the Chief Magistrate goes out walking every available opportunity when he is in Washington is known. And stories are told of how he returns, his shoes and clothing giving unmistakable evidence of a long and vigorous tramp.

The President seldom, if ever, starts out afoot from the White House. When determined on a long walk he is driven to some point in the wooded environs of the city, where, after dismissing the driver, he disappears, returning many hours later, sometimes with dust, cobwebs, grass stains and forest mould from head to foot.

Dr. Gifford Pinchot and other scientists who sometimes accompany the President can readily explain why eager carriage riders never enjoy meeting him. It is simply because he strikes right out through the woods and across fields, turning aside from every beaten path. There is scarcely any part of the beautiful woodlands within a day's tramp from the White House with which the President has not already become familiar. With special particularity he has located many fine springs. These halting-places for refreshing drinks have proved the salvation of several statesmen who in rash moments have put themselves in the way to be invited to share a walking trip with the President. To bolt straight up a hill thick with laurel and hazel underbrush and tangled with wild blackberry vines is a trying ordeal, particularly for men unaccustomed to exercise.

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Sometimes the President has his carriage meet him at the end of his outing, but usually the itinerary is too uncertain for that, and those who watch the White House grounds narrowly have the pleasure toward nightfall of seeing the strenuous Chief Magistrate return. He still at such time has his vigorous step, but frequently his comrades limp or betray other symptoms of fatigue.

Potato Precedence

DOWN in Cochran, Georgia, the affairs of civil justice are administered by Judge Edwards, who is also a capable and enthusiastic farmer.

One cloudy spring afternoon court was convened to try a peculiarly tortuous and perplexing case. Judge Edwards listened uneasily for a time, with growing unrest, every now and then casting a quick glance through the nearest window. He was observed at last to seize a slip of paper, scribble a few words, place the document beneath a heavy paper-weight, and reach for his hat.

"Captain," he called cheerily, "excuse me fur interruptin' you, suh; you go right on with your argument, which is a darned good one. It's suah goin' to rain this evenin', gentlemen, an' I got to set out my potatoes right away. But you go right on, Captain! When you an' the Major get through you-all 'll find my decision under this heah paper-weight."

And the door closed upon an astonished orator.

Fame and Fate

By Edmund Vance Cooke

"WORK for the world, but art for me!
I shall win my way with the brush," said she.
She studied art; she studied it hard;
She painted canvases, yard on yard
(For "Art is long," as I'm sure you've heard),
Two strokes, or three
For a blasted tree
And a wiggle or two for a flying bird.
But "art" is sometimes purest gold,
And sometimes merest gilding—
So she "wins her way with the brush," I'm told,
By scrubbing a New York building.

"The world may dig in the dark," said he,
"But the beam of the footlights beckons me."
So he cried in grief and he cried in joy,
He screamed the scream
Of Aram's Dream,
And he groaned the groan of The Polish Boy.
He likewise remarked, "On the murderer's hands
Is the blood of his victim! there he stands!"
And, "Listen, proud maid! You shall be my wife
Even though it shall cost your husband's life."
But "Art is long"—very long—so, too,
Are the miles of ties on the C. B. Q.
So he's "on the stage"—in Idaho
From Seven Devils to Silver Bow.

"Love for the common, but mine is fame!"
She cried, "and the world shall know my name."
Corrupting English, she called it "verse,"
While "poetry" graded somewhat worse.
"Now flees my love
As doth the dove
Which moults to feathery clouds above.
Its cryptic cry apace doth haste
And wounds the wind which sweeps the waste."
Ah, "Art *is* long" (in sad endurance)
And Fame coquettes with bald Assurance.
And now, wherever the English tongue
Is put into print her praise is sung,
For she was cured of manifold ills
By Buncombe Bitters and Pigweed Pills.

"Gold cozens the soul of men, but mine,"
He said, "is filled with the art divine.
Music may lead me whither she may;
I toil at the ivories day by day
Till the world shall gather when I shall play."
He practiced in every conceivable key—
Rumpety, tumpety, tunk tank, tee;
Ripplety, skipplety, lol-la-lee!
Till his brow with an honest dew was wet
And neighboring flats were marked "To Let."
Yes, "Art is long," but the wise retort
That the artist himself is sometimes short.
So the world *does* gather to watch him play
As he fingers the ivories day by day
In a billiard hall in Santa Fe.

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A NEW FUTURE FOR THE POTATO — It finds its way to the table in a thousand and one unrecognized forms.

GLUCOSE is one of the many things that owe their existence to the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte. His continental blockade created a demand for a product that could be used as a substitute for sugar. Starch subjected to the action of sulphuric acid yielded the desired commodity. The dextrose, of which glucose chiefly consists, was first made from grapes. In 1819 Beaconnot obtained it from vegetable fibre, or cellulose, such as linen rags and sawdust, by the action of sulphuric acid. Sulphuric acid is still used in the process, but linen rags and sawdust have given way to potatoes and corn.

Scientists are devoting much attention to the manufacture of glucose in the United States, where it has become a very extensive industry. Millions of people in America consume glucose, most of them without knowing it. It is used as a substitute for barley-malt in the brewing of certain brands of beer. It is employed as coloring matter for liquors. Some kinds of wine are made from it. It is the basis of some brands of vinegar. Bakers use it in certain varieties of cakes. In the preparation of sauces it is widely used. It imparts flavor to canned meats. It is used in the preparation of chewing tobacco. Jellies and jams abound with it. Artificial honey its made of glucose. It is valuable in the manufacture of ink. Stranger still, it is employed in the manufacture of printers' rollers.

Nor does that list cover the range of its utility. As a food product it is not deleterious when properly extracted. The one criticism made by Government inspectors is that glucose in many instances is substituted for more expensive sugar, which is regarded as a fraud, unless its presence is in some way indicated to the purchaser.

In Germany and France glucose is made from potatoes; in America from Indian corn. It is the opinion of the Department of Agriculture that in the near future the glucose industry in the United States will pass from the Indian-corn belt to the potato and cassava belt, and that this move will cause great wealth to flow into Florida and other Southern States. The cassava (*Manihot aipi*) is the tubercle from which tapioca is made.

If care is taken in the somewhat complicated processes by which the glucose of commerce is extracted it is not injurious. The deaths in England of many people who had drunk ale made of beer brewed with glucose were due to the faulty and careless methods of manufacture. That a well-regulated manufacture of glucose is destined to become one of the most important industries in the United States is recognized as an assured fact, and the prediction of Government scientists that the potato and the cassava will supplant Indian corn as the raw product is a matter of vital concern to agriculturists.

THE MUSICIAN'S AMANUENSIS — A mechanical contrivance that will take down the composer's improvisations.

THERE died recently in the Orient an American Consul who was the composer of a number of highly successful ballads. He did not, himself, write the scores. The melodies came to him naturally, but for the technical skill in harmonizing them he called upon professional musicians.

Despite the success of his published songs it was conceded that something of their witchery was lost in transcription. It is the confession likewise of composers who write their own creations that frequently the strains they improvise are inadequately caught in the mechanical labor of writing down the notes.

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leave the note record on ruled impression slips. The length of the mark printed depends upon the length of time the operator holds the piano key depressed. At the left of the strip of paper, which is carried on reels, cross lines divide the music into bars of four-four time, and to the right of the centre into bars of three-four time, and to the extreme right, still narrower measures of two-four time, these measure lines being printed by the tilting of a bar in the operations of the device.

In guiding this printing bar a series of lugs and disks are engaged. A spring-motor drives the strip of paper and the ink-ribbon. The whole device with its gear-wheels, levers, etc., is attached to the under part of the frame of a piano. Paper specially prepared with longitudinal lines is used, the treble and bass clef being distinguished each by combinations of double lines. Continuous single lines correspond to the white keys, and dotted lines to the black keys.

FOR BOILERS WITH HOT LIVERS — A new specific which repairs the effects of bad boiler drink.

FROM leguminous plants a chemist has produced a compound which promises its discoverer a fortune and is likely to be of great value to the owner and operator of every steam engine in the world. It is a solution which, under practical tests, has had unprecedented success, it is asserted, in removing the dangerous accumulation of scale, which, with bad water, forms in all steam generators.

Ever since steam power was discovered the problem of removing alkaline and saline deposits in boilers has taxed the ingenuity of chemists and engineers. To prevent dangerous accumulation of this incrustation requires scientific vigilance, for the accretions, if left undisturbed, would finally congest the boiler and bring about explosion.

A wide variety of solutions and substances is employed, including penetrating oils like kerosene and eucalyptus oil. On coastwise and Southern river steamers, engineers sometimes make ingenious use of sugar and potato parings in fighting boiler scale. A Chicago firm of chemists analyze water sent them from any locality and prepare a compound intended to make special chemical warfare on the sulphate, lime or other deposits found in boilers using that particular quality of water.

In spite of many years of effort the problem seems to be a constant one. In Peking the United States Government is constructing a Legation building, and one of the serious questions that confronts Mr. Sid H. Nealy, the architect sent out by the Treasury Department, is the prevention of deposits which the alkaline waters of that district will cause in the boilers and steam-heating appliances of the structure.

The discoverer of the new remedy says that in the case of a locomotive boiler that had become nearly unworkable, on account of the stubborn accumulation of scale, practically the whole of the deposit was removed from the tubes and other portions by adding about one pound, or half a kilogram, of his absorbent material to the feed-water of the boiler once every twenty-four hours for six days. He reports that at the end of that time the scale fell in a soft pulverulent precipitate to the bottom of the boiler, whence it was readily removed by blowing off.

"If that compound will clean an incrusted boiler out in less than a week, the inventor has a big fortune at hand," said a mechanical engineer in charge of one of the largest Government plants in Washington. "The very best solution we have ever had would not do the work in less than four months. What is claimed for this new process is really a scientific discovery of world-wide importance."

The new compound is extracted from leguminous plants, preferably from those of the sub-order *papilionaceæ*, which are readily obtained. Tares, vetches, lentils and peas are included in this family. Stalk, root, leaves, pod and seed are all used. Plants are gathered while full of sap. After the plants are dried and cut up the mass is subjected to calcium hydrate and sodium carbonate to remove the soluble matter. Various processes of concentration and filtration follow until a powerful vegetable casein is produced. For the trade it is concentrated to a strong solution and then mixed with dry moss or peat or other porous and easily powdered material. The extract is to be used in varying quantities to suit individual requirements. In a clean boiler a very small portion added once in every twenty-four hours to the feed-water tank will, it is claimed, effectually keep the inner surface free from scale.

It is expected that the Federal Government will give the compound a thorough trial.

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Little Talks With Big Men

EVERY now and then, in the course of the cyclic changes in matters journalistic, the editor of one of the papers that set the fashion for the rest of the continent stumbles on what he believes to be a new idea. Straightway he proceeds to "hit up" that idea until it is hit so high it reaches an atmosphere too thin for life. Then it dies, usually unmourned. The meteoric career of most of the innovations in journalism may be described in this way: First a novelty that interests; then a tiresome thing that palls; finally a horror that is kicked out of the way to make room for its successor. Any old newspaper man could name these innovations consecutively, beginning with a period say ten years back. With only one, however, has this story to deal, namely, the "signed statement" craze.

The "signed statement" craze probably originated in the mind of some astute student of the opinions of newspaper readers, who saw that the public were beginning to take *cum grano salis* everything that appeared in the daily papers. A signature to the "story" or statement would naturally enforce respect for its truth. Hence the "signed statement" fad, which, once started, whirled its way into every newspaper office in the country. "Get a signed statement" was the editorial command to every scribe assigned to a "story," whether it concerned the opinion of a Cabinet Minister on an approaching crisis, or the testimony of a servant girl in a suit for back wages.

Then came an astonishing era in the lives of the nation's great men. They were harassed half to death for "signed statements." Some were easy victims, others succumbed unwillingly, a few demanded money and were, if their names stood sufficiently high in the community, paid at their own price. Of the first class was Senator Chauncey M. Depew. Former Secretary Hitchcock once said to me: "Depew gets more out of life than any man I know." This was in allusion to Mr. Depew's habit of never allowing anything to ruffle the placid serenity of his life. Certainly the newspaper men of the country should rise up and call the Senator blessed, for he has seldom been known to refuse a request for an interview. It was not long after Mr. Depew made his first speech in the Senate that I was sent to ask him for a "signed statement" on some topic or other.

How Chauncey Depew Gives an Interview

The distinguished Senator, who was then at his handsome house in Washington, listened graciously to the request and queried:

"How much do you want?"

Who that has interviewed public men can wonder at the popularity of a Senator who responds to a request for a "signed statement" with, "How much do you want?"

Upon being informed that about two thousand would be the proper measurement, the Senator proceeded at once to deliver the goods verbally, while the science we owe to Pitman recorded his utterances for posterity. Every now and then the Senator would pause in his walk up and down the room and check his flight of oratory to ask:

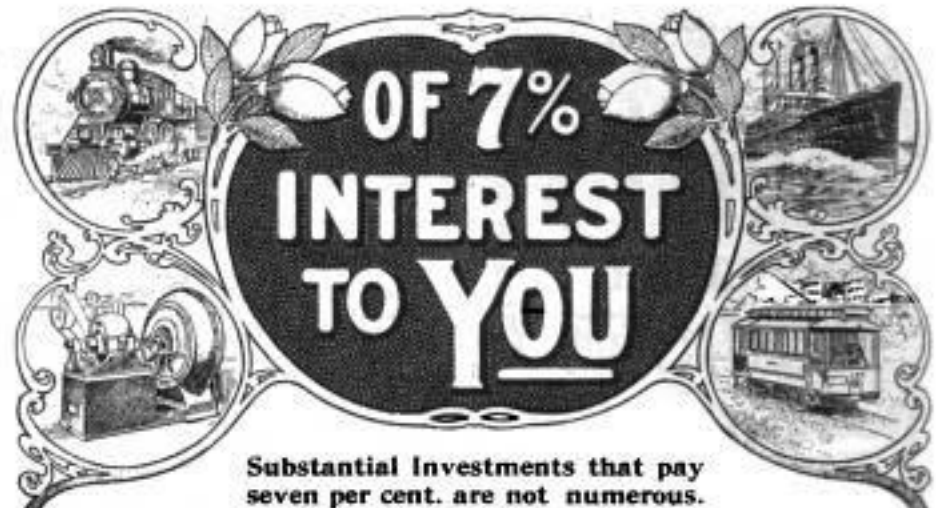
"Is that two thousand words?"

When told no, he would cheerfully resume the walk and talk. When informed at last that the measure was full, the Senator cut off the oratorical current as suddenly as he turned it on. He appeared to take no further interest in the subject, and did not even request that the manuscript be forwarded to him for perusal before it appeared in print.

Senator Stewart's Impromptu Oration

One of the most curious experiences I had while trying to satisfy the editorial craving for "signed statements" was with Senator Stewart, of Nevada. I found him at the Waldorf-Astoria, and he led the way into, of all places, the dining-room of the hotel. The room was crowded with well-dressed people, all talking in the low tones of polite conversation. Marching up to one of the vacant tables, the Senator, a magnificent figure, with his flowing gray beard, stalwart frame and noble head, waved aside the waiters, sat down and began to dictate an interview in a voice that could be heard half across Fifth Avenue.

It was a warm day and the windows were raised. Through these open windows and above the hum of the assembled guests floated



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the sound of a mighty voice. Pedestrians on Fifth Avenue halted in wonderment and stood spellbound at the open window. Amazed guests at adjoining tables ceased their conversation and stared at the Senator. Waiters hovered in the offing, puzzled to know whether this was a case for the police or to be discreetly ignored.

Through it all, the owner of the voice continued his oration, utterly oblivious of his surroundings. Just then Senator Stewart had conceived an intense dislike for William Jennings Bryan, and most of the "signed statement" was devoted to an attack on the apostle of free silver. It was a most unhappy half-hour for the writer. Stewart held a red bandanna handkerchief in one large hand and with the other he emphasized every well-rounded sentence by bringing his fist down on the arm, the writing arm, of the seeker for "signed statements."

With the red bandanna waving in the air, the Senator uppercut Bryan with forensic fury, buffeted him in thunderous tones, challenged him in accents of deep disdain to disprove any assertion made in the interview, and with a final burst of eloquence threw him heavily to earth and left him to his fate.

Then Stewart wiped his forehead on the red bandanna and blandly smiled around at Society. And Society, by that time having grasped the situation, smiled back at the Senator. The "signed statement" was never printed, it may be of interest to know.

When former Governor Stone, of Missouri, was assisting in the Democratic campaign in New York he was sought for a "signed statement." He was considered an oracle on the subject of labor troubles, having once assisted in settling a strike, and his views, over his signature, were wanted on the ever-present labor problem. I found it was necessary to separate Mr. Stone from the Democratic Headquarters before he could be induced to contribute to current literature on the subject of strikes; and so, when the Governor flitted to Manhattan Beach for a short respite from campaign troubles, I was at his heels. I have seldom seen a man more dismayed than was Mr. Stone when he learned that he was expected to sign his name to the interview. Strange to say, it did not seem to suggest itself to him that he might tell the interviewer to go about his business.

"What!" said Mr. Stone. "Do you mean that the article is to be printed as my own?"

He seemed to be thunderstruck at the suggestion. But when convinced that there was no way out of it, Mr. Stone lit a big black cigar, and with the air of a man resigned to the inevitable dictated a labor article that was printed later in many of the leading papers of the country, and was without doubt one of the most able essays on the labor question ever written at such short notice.

What Tom Reed was Paid

There was a time when Tom Reed would allow his name to be used with articles that were not originally written for that purpose. In his Congressional days he thought more lightly of literary productions than when he became a lawyer in private practice. I had had some experience with Mr. Reed in Washington, when he would good-naturedly hand out something intended for a speech, but for some reason not used, and allow it to be printed with his name attached. With this knowledge of Tom Reed I thought, when sent by a Philadelphia newspaper to New York with an offer of three hundred dollars for a short article, that the ex-Speaker would gladly respond. To my surprise, however, I found that Tom Reed's opinion of the value of his literary productions had greatly changed since the Washington days.

"That sum doesn't interest me at all," said Mr. Reed in his slow, emphatic way. "I am paid a thousand dollars for every article I write. Why any one should consider my writings worth so much I am constantly at a loss to know. But it is not my business to inquire too closely into that. I only know that I have a standing offer of one thousand dollars for every article I like to write, so I see no reason to take three hundred dollars."

The argument was unanswerable, so one apparently well-baited hook failed to land a "signed statement."

The Duke of Newcastle was "Very Nice"

During a former visit of the Duke of Newcastle I was commissioned to get a "signed statement" from him on the attitude of the English people toward the Established Church. I found the Duke sitting with his entourage, a rather melancholy-looking group of young Englishmen. The Duke himself, a

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shy, nervous little man, seemed flattered by the request for a signed story. He evidently stood in great awe of the American newspaper man. But no art could wrench from him sufficient material for a story of the requisite length. So I wound up a most unsatisfactory hour's questioning by saying I would write something for him and bring it the next day. The Duke and his solemn-looking companions listened with great gravity while the story was being read.

"That's very nice," was the only comment the Duke made at the end of the reading. His companions, who evidently took their cue from him in everything, nodded a solemn assent, and so in due time the story appeared over the signature "Newcastle," and was doubtless considered a very fine sample of the "signed statement."

Alexander Bell is Deficient in Humor

Alexander Graham Bell, of telephone fame, proved a singular personage in the matter of appointments. I approached him for a "signed statement" during one of his flying trips to New York. It was a bitter cold night in December, snowing hard, and exceedingly trying to the wayfarer. I saw Bell about eight o'clock in the evening, and had roseate hopes of leaving him with the story in my possession by ten at the latest.

"Yes, certainly," said Mr. Bell, "I shall be pleased to talk to you on the subject. But I am engaged now. Come back again. Er—let me see—about three o'clock in the morning I shall be disengaged and shall be glad to give you an hour or two."

Bell evidently has no sense of humor, for the extraordinary hour named for the appointment was fixed without comment or explanation.

Out into the snow went the writer and three hours after midnight was at the hotel again, expecting to learn that Mr. Bell had gone to bed or left for Washington. But there was Mr. Bell, wide-awake and smiling. With the assistance of several cigars he "gave up" the story. He also volunteered the information that he did most of his work in the small hours of the morning and much preferred the night to the day as a time for wakefulness.

President Patton, of Princeton, was much in demand by the anglers for "signed statements." But to all he returned the same answer: "My price is so much. Will your paper pay it? If not, then don't waste my time."

A brother divine who at that time was more sought after by newspaper men than he is to-day, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, was once asked for a "signed statement." It was during the period of anti-vice activity in which Tammany Hall indulged. Doctor Parkhurst was to write about the crusade and incidentally say what he thought about Tammany's sudden accession of virtue.

I was "gunning" for larger game at the time and deputed a fellow-scribe to see Parkhurst. He brought back a glowing story. So beautifully emphatic was it that I wonder now my suspicions were not aroused. It was sent in, however, and the magazine for which it was intended, having occasion to question something in the story, sent a man to Dortor Parkhurst with the manuscript. The reverend reformer promptly denied giving out any statement at all. The magazine held me responsible, so I called at the parsonage.

Simmered down, the trouble was that Doctor Parkhurst objected to some of the words used as not being part of his vocabulary. For instance, the article was besprinkled with such expressions as the "red-light district." This struck the Doctor as being too nearly like the slang of the street for his utterance. The upshot of the matter was that Doctor Parkhurst rewrote the article, making it ten times more emphatic than it was before, and using language that no newspaper man would venture to use.

Andrew Carnegie is Jealous of His Good Name

Andrew Carnegie guarded his signature with jealous care during the run of the "signed statement" craze. While always approachable, the steel king could never be induced to affix his signature to any but the most carefully thought out articles on subjects of his own choosing. "You must use it as an interview or not at all," was his decision regarding a carefully prepared article that was intended to be printed as coming from him. "When my name goes to articles I must write them myself, in my own way and on my own topic. Tear it up if that doesn't suit the editor." And it had to be torn up, for it was a "signed statement" or nothing with that editor. —*Harry Dillon Jones.*

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An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 13, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

A Point of Honor

By
F. Hopkinson Smith

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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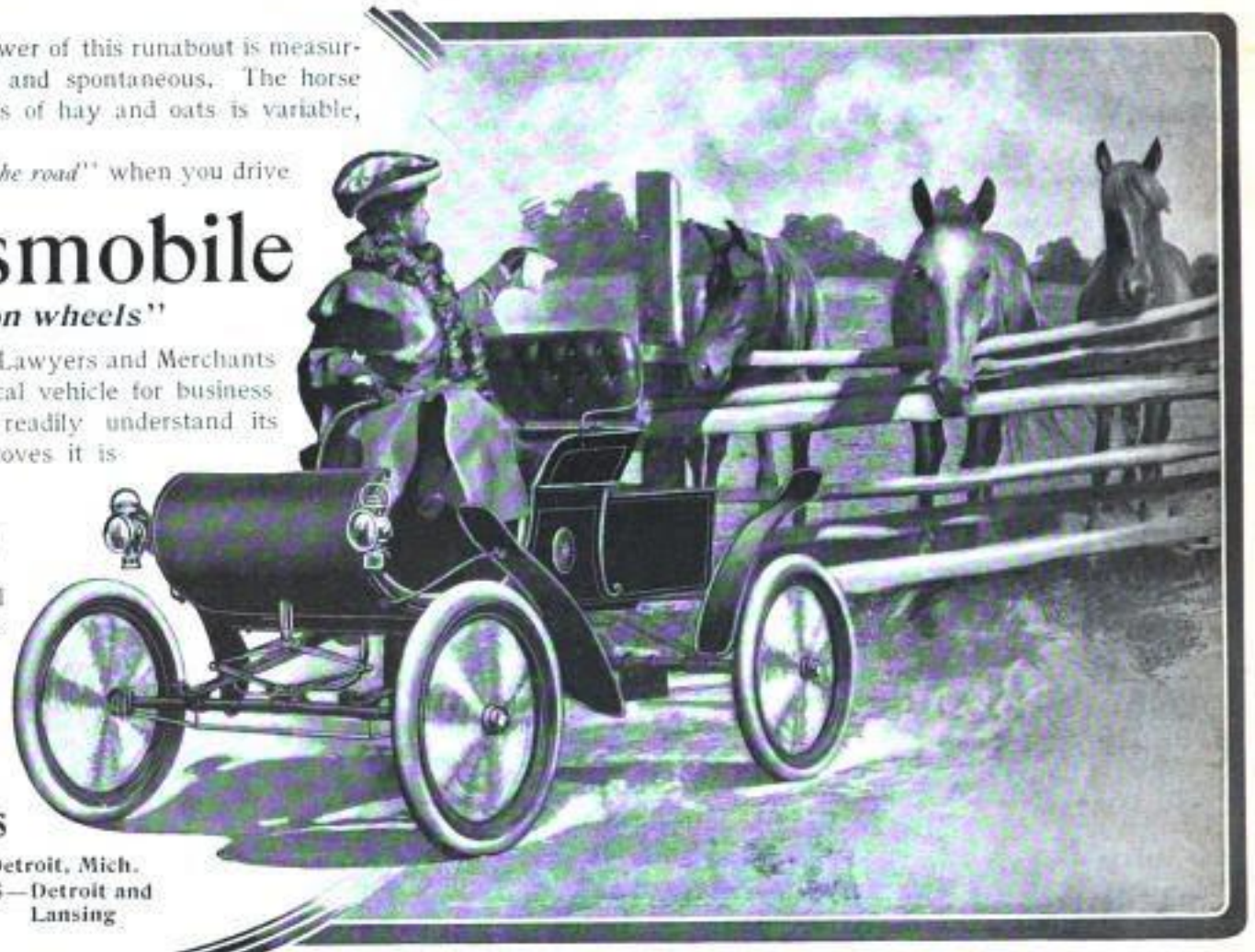

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A POINT OF HONOR

Being the History of the Barsac-Mariguy Duel as Veraciously Related by Joseph Hornblend

By F. Hopkinson Smith

THE omnibus stopped in the garden, or to be more exact, at the porch of the hotel opening into the garden. Not the ordinary omnibus with a flapping door fastened with a strap leading to the boot-leg of the man on top, a post-office box inside with a glass front, holding a smoky kerosene lamp, and two long pew-cushioned seats placed so close together that everybody rubs everybody else's knees when it is full; not that kind of an omnibus at all, but a wide, low, yellow-painted (yellow as a canary), morocco-cushioned, go-to-the-theatre-in kind of an omnibus drawn by a pair of stout Normandy horses, with two men in livery on the box in front and another on the lower step behind who helps you in and out and takes your bundles and does any number of delightful and courteous things.

This yellow-painted chariot, moreover, was just the kind of a vehicle that should have moved in and out of this flower-decked garden. Not only did its color harmonize with the surroundings—quite as a mass of yellow nasturtiums harmonizes with the peculiar soft green of its leaves—but its appointments were quite in keeping with the luxury and distinction of the place. For only millionaires and princes, and people who travel with valets and maids, and now and then a staid old painter like myself who is willing to be tucked away anywhere, but whose calling is supposed to lend éclat to the Register, are ever to be found there.

The omnibus, then, stopped at the hotel porch and in front of the manager, who stood with a bunch of telegrams in his hand. Behind him smiled the clerk, and on his right bowed the Lord High Porter in gold lace and buttons: everything is done in the best and most approved style at the Baur au Lac in Zurich.

"Did you telegraph, sir? No? Well—let—me—see—Ah, yes! I remember—you were here last year. Number 13. Fritz, on the second floor" (this to a boy), and the manager passed on and saluted the other passengers—two duchesses in silk dusters, a count in a straw hat with a green ribbon, and two Italian noblemen in low collars and mustaches. At least, they must have been noblemen or something better, judging from the profundity of the manager's bow and the alacrity with which Fritz, the boy, dropped my bag and picked up three of theirs.

Another personage now stepped up—a little man with the eyes of a fox—a courier whom I had not seen for years.

"Why, Joseph! where did you drop from?" I asked.

"From the Engadine, my Lord, and I hope Your Lordship is most well."

"Pretty well, Joseph. What are you doing here?"

"It is an Englishman—a lame Englishman—a matter of two weeks only. And you, my Lord?"

"Just from Venice, on my way back to Paris," I answered.

By this time the manager was gazing with his eyes twice their size, and the small boy was standing in the middle of a heap of bags wondering which one of the nobilities he would serve first.

Joseph had now divested me of my umbrella and sketch trap and was facing the manager.

"Did I hear that thirteen was the number of His Lordship's room?" he inquired of that gentleman. "I will myself go. Give me the bag" (this to the boy). "This way, my Lord." And he led the way through the cool hall filled with flowering plants and up a staircase paneled with mirrors. I followed contentedly behind.

Joseph and I are old acquaintances. In my journeyings around Europe I frequently run across him. He and I have had some varied experiences together in our time—the first in Milan at the Hotel Imperial. A young bride and groom, friends of mine—a blue-eyed, sweet-faced young thing with a husband but one year her senior (the two with a £2000 letter of credit, the gift of a doting father)—had wired for rooms for the night at the Imperial. It was about eight o'clock when the couple drove up in one of those Italian hacks cut low-neck—a landau really—with coachman and footman on the box, and Joseph in green gloves and a silk hat on the front seat. My personal salutations over, we all mounted the stairs, preceded by the entire staff with the proprietor at their head. Here on the first landing we were met by two flunkeys in red and a blaze of electric light which revealed five rooms. In one was spread a game supper with every variety of salad known to an Italian lunch counter; in another—the salon—stood a mass of roses the size and shape of a flour barrel; then came a huge bedroom, a bathroom and a boudoir.

The groom, young as he was, knew how little of the letter of credit was left. The bride did not. Neither did Joseph.

"What's all this for, Hornblend?" asked the groom, casting his eyes about in astonishment. Hornblend is the other half of Joseph's name.

"For Monsieur and Madame."

"What! for one night?"

Joseph worked both shoulders and opened his fingers—he had removed his gloves—till they looked like two bunches of carrots.

"Does it not Monsieur please?"

"Please! Do you think I'm a royal family?"

The carrots collapsed, the shoulders stopped and a pained expression overspread Joseph's countenance. The criticisms had touched his heart.

The groom and I put our heads together—mine is gray and I have seen many couriers in my time! His was blond and curly, and Joseph was his first experience.

I beckoned to the proprietor.

"Who ordered this suite of rooms and all this tomfoolery?"

The man bowed and waved his hand loftily toward the groom.

"How?"

"By telegraph."

"Let me see the dispatch."

One of the functionaries—the clerk—handed me the document.

"Is this the only one?"

"Yes."

"It is signed 'Joseph Hornblend,' you see."

"Yes."

"Then let Hornblend pay for it. Now be good enough to show these young people to a bedroom and send your head waiter to me. We will all dine downstairs together in the cafe."

Since that night in Milan Joseph always has called me "My Lord."

He had altered but little. His legs were a little more bowed, the checks of his trousers a trifle larger and the part of his iron-gray hair less regular than in the old days, but the general effect was the same—the same flashy waistcoat, the same long gold watch-chain baited with charms, the same shiny, bell-crown silk hat and the same shade of green kid gloves—same pair, I think. Nor had his manner changed—that cringing, deferential, attentive manner which is so flattering at first to the unsuspecting and inexperienced, and so positive and top-lofty when his final accounts are submitted—particularly if they are disputed. The voice, too, had lost none of its soft, purring quality—a church-whisper-voice with the drone of the organ in it.

And yet withal Joseph is not a bad fellow. Once he knows the size of your pocketbook he willingly adapts his expenditures to its contents. Ofttimes, it is true, there is nothing left but the pocketbook, but then some couriers

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would even take that. When he is in doubt as to the amount, he tries experiments. I have learned since that the lay-out for the bride and groom that night in Milan was only one of his experiments—the proprietor being co-conspirator. The coach belonged to the hotel; the game supper was moved up from the restaurant, and the flowers had been left over from a dinner the night before. Had they all done duty, Joseph's commissions would have been that much larger. As it was, he collected his percentage only on the coach and the two men on the box and the flunkeys at the head of the stairs. These had been *used*. The other preparations were only looked at.

Then again, Joseph not only speaks seven languages, but he speaks them well—for Joseph—so much so that a stranger is never sure of his nationality.

"Are you French, Joseph?" I once asked him.

"No."

"Dutch?"

"No."

"What then?"

"I am a Jew gentleman from Germany."

He lied, of course. He's a Levantine from Constantinople, with Greek, Armenian, Hindu and perhaps some Turkish blood in his veins. This combination insures him good temper, capacity and imagination; not a bad mixture for a courier. Besides, he is reasonably honest—not punctiliously so—not as to francs, perhaps, but certainly as to fifty-pound notes—that is, he was while he served me. Of course, I never had a fifty-pound note—not all at once—but if I had had I don't think he would have absorbed it—not if I had signed it on the back for identification and had kept it in a money belt around my waist and close to my skin.

Those things, however, never trouble me. I don't want to make a savings bank of Joseph. It is his vivid imagination that appeals to me—or perhaps the picturesqueness with which he puts things. In this he is a veritable master. His material, too, is not only uncommonly rich, but practically inexhaustible. He knows everybody; has traveled with everybody; has always kept one ear and one eye open even when asleep, and has thus picked up an immense amount of information regarding people and events—mostly his own patrons—the telling of which has served to enliven many a quiet hour while he sat beside me as I painted. Why, once I remember in Stamboul when some Arabs had——

But I forget that I am following Joseph upstairs and that his mission is to see that I am comfortably lodged at the Baur au Lac in Zurich.

When we reached the second floor Joseph met the porter emerging into the corridor with my large luggage. He had mounted the back stairs.

"Let me see Number 13, Porter," cried Joseph. "Ah, yes! it is. Just as I supposed. Is it in that hole you would put my Lord?—where there is noise all the time? You see that window, my Lord?" (By this time I had reached the two disputants and had entered the room.) "You remember, Your Highness, that enormous omnibus in which you have arrived just? It is there that it sleeps." And Joseph craned his head out of the window and pointed in the direction of the courtyard. "When it goes out in the morning at seven o'clock for the train it is like thunder. The Count Monflot had this room. You should have seen him when he was awoke at seven. He was like a crazy man. He pulled all the strings out of the bells, and when the waiter come he had the hat box of Monsieur the Count at his head."

Dismissing the apartment with a contemptuous wave of his hand, Joseph, with the porter's assistance, who had a pass-key, began a search of the other vacant rooms: half the hotel was vacant, I afterward learned; all this telegram and book business was merely an attempt to bolster up the declining days of a bad season.

"Number 21? No—it is a little better, but it's too near the behind stairs. It would be absurd to put His Lordship there. Number 24?"—here he looked into another room, "No, you can hear the grande baggage in the night going up and down. No, it will not do."

The manager, having disposed of the other members of the Emperor's household, now approached with a servile smile fitted to all parts of his face. Joseph attacked him at once.

"Is His Lordship a valet, Monsieur, that you should put him in such holes? Do you not know that he never wakes until ten and has his coffee at eleven, and the omnibus, you know, sleeps there." And he pointed outside. (Another Levantine lie: I am up at seven when the light is right).

Here the porter unlocked another room and stood by smiling. He knew the game was up now, and had reserved this one for the last.

"No—28! Ah, this is something like. Yes, my Lord, this will be quite right. La Contessa Moriarti had this room—yes, I remember." (Joseph never serves any woman below the rank of Contessa.)

So I moved into Number 28, handed Joseph the keys and the porter deposited my luggage and withdrew, followed by the manager. Soon the large and small trunks were disemboweled, my sponge hung on a nail in the window and the several toilet articles distributed in their proper places, Joseph serving in the triple capacity of courier, valet and chambermaid—the lame Englishman being out driving and Joseph, therefore, having this hour to himself. This distribution, of course, was made in deference to my exalted rank and the twenty-franc gold piece which he never fails to get despite my resolutions and which he always seems to have earned despite my knowledge as to how the trick is performed.

Suddenly a crash sounded through the hall as if somebody had dropped a tray of dishes. Then came another and another. Either every waiter in the house was dropping trays or an attack was being made on the pantry by a mob.

Joseph, with a bound, threw back the door and we rushed out.

Just opposite my room was a small salon with the door wide open. In its centre stood a man with an iron poker in his hand. He was busy smashing what was left of a large mirror, its pieces littering the floor. On the sofa lay another man twice the size of the first one, who was roaring with laughter. Down the corridor swooped a collection of guests, porters and chambermaids in full cry, the manager at their head.

"Two hundred and fifty francs, eh—for a looking-glass worth twenty francs?" I heard the man with the poker shout. "I blister with my gas jet one little corner and I must pay two hundred and fifty francs. I have ruined the mirror, have I, eh? And it must be thrown out and a new one put in to-morrow—eh?" Bang! Bang! Here the poker came down on some small fragment still clinging to the frame. "Yes, it *will* come out—Bang!—*all* of it will come out."

The manager was now trying to make himself heard. Such words as "my mirror," "outrage," "police," could be heard above the sound of the breaking glass and the shrieks of the man on the sofa, who seemed to be in a paroxysm of laughter.

I looked on for a moment. Some infuriated lodger, angry, perhaps, at the overcharge in his bill, was venting his wrath on the furniture. It was not my mirror and it was not my bill; the manager was present with staff enough to throw both men downstairs if he pleased and without my

"I AM A JEW GENTLEMAN FROM GERMANY"

assistance, and so I turned and reëntered my room. Two things fixed themselves in my mind: the alert figure—trim as a fencer's—of the man with the poker, and the laugh of the fat man sprawling on the lounge.

Joseph followed me into my room and shut the door softly behind him.

"Ah, I knew it was he. No other man is so crazy like that. He would break the head of the propriétaire just the same. That is an old swindle. That mirror has been cracked four—five—six times. The gas jet is fixed so that you *must* crack it. All the mirrors like the one be burnt—it was only a little spot, I know—go upstairs in the cheap rooms and new ones are brought in for such games. Most always they pay, but Monsieur—it is not like him to pay. He has heard of the trick perhaps—is it not delicious?" and Joseph's face widened into a grin.

"You know him then?" I broke in.

"Know him?—Oh, for many years. He is the great Doctor Barsac. He smashes everything he doesn't like. He smashed that old fat Monsieur who made so much laugh. His name is Mariguy. He looks like a curé, does he not? But he is not a curé: he is an advocate. Barsac is from Basle, but Mariguy lives in Paris. Those two are never separated; they love each other like a man and a wife. There is a great medical convention here in Zurich and Barsac has brought Mariguy with him to show him off. He put a new silver stomach in Mariguy last winter and is very proud of it. It is the great operation of the year, they say."

"What happened to the fat man, Joseph—was it an accident?"

"No—a duel. Barsac ran him through the belly with his sword."

"Permit me, my Lord——" And Joseph stepped to the window. "Yes, there comes the lame Englishman home from the drive. Excuse me—I will go and help him from his carriage." And Joseph bowed himself out backward.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

II

JOSEPH'S departure left my mind in an unsettled state. I hadn't the slightest interest in the great surgeon who had made the cure of the year, nor the stout advocate with his nickel-plated digestive apparatus. Both of them might have broken every mirror in the hotel and have thrown the fragments out of the window and the manager after them without raising my pulse a beat. Neither did the medical convention nor the doctor's exhibit cause me a moment's thought. Such things were commonplace, and of every-day occurrence. Only the dramatic in life appeals to so staid and gray an old painter as myself, and even Joseph's picturesque imagination could not imbue either one of the incidents of the morning with that desirable quality.

What really did appeal to me as I conjured up in my mind the picture of the fat man sprawled over the sofa cushions roaring with laughter was the duel and the causes that led up to it. Why, if the man was his friend, had the doctor selected the hilarious advocate as an antagonist, and what could have induced the surgeon to pick out that particular section of his friend's surface as his point of attack?

That same night, in the smoking-room of the hotel, Joseph caught sight of me as he passed the open door and moved forward to my table. He had changed his dress of the morning, discarding the inflammatory waistcoat and was now upholstered in a full suit of black. He explained that there were some friends of his living in the village who were going to have some music. The Englishman was in bed and asleep, and now that he was sure that I was comfortable he could give himself some little freedom with his mind at rest.

I motioned him to a seat.

He laid his silk hat and one glove on an adjoining table, spread his coat-tails and deposited himself on the extreme edge of a chair—a position which would enable him to regain his feet at a moment's notice should any of my friends chance to join me. It is just such delicate recognition of my rank and lordly belongings that makes Joseph's companionship ofttimes a pleasure.

"You tell me, Joseph, that that crazy doctor stabbed the fat man in a duel."

"Not *stabbed*, my Lord! That is not the nice word. It was done So—*So*—So." And Joseph's wrist, holding an imaginary sword, performed the grand thrust in the air. "He is a master with the rapier. When he was at the Sorbonne he had five duels and never once a scratch. His honor was most paramount. He would fight with anybody, and for the smallest thing. If one man had a longer cane, or wore a higher hat, or took cognac in his coffee. Not for the grisette or for the cards in the face; not so big a thing as that; quite a small thing that nobody would remember a moment. And with his friends always—never with the man he did not before know."

"And was the fat man his friend?"

"His friend! Mon Dieu! they were like the brothers. One—two—five year, I think—all the whole time of the instruction. I was not there, of course, but a friend of mine tell me—a most truthful man, my friend."

"What was the row about? Cognac in his coffee?"

"I do not know—perhaps somethings. Yes, I do remember now. It was the cutting of the hair. Barsac like it short and Mariguy like it long. Barsac tried to cut the hair from Mariguy's head when he was asleep, and then it began. It was in that little wood at the bridge at Surêsne that they went to fight. You know you turn to the right and there is a little place—all small trees—there it was.

"When they all got ready there quickly arrive a carriage all dust and the horse in a sweat and out jumps an old lady—it was Mariguy's mother. Somebody had told her—not Mariguy, of course, but some student. 'Stop,' she cried; 'you do not my son kill. You, Barsac, you do nothing but fight!' Then they all talk and Mariguy say to Barsac: 'It cannot be; my mother, as you see, is old. There is no one but me. If I am wounded she will be in the bed with fright. If I am killed she will be dead. It is my mother, you see, that you fight not me.'

"Barsac take off his hat and bow to Madame." (Joseph had now reached for his own and was illustrating the incident with an appropriate gesture.) "'Madame Mariguy,' said Barsac, 'I make ten thousand pardons. I respect the devotion of the mother.' And he went back to Paris and Mariguy got into the carriage and go away with the mother."

"But, Joseph, of course that was not the last of it?"

"Yes, my Lord, until one year ago."

"Why, did they have another quarrel, Joseph?"

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"No, not another—never but that one. They were for a long time what you call friends of the bosom. Every day after that they see each other and every night they dine at the Louis d'Or below the Luxembourg. Then pretty soon the doctor, he have to take his degree and come back to Basle to live, and M. Mariguy also have take his degree and become a great advocate in Paris. Every week come a letter from Barsac to Mariguy and one from Mariguy to Barsac."

Joseph stopped in his narrative at this point, noticing perhaps some shade of incredulity across my countenance, and said parenthetically: "I am quite surprised, my Lord, that you have not this heard before. It was quite the talk of Paris at the time. No? Well, then, I will tell you everything as it did happen, for I do assure you that it is most exciting.

"All this time—it was quite ten years, perhaps fifteen—not one word does Monsieur Barsac say to Monsieur Mariguy about the insult of the long hair. All the time, too, they are together. For the summer they go to a little village in the Swiss mountains and for the winter they go to Nice and most every night they play a little at the tables. It was there I met them.

"One morning at Basle the doctor was at his table eating the breakfast when the newspaper is put on the side. He read a little and sip his coffee and then he read a little more—all this, my Lord, was in the papers at the time—I am quite astonished that you have not seen it—and then the doctor make a loud cry, and throw the paper down, run upstairs, pack his bag, jump into a fiacre and go like mad to the station. The next morning he is in Paris, and at the house of his friend Mariguy. In three days they are at Surèsne again—not in the little wood, but in the garden of Monsieur Rochefort, who was his second. It was against the law to go into the little wood to fight, so they took the nearest place to their old meeting—a little sentiment, you see, my Lord, which Monsieur the Doctor always enjoys.

"They toss up for the sun, and Monsieur Barsac he gets the shade. At the first pass—no one is hurt. At the second Monsieur Barsac has a little scratch on his wrist, but no blood. The seconds make inspection most careful. They regret that the encounter must go on, but the honor is not yet satisfied. At the third Monsieur Mariguy made a misstep and Monsieur Barsac's sword go into Monsieur Mariguy's shirt and come out at Monsieur Mariguy's back.

"YES, IT WILL COME OUT—ALL OF IT WILL COME OUT"

"You can imagine what then take place. Doctor Barsac cry in a loud voice that his honor is satisfied and the next moment he is on his knees beside his friend. Monsieur Mariguy is at once put in the bed and for one—two—three months he is dead one day and breathe a little the next. Barsac never leave the house of his friend Monsieur Rochefort one moment—not one day does he go back to Basle. Every night he is by the bed of Monsieur Mariguy. Then comes the critical moment. Monsieur Mariguy must have a new stomach; the old one is like a stocking with a hole in the toe. Then comes the great triumph of Monsieur le Docteur. All Paris come out to see. To make a stomach of silver is to make one the fool, they say. The old doctors shake their heads, but Barsac he only laugh. In one more month Monsieur Mariguy is on his feet and every day walks a little in the Bois near the house of Monsieur Rochefort. In one more month he run, and eat himself full like a boy.

"He is now no longer the great advocate. He is the *example* of Monsieur Barsac. That is why he is here at the medical convention. They arrived only yesterday and leave to-night. If you turn a little, my Lord, you can see into the other room. There they sit smoking—Ah! do you hear? That is Monsieur Mariguy's laugh. Oh, they enjoy themselves! They have drank two bottles of Marcobrunner already—twenty-five francs each, if you please, my Lord. The head waiter showed me the bottles. But what does Barsac care? He cut everything out of the Prince Morin one day last month and had for a fee fifty thousand francs and the order of St. John."

I bent my head in the direction of Joseph's index finger and easily recognized the two men at the table. The smaller man, Barsac, was even more trim and alert looking than when I caught a glimpse of him in the bedroom. As he sat and talked to Mariguy he looked more like an officer in the French Army than a doctor. His hair was short, his mustache pointed, and his beard closely trimmed. He had two square shoulders and a slim waist and talked with his hands as if they were part of his mental equipment. The other man, Mariguy, the "example," was just a fat, jolly, good-natured Frenchman, who to all appearance loved a bottle of wine better than he did a brief.

Joseph was about to begin again when I stopped him with this inquiry:

"There is one thing in your story, Joseph, that I don't quite get—you say they were students together?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"That the first duel—the one that the mother stopped—was fifteen years ago?"

"Quite true, my Lord."

"And that this last duel was fought a year ago, and that all that time they were together whenever they could be and devoted friends?"

"Every word true, my Lord."

"Well, then, why didn't they fight before?"

Joseph looked at me with a curious expression on his face—one rather of disappointment, as if I had utterly failed to grasp his meaning.

"Fight before! It would have been impossible, my Lord. Barsac's honor was at the stake."

"And he must wait fifteen years," I asked with some impatience, "to vindicate it?"

"Certainly, my Lord—or twice that time if it was necessary. It was only when he read in the paper at the table of his breakfast that morning in Basle that he knew."

"What difference did that make?"

"Every difference, my Lord; Madame Mariguy, the mother, was only the day before dead."

THE LIGHTER SIDE

Horse-Sense and Horse-Play in Congress

By Alfred Henry Lewis

BLACKBURN, in the Senate from Kentucky, was a bluff, back-slapping statesman, albeit, verbally, a wing-shot of much accuracy. Dubois, of Idaho, had just concluded a sharp bicker with the year-frosted Hoar, of Massachusetts. The Bay State Senator had blocked a Dubois bill with a point of order and refused to get out of the way.

"I think," observed the disgusted Dubois to Blackburn, whose seat was next to his own, "I think Hoar the narrowest and most hidebound man in the Senate."

"Sorry, old man," retorted Blackburn, as he lolled back in his chair, "sorry I can't go with you; but the fact is I'm committed to Vilas for that place."

On one occasion Lindsey, who succeeded Carlisle as a Senator from Kentucky, was coming East with Blackburn. It was morning; the train was swaying and rocking through the Allegheny hills; precisely the hour, the motion and the place to remind a gentleman of Blue Grass genesis that he needed a stomachic. Lindsey, returning from the smoking-room, was concerned to note that his colleague's countenance, usually so bland, wore a look of troubled gloom.

"What's wrong?" asked Lindsey anxiously.

"The worst thing in the world," returned Blackburn. "I've lost the better part of my baggage."

"Was it stolen, or did you leave it behind?"

"Neither; the cork came out."

Senator Brice was wont to tell a Blackburn story on himself. While red as a fox when hair and beard were considered, the Ohio statesman was harsh of feature and owned a nose arched like the back of a bucking pony.

"I asked Blackburn," said Brice, "on the heels of a three-months' trip through Europe which he had taken, what he saw to most impress him while abroad.

"'Speak of Satan, etcetera!' exclaimed Blackburn, turning around (he was in converse with Vest at the time), 'why, I was just telling Vest. I was saying to him that I saw at least one hundred pictures of Judas Iscariot in the various galleries I tramped through, and the amazing thing was that while no two of them resembled each other, they all looked like Cal. Brice.'"

Brice, himself, was a Senate force. Like Jefferson, Brice never made a speech—never talked ten words while standing on his feet. Yet such was his power of insinuation and skill for intrigue that he, with Gorman, re-made the Wilson bill from top to bottom and passed it through the Senate with nothing better to work upon than a White House opposition and a Senate majority of one. That was the tariff day when Brice, on Dubois complaining that the schedule on silver-lead ore was not to his Idaho notion, said:

"Why do you complain? This tariff bill is a free lunch. Why don't you step up and help yourself?"

Dubois took the hint and silver-lead ore was thereupon tariffed somewhat more to his taste.

Brice was the political idol of Colonel Ike Hill, the Democratic whip of the House. Colonel Ike hailed from Brice's State of Ohio and made a boast of the purity and rock-ribbed character of his Democracy.

"My son," said Colonel Ike solemnly, when an inquisitive young man of the newspapers craved to know his age—"my son, I don't want you to print it, because, d'ye see, I'm letting it go 'round here in Washington that I'm only sixty-three. But, between you and me, son, I voted for Franklin Pierce. Yes, sir," continued Colonel Ike, warming as he thought of his record, "I've been a voting Democrat for going on sixty years. I was a Democrat in old Licking

Editor's Note—This is the last of four papers by Mr. Lewis.

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County throughout the war, and when the Republicans used to hunt 'em with dogs. For years the issue on which the Republicans of Licking used to run their candidate for sheriff was:

Will you kill
Ike Hill?"

Colonel Ike was in the office of Beriah Wilkins, publisher of the Washington Post, when he furnished these splinters of his past. Across the room sat a very old man. The sight of the aged patriarch enlisted the attention of Colonel Ike.

"How old be you, Uncle Joe?" asked Colonel Ike.

"I'm eighty-eight years old, Ike," piped the old man.

"Eighty-eight years old!" repeated Colonel Ike, surveying his white-haired friend in a mood of thoughtful admiration. Then lapsing into the language of the green-cloth, whereof in younger days he knew a deal—"Eighteen years on velvet!"

Brice, during the fight which Cleveland from the White House was waging for sound money, went personally to his State Convention at Springfield and carried it for gold. Colonel Ike, who had been day and night for silver, was a delegate. On his return to Washington he was questioned as to where he stood when now his State had declared for the single standard.

"I'm for gold," quoth Colonel Ike stoutly. "I was a silver bug and now I'm a gold bug, and I will be a diamond bug if the party declare for diamonds as the unit of value. I'm not going to be lost; I'm a Democrat first, last and always, and if the party flops, Ike Hill flops with it. I can turn so quick the heels of my moccasins will be in front."

One Thing the Horse Could Do

VANCE, of North Carolina, was a shagbark personage of the old Andrew Jackson school. He never wearied of poking fun at Ransom, his colleague. This latter gentleman was the opposite of Vance. There was nothing of the shagbark about Ransom; he was essentially the showcase Senator, was dressed as accurately as an artist might paint a picture, and wore little, glossy, glove-tight boots, the mere looks whereof would pinch one's feet. Although the Brummel of the Senate, Ransom was not a publicist of weight or profundity, and Vance did the work for their State, while Ransom gleamed and glistened.

"The other day, Ransom," said Vance, when the two, with others, were in the cloakroom one dull afternoon—Morgan was talking for a Panama Canal and the cloakrooms were crowded—"the other day when I was down in Raleigh I heard a compliment for you."

"And what was that?" asked Ransom, to whom praise was as a flower to his nose.

"As I was sitting in front of the tavern," went on Vance, "a black boy led out a horse for exercise. The horse was wrapped in a blanket, and all across in big red letters was the name 'Matt Ransom.'

"'I see you've named your horse after Senator Ransom,' I said.

"'Yassir,' responded the black boy.

"'Is he a fast horse?' I asked. 'Can he run?'

"'No, sah, he can't run none. He's a mighty slow hoss, sah.'

"'Can't be trot?' I inquired.

"'Sho! trot?' says the black boy. 'No, sah, he can't trot a little bit. Any ol' cow could pass him.'

"'Well, then,' I insisted, 'what's all this fuss about—with your blanket and you leading him about for exercise? What's he named after Senator Ransom for?'

"'Why, as I states,' explained the black boy, 'he can't trot an' he can't run; but all d' same dish yere hoss has his p'ints. Most of all, sah, he's a pow'ful fine prancer.'"

As displaying the uncertainties of politics and showing how trouble may, without blame on his part, brew for a gentleman in high station, a story might be told of Dubois.

The Idaho Senator was nothing old for years, and it is to be presumed that Mrs. Carlisle, when she so inadvertently laid the foundations of his grief, did not identify him as a member of that severe Senate body. Mrs. Carlisle was at the head of a circle of ladies who were raising money for the rehabilitation of Andrew Jackson's tomb which, so ran a Tennessee story, was falling to decay. They were about to give an exhibition in one of the Washington theatres, a first element of the show being a minuet in costume and danced after the slow and stately fashion of the days of old.

When a Senator "Verged on the Giddy"

DUBOIS, who was six feet tall, and as slim and straight as an Indian, caught Mrs. Carlisle's eye as he sat next her at a dinner given by the Brices. It occurred to the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury that the lithe and active Dubois was, for age and size and look, exactly the thing for a minuet. Acting on the instant impulse, she proposed that Dubois should lead the minuet, dressed in the garb of a bull-fighter of Seville. Dubois readily assented, deeming the affair a merry jest.

The next day, however, when he saw himself announced in the society columns of the local paper as on the minuet program—for the lady had learned his name in the interim and was more than pleased to think she had won to her aid so illustrious a dancer—the humor of the situation began sensibly to fade. It grew less and still less when the story reached Idaho and the papers of his home region proceeded to comment thereon with Roman sternness.

> "Fred Dubois," observed one imprint, in effect—it was some such publication as the Weekly Yell of Warwhoop Crossing, if I mistake not—"Fred Dubois as a Senator is becoming a shade too frivolous. We note by our Eastern exchanges that he has booked up with an outfit to dance a minuet in knee-breeches ornamented with white lace ruffles. Dubois was brought up in a rattlesnake country and can make a backward jump of twelve feet, and no one doubts, therefore, his ability to shine out in a minuet. Still it is slightly verging on the giddy, not to say the heartless, for Fred, at a time when hard times has got his State treed and out on a limb, to be back East dancing minuets. If it were a lariat polka now, or a pocatello reel, it wouldn't seem so bad; but for Fred to be strutting through a chill, callous minuet—doing it on a cold collar, mind you!—and we, his constituents, jumping sidewise for grub, raises within us feelings which 'lay over' anything we ever experienced, like four kings and an ace. Like the old lady in the Tennessee Mountains, after hearing for the first time of the Crucifixion and shedding tears for an hour, all we can do is look up between our sobs and say, 'Parson, let's hope it ain't so.'"

That minuet story ran about in Idaho like fire in dry grass. It had not a trifle to do with the defeat of Dubois when he sought a reëlection. He is again in the Senate, but it took six years of retirement to live down that unfortunate minuet.

Everything one sees in Washington has a reason if one can but turn it out; one may be sure that nothing governmental comes by chance. Now and again, however, it would be hard to arrive at the cause of some given phenomenon unless one had a guide. It was during the last year of the ice-cold Harrison's administration, and when Crisp was Speaker of the House. The fact was noticed curiously by House members that when Crisp would leave the chair he called frequently on Dockery, of Missouri—he is now Governor of that State—to take his place and preside. The distinction gave Dockery limitless satisfaction, as any one might see.

While the joy it gave Dockery to wield the House gavel was patent to all, the reason why Crisp should so honor him was by no means clear. Dockery had been a staunch adherent of Mills throughout the hot caucus fight for the Speakership and there lived no visible claim on his part for these particular favors of Crisp. Why was Crisp so persistently calling Dockery to play at being Speaker? That was a question which held the House on tiptoe.

One afternoon, while a select coterie were in the cloakroom, the question was asked of General Catchings, of Mississippi; Catchings was Crisp's right-hand man on the House floor.

The Great Dockery Miracle

"THE miracle of Dockery in the chair," said Catchings, "can readily be explained. I'm the guilty party and the story runs like this: The thing I'm most afraid of is that Harrison, up in the White House, will name a negro to be postmaster at Vicksburg. To prevent that dark calamity I have to get Bruce, who was aforetime Senator from Mississippi and is just now Register of Deeds for the District of Columbia, to go to Harrison and argue against it. To get Bruce to interpose his word and influence I have to get Dockery, who, as chairman of a sub-committee on the Committee of Appropriations, has Bruce more or less under his gun, to exert his influence with Bruce. Lastly, to get Dockery to thus exercise himself with Bruce for my benefit I have to see to it that Crisp, at reasonable intervals, lets Dockery preside over the House. It's a pleasure to both Crisp and me at that, since it so fills and overflows the Dockery cup of bliss. That's all there is, gentlemen, to the wonder of Dockery in the chair. Whenever you see Dockery handling the gavel you may be sure that Harrison, at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, is not appointing a black postmaster for Vicksburg."

The House is a ruder and more exuberant convention than the Senate, and the members will unbuckle and take liberties with one another in debate which would shock the Senate—with its courtesies—to its dignified heart. It was under the "Five-minute rule" and Snodgrass, of Tennessee, arose for the purpose of replying to Jerry Simpson, who, it would seem, had charged Snodgrass, inferentially at least, with the triangular offense of being a lawyer, a fop and a fool. Snodgrass was a dull, tedious, drawling fashion of orator and could set the House nerves on more desperate edge than any other in the chamber. He was proceeding in a manner which he meant should be pompously satirical to crush the guileless Simpson.

"Mr. Speaker," drawled Snodgrass, while the House writhed to be rid of him—"Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Kansas has preferred an indictment against me in three counts. In the first count, Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Kansas charges me with being a lawyer——"

"We'll *nolle* that count," interjected Reed from his seat on the Republican side. "Let the gentleman go on to the next."

"Acting," continued the wearisome Snodgrass with the same exasperating drawl, "acting on the suggestion of my eminent friend from Maine, Mr. Speaker, I will now go on to the second count of the indictment preferred against me by the gentleman from Kansas. In the second count, Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Kansas charges me with being a fop and accuses me, Mr. Speaker, of wearing clothes. I must say, Mr. Speaker"—this with a lofty sneer, full of a spirit of patronage toward the "sockless" Simpson—"I do wear clothes. I might add, Mr. Speaker, that I not only wear clothes when now I am a member of Congress, but, Mr. Speaker, I wore clothes before ever I came to Congress——"

"Just a moment!" broke in Caruth, of Kentucky; "will the gentleman please state how long?"

There came another burst of laughter which would seem to fall as pleasantly on the Snodgrass ear as did the first. He beamed through the uproar like a tarnished sun and when it finished he again took up his oration where Caruth had broken in.

"Mr. Speaker," resumed the pernicious Snodgrass, "the third and last count of the indictment preferred against me by the gentleman from Kansas is that I'm a fool."

"Bang!" came Crisp's gavel. "The gentleman's time has expired!"

Snodgrass looked helplessly about; his five minutes were up; he must leave his defense to that third count floating in the air. It was the amiable Simpson himself who would push to the Snodgrass rescue.

"Mr. Speaker," said Simpson, "I ask unanimous consent that the gentleman's time to speak on that third count be extended five minutes. If the House will grant my request he'll prove it."

When Mrs. Pugh Smelled a Rat

PUGH, of the Senate, and Vest, the then senior statesman from Missouri, were as Jonathan and David. They had been in the Confederate Congress together, and as Vest said "had feared that they might hang as traitors together" and owned many memories in common.

One evening the two had been with Harris, of Tennessee, on Capitol Hill. The weakness of Harris was penny-ante; he played penny-ante nightly, and since he made them play when others failed him, had worn out three secretaries with the game. Harris' motto might have been one with that of the Pinkertons: "I never sleep."

It stood but 11:30 of the clock when Vest and Pugh were about their return. Pugh was a giant in stature, while Vest was physically the smallest man of the Senate; it was but natural, therefore, that Vest should take charge of Pugh whenever they went abroad. On this night, fulfilling his duty as guardian, Vest decided that Pugh might better take a late supper. To that good end Vest had Pugh into a restaurant of the vigorous German sort.

Among other delicacies and for the first time in his career, Pugh was made acquainted with Limburger cheese. Pugh was delighted with the confection. Pugh became eloquent as to its merits; it was such an unstudied, unaffected, sincere form of cheese that he couldn't say too much for it. He would have home a specimen; its virtues should be made clear to the household of Pugh, to the end that thereafter it be ever on the family bill-of-fare.

The proprietor, immensely flattered and moved by Pugh's admiration for this favorite German regale, presented Pugh with an entire cheese wrapped in the original tinfoils. Pugh received it gratefully and stowed it away in the sternsheets of his dress coat. Then he went home.

Pugh hung his dress coat in a closet and forgot about the tinfoil package in its pocket. The next morning, still forgetful, he arose, donned his every-day suit, repaired to the Capitol and went to passing laws for seventy millions of his countrymen.

It was five o'clock in the dusk of a winter's day when Pugh, his law-passing over for the day, again entered his home. There were signs and symptoms to meet him which he did not understand. The doors were open and the windows up. The chill blasts of January were roving through the rooms. The feminine Pughs were gathered in the library, wrapped in furs. And abroad in the premises there were gentry in overalls who ripped up the flooring, sawed holes in the wainscot and did other deeds common to gasfitters and plumbers who truly love their art.

"What does all this mean?" roared Pugh.

"We can't stay in the house unless it's found," replied Mrs. Pugh from out her furs, wherein she was swaddled like an Eskimo.

"Unless what's found?" demanded the amazed statesman.

"There's a dead rat somewhere," returned Mrs. Pugh, "and it simply must be found."

Then Pugh bethought him of the cheese, sullen and morose, a forgotten capture in the pocket of his dress coat.

A negro, who looked on life as a failure and cared not to stay, was given four bits, and by him the contribution was carried far to leeward; the ravages of the visiting gasfitters were then repaired, confidence was restored and peace again settled about the gables of Pugh.

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BROKERAGE AS A BUSINESS FOR YOUNG MEN

By Alfred L. Baker

Former President of the Stock Exchange, Chicago

IN NO other business is the candle of human vitality burned as rapidly as it is in the broker's office. The man who cannot stand sustained work under high pressure has no place in this calling and had better keep out of it.

For this reason the young man who contemplates becoming a stock-broker should subject himself to candid self-examination before making it his choice for a life career. It is not enough that he should feel himself fully equal to a steady grind of hard work, or even to an uncommon degree of close mental application. He may be above the average in both physical and mental ruggedness and still be unfitted for this particular, exacting and strenuous line of commercial effort.

Before he casts the die in favor of this calling let him ask himself: "Am I endowed with a disposition which will enable me to endure excitement with comparative complacency and at the same time to work at 'concert pitch'?" Both of these requirements are essential to success in brokerage. Not possessing these characteristics, a broker is liable to give out at a most important and critical time.

Still other qualifications must not be overlooked. First of these is the broker's instinct. Unless a young man feels a natural and compelling inclination to get into the swift stream of the Exchange he should stifle his ambitions to shine as a broker. This instinct differs from the taste for the slower barter and sale of industrial products as the instinct of the thoroughbred race horse differs from the plodding disposition of the draught horse. Time, it is said, is the essence of all contracts, but especially does this apply to the transactions on the Stock Exchange floor, where time means instant action.

The Value of Making Friends

SO MUCH for the qualifications demanded in the actual discharge of the brokerage business; but business must be got before it is transacted, and it therefore follows that the young man who is equipped for this calling must possess the faculty for getting trade as well as the ability to handle it. A friendly approach to the world at large—to the chance acquaintance as well as to the intimate associate—is a prime requisite in the bearing of the young broker, for it is mainly by this means that he will enlarge the list of his customers. Many a broker has lost thousands of dollars in commissions which would have been his had he not repulsed the stranger who chanced to be introduced to him on the street, in the club, at the summer resort, or wherever men of the world are wont to meet in casual intercourse.

At the outset of his career the young man who elects to follow this business and follow it successfully must make up his mind that he will be a broker only and not a trader—that is, not a speculator himself.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred who have attempted to be traders and speculators on their own account have ended in disaster. Having once determined that he will be a broker he should steel himself to look without covetousness upon the profits of his customers and not allow these to tempt him upon a path of personal speculation. A broker who plays the market is a house divided against itself which must fall.

Naturally, the first thing for the novice in the broker's office to master is a knowledge of the terms and phrases peculiar to the business. Most beginners gain this information in the routine of their daily tasks, but their progress might be materially facilitated by a little home study. The only textbook required is one of the pamphlets used by the leading brokerage offices for distribution among the customers and prospective customers, and distributed as advertising matter.

Commercial printing-houses largely patronized by brokers furnish these pamphlets in large quantities. In addition to a comprehensive definition of brokerage terms and phrases these booklets generally contain the principles governing transactions on the New York Stock Exchange, and also a description of the processes by which such transactions are effected, together with a collection of miscellaneous information of a technical character which the beginner must thoroughly understand before he can grasp the meaning and ramifications of a trade. The pamphlet of this character which happens to be at hand is issued by the Financial Publishing Company, Chicago.

A Valuable Course of Study

WHEN the beginner in the broker's office has learned the terms of the business and gained a general idea of its processes he may at once begin a course of study which is ample enough to satisfy the energies of the most ambitious and tireless student. Although there is a broad and definite foundation to be laid in this line of research, and one which will prove a substantial and abiding asset, the oldest as well as the youngest broker must faithfully pursue this line of inquiry or he will be a poor counselor for his customers and must speedily become a "back number."

This important field of study is found in the official literature of the great railroad organizations of the country, for the stocks, bonds and securities of these corporations are the principal commodities in which the broker traffics. Mainly this literature is in the form of the annual reports of the various railway companies and they are obtained by application to the railway offices. Brokers are generally supplied with these bulky volumes and are glad to give studious employees access to them.

The value of a careful perusal of these documents is easily indicated. Foreknowledge of values or of their general trend is the one thing to be desired by the broker. Of course, he is never able actually to know that a certain railway security will advance or decline to a given limit, but it is his business—and the very essence of his business—so to inform himself on the conditions governing the values of that security that he may form a practical opinion of the merits of the property.

In the annual reports of the railroads the student will find the materials from which to build a foundation knowledge of the great properties, and this foundation will at all times serve him as a basis for calculations on the one essential point regarding any security: *its dividend-paying power.*

After learning the main traffic dependence of each road—whether lumber, wheat, corn, live-stock, fruit, coal, oil, manufactured products or a combination of several of these elements—let him dig into the finances of the company, the condition of the property, the personnel of the management and controlling shareholders.

What has the road cost? What is the condition of the property; of the physical plant, consisting of roadbed, rails, rolling-stock, shops, stations and buildings? How much does the company owe and what are the terms of interest and payment governing its various debts? Are costly improvements or extensions in progress? If so, how are the funds for these to be provided—from the surplus, from current earnings or from special issues of bonds? Is the percentage of operating expenses on the increase or decrease? Are any new and promising industrial developments, such as may be expected to swell the dividends of the company, coming to the front in the territory of the road? Are any large expansion movements planned or imminent which, although of a sound character, will temporarily decrease the dividend percentage? Or is there a falling away in any source of traffic which will tend to produce a shrinkage of the earnings of the road?

But the value of this groundwork of research will depend upon the quickness and intelligence with which the young broker applies this knowledge in relation to current events, to labor and crop conditions in the various sections of the country, to discoveries of mineral, oil and other valuable deposits, to the activity in special lines of manufacture and commerce. Unless he can put together the information gained from the morning paper, from the financial journal, from the ticker tape and from correspondence and conversation, and combine it with the knowledge gained from the railroad report, he will be working in the dark, guessing upon "general conditions," and following impulses.

No amount of intuition can take the place of definite knowledge of securities and of the elements which have made and will make their values.

This must be supplanted by a large amount of information of a less definite and authentic kind which must come to him in conversation and general talk. Although the "gossip of the street" is often misleading, it cannot be ignored, and the young broker must accept or reject it according to his own best judgment. In many, and perhaps most, instances he may be able to judge of its worth by reference to his knowledge of the road and its management. So far as possible he should learn something of the character of the men who dictate the policy of each great property. Another important thing for him to learn is who are the smaller as well as the larger holders of securities—particularly of those likely to be eagerly sought after? There is no rule by which this information is to be obtained aside from the very general one of keeping one's ears always open.

Nothing will take the place of a regular and careful reading of one or more of the ablest financial journals of the day. The ambitious young broker will do well to read closely The Commercial and Financial Chronicle, of New York, and The Economist, of Chicago. For a view of the foreign market the London Statist is to be commended. These journals are very sound and reliable, and will greatly assist in the education of the young broker—an education which, to a peculiar degree, is never finished until he quits.

While digging after the hard facts in the railroad reports and the current financial papers, the student will find it both pleasant and helpful to read some of the more entertaining literature of the Exchange. His ambitions will be sharpened and his knowledge of personalities greatly enlarged by the perusal of Mr. Henry Clews' delightful and chatty volume of reminiscences, called Twenty-Eight Years in Wall Street, and published by the Irving Publishing Company, New York.

A List of Useful Reading

ANOTHER interesting and unique work is Benners' Prophecies. This deals with the rise and fall of prices and the various theories regarding the principles underlying price movements. Much that is curious and entertaining is here mixed with considerable information of a useful character.

Of solid books there are many which may well find their way into the library of the young man who is determined systematically to study for brokerage as he would for a profession. Poors' Manual of Railroads (H. V. & W. H. Poor, New York), and Moody's Manual of Industrial and Miscellaneous Securities (O. C. Lewis Co., 6 Wall Street, New York), are essential. In connection with the latter volume it should be said that information regarding the industrial securities is exceedingly difficult to obtain, as these institutions do not issue anything in the line of official literature which corresponds with the elaborate annual reports put out by the railroad companies.

Another excellent handbook of this class is the Manual of Statistics, edited by Henry E. Wallace, and published by Chas. H. Nicoll, New York. This covers all kinds of securities. American Investments Classified is a useful volume by Curtis G. Harraman, 35 Nassau Street, New York. Its information is taken from official sources and relates to investors as well as investments of all classes.

American Street Railway Investments, issued as a supplement to the Street Railway Journal, 120 Liberty Street, New York, is a valuable annual which covers, in a very comprehensive and systematic way, the entire street railway situation of this country, giving the population of every city or town in the country having a surface system, the conditions governing franchises, the amount and nature of stock and bond issues, the time of annual meetings, and the value of plants and equipment.

If the young broker has followed the course of study indicated as essential to his groundwork and still longs for more, he may well spare the time to read Maurice L. Muhleman's Monetary Systems of the World, published by Chas. H. Nicoll, New York. However, he should remember that much of the reading here suggested is of a perpetual character, that the crop of official reports and annuals is perennial, and that the broker who is thoroughly alive must keep up with this fresh harvest of information.

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AN EARLY WRECK

BY WILL PAYNE

CRESSET himself manipulated the ink-roller, for that part of the operation required most judgment. His daughter Lydia fastened the sheets of white paper in the fly and lowered this fly over the bed of type. Bob Terhune pulled at the lever which rolled the bed under the press, then gave a mighty jerk to make the imprint. In this way Number 1, Volume I of the Blue Ridge Eagle was printed.

The press lever was as big as a kitchen rolling-pin. Bob grasped it with both hands. The sleeves of his hickory shirt were turned up to the elbows. He wore a long inky apron. Perspiration dripped from his face. He jerked so hard that the floor, where the feet of the press were screwed down, hopped up a little at every imprint. But he had never been so happy before in his life.

Cresset's shirt-sleeves were rolled up and he had daubed himself with ink like a Sioux with war-paint. There was ink in his red whiskers and even a smutch on his high, bald, shiny forehead—for the editor was only an amateur, having given up his twenty-year job as assistant station agent and telegraph operator in Marmion, Ohio, only a month before. But the very smell of the ink was a joy to him, for here he was with his newspaper at last.

Lydia Cresset laughed over her work. She alone was spotless. With the broad, white sheets of unprinted paper she had made a pair of enormous cuffs to go over the sleeves of her cotton waist, and a bib, pinned on before, and a mob cap that sat jauntily over her yellow, fluffy hair. In the small, staid town of Marmion, Ohio, the lifelong job of assistant station agent had fixed the family's caste. Miss Lydia was happy to get away. In Blue Ridge she felt herself already becoming a success. She was twenty-seven, with light blue eyes and a kind of fragile, somewhat faded prettiness.

The paper cuffs and cap had a certain picturesqueness. Bob Terhune looked that way again and again with a helpless and guilty dumbness and a happily quaking heart. He was a size and a half larger than Cresset and seventeen years old. His hands and feet seemed to have outgrown the rest of him. When for the second time Lydia glanced up and caught him looking at her in that helpless and dumbly guilty way, he turned red and gave so mighty a jerk on the lever that he nearly wrenched the press from the floor.

The room was shedlike, without ceiling or plaster. Its bare ribs of two-by-four pine scantling were new as when they came from the mill, and in the unpainted floor of smooth boards the heads of the nails shone fresh and sharp as new-minted coins. Everything in Blue Ridge was that new. The main street was hardly more than a dusty wagon track over the prairie grass. The half-dozen store buildings either shone with spotlessly clean boards and shingles or glistened and smelled with new paint. The ties, rails and spikes of the railroad track looked too new to be used. From the clean plank platform of the little station one could look across the floor of green prairie and see the construction gang, with its smoking engine, cars and derrick, laying the ties and rails, and the long, diminishing line of clay grading, brand-new and straight as a ruler, running on across the level, untouched land toward the Rocky Mountains. The great floor of prairie swelled gently up to Blue Ridge. The view was unbroken for many miles. There were no trees—only the vast reach of green land with a great high blue sky above it. And this landscape, too, seemed new, as though it had just been made and the improvements had not yet been put in. The new boards and shingles of Blue Ridge seemed proper to it. All gave an effect of freshness, of a place untouched and unmarred, where everything might be hoped for.

Every one in Blue Ridge responded to this exhilarating effect of freely offered, untrammeled opportunity.

And the town was growing almost miraculously. The handful of first settlers—now two months old in that dignity—had fully prepared themselves to be astonished in this respect; but the astonishment outran their preparation. The first number of the Eagle counted up fourteen separate business enterprises already either actually established or practically assured, beginning with P. A. Trimble's mammoth elevator and corncrib and J. F. Hensen's spacious, well-stocked general store, and ending with D. J. Duffy, an able blacksmith and wheelwright, who was looking for a location, a shop and some tools.

Well toward the head of the list appeared "James E. Tyce, attorney and counselor-at-law, who has already taken up quarters at the Blue Ridge House, and whose shingle will soon be flung to the breeze from the new offices in the Hensen Block." The Hensen Block was the only two-story building so far.

The shingle was flung to the breeze early in the Eagle's second week. Tyce contemplated it from his comfortable wooden chair under the board awning of the Blue Ridge House across the street. In spite of Blue Ridge's astonishing growth there was not much to do as yet but sit around and wait for some business to turn up.

The lawyer was forty-five, angular, with a face that looked concave from the prominent brow above and the projection of stiff black whiskers below. His eye was watery. He wore a presentable long frock coat, well brushed, a clean standing collar and starched shirt, and a black slouch hat. He had done nothing in particular for a week save take his meals regularly at the one long pine table in the unplastered dining-room of the Blue Ridge House. But he had at once become a leading citizen—perhaps the leading citizen.

He looked up at the sign which swung from an arm that projected from the window-casing in the second-story, and he commented to himself: "If I were really as bright as some people think me, now, I suppose I'd go up and hang myself there instead of a shingle—'Our able fellow-citizen, James E. Tyce, Esquire, flung himself to the breeze in front of the Hensen Block at ten o'clock last Tuesday. Mr. Tyce had a fine mind and a long figure that looked well hanging'—if I could get the editor to put it in that way I guess I'd do it."

Nevertheless, James E. Tyce, Esquire, was sensible of the fine brand-newness. The mellow, flattering June day over that great open world of prairie could not have been improved. He had even been genuinely interested in the tremendous news that Blue Ridge was to have a bank at once. Everything came at once if it came at all. On Monday a carload of brick arrived at Blue Ridge. That in itself was sensational, and immediately every one knew that when Sam Sutton, of Tremont, bought the lot next the post-office two weeks before it had really been to put a bank on it. But the secret had been kept lest somebody else should rush in ahead.

Two wagon-loads of brick had already been hauled past the Blue Ridge House that morning. A trench two feet deep outlining a parallelogram forty feet long and eighteen wide had been dug in the Sutton lot. The bricklayer, imported like the brick from Tremont, had mixed his box of mortar. Where the principal occupation was watching the town grow these vigorous indications that Blue Ridge was to have a bank, and a brick bank, out of hand, overcame all other interests. A group of men stood on the rank, trodden and dusty grass where the sidewalk would be and watched with deep interest while the mason leveled the bottom of the trench and settled a plank into place—this being the only foundation needed. Sutton was there, a fat, youngish man with stubbly whiskers, who looked as though a bath would do him good. Beside him stood a new figure—Hynes, who was to be junior partner in the bank, a tall man with a thick yellow beard. Trimble, Hensen, Duffy and other leading citizens were there. Lafe had come out of his "place" in his white bar-keeper's apron, and looked on with good-humored approval.

LYDIA CRESSET AND BOB TERHUNE

Across the road Bob Terhune stared from the window of the Eagle office in his inky apron, a "stick" in which he had been putting type with slow, infinite pains still in his awkward hand. Miss Lydia, a "stick" in her hand, pressed against him and peered over his shoulder, so that his heart pumped in the base of his throat with a kind of painful ecstasy and his hand trembled.

"Oh, they're going to lay the corner-stone! I'm going over," said Miss Lydia excitedly. She put down the "stick" and tore off the paper cuffs, still looking out of the window. "There comes Mr. Tyce. Maybe he'll make a speech," she cried with a new flutter, and ran out bareheaded.

Tyce, moving leisurely up the street, saw Miss Lydia coming across the road, and stopped. His tall, angular figure drew itself up in a martial way. He lifted his black slouch hat and made her a bow which—as Miss Lydia was rather acutely aware—could not have been matched elsewhere in Blue Ridge. She stepped beside him with a little, well-preserved, maidenly laugh of self-consciousness, and they walked to the bank together. The workman, in his limy clothes, held a brick in one hand, a trowel in the other.

Trimble spoke up. "Say, this here's a sort o' Fourth of July. We oughtar have a speech by rights." He looked at Tyce, a-grin.

"Sure! A speech," said Hensen.

"That's right! A speech!" said Duffy.

"Well, gentlemen, if you elect me orator of the day on such short notice," said Tyce. He stepped down beside the workman, took off his hat gravely and faced the knot of loafing men amid their few dots of brand-new pine houses on the great floor of green new prairie.

"On another memorable occasion another orator imagined a child lifting a corner of the curtain and peeping at the glorious future of America. But that orator never imagined so far as to behold the foundation of a great institution of finance on the trackless brim of the American desert. We stand at the joint between the old and the new, at the surf-line, as you may say. While with one hand we inherit the virgin soil from the shiftless Indian and the migratory buffalo, with the other we inherit all that civilized man has accomplished. We bring commerce, education, all the arts and graces"—here he turned his grave, oratorical face to Duffy, who had stopped chewing his tobacco in admiration and was absently scratching his ankle with the toe of his wrinkled cowhide boot—"all the arts and graces to plant them in a new soil, as we plant this brick." He lowered his voice to a more conversational tone. "The soil is rich, gentlemen. We can make this seed-brick grow like a Jonah's gourd into stores, warehouses, offices, long streets of prosperous business, by a husbandry of faith, works and good will."

"Well, by Jinks, that's all right, too!" Duffy exclaimed loudly, looking around at Trimble, who nodded approval.

Tyce had put on his hat, but he spoke up again. "It occurs to me that we need another hand. A woman dedicates the ship. I think a woman ought to lay the corner-stone—whether it's a brick or not."

Miss Lydia, the only woman present, blushed slightly with her little, well-preserved, maidenly laugh.

"Sure! Of course!" Everybody seconded the motion. Tyce took off his hat, reached up his hand gallantly and assisted Miss Lydia to skip, not too ungracefully, into the trench. Her gentle hand, guided by the rude hand of the good-natured workman, laid the brick in place.

When Tyce and Miss Lydia came up to the strip of trampled grass where the sidewalk should have been they paused a moment, talking. Tyce was aware that the better part of his late audience was stringing into Lafe's Place, some with a backward glance over the shoulder, and that Lafe, who stood holding open his hospitable door, was looking toward him expectantly. But he walked across the street to the Eagle office with Lydia Cresset, and loitered before the door a moment gallantly.

Bob Terhune had witnessed the ceremony from the window of the Eagle office, had seen Miss Lydia meet the lawyer, helped into the trench to lay the brick, helped out again; had seen the first loitering, the stroll

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across the street. Tyce was the big man, the capable hero of the occasion. Miss Lydia kept looking up at him with her little self-conscious laugh.

Bob could scarcely see the boxes of type at which his big, stumbling fingers slowly picked. He had a miserable underconsciousness that he was setting half the letters wrong side up, instead of only a quarter, as usual. But he seemed unable to help that. He stumbled along with it, his aching heart as heavy as lead. He knew that Tyce ate at the table with her at the Blue Ridge House, anyway.

Meantime Tyce was strolling back to the hotel. "I suppose I'd better have taken the drinks while everybody was setting 'em up," he reflected. "Next time I want a drink and do take it I'll have to pay for it." He had twelve dollars to his name.

After the corner-stone things moved swimmingly. Editor Cresset was in a continual state of joyous excitement over the rumors of important additions to Blue Ridge's business. Most of the rumors turned out to be baseless, and the paper was not exactly paying as yet—that is, he was not getting enough real money out of it to pay the twelve or thirteen dollars a week that the white paper, printed on one side with "patent insides," cost him. He thought he could get an extension of the mortgage on the outfit, however, and altogether his prospect looked very hopeful.

The wall of the new bank was a foot above the ground, and Bob was looking over at it miserably, for Mr. Tyce had loitered in and was talking to Lydia. It was Saturday—always a sort of fair—and there were more than a dozen farm wagons in town.

Those in the Eagle office heard a pistol shot, a mortal scream, another pistol shot.

Men were running and shouting. There was the piercing wail of a woman's voice, yells and oaths. The little town seemed suddenly thrown into fury.

Miss Lydia began crying and wringing her hands and flung herself hysterically upon her father, who was about to rush out.

"No! No! You'll be killed! No! No! Oh, what is it? What is it?"

Tyce's angular form was drawn up straight. "Don't be afraid," he said tersely. "It's just a row!"

Bob, wide-eyed, a-tremble with excitement, ran to the door, "stick" in hand. He was confusedly uncertain what to do. He looked over his shoulder at Lydia, crying and clinging hysterically to her father, and up the street to the butcher's tiny shop, where the men were surging in. He heard shouts, parts of words, that piercing wail of a woman's voice.

The young Swede, Hensen's clerk, ran by with his store apron on, and as he ran by he explained wildly to Bob, "He is kill Hermann the butcher: now he be hang!"

When Bob, wide-eyed and confused, glanced over his shoulder at Lydia, he saw that Tyce was standing alone in the middle of the floor, listening to the sounds from without and gnawing at his beard as though he would eat it up. Amid his own turmoil Bob was subconsciously aware that an extraordinary excitement possessed the lawyer. When the boy's staring eyes met the eyes of the man there was an odd flame in them.

In barely three minutes the tumult quieted down. The men disappeared. All was still. And to three of those in the printing-office this sudden quiet and the disappearance of the men were as mystifying and vaguely full of terror as the tumult which had gone before. Lydia still clung to her father. Bob stared now into the street, now back into the shop. Tyce stood in the middle of the room, gnawing his beard, the hand at his side knotted into a fist.

A little later Bob saw Duffy and another man cutting across-lots back of the post-office. In a few minutes other men began to drift back into the street casually. In a very short time they knew what had happened.

"The crazy cowboy," a character who had appeared in town a week before, no one knew whence, and excited languid amusement by his antics and eccentricities, had gone into the butcher-shop and demanded a link of sausage. Good-natured little Hermann, in his thick German accent, suggested payment for other links. The other then said, "I am the king of kings," drew a six-shooter and fired twice.

When the men arrived the little butcher lay dead in his own shop. His wife was shrieking over him. The cowboy stood in the doorway with a smoking pistol in his hand.

The dead body and the wailing wife settled it very promptly. The cowboy was taken to the livery stable and hanged.

A horror descended upon Cresset—fresh from peaceful Marmion, Ohio—out of the fine, free, blue sky. He could scarcely believe it. Why, the man was clearly insane! Everybody in town knew he was crazy!

But there was another point of view. "Crazy!" said Duffy. "Well, suppose he was crazy! Little Hermann's just as dead, ain't he? Being crazy don't help the widow and orphans. We won't have things of that kind going on here."

"That's what I say," said Trimble. "We've got to make this here a law-abiding community, crazy or no crazy."

Tyce spoke casually to the editor about it. "Things of that kind happen in a new country and a new town, more or

"THAT WILL DO," HE SAID IN A DECISIVE WAY

less incidentally. I've been in a good many new towns in the West. The sense of an organized society doesn't penetrate them until they get older. Their fundamental feeling is all right. They hate murder so much and are so determined to discourage it, and they have so intimate a sense that they are the government, that the simple expedient of lynching the murderer comes into play almost of itself. I wouldn't take it too seriously. It's hard to run against the united sentiment of the community in which you live."

Bob Terhune heard Tyce say that, and judged him. It had come to the boy before that this man of new towns had known perfectly what was going on; that when he stood in the printing-office gnawing the point of his beard he knew that somebody had been shot and somebody else was going to be lynched; but he would not go out and try to interfere. Bob was still very miserable—acutely aware that he was only a clumsy boy who could give no better account of himself in the world than that he was trying laboriously to learn the printer's trade. Miss Lydia didn't care for him. He couldn't make a speech, he couldn't step out and command the attention of men and be the hero of a public occasion. It was natural that Miss Lydia should overlook him and turn with admiration to the mature, accomplished, commanding Tyce. But this man of whom she made her hero was not heroic at all. Bob was modest, but his mind lifted with the great thought that for Lydia's sake he would not have failed. He took a certain jealous comfort in this, although he looked at Miss Lydia's fluffy back hair more sadly than ever.

Then he overheard Mr. Cresset declare to her, "Tyce is a man of no moral principle!" And his heart quaked with hope.

He overheard this because the door in the back of the shop was open that morning when he was sweeping out. The shed which held the printing-office was divided in two parts—the office in front and two unceiled, unplastered bedrooms with a tiny hall between in the rear. Mr. Cresset and his daughter lodged there, taking their meals in the hotel.

Bob did not know what the debate between father and daughter was about; but he perceived that something had come over the little editor. Cresset was less alive to the all-important "locals"; he had an air of constrained excitement, and he sat at his bare pine table by the hour, writing, with frequent references to the Bible and Manual of American History, which contained the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. He wrote, erased, tore up the sheet and wrote it over, wearing his pencil down to the middle and burning the midnight oil. Miss Lydia herself set the copy, but Bob saw some of the proofs, and he gathered that the Eagle was going to take high ground; that its leading article was to be a reprobation of lynching and a sharp spur to the torpid moral sense of the community.

As Cresset wrote and re-wrote and consulted his reference books he grew stronger in the faith. He told Lydia, with a tremor of excitement and a blush for the boast, that he believed it was going to be a trumpet-blast.

Cresset's article occupied three double-leaded, ill-printed and misspelled columns on the front page of the Eagle. In the height of his fervor he wound up:

> It would be better, not only for Blue Ridge, for Blue County, for Western Nebraska and for the United States of America, but for these misguided individuals themselves, if the district attorney took due cognizance of their crime and prosecuted them to the full extent of the law therefor. If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out.

No trumpet-blast could have created a greater sensation in Blue Ridge. It is one thing to hang a man in an excess of righteous indignation and quite another to be loudly called upon to face formal prosecution for the inadvertence. Cresset was shunned on the street with cold looks the day after the Eagle appeared. He received grim scrawls from Mr. Trimble and Mr. Hensen ordering their advertisements taken out and their subscriptions discontinued. On Saturday, when the weekly traders drove in—many of whom had assisted in upholding law and order at the livery-stable the week before—an atmosphere of trouble pervaded the town.

In the afternoon Hensen's Swede boy met Bob Terhune on the sidewalk before the post-office.

"I tank better you not stay by d' print-office to-night," said the Swede boy, and put his tongue in his cheek with an insulting wink.

Lafe's place was doing a rushing business.

Mr. Cresset and Miss Lydia kept off the street. They did not go to the Blue Ridge House for supper, but nervously ate some sandwiches in the back part of the shanty. The printing-office was closed at three o'clock, and when the sun went down all was dark there, both in the office and in the two living-rooms at the rear. Bob sat behind the press, thinking. "He was mean; he did not risk himself for her before."

It was half-past ten when they lifted the latch of the front door and softly pressed against the lock. The bolt was shot, but in a moment the impact of three shoulders shattered the frail pine barrier, and they poured in, Duffy holding up a lantern. The ample light from the lantern disclosed the meagre printing outfit. Duffy put the lantern on the table and upset the printer's "case." Then they saw Bob Terhune, a great, lank, overgrown pup of a boy, in his inky apron, standing against the inner door, a stove poker in his bony, awkward hands and a flame in his blue eyes.

"You don't come in here!" he sang out.

Inanimate things—such as a poor little hand-press, a printer's case and a pine table—are unsatisfactory objects for regulatory wrath. So there was a rush forward for the flesh and blood.

Within a minute and a half one regulator was lopping uncertainly over the press, seeing stars in his daze; another was nursing a broken arm; a third was spitting out his teeth with blood and profanity; Bob Terhune lay on the floor, crimson billows reeling across his vision; and Duffy was holding by the barrel the Colt's revolver, the butt of which had just collided twice with Bob's skull.

Duffy was about to bring the butt of the revolver in action again, and Jim Johnson's hired man was in the act of stepping forward with a heavy boot heel uplifted, when James E. Tyce, Esquire, shouldered a way through the room.

Tyce was prompt. He bestrode Bob's prostrate body. There was a revolver in his hand.

"That will do," he said in a decisive way.

There was the air of an expert about the seedy lawyer; something which suggested the man who had been there before, who knew what to do and was capable of doing it.

(Continued on Page 16)

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OUR AMERICAN SNOBS

In Which Mrs. Foxglove Secures a Beat for the Planet and Learns the True Inwardness of Her Nickel-Plush Friends

By JAMES L. FORD

FOR three months Mrs. Foxglove labored diligently and cheerfully as a member of the Planet's staff on a salary that left her a surplus for the payment of her debts—and let it be said that that was her first care—and the purchase of new clothes and many other articles for herself and her daughter.

Meantime, her face grew brighter, her form rounder and her step more springy, so that I comforted myself with the thought that the connection had proved of distinct benefit to her, although not in the way that I had intended. Indeed, so far from opening her eyes to the hollowness of the gods that she had been worshiping, her work as a fashion writer seemed only to draw her into closer affiliation with those members of the Nickel-Plush aristocracy whom she was called upon to exploit. Too well-bred to speak of her important friends in the presence of the vulgarians at Mrs. Catnip's table, she nevertheless told me that they had all been wonderfully kind to her, and none more so than the same Mrs. Fen Bertram who but a short time before had invited her out for a drive and then permitted her to walk home by herself in the rain.

"You've no idea how nice Mrs. 'Fen' has been to me," she cried artlessly. "She even insisted upon my bringing little Alice up to call on her, and she liked the child so much that she actually got up a little theatre party for her and invited some of the very nicest young people to meet her. Besides that, she had a photograph taken expressly for me, and when she found how much I liked it she said that although she never allowed her picture to appear in the newspapers she would let me use it in the Planet if it would do me any good. Of course I couldn't think of imposing on her in this way, so I just had it framed to hang up over my looking-glass. She even spoke to me two or three times about it and seemed annoyed that I didn't take advantage of her offer. That shows you what a good heart that woman has, even if she is fashionable."

It was not long after this that the old look of sadness and anxiety that I had come to know so well returned to the face of the little Southern widow. Her eyes began to lose their brightness, her step became heavy and tired. I learned that she was getting into debt again, and then Charley Bland told me, in reply to a confidential inquiry, that Mrs. Foxglove had proved something of a disappointment, owing to her unwillingness or inability to secure for the Sunday Planet society stories of the sort that were wanted. She had been dropped from the salary list and put on space, with a view to stimulating her to her very best efforts, or, as Mr. Bland gracefully put it, in order to "starve some good stories out of her." All this was, of course, very painful news to me.

Then there came the momentous day when young Kimball Shorthorn, a particular friend of Mrs. Fen Bertram's, made up his mind to open his Smart Set Delicatessen Shop, and Mrs. Catnip's boarding-house was shaken to its foundations at the tidings, as conveyed in the two columns of Planet space consumed by Mrs. Foxglove in chronicling that important event.

"Here's a pretty how-de-do!" cried Mrs. Taffeta; "I'd like to know what Mrs. 'Fen' Bertram will have to say, now that Kim's goin' to sell cheese across the counter. Mebbe she'll give him an order for to serve her with all her eggs an' butter. I'll bet Mrs. Vanastorbilt and her boy Joey'll feel pretty sick when they read their paper this mornin'. I'd give a farm to hev her come along an' see him with a white apron on to him, a-carryin' out a peck o' sweet potatoes to put into the grocery cart." (Mrs. Taffeta can be terribly sarcastic when occasion demands it.)

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Grinders, as usual agape with wonder, "you don't mean that he'll actually wear a long white apron and wait on the Four Hundred folks the same as if he was a clerk in a corner grocery?"

"I dunno," retorted the sardonic Mrs. Taffeta. "If he does, 'twon't be the first time there's been a white apron wore in his family."

"Well, I'm goin' right up there the first day he opens, jest so I can say I've bought something across the counter from a member of the Four Hundred," said the admirable and intelligent Mrs. Grinders with much eagerness; and I saw at once that young Shorthorn was in a fair way to build up a profitable and subservient trade.

Mrs. Taffeta was right in her statement about the white apron, for it was Kimball's father who laid the foundations of the great fortune that his widow and daughters dissipated in such a short time after his death. He began life as a butcher, and sold meat in a white apron until his business became so large that he relegated that part of it to his subordinates and devoted himself to his wholesale interests. He remained in "trade," however, until the very last, and I have always understood that he enjoyed the respect of his business associates for his probity, sober sense and other homely virtues. If he could have been told that the press of his native country—that tireless engine of benevolence, humanity and progress—was destined to become hysterical over the fact that the youngest and, as he always supposed, the most foolish of his sons, had opened a delicatessen store, he would have gone to his death with the firm belief that he was better out of a world that was most assuredly running mad.

Yes, Kimball Shorthorn was going into trade and our boarding-house was convulsed over that important circumstance. As to the members of the Four Hundred, Mrs. Foxglove declared, of course at the usual column rate, that they were "agog" over the young man's proposed enterprise, and that in the boxes at the opera, at the dinner-tables of the wealthy and great and in the boudoirs of the fairest and most charming women, it was the sole topic of conversation.

"Just think!" said Mrs. Foxglove when we met in the drawing-room; "it was I that caused all that excitement downstairs, with my special story about young Shorthorn. I do wish you'd read it over carefully and let me know what you think of it," she continued wistfully; "I haven't been very fortunate in the office lately and I was hoping that this exclusive story that I got for them would make them think rather better of me."

"I've just finished reading it," I replied, "for I knew it was yours and I was curious to see how you were getting on. You have certainly made great progress."

"You really think so!" she exclaimed delightedly. "Then there is some chance of my learning to write well, after all!"

"I didn't say anything about writing well, but that is unquestionably an excellent lying story of the kind that the Sunday Planet is always looking for. You've got about as much untruth crowded into that two columns——"

"Why, he *is* going to open a shop. The lease was signed yesterday. It isn't untrue at all."

"My dear Mrs. Foxglove," I said soothingly, for she had flared up according to her not uncommon habit, "it may be true that the young donkey is going to sell sausage and pickles, but of what consequence is that in comparison with the mendacity that pervades every other line that you've written? Now, please listen to me without getting excited. You say that the members of the Four Hundred are agog over the news and that New York society is shaken to its foundations. Have you seen or heard of any one who has betrayed the slightest emotion at the tidings except that silly Grinders woman? And she takes leave of her few wits every time there's a wedding in Grace Church. You say, moreover, that the question asked everywhere is 'What will the Vanastorbilts say?' Did you ever hear any one ask such an idiotic question as that? If you did, the right answer is that the Vanastorbilts won't say anything at all. Then you convey the idea that the best society in New York looks with contempt upon any man who is in trade, whereas you know perfectly well that there is scarcely a family of any position whatever in this country that does not owe its wealth to trade. Can you name a single multi-millionaire who is not or has not been directly interested in some great commercial undertaking? One is in the oil trade; another carries freight and passengers about the country for a scheduled rate of compensation; a third makes shrewd real estate investments and has mastered the trade of building and renting houses and doing as little as possible in the way of repairs, while a fourth owes his fortune to the trade of politics which he has made remunerative. I can assure you that if a guest at the gold-laden table of the Vanastorbilts were to speak of commerce and those who follow it in the same contemptuous, sneering tone that you assume in the Sunday Planet, he would not be asked to stretch his legs under that mahogany again because of the grievousness of his offense."

"Well, that's the way they wanted it written and I had to do it," she said apologetically, and then added: "You see, the idea in the society page is to follow the English model and to assume that our society is like that of England——"

"And so, of course, your society column takes its style from the servants' hall just as the imitation Englishman takes his from those unspeakable cads who are permitted to sow the seeds of vulgarity in our clubs and drawing-rooms on the strength of some vague rumor, usually set afloat by themselves, that they are 'well connected'! How much prejudice against trade do you imagine exists among noblemen who are almost entirely given over to money-making, even to the extent of selling the game shot by their own guests? I can tell you that there is more of this sort of prejudice in the Duchess' novels than in the House of Lords. As for caste, it is making its last stand in the servants' halls, where the valet of the city magnate—no matter what his master's wealth—cuts a very poor figure indeed in comparison with the Duke's own gentleman and her ladyship's confidential maid. However, you have written an excellent Planet story and one that will certainly advance you materially in the esteem of Mr. Barshfield and his chief lieutenants."

"I'm sure I hope it will," she replied sadly, and then added with a deep sigh, "somehow everything that I do nowadays seems to turn out badly. Here I'm in a peck of trouble about Alice. I told you how nice Mrs. Bertram had been to her and how she'd introduced her to a number of her daughter's little friends? Well, just because she fancied that they were not nice to her she has refused to go to see them any more. That's the result of trying to have her grow up with a nice set of young people of the very best social position, who will be useful to her in after life. I hope to see Alice married before I die and in a few years these boys will be old enough to beau her round."

"Good Heavens!" I broke out, "you've already told me of the treatment your daughter has received at the hands of mere boys of twelve and fifteen at the Nickel-Plush Dancing Academy! Don't you know that fully ninety per cent. of the young men whom you look upon as such desirable associates for your daughter are simply those same dancing-school boys grown to a sort of premature manhood and raised to the nth power of snobbishness, heartless selfishness and complete worthlessness?"

"I don't see why you say such dreadful things of young men just because they're in society," whimpered Mrs. Foxglove.

"I don't say dreadful things because these young men are in society, but because I'm speaking the truth, and if you don't believe me, you have only to ask any one who really knows the town whether there is to be found on the surface of the earth a more thoroughly undesirable swarm of young men than those who make up the Park Row garbage heap known as 'among those present.' In my very young days, when New York's leisure class was much smaller than it is now and dancing men of presentable appearance far scarcer, there was a sexton named Brown who supplied society with all sorts of useful commodities, including male guests. These latter, who were known as 'Brown's young men,' were a band of agile youths who were willing to dance for hours at a stretch and with abundant vigor and grace, no matter what partners were selected for them. For their services they claimed no reward save the supper—they were famous trenchermen, these young men of Brown's—and the pleasure of being 'in society.' Few of them were to the manner born—if it be anything to be born to the manner of those who look to a sexton for their guests—but Brown was responsible for them and seldom indeed did one hear of misbehavior on the part of his brigade of dancing young men. Most of them followed humble callings when not engaged in their professionally social duties, toiling cheerfully in the marts of the retail trade by day and chasing the flying hours of night with nimble feet. They were infinitely superior in character, infinitely more desirable as husbands than the swarm of cheap dudes who go to make up the 'also-rans' of Nickel-Plush society. These bear about the same relation to the old Brown's brigade that the poorest class of uncared-for free negroes do to the well-kept, well-treated slaves that could have been found on scores of Kentucky and Virginia farms in the ante-bellum days."

Two days later I was suddenly called away to a distant part of the country, and for six weeks heard nothing of Mrs. Foxglove and did not see even a single copy of the Planet. During this time I began no less than four letters to the young widow, but tore each one of them up because I found it impossible, owing to certain new and indefinable feelings, to express myself satisfactorily. On my return to New York my first inquiry was of Mrs. Foxglove.

"She's not with us any more," said Mrs. Catnip, and I knew at once that something had gone wrong.

"Not here any more!" I exclaimed. "Why, what's the matter? I do hope nothing serious has happened," and I followed Mrs. Catnip into her own little sitting-room and closed the door behind me. And thus encouraged, my excellent landlady told me of what had happened during my absence.

"Of course," said Mrs. Catnip, who is a plain-spoken woman of great common-sense, "you only meant what was right when you got her that job on the Planet, and Heaven knows the poor thing needed a regular income about that time, for she was way in debt to me, to say nothing of owing money to dressmakers and shoemakers and what not for her

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of Mr. Ford's papers on Our American Snobs. The eighth and last will appear in an early number.

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clothes and Alice's, and right on top of it all she must send the child to that highfalutin Nickel-Plush Dancin' Academy, where the poor little thing was that set upon that her life was made miserable, and her mother had to take her out when all the lessons were paid for in advance.

"Well, as I was sayin', you meant only right by her when you got her that job, and for a time she certainly did well there an' made good wages an' got 'em regular. An' this I will say for her, if I was took out o' the world to-morrow, that whatever she got of a Monday, which is the regular pay day there, she brought straight to me till every penny she owed me was settled. Oh, she's an honorable woman as ever was, an' that's the reason I didn't want her to go away. 'Mrs. Foxglove,' says I, 'just stay with me till you get on your feet again an' then when you have money comin' in regular you can settle up the back account.' But no, she said she'd go to a cheaper place rather than owe money to me again."

"But did she lose her position on the Planet?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, she lost it a couple of weeks after you left, and it come about in this way: You know the Planet's great for publishing all sorts of society scandals and they kind o' looked to her—knowing that she was associating with the gilt-edged set—to get hold of anything that was happening and fetch it down to the office. Meantime she'd been took up by that Mrs. Bertram and that Codliver critter that Mrs. Taffeta and Mrs. Grinders is always talkin' about, an' she got the idea into her head that the photographs they give her an' the stories they told her about this one an' that were just for her own private benefit and not to be put in the paper. I knew better, of course, but I couldn't make her see it. 'For the land's sake,' I said to her a dozen times over, right here in this room where we're a-settin' now, 'for the land's sake,' says I, 'what do you suppose they tell you those stories for except to print in the paper? Do they give you photographs that cost five dollars apiece just to put on your dressing-table?' But 'twa'n't no use talkin' to her. She wouldn't have it. So things went on till finally she come in here one night looking fearful worried an' told me they'd sent her up to find out what she could about the trouble between that Grimshawe and his wife, an' it seems she'd known all about it for a week. She got it straight from Mrs. Bertram, who come down here post haste in her carriage one afternoon an' took her out to drive, an' I knew when I see her settin' outside waitin' for her that she had some kind of an ax to grind. A woman with as hard a face as that Bertram woman has got don't go round askin' poor little widows out to drive unless she can make something out of them. Anyway, as soon as she got her in the carriage she commenced an' told her the whole story from beginnin' to end, an' how Mrs. Codliver's brother Tom was into it in some way an' had had to go way off to South America so's not to have papers served on to him. 'Well,' says I, when she'd finished tellin' about it, 'that woman told you that story because she wanted it printed, an' the best thing you can do is to go right down there an' tell 'em everything you know. It's the Planet folks that pays you your wages, an' it's precious little you'd get out of the Codlivers or Mrs. Bertram or any of the rest of those high flyers if you was to lose your position.' Oh, she couldn't believe that Mrs. Bertram ever thought of such a thing as havin' the story put into the papers when she told it to her. Anyway, she thought more of her friendship an' of trainin' with her than she did of her job on the newspaper.

"The next day the Megaphone come out with the whole thing printed an' the Lord knows how many pictures of everybody that there was into it. You'll hear about it when you come to the dinner-table to-night, for Mrs. Grinders ain't got done talkin' about it yet, though it's nigh on to a month ago. Well, there was a pretty how-to-do down in the office when they found the Megaphone had got the article, and the worst of it was that it came through Mrs. Bertram herself, and she had the impudence to say afterward that she gave it to Mrs. Foxglove first only she didn't seem to have enough pull to get it into the Planet. You'd better believe that Planet editor was mad clean through, an' he up an' fired Mrs. Foxglove as quick as 'scat.

"Up she goes to Mrs. Bertram, an' what do you think she says to her? She tells her right out that she was a fool not to use the story when she had it, an' asks her why it was she never printed her photograph in the society page when she took the trouble to go an' get one made especially for her? Then Mrs. Foxglove told her she'd lost her job an' she's never set eyes on her since. She's called on her two or three times an' written to her, but she hain't never answered and she's always 'out.' Mrs. Codliver's the same way, an' the dressmaker they introduced her to an' that she thought was givin' her clothes for nothin' is hollerin' for her money. There's your Four Hundred, an' thank God there's no more of 'em!"

"And where is Mrs. Foxglove now?" I asked.

"Here's her address," said Mrs. Catnip, "though mebbe I oughtn't to give it, for she told me she didn't want anybody to know where she was."

* * *

"Not even her most intimate friends?" I inquired searchingly.

"No; not even the tall Southern party. She had a fallin' out with him right after you left. He's a business man, you know, and as fine a gentleman as ever come into this house, an' she wrote an article—a foolish sort of a thing it was, too—sayin' as how folks that were in trade was looked down upon by the Four Hundred, an' when he read it he got awful mad—mebbe he thought it was a hit at him, though she never intended it that way. However, they had some words, an' when he went away he slammed the door so's the whole house shook. An' when she come out of her room two hours afterward her eyes were red and her cheeks pale. He come here once lookin' for her address, but I was out an' the servant couldn't give it to him. I hope he'll find her, though, an' it's my bounden duty to tell you, sir, that one of you two gentlemen ought to step up and talk turkey to that poor little widow after all the attentions you've been payin' her—the both of you—for that Southern party's just as much to blame as you. She's as fine a little lady as ever I knew—a fact that you're well aware of, as all the boarders can testify—and she'll make a grand wife for either one of you. That's right! Get up an' run the minute there's anything said about doin' your duty by yourself an' the human race! I declare, if that ain't just like a man."

I reached my room in a dazed condition, dropped into a chair and tried to wonder why it was that Mrs. Catnip's words had stirred me so deeply.

Just at dusk that evening I set forth from Mrs. Catnip's, a not unattractive figure, I flatter myself, clad in evening dress, with a light overcoat on my arm and a crush hat set at rather a rakish angle on my head. As I walked slowly down the rather shabby street in which Mrs. Foxglove lived, I heard more than one exclamation of surprise from the clusters of boarders who were enjoying the mild summer air on the front stoops. I had not gone far before I saw the familiar figure of the tall Southerner cross the street about a hundred feet in front of me and walk quickly up the boarder-encumbered steps of the house toward which I was rather diffidently making my way. For a single moment I paused and with trembling hands sought the support of the iron fence rail. With a supreme effort I marched on, looking neither to the right nor to the left until I reached the boarding-house in which the Southern widow lived. Then I turned my face and saw Loudon Buchanan sitting at the open window of the front drawing-room fanning himself with his Panama hat and waiting, just as I had seen him waiting on the principal sofa in Mrs. Catnip's front parlor.

The Watermelon-Way

By Frank L. Stanton

I bet you, *I bet you*, I'll be
  Comin' ter de scratch
W'en I sees de melon peepin'
  Thoo' de fence rail, in de patch!
  W'en he gettin' fat en roun'
  En des *kiverin'* de groun'.
En you thump him, en he answer
  Dat he red, en ripe, en soun'!

Den you'll fin' me any day
  Whar de watermelon stay.
Fer dey ain't no way so pleasant
  Ez de watermelon-way!

Ter think dat all de springtime,
  W'en it chill ez chill kin be,
He been sleepin' dar en dreamin'
  All his juicy dreams fer me!
  Dat de Sun dar, overhead,
  Fin' de place he make his bed.
En streak his sides wid white and green,
  En turn his heart ter red!

Oh, you'll fin' me any day
  Whar de watermelon stay.
Ez happy ez a Hoppergrass
  A-hoppin' 'cross de hay!

En I'll hunt a cool fence co'ner—
  Whar dey dunno whar I at,
One-half er him dis side er me,
  En t'other half on dat!
  En no roses er de South,
  In de dew or in de drouth,
Will be sweet ez dat dar honey
  Des a-meltin' in my mouth!

Den will come de holiday
  I been longin' fer sence May,
Fer de sweetes' way ter travel
  Is de watermelon-way!

"I hope he'll find her, though, an' it's my bounden duty to tell you, sir, that one of you two gentlemen ought to step up and talk turkey to that poor little widow after all the attentions you've been payin' her—the both of you—for that Southern party's just as much to blame as you. She's as fine a little lady as ever I knew—a fact that you're well aware of, as all the boarders can testify—and she'll make a grand wife for either one of you. That's right! Get up an' run the minute there's anything said about doin' your duty by yourself an' the human race! I declare, if that ain't just like a man."

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Promotion Pointers

By M. Martin Kallman

ANDREW CARNEGIE, J. T. Harahan, Harlow N. Higinbotham and other men of large affairs have put strong emphasis on this one thing: The young man who is afraid to know something and to do something outside his own special work or department stands a poor chance of winning promotion.

This is one of the soundest and most usable of all "pointers" offered by men of great achievement to those who are struggling for success.

Do I hear you exclaim:

"Oh, that's all right when you get up to a position of some little responsibility, but it won't work down among the five and eight dollar a week employees!"

Only a few months ago I was called professionally to serve an establishment doing an immense retail business of the department store order. When the shoe section was reached my attention was immediately attracted by the boyish face of the assistant superintendent.

"How did you come to pick so young a lad for this place?" I asked the manager of the establishment.

"Because he made us select him," was the reply. "He's only eighteen years old now and looks young for his age. When he came to us we gave him the position of door-boy. The place paid him only five dollars a week, but we told him something better might open up later if he made himself generally agreeable. He took the place cheerfully. Apparently there wasn't much chance for a display of business talent in tending a door through which hundreds of hurried patrons pass each day. But the boy was uniformly polite and attentive.

"One day he encountered a disgruntled customer who had brought back a pair of shoes. He was 'sore,' and wished to register his kick as soon as he entered the door. Naturally, the door-boy was the first employee he encountered and he told his woes to the lad. The boy was all attention, asked him questions, expressed regret for the mistake that had been made, and said: 'I'll get another boy to watch the door for a few minutes while I go with you to the shoe department and see that this matter is straightened out.' When they reached the shoe section the clerks were all busy. Perhaps they saw that the lad had a 'kicker' in tow. Anyhow, they were all engaged. But this didn't phase the boy. He went straight ahead and waited upon the man as effectively as if trained in the shoe business. The customer went away highly pleased and the boy returned to his work.

"I happened to miss the boy from the door, when he was upstairs, made inquiries and observations and learned just what he had done. That was enough for me; I knew that a boy who would go out of his way to do a thing of that kind and who could see it through as nicely as that boy did would make a good second man in the shoe department. And besides, I wanted to give the other employees an object-lesson of the principle that the one who isn't afraid to see a point and do a turn for the good of the house outside the narrow limits of his own particular job is bound to get pushed ahead."

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Despotism and Democracy

A Study in Washington Society and Politics

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CHAPTER IX.—(Concluded)

CRANE was perfectly silent. He did not speak a word from the time they left Senator Bicknell's house until they reached home. Annette said nothing to him. The conviction was deepening in her mind that her husband had secretly behaved ill to Senator Bicknell. Crane had revealed unconsciously that night many things which Senator Bicknell had not understood, but which Annette understood only too well. The slight agitation and discomposure which Crane had shown was not the mere shock of a grateful surprise. Annette detected that every word Crane had uttered to Senator Bicknell was false, that his apparent acceptance of the offer was false. The money was much, much to her; the loss of it, after it had been held up to her gaze, would be much; but the loss of Crane's integrity—ah, could that but be preserved she would go out and dig for him and for her children! She would slave, she would starve, she would do anything that any woman ever did that she might feel her children were the children of an honest man. She remembered there was such a thing as heredity, and she trembled at the thought that if Crane were really a scoundrel, as Senator Bicknell had said Governor Sanders was, her little black-eyed Roger might be a scoundrel, too, before he died. These thoughts, surging through her mind, kept her silent.

Crane felt her silence to be ominous as she felt his to be. As he sat dumb, by her side, his agitation increased instead of diminished. On what possible ground could he excuse to Annette, as well as to Senator Bicknell, his declination of such an offer? But he could not accept it—he was not yet a thorough villain. Had he been a free agent he would have preferred the splendid vista of power and preferment opened to him by his deal with Sanders to more money even than what was offered him—but he was not a free agent. He had promised Sanders, and if his nerve failed him he would be ruined by Sanders politically and perhaps personally as well. True, Sanders did not have a line of his writing—such agreements as theirs are not put on paper—nor had he, so far, borrowed a dollar from Sanders, although he expected to do so the first of the year, when his notes fell due.

While he was pondering these thoughts he found himself before the door of the great caravansary where they lived; and presently he was sitting in their little drawing-room, alone at last, and face to face with the strange circumstances which had befallen him. He sat in a great armchair, drawn up to the embers of the fire. On the table at his elbow a light was burning. He heard Annette go into the children's room and remain five minutes—she always said a little prayer above their cribs every night before she slept—then she went into her own room.

She turned on the light by her dressing-table and sat down to take off her few simple ornaments and the ribbon bow in her hair. The face that met her gaze in the mirror looked so strange that it frightened her. Yes, like Crane himself, she had been surprised at her own self-control, but she knew as well as she knew she was alive that Crane in some way had betrayed Senator Bicknell—the man who, after honestly admitting that Crane could serve him, was yet animated by a sincere wish to benefit Crane, and who had given him his first political start in life, and had treated him with unvarying kindness ever since.

The more she thought over what had happened that evening the more acute became her fear and her pain. She stopped in her employment, and leaning upon her arms sat motionless for a long time. Suddenly the distant chiming of a clock told her it was midnight. She roused herself and then, following an influence stronger than herself, went into the next room where Crane had been going through his agony alone. As she approached him he raised a pale and conscience-stricken face to hers, but it was quite calm. He had fought the battle out.

"Yes," he said, as if continuing aloud a consecutive train of thought, "I should be very grateful to you. I *am* grateful to you. No doubt Senator Bicknell was influenced very much in what he did by the admiration and respect he has for you. But it only makes it the harder for me."

"There should be no question of gratitude between you and me," replied Annette, coming closer to him.

"There is much—much. I have not realized until within the last few months how much I really owe you—but why do I say months? I might say the last few hours, the last few minutes; and I have also realized how much more I might have owed you, for I am beginning to think that few women are as well adapted as you are for the wife of a man like me. Not all women would have borne with poverty and seclusion as you have done."

A deep blush suffused Annette's face. The poverty and seclusion had been in a way forced upon her by him, but being a woman of invincible discretion she did not put her resentment into sarcastic words, or words at all. She stood by him silently, and seeing that Crane was striving to speak, awaited his words gently, laying her free hand on his shoulder.

At last it came—a full confession, made in broken words and phrases, but of which Annette understood every word.

"I could have stood anything but his kindness," said Crane with a pale face of woe. "That unnerved me completely. I made up my mind I could not accept the money—and then it occurred to me that you had a right to be consulted, and immediately I felt a conviction as loud as a clap of thunder, as penetrating as lightning, that you would never in the world let me accept that money. Ah, Annette, what a thing it is to have an upright wife! To feel that however weak and wavering a man may be, that half of his soul, of his heart, of his possessions, the half owner of his children, stands like a rock for truth and honesty! Thorndyke was saying something to me the other day about a man being upright instead of being made to be upright. I tell you, there are many men who can be made good or bad—and I am one of them—by their wives. Many a poor wretch to-day is a rascal who might have led an honest and respected life if only he had had a high-minded wife—like you. It is you who have saved me, and what a miserable return have I made you for all you have done for me!"

"What you have just said repays me for all, because you know I have always loved you—better than you cared to know, or than I cared to show during the last few years."

Crane rose and opened his arms to her. It was the sweetest moment of their lives. Shameful and dishonorable as Crane's course had been, here was one person who loved him, believed in him, and oh, wonder of love and faith! still honored and trusted him.

After their first rapture of love and forgiveness, action occurred to Annette's practical mind.

"Well, then," she said, as if a course of conduct had at once been revealed to her, "you must at once withdraw from your agreement with Governor Sanders. Of course, he will do everything he can to defeat you——"

"And he will."

"And we shall have to go back to Circleville and begin life over again, but I am sure you can do well at your profession—and remember, there is as much chance for an ambitious man in law as in politics."

"Yes—but you can't imagine how the life gets hold of one. It seems like death to me to leave Congress—and when I was steadily rising, too—and to be driven out ignominiously by a creature like Sanders! But I must do it—you would not let me do otherwise."

"Yes, I would not let you do otherwise. Then you must go to Senator Bicknell and tell him all."

"Do you think I should? Do you think I *could*?"

"Oh, yes. He must know it some time; he must know why you decline this scheme he has arranged to benefit you. You must go to him early to-morrow morning."

Crane looked at his watch.

"It is half-past twelve—he always sits up until two or three o'clock in the morning."

"Then go now."

"He will think my repentance a mere emotion; he will believe that my character was shown in my agreement with Sanders."

"No matter."

"Yes, no matter."

Annette gave him his coat and hat and gloves. He turned to kiss her, and instinctively he removed his hat with a respect that approached reverence. This pretty pebble which he had so lightly regarded had proved to be a jewel of great price.

Two hours later Crane reëntered the house and went softly to his own rooms. As he noiselessly opened the door of the drawing-room he saw that Annette had fallen asleep in the great chair in which she had found him. She had thrown a fur cape around her bare neck and arms, but it had slipped partly away, leaving her white throat exposed. There were traces of tears upon her cheeks, but her face, though mournful, was placid—and how young she looked! It seemed impossible that she should be the mother of two children as old as Roger and Elizabeth.

As Crane approached her quietly she stirred, opened her eyes and sat up, in full possession of her wits. Crane drew a chair up and took both her hands in his.

"I haven't felt so at ease in my mind since the day, last summer, that I first met Governor Sanders. I have repented and confessed."

"That is good," said Annette in a clear voice.

"I found Senator Bicknell just where I had left him in his den. I told him the whole story: how I had yielded, because I was poor and ambitious, where a better man would have resisted. I told him there was no fear of my falling away this time—that you would not let me—and if I had kept you with me and had taken you more into my confidence I believe I should never have entered into this damnable bargain with Sanders. The Senator was staggered at first. I don't believe the slightest idea of my being disloyal to him had entered his head, but as soon as he recovered from the first shock he behaved nobly. I told him that I had not written a line to Sanders, that he had not loaned me a penny—although I had expected to call upon him the first of January. Then Senator Bicknell said:

"'So you have not committed any overt act against me?'

"'No,' I said, 'but chiefly because the time was not ripe.'

"'You have, so far, only *agreed* to betray me?'

"I said yes—but that was crime enough. He reflected a while, and then he held out his hand and said:

"'Let bygones be bygones. Sanders will make you pay for this, and that will be punishment enough. But I am ready and willing to believe that, no matter how much you might have agreed to knife me, when the time came you wouldn't have done it. At the first moment we meet in private, at the first hint of kindness on my part, your resolution to do me wrong melts away. That must count.'

"'And something else,' I said. 'Of course, I can't accept the benefit you thought to confer on me. That would invalidate all.'

"'What does your wife say to this?' he said. 'You remember the offer was made in her presence. Or does she know that you wish to refuse it?'

"'My wife would not let me take it if I wished to,' I replied. 'She is a much more high-minded person than I am or ever can be.'

"'She must indeed be high-minded,' he said, 'and you are right in saying that to accept it would invalidate everything. I am of the opinion that your wife has seen clearly in this instance. But'—here he took a turn or two up and down the floor—'I don't think it would invalidate my promoting your candidacy before the Legislature in January. It seems to me now to be the best thing for both of us. The fight with Sanders has got to come—and the sooner the better, so that the field can be cleared for my own fight a year and a half from now. Yes, it is decidedly best. You may recall I indicated last spring that I should support your Senatorial aspirations in certain contingencies. These contingencies have come to pass. I doubt if we can save the State to the party without joining forces now.'

"Then I told him that I owed money, and could hardly support the position of a Senator here with the salary, less what I was obliged to pay in interest.

"'Nonsense,' he said; 'turn your salary over to your wife. She is a woman of uncommonly sound sense—a good manager—that I saw in her house. Of course you can't go into society on less than your salary, but you can live comfortably and respectably. And let me tell you, this town is full of big houses which caused the Senators who built them to lose their elections. It doesn't hurt a man with his constituents in the least to live simply. Some of the gentlemen from the rural districts have complained bitterly of this little place——'

"And then, after more talk, everything was settled. I wasn't to write to Sanders, of course, but to go and see him. Sanders wouldn't dare to proclaim what we agreed to do, but he will fight me with every weapon at his command. I shouldn't much care how things went—that is, so I feel now—except for Senator Bicknell, but every blow at Sanders helps the Senator, and I shall fight for him as long as breath warms my body. When we parted I was much overcome, and I think Senator Bicknell was, too. Coming home, it occurred to me how well you had managed on the pittance I allowed you at Circleville."

"It was not much, but it could hardly be called a pittance," replied Annette, smiling through her tears—for the stress of emotion under which she had suffered had found its natural vent at last and she was weeping a little. But they were happy tears; Crane had reached the turn in life when it was to be determined whether God or the devil should be his master, and he had turned his back on Satan. He took his wife in his arms and kissed her tenderly and reverently. No one knew better then than he the moral beauty, the power to charm, to sustain, to lead forward, of the woman he had not thought worthy to stand by him in Washington.

The next morning early Crane started West. He had his fateful interview with Sanders and returned within a week. Sanders' words had been few, but full of meaning.

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"All right," he said. "I don't take any stock in this awakening of conscience business. You think Bicknell can serve you better than I can. Very well. We shall see."

Suddenly, and apparently without volition, Crane's right arm shot out, and his open palm struck Sanders' cheek. The Governor, as quick as thought, hit back. He was a brute, but not a coward. Then both men came to their senses, and hating each other worse than ever, each was ashamed of his violence.

The Governor was the first to speak.

"I don't care to engage in a fist fight with you. We can settle all our quarrels when the Legislature meets. You will need all your courage then."

When Crane returned to Washington he went straight to Senator Bicknell and told him all.

"All right," replied the Senator, as Governor Sanders had said, "this is my fight now." And straightway the Senator took train for the State capital to pull off his coat and do yeoman's work for Crane, and incidentally for himself.

The month of December was bright and beautiful all the way through and the sunshine lasted into January. Thorndyke thought he had not been so nearly happy for a long time. He saw Constance often, and she was beautifully kind to him. He scarcely went into society at all, and had the hardihood to decline an invitation to one of the Secretary of State's small dinners, on the comprehensive excuse of "a previous engagement," which Mrs. Hill-Smith, who had invited him, did not believe in the least; and when she had plaintively mentioned the names of various English, French, Russian, Austrian and German diplomats who were to be present, Thorndyke had replied in a manner which mightily discomposed Mrs. Hill-Smith:

"Oh, then, you won't miss a stray American or two!"

If Mrs. Hill-Smith had had her way she would have missed every American invited.

Thorndyke saw much of the Cranes and of the children, who showered their favor upon him. He could not but be struck by the new note in Crane—something subdued, yet full of hope—and he had quite lost that look of harassment and dejection which on first meeting him had struck Thorndyke. Crane was normally a lover of fighting, and although Senator Bicknell, for strategic reasons, chose to keep him in Washington while the preliminaries of the Senatorial fight were raging, yet he delivered some good shots at long range, and it began to look as if he might be elected for the short term in spite of Governor Sanders. The National Committee was not indifferent to this fight, and Senator Bicknell went into it with all his old-time vigor. He worked, ate and drank, waked and slept with members of the Legislature for three weeks before the election came off. It was a stupendous battle and neither side got any odds in the betting.

During the latter part of the Christmas recess Thorndyke went North to pay his sister Elizabeth a visit. Her first words to him were:

"Why, Geoffrey, how young you look!"

And everybody who met him told him he looked young, or looked well, or looked prosperous, and one horny-handed old constituent hazarded the opinion that Mr. Thorndyke was "thinkin' o' gittin' spliced." It was all because Constance Maitland had been kind to him.

The day of his return to Washington he was walking along the street in the bright, sunny, early afternoon of winter. He stopped to buy an evening newspaper, that he might see how the balloting for Senator was going in Crane's State, when a shout aroused him, and Letty Standiford, in a gorgeous crimson automobile, with Senator Mince Pie Mulligan by her side, dashed up to the sidewalk.

"Mr. Thorndyke," shrieked Letty playfully, pretending she meant to run Thorndyke down, "I have a piece of news for you—look out, this is my new red devil—I don't mean Senator Mulligan, but my auto."

"I certainly shall look out when you are around in that death-dealing machine," replied Thorndyke, dodging barely in time to save his legs. "What is your news?"

"Just this: Dad gave me his word this morning that he would not be a candidate for reelection next year. I went after the doctors myself and made them tell me the truth about Dad—he's the only father I've got, you know. And they all told me the same thing—that if he could slack up work and retire at the end of his term he was good for twenty years more, but that if he kept at the grind his life wasn't worth a pin's purchase. Dad wasn't scared by that; but when I told him that I should die of fright and distress if he went away and left me, the poor old thing weakened, and said he'd decline a reelection, and—oh, good gracious! He told me not to breathe it to a soul! He actually shook his finger at me when he said it. Oh, Heavens! If you or Senator Mulligan give me away——"

"Dad will shake his finger at you again," replied Thorndyke, laughing. Nevertheless, his pulses had started off at a great rate.

"It's not that—not that I'm afraid of him—but it would break his dear old heart to think I had disobeyed him."

Letty Standiford, as she said this, was an object for angels to love, in spite of her wild air, her mannish hat and coat, her flying and disheveled locks.

"It is safe with me," said Thorndyke gravely; and Senator Mulligan spoke up:

"Divil a word will I say about it—I'm too much afraid of th' ould chap—an' of you, too, Miss Letty."

"Glad to hear it, Sinitor," replied madcap Letty, viciously mimicking the Senator's unfortunate accent, "and oh, Mr. Thorndyke, have you heard that Miss Maitland is engaged to Mr. Cathcart, the navy man who is always hanging around her? It was announced this morning. Good-by."

Letty flashed off, with a bicycle policeman after her full tilt.

Thorndyke was near his lodgings. He did not know how he got there, but presently he found himself sitting in his armchair before the fire. Two hours later, when the maid-servant brought him a letter, he was sitting in the same position.

The dusk was closing in, but he saw that the address was in Constance Maitland's handwriting. Of course she had written to tell him of her engagement; it was kind of her so to break his calamity to him.

The letter lay unopened for half an hour. Then, with a desperate courage, Thorndyke tore open the envelope.

THORNDYKE'S AGONY INCREASED WITH EVERY WORD

It was an invitation to dinner two weeks hence.

It was unfeeling of her to do this—it was ignoble to forget that dear lost past of which she had often spoken to him and had allowed him freely to speak to her. It was impossible that he should accept, it was impossible that he should voluntarily meet Constance again—except for one last interview—that final leave-taking which is like the last farewell to the dying. And the sooner it was over the better. Thorndyke pulled himself together and made up his mind to go to Constance at once.

As he walked along the streets in the sharp air of the January twilight everything looked unfamiliar to him. His interior world was destroyed—engulfed. Never more could he know hope or happiness. For him was only that stoical endurance of life which is like a prisoner's endurance of his cell and his shackles. When he reached Constance Maitland's door she was at home and he walked into the familiar drawing-room. She was sitting on the great, deep sofa with no light but that of the blazing wood fire, although it was quite six o'clock. She rose as Thorndyke entered, and greeted him gayly. Her meditations seemed to have been singularly happy.

Thorndyke sat down on the sofa by her, and as all men do under stress of feeling, put his pain into the fewest words possible.

"I heard this afternoon," he said in a strange, cold voice, "of your engagement to Cathcart."

"Did you?" replied Constance, smiling brightly. "From whom, pray?"

"From Miss Standiford."

"So that crazy Letty Standiford goes about announcing my engagement!" There was a pause, and then Thorndyke said, in the same strange, cold voice:

"Cathcart is an admirable man."

"So everybody says," brightly responded Constance. "Many persons have assured me of that."

A longer pause followed. It might be ungenerous to interject a note of pain into her first happiness, but it is human to cry out, to justify one's self, to call attention to the gift, when one has given a heart and a soul.

"If Cathcart can give you even a part of the fortune you will lose by marrying him, he is right to ask you. I could give you nothing—and so, although I have loved you for nineteen years, I could not ask you to descend from wealth to poverty with me."

"I sha'n't lose, perhaps, as much as you think by marrying an American," replied Constance to this, adjusting her draperies in the light of the fire, which played over her face. How bright, how smiling she was! Her dark eyes shone, and the faint dimple in her cheek kept coming and going. "I did not, of course, relish the thought of spending all my life alone," she continued, laughing shamelessly. "I was very young, you may remember. So I determined to save up all I could of my income. It was easy enough, living as I did, with a person who was most of the time a helpless invalid. Then, my uncle, von Hesselt, realizing the injustice done me by my aunt, left in his will a considerable sum of money, which was to be paid me if I lost my aunt's fortune through marrying an American. This was no more than fair, as my aunt left the money to the von Hesselts in case I should marry an American. My lawyers here have assured me that it is an open question whether I could not, after all, marry whom I will and retain the money, because the terms of the reversion to the von Hesselts are very obscure, and it might come at last to my aunt's heirs-at-law, of which I am the chief. But I hate publicity and lawsuits and all such things, and as I am still reasonably well off I concluded to spare myself such agonies and to be satisfied with much less than I have now. But it will be enough to give me all I want in any event. I can keep this house, my carriage and servants, and dress and travel as I have been accustomed. What more does any one want?"

As she continued speaking Thorndyke's agony increased with every word. If only he had known before! Possibly—ah, how vain now was it! How hopeless, how full of everlasting pain.

"But," Constance kept on, "Mr. Cathcart is not the man for whom I should sacrifice even so much. He has never hinted that I should marry him. I am sure he doesn't want me—I can't imagine how such an absurd report got out."

Thorndyke felt stunned. He said, after a moment:

"So you're not engaged to Cathcart?"

"Certainly not. Haven't I just said that he has never asked me to marry him? and that *he* is not the man for whom I would sacrifice any part of my fortune?"

She emphasized the "he" and her words were full of meaning.

Poor Thorndyke was so dazed, so overwhelmed, that he could do nothing but stare stupidly into Constance's face. The man who really loves and suffers is generally stupid at the supreme moment. And as she looked into his eyes, so full of longing, and yet, half-despairing, she turned her head aside and held out her hand a little way—and he caught it in his.

Ten minutes afterward Scipio Africanus poked his head in the door and saw that which made his eyeballs bulge an inch from his head. At the same moment the bell rang sharply.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The best excuse is a poor excuse.

¶ True love is never chilled by ice cream.

¶ In life our enemies are often our best friends.

¶ Betting is a practice which no wise man ever preached.

¶ What the pocket wins in politics the character loses.

¶ Keep on going ahead; let others look for footprints.

¶ The man who never owed anything never owned much.

¶ Nature allows long credit but charges compound interest.

¶ As a maid she bends the man; as a wife she keeps him straight.

¶ Some men are born foolish and some preserve their old love-letters.

¶ A man who gives way to his moods is weak on all the ten commandments.

¶ It is hard to reform the boy who got whipped in his youth for telling the truth.

¶ In art the primary colors are red, blue and yellow; in politics, black and blue.

¶ Whistling to keep the courage up is all right, but the whistle should not be wet.

¶ Every man is the architect of his own destiny, but the trouble is we don't pay enough attention to the fire-escapes.

¶ Doctor Parkhurst advises young men to be near the track when the train of opportunity passes. Better be at the station where it stops.

The Amusement Microbe

IT IS a normal function of childhood to be self-amusing. Your little daughter who calls her doll Cinderella and sees in the glowing embers of the log fire the coach-and-four and shivers with pure joy at the postman's knock, believing it the coming of the Prince with the tiny slipper, owes less of her happiness to you who read the story to her than to her imagination that realized it. Your boy, stealthily and laboriously crawling through the long grass upon the unsuspecting redskin whom he intends to bring low with one swift, silent thrust of his faithful bowie, owes but a small debt to Cooper. The source of amusement, which is an important ingredient of happiness, is within them.

There are flowers that thrive without care, and some children of a larger growth have managed to keep on good terms with their own thoughts. But with many the function of self-amusement is laid away with the other outgrown toys of childhood. "Amuse me" is the interpretation of the ill-concealed yawn of the badly-educated society belle. "Bored to death" is the wearied cry of the unemployed rich, fast learning the limitations of the purchasing power of money. Envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness are the spawn of this lust for amusement. Few sights there are that excite the risibles of the Olympians more than that of the man who has toiled the best of his days to amass wealth and has neglected the education that enables him to enjoy it. It is in the chase that the sport of the game is to be found. The quarry once run to earth—what remains? Surely one can't be expected to play with the brush all one's life.

The Kingdom is within you! You have neglected to cultivate the acquaintance of a valuable friend if you have not trained your power of self-amusement. If your parents were wise in stimulating this faculty, get down on your knees and thank them for a priceless heritage. To you, then, leisure is a brief moment of pure joy, not to be treated lightly or in frivolous spirit. It is to be treasured and hugged close to the breast as a darling child. It is to be shared even grudgingly with friends; and those few and choice. A good book, music, the song of birds, the voice of Nature—these are its companions.

If you cannot leave to your children wealth—and there are worse fates—see that the normal function of self-amusement with which their Creator has endowed them is cultivated, and you will add untold joy to their manhood and declining old age.

The Detective with a Million Arms

A DIAMOND necklace that cost many tens of thousands was stolen from a New York residence not long ago. As soon as the detectives arrived they said: "Say nothing of this to the reporters. Don't let anybody hear of it. If it gets out we can do nothing." After they had worked for several weeks without accomplishing anything, the newspapers happened on the facts and published them. The same day a pawnbroker came forward with some of the jewels; the next day the thief was caught and the rest of the jewels were found. Why? Because with the newspaper publication the search for thief and plunder began to be made not by two or three thick-headed "sleuths" but by millions upon millions of human beings, each casting about in his own neighborhood for some clue to the mystery.

Several years ago Russia began to move into Manchuria. The "diplomats" of the other European Powers began to tunnel under Russia's tunnel. "Not a word of this must get out. The public makes a mess of everything. Just let us alone to burrow in the dark and Russia will soon be retreating." Finally the matter was uncovered accidentally. But it was too late. Russia, calmly disregarding the silly little mole tunnel of the diplomats, had got her long claws well planted, and though publicity has made it impossible for her to move as rapidly as she was doing, as long as the diplomats let her work in secret, diplomacy's blunderings cannot be set straight.

There are no exceptions to the rule that honesty and honest purposes of every kind seek the light and thrive best in it, while skull-digging is never better pleased than when it can induce honest men to say: "Yes, publicity is a dangerous thing. Let's fumble about in the dark."

The President's Finishing Course

NO PRESIDENT of the United States is fully qualified for his work until he has crossed the continent. President Roosevelt has just completed this part of his education. By his life on the Western plains and in the Rocky Mountains he had gained a broader national outlook than had been possessed by most of the occupants of his office; but still he has recognized the need of a Pacific finishing course, and in his first speech in California he frankly expressed the pleasure he felt in finally securing it.

When the President entered the garden of Southern California he had traveled as far as from London to Teheran. Had he made a similar journey in Europe and Asia he would have crossed the frontiers between not less than eight nations and languages, and might easily have crossed many more. But here he was always at home. "The thing that strikes me most," he said, "as I go through this country and meet the men and women of the country, is the essential unity of all Americans. Down at the bottom we are the same people all through."

There is nothing more inspiring than a tour of inspection among the continental outposts of the United States. Whether you go to Eastport or to San Diego, to Seattle or to Palm Beach, you find the tide of American life beating vigorously against its boundaries. If you stand by the monument, sixteen miles south of San Diego, where Mexico meets the United States, you are just as much at home, in just as thoroughly American an atmosphere, as if you were walking down Broad Street in Philadelphia. You are not in a province tied to a distant metropolis—you are in the metropolis itself, just as you are in England whether you land in Kent or in Lancashire.

It is the same in Alaska, which is a part of the actual United States, temporarily separated from the main body by a strip of foreign territory. It is this ubiquity of Americanism—the fact that the country is alive all through, to its very tips, and not merely in spots—that constitutes the real strength of this republic. It is this, and not our size, numbers or wealth, that makes us impregnable at home.

The Unreasonable Millions

WITH due allowance for the tendency to exaggerate present ills and minimize those of the past, it is a fact that the unrest of "labor" is greater now than it has ever been before in this country. There are two reasons for it.

Education, especially by one-cent newspapers, has made the class which appropriates to itself the name "labor" acutely conscious of the inequalities of wealth and of the benefits to be got with money—better food, better clothing, better shelter. *Ostentation* on the part of those who have profited enormously by the present prosperity has set "labor" to worrying. It has read of millions made by simply "reorganizing" an industry, of other millions made by merely standing ready to "finance" a "flotation," should financing be necessary—which it was not. It has heard promoters confess that they really couldn't tell what they had done with that trifling item of twenty millions or so of stocks and bonds issued to bring a capitalization up to a good round sum—but paying huge interest and dividends. It has seen presidents cavorting from casino to casino and younger sons tossing the lifetime wages of an artisan on the spin of a roulette wheel. And worried "labor" has said to itself, is saying to itself: "There seems to be a good bit of money going about. There seem to be a lot of people to whom money comes easy and in bales. Am I getting my share of the prosperity? If money now grows on bushes, what's the matter with a money-bush on the fire-escape landing outside my flat-windows?"

Unreasonable? But the human animal has never been strong in logic. And isn't there a thread of reason in this, after all? And doesn't it constitute a situation which will be more intense before it is less so? And shouldn't that situation be regarded calmly and temperately and fairly—especially by those who have had those opportunities to acquire self-control and ideals above money-grabbing which the mass of our "labor" has not had?

An International Picture Book

MOST people do not really know a thing until they see it. They may have it told to them in words, but the idea does not actually penetrate their brains until it gets in through the eyes. It is likely, therefore, that the publication in the new edition of the Statesman's Year Book of a series of comparative statistical diagrams will give to a good many people in Europe a new conception of the commercial and industrial position of the United States.

For instance, it is commonly believed abroad that we have practically no merchant marine. These diagrams make it apparent that our merchant marine is second to that of England, and almost equal to the shipping of all the other maritime powers combined. It has more than half the tonnage of that of Great Britain, and nearly three times that of Germany, which ranks next to us. It exceeds the aggregate tonnage of Germany, France, Italy and Japan. Its mere increase in the past twelve years has been greater than the total amount of shipping now sailing under the flag of any other country except England and Germany; its absolute increase has exceeded that of any other country except England, and its relative increase has exceeded England's. Of course, it is our coastwise and lake shipping that enables us to make this showing, but this is a legitimate part of our maritime resources.

The growth of our iron production is a more familiar phenomenon. Still it may give some foreigners a little shock to observe that while the American output of iron ore was multiplied by nearly four in the twenty years between 1880 and 1900, that of Great Britain fell off in the same period by about twenty-two per cent., and had a still further and heavy fall the following year. Great Britain was producing just fifty per cent. more iron in 1880 than in 1901. In 1900 the United States produced more than Great Britain, France and Austria-Hungary combined, nearly twice as much as Great Britain alone, and forty-five per cent. more than Germany.

The United States took first place in the production of coal in 1899 and has kept it ever since. We produce considerably more now than Great Britain.

These things have been known, of course, to all who have taken the trouble to keep track of statistics. But figures mean nothing to the man on the trolley car. What he wants is a picture that will hit him in the eye, and in these colored Year Book diagrams he gets just what he needs.

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MEN and WOMEN

JUDGE HOLMAN, of Indiana, famous for years as the "Watchdog of the Treasury," was one of the picnickers from Washington who went to see the first battle of Bull Run fought. He drove down with many other members of Congress, firm in the idea that the Union soldiers would make short work of the Confederates, and, with the rest, was panic-stricken when the Confederates chased the Union soldiers back in confusion.

Years later he was telling of his experiences. "I was there," he said, "and pretty soon the soldiers and citizens who had gone to see the battle began to come by, running fit to kill. I watched them for a spell, and then I thought I'd better be getting along home."

"Did you run?" asked Judge Culberson.

"I hastened a bit," confessed Holman.

"Which way?"

"To tell the truth," said Holman, "I veered a trifle to the North."

The Nearsighted Senator

ONE of Washington's charming society matrons is locally celebrated for her extraordinary number of gowns.

Somebody showed Senator Spooner her picture a few days ago. She was in evening dress, with the bodice cut very low.

"This is the newest picture of Mrs. So-and-So," said the friend. "Do you know, she has a hundred and fifty gowns?"

"Is that so?" asked the Senator. "I wonder why she didn't wear one of them when she had this picture taken?"

The Eternal Question

THE National Council of Women was in session. A stormy debate was on. Some great question was under discussion. Delegates in all parts of the hall were talking excitedly. The noise was deafening.

Suddenly there was a lull. The debate ceased. Then there came clearly from the centre of the hall: "The dressmaker said it would take three yards and seven-eighths, but I managed to get it out of three and a quarter."

The speaker was Mrs. Helen Adelaide Shaw, daughter of Agassiz. She was talking to Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, the social reformer of New York.

A Predigested Moral

WHEN Thomas W. Palmer returned to Detroit from Spain, where he had been United States Minister, he went to his office to see how things were going. The young man he had left in charge of his great interests took him out to luncheon.

They went to a club. The luncheon check was more than ten dollars. Next day Palmer dropped around about one o'clock and invited the manager to go to luncheon with him. He led the way to a "quick-lunch" place, took a stool and motioned his manager to another. The check was forty cents.

"You see," said Palmer as they came out, "I am only worth a million or so, and I can't afford to pay ten-dollar luncheon checks."

The manager said nothing, but he never forgot.

An Expensive Sample

COLONEL FRANCIS G. WARD, now Superintendent of Public Works at Buffalo, was for some years connected with the construction corps of the Panama Railroad.

"We had curious handicaps in the work," said Colonel Ward. "All of our material came from France. Once we needed some bolts. We sent a wooden model of the kind we wanted to France and ordered four million of them. The bolts came back, but they were all made of wood like the model—four million beautifully-made wooden bolts of no earthly use except for kindling."

A Touch of Genius

GEORGE W. HARVEY knows more about good things to eat than any man in Washington. His restaurant has long been famous with all the public men of the country.

Harvey went to Paris a few years ago and, naturally, met and talked with the gourmets there. Some of his friends, confident that no Frenchman knew the gentle art of eating and fixing things to eat so well as he, arranged a

"I HASTENED A BIT," CONFESSED HOLMAN

salad-dressing contest. Three famous gourmets were pitted against Harvey. The conditions were that each man should make and dress a salad and that the creations should be submitted to a board of competent judges. The prize was a silver loving-cup.

The four contestants made their salads and dressed them. Just before Harvey finished his he took from his pocket a little leather case and selected a small vial therefrom. He poured three or four drops of a colorless liquid on the salad and gave it a few last, loving touches with the wooden spoon and fork.

The Frenchmen had watched Harvey closely. They knew all the other ingredients he had put in his salad, but the liquid puzzled them. The judges ate of each and, finally, after much comparison, decided that Harvey had won the prize. In their opinion, that touch of the liquid from the bottle added a unique aroma.

"What's in that bottle, George?" asked Harvey's friends when they had returned to their hotel.

"Water," replied Harvey.

"Water?" shouted the incredulous friends.

"Exactly," said Harvey—"plain water from the pump. I knew I had to do something extraordinary to win from those fellows, and I appealed to their imagination."

The Stage Struck a Rock

JULIUS KAHN, of California, who was a member of the Fifty-seventh Congress, was an actor before he went into politics.

When he first came to Washington he was inclined to dwell on his playing days. At a Gridiron Club dinner one night he was called on for a speech.

"When I was on the stage," he said, with great declamatory effect——

"Who were you driving for?" asked a strong-lunged Gridiron man.

Mr. Kahn stopped there and never began again.

A Nicotian Sermon

ONE Sunday morning Senator Hanna, accompanied by a friend, went over to Secretary Hay's house on an important matter. When the business was concluded Secretary Hay asked: "Are you going to church this morning, Mark?"

"Well, John," the Senator replied, "I suppose I am."

"I have some very good cigars," said Hay meditatively.

Hanna looked out of the window for a moment. Then he turned to his friend and said: "I wish you would go by the house and tell the folks not to wait for me. I am going to get some spiritual consolation from John Hay."

A Long Wait

ADMIRAL HICHBORN, long the Chief Constructor in the Navy, has a Chinese servant, named Chow, whom he brought with him from the East. One day Chow asked permission to go to a funeral.

"All right," said the Admiral. Then he added, "I suppose you will put a lot of food and sweetmeats on his grave as they do in China?"

"Allee same China," Chow replied.

"Now, Chow," continued the Admiral, "when do you think the dead Chinaman will come up to eat the food you leave on his grave?"

"Allee same time Melican man comes up to smellee flowers you leave on his grave," answered Chow urbanely.

Not of the Same Generation

SHELBY M. CULLOM owes much of his power in Illinois to the many courtesies he extends to the people from that State who visit Washington. During the past session of Congress he was showing a young man from Chicago through the Capitol. They came to the statue of Jefferson.

"This," said Mr. Cullom, "is the statue of Jefferson."

The Chicago man studied the statue carefully. Then he said: "It's a bad likeness. It don't look a bit like him."

"Why," remonstrated Mr. Cullom gently, "you never saw Jefferson, did you?"

"Your eye I didn't!" responded the Chicago man indignantly. "I saw him over in New York only a few nights ago in good old Rip Van Winkle."

"I SAW HIM . . . IN . . . RIP VAN WINKLE"

THE FRENCHMEN HAD WATCHED HARVEY CLOSELY

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The Hopeful Manuscript

BY LUCY MONROE

TO THE publisher, books resolve themselves into a method of making money. They become mere material for barter, and the production of them is governed by the laws of supply and demand. The only difference between his business and others lies in the uncertainty of the market. A dealer in hardware or a dealer in bananas may rely upon a certain steady demand for his product. The years may differ in the amount of it. Some months may call for more hammers and nails than others, and there are times when the appetite for bananas gives place to an overwhelming desire for strawberries. But always there are some buyers whose cupboards must be repaired and some who are loyal to the richer fruit in spite of all temptations. So the bargaining goes merrily on and the seller reaps a profit.

In the case of books the conditions are different. There is unquestionably an unceasing demand for the product in general, but for the special book there may be none. A publisher may make every preparation to satisfy a ravenous public only to find that he has offered caviare to a crowd that is hungry for ice cream. Beyond a certain point it is impossible to predict the caprices of taste. The book that is merely good fun may sell a hundred thousand, while a meagre two per cent. of that figure satisfies the demand for a work of art. Of two books that seem to the ambitious publisher equally original, one may bring him a fortune and the other lose for him everything he puts into its make-up and advertising. He aspires to please, but his diplomacy is sometimes at fault.

The uncertainties of the situation are distressing. The same expense precedes success and failure. Labor and money are never sure of a just return. At first it is trying to the nerves—the risk, the disappointments, even the successes with their accompaniment of newspaper eulogies and perversions. But gradually he grows hardened. The feverish anxiety with which he staked his money on the red gives place to a reckless indifference. The gambler learns to seem unmoved, even in the presence of disaster.

Finding the Pulse of the Public

The problem before the publisher and his literary adviser—too formidable a title to cover a mere individual—becomes a question of predicting the public taste. But in the effort to see straight they go through many phases. They accept books which have an attractive cleverness, to discover that in the rush of life it is too slight a thing to be noticed. In hopeful moments they publish promising manuscripts in the belief that the author's next book may be a masterpiece; and the next book goes, after all, to another publisher. In moments of discouragement they take up novels that seem just sentimental enough and flabby enough to please a stupid public, with the result that this special sentimentality is not of the right kind. Finally, they come back to the belief that the only possible guide lies in their own taste. It may be a faulty one, but it has a foundation of sincerity. With this for a working basis, they go through the scores of manuscripts that arrive, in eager search for a germ of originality, a glow of the real humanity. Sometimes they find these qualities only to reject them because they are concealed in circumlocutions or marked with the trail of sentimentality. But the search goes on through the innumerable rejected to one that stands out from its fellows with something of crude strength or with a delicate touch of sensibility. These are read and discussed with more care than the others, but too often the first has no grace and no refinement and the second is as fragile as porcelain. These, too, are returned, as gently as possible, but with a certain amount of frank criticism and encouragement. So the search goes on—until finally, after dreary toil and effort, some obscure manuscript suddenly stands out as if it were aflame.

This is the great moment—the moment worth living for, worth the waiting and the working. But it comes but rarely in any experience. All the other times of hopefulness are simply the search for it, the aspiration toward it. A manuscript is clever, and one wonders whether it is clever enough; another is witty, and it is hard to tell whether its wit has the warm, human touch; another tells a good story, but its dialogue is stilted and its characters brittle; another has magnetism and no plot; another is vivid and convincing, but will it pay? To this last question the argument always returns. A publisher is not a philanthropist, and though he is sometimes tempted to do a good thing for its own sake, he is generally rewarded if he does it with a discouraging indifference on the part of the public. And the next time he remembers it.

The New Writer Welcome

Yet, after all, the conditions are not so discouraging for art as some pessimistic critics imagine. Every publisher is seeking continually for a good thing, and to overlook one is in a way a disgrace. He looks for it, too, in the work of new men, and it is literally true that well-known names count for very little in his eyes. This is the day of the unknown. To him is the opportunity. In him lie the mysterious possibilities. A first book contains the magnetism, a second the disappointment, a third the struggle, a fourth too often but an uncertain hold upon a lowly position. The public tires quickly of its favorites. Even its kings are sometimes suddenly dethroned in their hour of greatest glory. Nothing is more uncertain than an assured reputation, nothing more elusive than popularity. In the new, in the unknown, lies the dream.

It comes back always—this problem—to the manuscript itself and its special qualities. If it is weak, if it is out of touch with the crowd, the most distinguished name will not carry it far. And the public is singularly shrewd. It dallies with trash sometimes to the extent of a hundred thousand; but along with the trivialities it must have some touch of magnetism, some homely truth, some sincere human feeling. And if a thing is fine, if it is fine all the way through, if it is art without a pose, or nature that rings true, it slowly makes its way. Its sales are never measured in six figures, but in one way or another it makes good. In the end it pays rather better to trust the public than to cater to its weaknesses. For the public has many ways of revenging itself for a lack of faith.

The office of an editor or a publisher is an admirable place to study life. Character is laid bare in innumerable letters and in manuscripts of a revealing intensity. One learns much of human weakness and something of the simplicity of human strength. Occasionally a writer gives of his best in his correspondence, occasionally he goes down into the depths and there is a flash of the undertruths. There are letters that amuse you, there are letters that grip you, there are letters of a fine expansive generosity. But usually the simplest letters—of those that accompany manuscripts—command the most respect. The man who describes his book at length, who tells you the reason why it will make a success, usually has little to offer. It is the writer who is willing to let his work speak for itself that really counts. But it is not through letters alone that a publisher may study life. His office is invaded by men of all temperaments, for the aspiring author has many manifestations. He is strange, he is illiterate, he is heavy, or he has a charm, but always there is something about him that is appealing. Occasionally he takes the form of a radiant creature in gorgeous raiment—rather too gorgeous for the occasion. As she enters the queer little den, the too serious reader looks up with relief from the manuscript which began well but is growing dull. It is as if the room had suddenly blossomed into color.

Books Made While You Wait

The vision speaks. "I have brought you a book," it says with a certain high condescension. "I should like a dozen copies of it within a week. My friends are very anxious to see it at once, and I know that it will make a sensation."

The editor was dazed and helpless before such admirable confidence. "If you will leave the manuscript," she suggested mildly, "I shall be glad to read it."

But this was no part of the vision's plan. "It is much too valuable to leave," she said. "I can't think of being separated from it."

"But how am I to read it, then?" protested the bewildered editor.

CORN STARCH TALK

With Receipt
For a Delightful Dessert

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG

Is it not strange, knowing that starch is the most important factor in our foods, that we do not make more use of Corn Starch, which furnishes so much food value in a convenient form, easy of use, readily assimilated, and inexpensive?

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Cream a third of a cup of butter and a half a cup of sugar gradually. Sift one cup of flour with half a cup of Kingsford's Corn Starch and three level teaspoons of baking powder. Add this mixture alternately with about two-thirds of a cup of milk and stir in gently the stiff whites of four eggs. Place this batter in six well buttered cups and steam for half an hour. Turn out gently, roll in powdered sugar and serve hot with

STRAWBERRY SAUCE

Cream half a cup of butter with one and a half cups of powdered sugar, add the yolk of one egg. Add a cupful of crushed berries just at serving time. Any fruit in season may be used in this way, for either steamed or baked puddings.

(To be continued.)

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"That is of no consequence," she answered loftily. "I want it published and I would like a dozen copies within a week."

"You forget that certain formalities are necessary." The editor was beginning to get her bearings again. "We must read a book before we accept it, and we must accept it before we publish it. It is quite impossible to supply you with twelve copies in a week."

It was the vision's turn to look bewildered. "But I must have them," she exclaimed. "You don't realize how crazy my friends are to see it. I belong to the very best society and I know everybody. They will all buy the book. You needn't be at all afraid about that."

The editor, realizing that they were talking different languages, possessed herself of the precious manuscript.

"I want several of my photographs put into the book," added the vision. And the editor looked at her and agreed that it might help. She brought them out, and resplendent things they were. It was with reluctance that the editor left them to return to the manuscript. While she glanced at its incoherent banalities the vision rattled on to reassure her about her standing in society. She could not in the least understand the editor's negative when it came. She could not believe that the manuscript was not as precious to a publisher as it was to herself. She left at last quite dazed, but maintaining to the end her haughty condescension.

The Old Order Changeth

She was followed by an old man, a rather fine old man, who had been in once before.

"I received your letter this morning," he began, "and I came in to thank you for it."

The editor gave him a welcome. "There was an unexpected enthusiasm in the novel," she said; "it was the true boyish spirit that you put into your college fellows. I am more than sorry that we can't take it up."

"You criticised, I notice, the chapters about Lincoln and McPherson, but it was largely for them that I wrote the book."

"Yes, I know that," she answered, "but it is hard to do two things at once. You cannot serve God and Mammon. If you are writing a novel it is the story that is important." And she had a fleeting sense of the impertinence of these suggestions to a man who had lived his life.

He accepted them gently, but they were not of his school. "It would not satisfy me," he said, "to write a story and nothing more. If I could not give some information in it or teach some lesson it would be mere frivolity."

"But your information should be of life and character," she demurred; "your lesson should be expressed in terms of fiction."

"Wouldn't that seem very trivial?" he protested. "Isn't there a need for something more solid?"

At that she took him up. "You can give any amount of depth to a study of life. And what is the use of information which people will not read? If your novel is not a good story, if it is not absorbing as fiction, the lesson will be quite lost."

He seemed to feel that he had fallen upon degenerate days. "You may be right," he said, "but when I read a novel I like to feel that I am learning something."

"I fancy you don't read very many," the editor put in.

"No," he answered a little wistfully. "I don't care much for these things they are writing now."

"Some of them are pretty bad, I admit, but they have their value. They teach some people to read who have hardly thought of opening a book. They enlarge the reading public. Perhaps in the end they will teach it to discriminate even against themselves."

The Cohorts of the Philistine

There are many other invasions. There is the rural poet whom neither diplomacy nor expostulation will prevent from reading his verses aloud. There is the loquacious creator of a new life of Moses who has made astonishing discoveries. There is the essayist who has written heavy papers upon heavy subjects for the edification of himself and the enlightenment of humanity. And these can only be told that, admirable as their work probably is, it has no value for the publisher. Then there are novelists in all stages of feeling from confidence to timidity. The woman whose masterpiece, she is quite sure, will revolutionize the art of fiction may be followed by a quiet little creature who has done something worth while but asks

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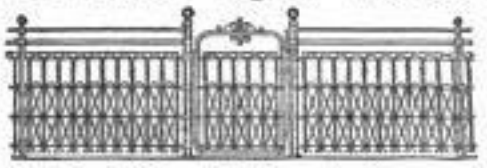

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merely for an opinion. Or perhaps it is a demure young woman, with a sweet smile and with dark rings under her eyes, who enters.

Her manuscript is presented very modestly and with the quiet comment, "I wrote it in my sleep."

The editor gasps, and she says again, "I wrote it in my sleep."

"Do you mean," comes the question, "that you dreamt the plot and wrote it out afterward?"

"No," she replies, and nothing could be more sincere than her simplicity; "I get up while asleep and write. When I waken in the morning I never remember what I have done. In my desk there is a completed story or a part of a novel. That is the only way I know."

The editor through her latticed windows takes refuge in the lake which shimmers in the sun. Then she turns to the quiet brown lady and looks for some sign of insincerity in her big dark eyes. But none is visible. They show only a kind of childlike innocence. "You do not remember the plot?" she asks.

"No. I write of things that I know nothing about when awake. It is like another life, quite different from my own. But I have sold many stories written in that way and people tell me they are good."

She explained, to satisfy an unusual curiosity, that these things could be proved, that her case had been written up in the papers, that it had excited the attention of eminent psychologists, that the book would receive a great deal of free advertising because of the way it was written.

The Final Test of a Manuscript

"But it comes back," said the editor at last, "to the manuscript itself. If the story is good, advertising will help. If it is not, it counts for nothing at all.

"You cannot force the public to take what it does not want."

And so it was left and so later it was abandoned.

Occasionally the little den is invaded by a fine personality, like the young poet who is languidly trying his wings, who has ideas and dreams—and a sense of humor which prevents him from taking himself too seriously—a sense of humor which makes him a charming companion but may keep him from being an artist. Or there is the competent literary critic who understands without an explanation, or the man of force who has obviously done things, or the genius who is of the world and yet outside of it who gives a genial twist to his humor and an exquisite turn to his phrases. And then there is the Chief, who comes in also with a manuscript.

"I have read this thing of Green's," he says, "and I agree with you that it's a good thing. But I don't believe that it would sell."

"Oh, don't you?" she protests. "Yet it deserves to sell. It has any amount of power."

"I know that. But that's not what people want. They like a more cheerful story than this. They like to forget their troubles."

"But sometimes tragedy is more absorbing than comedy. And by contrast it makes one appreciate one's blessings."

"Yes, but this is really too sordid to be tragedy."

"I know," she answers. "It is almost grimy. Yet there is that lovely heroine who comes out of it like a flower. Won't she help?"

"Surely. But she won't help enough. I can't see it. The crowd would not care for that heroine, and among the few who would there are not many who buy books."

"I believe you are right," the editor answered; "I had much the same doubt about it. Yet it deserves to succeed, and it is vastly better than a lot of the novels that do."

"I admit that," said the Chief. "And some day we'll print all the books that deserve it."

The editor took on a reflective mood. "Well, sometimes I wonder if when it comes we'll still have the chance. But after all, when we find a thing that looks like genius we do plunge on it. And perhaps between that and the books that pay there is nothing really worth while."

"That sounds like dangerous doctrine," said the Chief, "but we'll have to live up to it for a while. Then we'll do what we like. We'll accept the very best work that is offered."

And so we left it. And so the search goes on. And so there is always hope.

THE
Union Savings Bank
Capital $1,000,000

Makes it easy and profitable for you to do your
BANKING BY MAIL
4 Per Cent. Interest—Compounded semi-annually. Write for the booklet, "A Modern Bank."

DIRECTORS

Henry C. Frick	James H. Lockhart	Edward A. Woods
P. C. Knox	W. N. Frew	Frank B. Smith
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R. B. Mellon	B. F. Jones, Jr.	H. C. McElhoney
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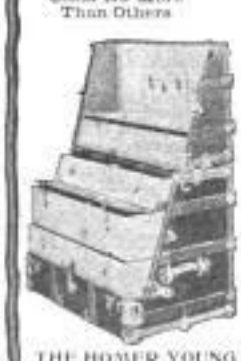
FRICK BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY
STRAIGHT BACK "STANLEY" TRUNKS
The New Kind

Our (patented) "corner hinge" is best, because you don't ever have to lift your trunk away from the wall. The top does not strike and knock off the plaster or mar the woodwork.

Costs No More Than Others

DRESSER TRUNKS
A Bureau and Trunk Combined



Everything within easy reach. **No rummaging for clothing.** So many uses to fit. Sent to any one anywhere

"On Approval"

We ship every trunk "on approval" to individuals to be returned at OUR EXPENSE if not found at our Factory Prices better value than can be obtained in any common trade, in addition to the improved features and great convenience. Send for Special Booklet No. A 1000.

THE HOMER YOUNG CO., Ltd., Toledo, O.

Hard leather heels, no doubt you've seen,
Will slide so while they shake us,
But softer cushions, they assert,
Will ward off substitutes.

The hygienic (others aren't) cushion of cartilage is secured through coating O'Sullivan Rubber Heels to meet the requirements of the medical fraternity. When you need a lift in your heels ask your dealer to put O'Sullivan Rubber Heels on. Keeps and cushions for attaching. All dealers. O'Sullivan Rubber Co., Lowell, Mass.

The many Poco Cameras, from the little Pocket Poco "C" illustrated here, to the famous Cycle Pocos and Tele-Photo Pocos, are all exactly constructed for the successful making of artistic pictures. Pocos for 1903 are simpler, more compact, more graceful in line, more beautiful in finish. The successful Pocket Pocos are now being made in three styles, and to suit all tastes. To the simple and accurate Poco shutter mechanism the artist may now add the advantages of the Ross Homocentric lenses. These famous lenses of Jena glass may be fitted to Poco Cameras. The new Poco book, sent free, should be in the hands of every student of photography. It tells of the last steps in Camera and lens construction. Write to

ROCHESTER CAMERA AND SUPPLY COMPANY,
507 Poco Street,
Rochester,
N. Y.

HARTSHORN — STEWART-HARTSHORN — STEWART-HARTSHORN

The Genuine Improved **HARTSHORN** Shade-roller *always* has this signature on the label.

Stewart Hartshorn

If you are wise you will accept no substitute.

Wood Rollers. Tin Rollers.

STEWART-HARTSHORN — STEWART-HARTSHORN — STEWART

1903
INVISIBLE

SUSPENDER END IN TROUSERS BAND
THEY SPRING TOGETHER
ASK DEALER OR SEND TO THE INVISIBLE SUSPENDER CO. 303 SCHLEY BLDG. COLUMBUS, O. BOOKLET FREE

SUSPENDER WORN EITHER UNDER or OVER SHIRT.
TWO GRADES
50¢ – 75¢
COMPLETE

EXTRA FASTENERS 15 CTS TWO SETS 25 CTS.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE WORLD FAMOUS INVISIBLE SUSPENDER GARTER 50¢
INVISIBLE SUSPENDER CLASP 25¢

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon & Healy "Own Make" Instruments are preferred by Thomas Orchestra, Banda Rossa, Musagni, etc. Lowest prices. Big Catalog; 1000 illustrations; *mailed free;* it gives instructions for amateur bands.

LYON & HEALY, 10 Adams St., Chicago

Make Your Leisure Count

Shorthand Bookkeeping

The Mail Route to Success

Your success is governed by the thoroughness of your business training.

Our System of Shorthand
is the best. Under the personal charge of expert instructors you are made competent. You write sentences with the first lesson and learn from the beginning the words as they should always be written.

Our Commercial and Industrial Bookkeeping
is indorsed by the leading educators and business men. You are given the position of bookkeeper and by the personal aid of expert accountants you transact business just as in the modern office, handling the actual papers and making the entries from them.

We furnish all supplies, place a standard typewriter in your home, and secure high-grade positions for our graduates.

Write for prospectus and sample lesson.

MAC CORMAC CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
930 100 Washington St. Chicago, Ill.
Professional and business men are taking our course.

Learn Shorthand

DEAR READER:—Shorthand is a time-saver and a money-maker. Stenographers get more at the start and have better opportunities than average employees. If you will read our 88-page catalogue I believe you will enroll with us at once. We have a Short Course for busy people, a Complete Course for those who wish to use shorthand as a wage-earner, and a Special Advanced Course. Highly endorsed by leading shorthand experts. Instruction based on experience in professional shorthand work. For more than two years we did a large amount of shorthand reporting for the Law Department of the City of New York. Successful pupils in our own city and in every part of the country from Maine to California. Catalogue and Free Lesson for four cents to cover postage.

Cordially yours, **PATRICK J. SWEENEY, Principal,**
Manhattan Reporting Co., Dept. 2, 150 Nassau St., New York

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.00

Sizes and Prices	
9 by 6 ft.	$3.00
9 by 7½ ft.	3.50
9 by 9 ft.	4.00
9 by 10½ ft.	4.50
9 by 12 ft.	5.00

Beautiful and attractive patterns, woven through and through, which mean durability as well as beauty. All colors, and more serviceable than more costly carpets. Sent by express prepaid east of the Rocky Mountains.

Your money back if you want it. Catalogue free for the asking.
Oriental Importing Co., 6816, Bourse Building, Philadelphia

CLEANEST, HEALTHIEST
Belfast Mesh
Linen Underwear—that wears

Keeps the skin healthy—absorbs readily the excess of perspiration, leaving the body dry and comfortable.

Samples of fabric *free*—"natural" and white—with our convincing book, on request. For sale by the best dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will.

THE BELFAST MESH UNDERWEAR COMPANY, 332 Mechanic Street
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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The Crowning Piece

This is the most exquisite piece of cut glass of its kind that ever came from the glass cutter's hands. As a wedding gift nothing can surpass it. For your own table — it is the *one piece of cut glass you should have*, because it will give more dignity and tone to the table setting than any other piece you can buy. You can secure an Ogontz jug at

Factory Price, $8.50

for one-quart size. Two-quart size, $14.00. To Everett, express charges prepaid to your home, and satisfaction guaranteed. Many other exquisite designs shown in handsome booklet at prices 40 to 50 per cent. less than you can buy from any store in the United States. Sent Free on request.

OGDEN CUT GLASS COMPANY
4406 Main Street
Philadelphia

Capital
$500,000.00
Surplus
$750,000.00

Banking by Mail

Our banking by mail system is especially helpful to those living in small cities and towns where banking facilities are limited and where little or no interest is paid on savings. The mails are perfectly safe and the system eminently satisfactory.

4% Compound Interest

This bank pays 4 per cent. interest, compounded twice a year on all savings accounts. Deposits are received in any amount from $1 up.

Booklet and full information sent free to any address. Write to-day.

THE KEYSTONE BANK OF PITTSBURGH
320, 322, 324 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SPENCERIAN
PERFECT
Steel Pens

USED BY EXPERT AND CAREFUL PENMEN FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS

Sample card, *12* pens different patterns, will be sent for trial on receipt of 6 cents in postage stamps. Ask for card *R*.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway New York

Atar Myosotis
(FORGET-ME-NOT)

is compounded from carefully selected ingredients, and more than ten years has been considered necessary to develop the true perfume. One or two drops on handkerchief or lace produce satisfactory results. The concentrated strength and antiseptic qualities easily distinguish Atar Myosotis from cheap articles mixed with water, and in order to further distinguish the product from others, the Atars are offered only in Blue Glass bottles, mounted with sterling silver. It is the most refined, unique and attractive article for the toilet ever exhibited.

The silver mount is very suitable for engraving initials, monograms, etc. If you do not find it at your merchants, we will send it for $2

ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD
167 Strand, London, England.
569 Kent Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A.

Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

A PNEUMATIC SHIRTWAIST — Worn at sea, it is said to be as good as a pocket lifeboat built for one.

TO PUT on a life-preserver under one's ordinary clothing and wear the device without inconvenience from the start to the end of a sea voyage is now a possibility.

Essentially the new life-preserver consists of a series of small pneumatic tubes, made of canvas, muslin or other suitably flexible material, which completely surrounds the body, beginning at the waist and extending in spiral form up under the arms. These tubes are similar to those used in the inner part of pneumatic bicycle tires. The edges of the spiral series are stitched, and the tubes terminate in a mouthpiece, by which the wearer may, in emergency, inflate his life-preserver to such an extent that it will bear not only his own weight but enable him to support a group of people. This arrangement is designed particularly for strong men and swimmers who, in the presence of calamity at sea, would plan the rescue of fellow-passengers.

To support merely the wearer, however, it is not necessary that the tubes be fully inflated. Although quite small, and thus adapted to be worn with the same comfort that one would experience in donning an additional lightweight garment, the buoyant virtues of the device inhere in the great length of the series of pneumatic coils, which are capable of containing many cubic feet of air.

The new life-preserver is remarkably light. The only thing metallic about the contrivance is a small aluminum cylinder in the mouthpiece with a check-valve to hold the air after the tubes are inflated. In starting on a voyage, say from New York to Liverpool, a passenger may have his life-preserver inflated with an ordinary bicycle pump, or he may, if he wishes, puff it up himself with his own breath. After inflating the spiral device to any dimension desired, the valve is closed and the life-preserver needs no further attention. It may be worn comfortably during sleep. In addition to ordinary life-saving purposes the device may be used to advantage by people learning to swim. It is planned to equip sailors and life-saving crews with these preservers, as they will not interfere with any freedom of movement necessary.

In the cabins of well-appointed steamers are placards calling attention to life-preservers in racks overhead or deftly tucked under berths. Though these afford a sense of security against storm and shipwreck, many passengers do not know how to use them and often in moments of panic fail to take advantage of them. Wearing one of the new preservers, a passenger cannot be taken unawares. Although unable to swim and pitched without warning into the sea, it is said to be impossible for a person, wearing a pneumatic life-preserver, to sink.

MILLIONS FOR THE SOUTH — A new system of tapping that saves all the resin and turpentine and does not kill the tree.

IT IS the carefully worked out estimate of Dr. Gifford Pinchot, Chief Forester of the United States, that the recent invention of a simple device will result in an annual increase of at least $13,000,000 in the revenue from the turpentine and resin industry of Southern pine forests.

Experiments with the new system of tapping the trees show a minimum gain in turpentine and resin of 23 per cent. In many instances the increase is from 75 to 100 per cent. Some of the Cuban or "slash" pines yield the surprising increase of from 300 to 400 per cent., as compared with the production by the present system of boxing. A further advantage, more vital, perhaps, even than the additional millions in annual returns, is that by the abolition of boxing the least possible damage is done the trees. Instead of the former mutilation the new system necessitates only shallow clipping.

The total value of the turpentine and resin crop of 1902 was something more than $17,000,000. Had the new method been known then the product would have yielded a return of over $30,000,000. Instead of 600,000 barrels of turpentine, this new device would have caused a production of 1,050,000 barrels. The resin product of 1902 was 2,100,000 barrels. The new process would have filled 4,675,000 barrels. A gain of nearly three million barrels in resin and turpentine is a great claim to be made for a

Winners of Advertising
Who Attract Attention

How I Qualified Them by Mail Instruction in a Few Months to Fill Important Positions

By GEORGE H. POWELL

THE readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have been deeply interested in my talks about the great and growing business of advertising writing, and about the principles which govern success in this celebrated vocation.

Scarcely a day passes that I do not receive letters of inquiry from prominent educators and business colleges, who realize that the teaching of ad. writing by correspondence is a factor in business and educational life that must of necessity continue to grow more and more in influence and power year by year.

Indeed, there is little doubt that the progressive business men of the future will no more think of getting along without the assistance of the competent ad. writer than they would now think of getting along without a trained bookkeeper.

I have written much concerning the marvelous achievements of young men and women who have taken my course of instruction and are to-day filling high-salaried positions as advertising managers and writers in various parts of the country, and I shall continue along the same line this week.

In all the world there is nothing so encouraging, so stimulating, so convincing as the living example, and in the achievements of J. A. Brainard and Wm. H. Lidell, which I am about to note, the prospective student will doubtless find numerous replies to many a mental question raised in regard to his or her chances of succeeding through enrollment in the Powell System.

I have selected these two young men as representative of two different types — one a college man and the other from the humbler walks.

Mr. Brainard was recently made advertising manager of the great firm of Brill Brothers, one of New York's largest clothiers and furnishers, embracing a system of four immense retail establishments. About a year ago Mr. Brainard was obliged to leave Dartmouth College on account of his health, and ere long he drifted to the great metropolis, where he moved around like a square peg in a round hole. In other words, he was trying to secure a footing in the ordinary business walks, and it soon dawned upon him that the city was full of thousands of clerks and subordinates just as capable of drawing meagre weekly salaries as he was.

Some mature reflection resulted in the absolute conviction that if he was to win early success it must be in some vocation not crowded with half-paid workers. One of his friends, occupying a responsible position in Hapgoods, the most important institution of its kind in the world, which secures only high-class, skilled workers for the largest manufacturers in America, told him to take up the study of ad. writing, as there were not half enough competent writers of advertising to meet the demand. Mr. Brainard then took up the Powell System as advised, and in a few months attained such proficiency that he was later appointed to his present position, where he has demonstrated his ability in a most promising manner. In teaching him, I devoted much time to catchy illustrations and the chatty style of writing. No one is born with advertising originality, and Mr. Brainard will cheerfully testify to the fact. He will also volunteer the information that the Powell System is in reality a kindergarten system in many respects, since the teaching, so far as it relates to idea originality, consists in analysis of a host of actual advertisements which are replete with advertising principles and object lessons, and which stimulate the student and cause him or her to "see things." These resulting illustrative ideas on the part of the student, as was the case with Mr. Brainard, are at first usually weak and withal commonplace, but week by week the improvement continues until one fine day it is seen that the true advertising spirit has at last been developed. This may come about in three or four months or sooner, and thereafter, until the course is completed, it is merely continued drilling to thoroughly and indelibly impress the true advertising principles on the brain so that they can be applied anywhere.

Mr. Lidell, the new advertising manager of the C. E. Barker Mfg. Co., 56-58 Warren St., New York, was filling a position of no consequence a year ago on little Governor's Island, and the Powell System is responsible for his present skill. The Barker Company are originators of advertising systems, including the famous trading stamps, and for a graduate of mine to fit into such a responsible place in so brief a time means a good deal.

It means among other things that I can make a competent ad. writer from anyone possessing an average education, such as our grammar and high schools afford, plus perseverance.

And I cannot too strongly caution the prospective student against the fatal error of instability, since it is a thousand times more at fault than any lack of talent.

He who is unwilling to devote on an average of an hour or so per evening for months has nothing to gain by my instructions.

Business men and those who have their way to make in the world will be interested in my new Prospectus, which is the most instructive ever issued. It also contains an abundance of testimony that gives the facts as they are. To obtain a copy simply address me, George H. Powell, 199 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

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EXPERT TESTIMONY

Coffee Tried and Found Guilty.

No one who has studied its effects on the human body can deny that coffee is a strong drug and liable to cause all kinds of ills, while Postum is a food drink and a powerful rebuilder that will correct the ills caused by coffee when used steadily in place of coffee.

An expert who has studied the subject says: "I have studied the value of foods and the manufacture of food products from personal investigation and wish to bear testimony to the wonderful qualities of Postum Cereal Coffee. I was an excessive coffee drinker, although I knew it to be a slow poison. First it affected my nerves and then my heart, but when I once tried Postum I found it easy to give up the coffee, confirmed coffee fiend though I was.

"Postum satisfied my craving for coffee and since drinking Postum steadily in place of the coffee all my troubles have disappeared and I am again healthy and strong.

"I know that even where coffee is not taken to excess it has bad effects on the constitution in some form or other, and I am convinced by my investigation that the only thing to do if health and happiness are of any value to one is to quit coffee and drink Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

For Beauty, Comfort and Economy

Insist

that your dealer shall sell you

Radcliffe

Shoes

$2.50 for Women

Some dealers don't sell them because their profit is small—but yours is large. Insist! Shoe Fashion Book Free.

RADCLIFFE SHOE CO., Dept. 20, Boston, Mass.

THE SAVIN ICE PAD

(TRADEMARK)

Prevents the stale smelling gas which nourishes millions of microbes in the ice chest. Saves 15 to 33 per cent. of the ice bill.

Keeps Provisions Much Colder

Can't get out of order. Nothing to wear out. Lasts a whole season. 75c. a sq. ft. At all first-class hardware, housefurnishing and department stores. Booklet No. 10 tells all about it.

SAVIN ICE PAD COMPANY
1015 Filbert Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTED FEB 17, 1903.

WATER MOTOR FAN

$1.50 Can be connected with any spigot or attached to wall. Any pressure can adjust it easily and without effort.

Diameter, 10 inches. Makes 2000 Revolutions a Minute. Throws a current of air as strong as any $25 electric fan, without any noise or annoyance. It is unequal for the sick room. Descriptive Circular Free.

PRICE, COMPLETE, $1.50 AGENTS WANTED

DELAWARE RUBBER CO., Dept. 94, 631 Market Street, Phila., Pa.

little contrivance. Yet these are the conservative figures of Government scientists, founded on thorough practical tests.

Of such significance is the new system in arresting the present wasteful and injurious method of harvesting turpentine and resin that the United States Government has secured special rates from Southern railroads to haul the new equipments in carload lots.

Furthermore, in order that operators in this industry may secure the great advantages of the new method at once, the Government offers scientific aid in the field in the installation of the method. All this is given without charge.

Inasmuch as the system has been perfected by Dr. Charles H. Herty, an expert in the Government employ, the principles of the discovery are given without reservation, so that the turpentine men will be able to change to the better method with little expense.

In Doctor Herty's system an earthen cup of the same capacity as the standard box is used to catch the crude turpentine. Through a half-inch hole in a stout rim at the top the cup is suspended from a nail driven into the tree. Two thin galvanized sheet-iron gutters, two inches wide and from six to twelve inches long, and bent lengthwise through the middle at an angle of 120 degrees, convey the resin to the cup.

These are the essentials of the new system, which may be applied to trees previously boxed, as well as to new timber. In making the converging incisions for the reception of the sheet-iron gutters some scientific care is required.

Also, in the hanging of the cups great precision is necessary. As these soon fill with rain water, a law of physics has been followed, by which the resin, although at first of less specific gravity than water, is finally caused to sink to the lower side of the cup. Each additional drop of rain forces out a drop of water. No resin is lost, either by escape over the edge of the receptacle or by evaporation of the spirits of turpentine.

In addition to giving this invention to the turpentine industry, securing special transportation schedules for the equipment, and offering without charge to superintend its installation, the Government has obtained offers from manufacturers to turn out these cups and galvanized gutters at special wholesale rates.

AN ENERGETIC CHEESE—Investigation shows that some cheeses are ninety per cent. potential energy.

EFFORTS are being made by the Government to extend the manufacture of cheese in the United States and to increase its consumption. Recent experiments with the common American brand of cheese show its food value to be very great. In these tests ninety-three per cent. of the protein and ninety-five per cent. of the fat were digested, the available energy produced being ninety-three per cent. Notwithstanding its remarkably nourishing qualities, cheese is eaten only to a very limited extent in the United States. In fact, it constitutes less than half of one per cent. of the total food consumed in this country. That small quantity represents 1.6 per cent. of the total protein and 1.6 of the total fat in America's food supply.

After several years of careful study of the subject scientists have evolved a plan to popularize cheese in the United States. They are convinced that the system of making large cheeses, which in the retail trade are carved by grocers into awkward slices, has greatly handicapped the industry. The cheese thus prepared and sold is not strikingly tempting.

Noting that print butter brings a higher price than that article in bulk, and is in far greater demand, Professor E. H. Farrington reasoned that cheese put up in pound packages, each one bearing the imprint of the maker, would enhance its sale. But the curing of cheese in one-pound packages presented a difficult problem. Professor Farrington solved it by devising a carved board for use in a rectangular cheese mould which makes sixteen impressions on the cheese, stamping it and dividing it into one-pound prints.

What recommends the method particularly is that it opens a profitable thing to individual dairy farmers. At present less than six per cent. of all the cheese manufactured in the United States is made on farms. Factories control the industry. They turn out annually about 300,000,000 pounds. The new plan of printing pound cheeses gives promise not only of stimulating the general trade but also of enabling farmers to gain reputation for their brands, even where the output of a dairy is limited.

Man will climb to any height for the love of a woman. To encourage his ambition Charm him with NABISCO Sugar Wafers.

It is difficult to imagine anything more charming than

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

with the fascinating flavors of Lemon, Orange, Chocolate, Cherry, Vanilla, Strawberry, Raspberry or Mint. No matter what dessert or beverage you are going to serve you can get

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

in a harmonizing flavor.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Copyright, National Biscuit Company, 1903.

I explain each lesson to my pupils by personal letter.

Will It Be All Play? Make Your Summer Count

Don't wait until Fall; take up the profession of ad-writing now and by Fall I will fit you for a position. That's when the positions are obtainable. The new profession of advertising is uncrowded; it pays well; competent men and women are in demand. The Helms course of ad-writing has been successfully taught by mail for the past two years. The graduates, without a single exception, endorse it. They're all quite willing to do this, because they're all in good positions, obtained and held because

THEY KNOW THE BUSINESS

This course is not taught by "form letters." Every lesson is prepared and corrected by Mr. Helms himself, and is accompanied by a letter personally dictated by him. He has no assistants. Consequently but two hundred pupils can be taught at one time. If you're willing to work a few hours each week, and to ask questions about whatever features of the work are not clearly understood, you may be one of the summer students, and you'll be equipped in about four months. Only earnest men and women are wanted in this course. Their instructor will be no less conscientious in his work. Interested? Write without delay to

ELMER HELMS, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. Formerly Ad-Writer for John Wanamaker

A Failing Memory

Is the First Evidence of Mental Decay

No matter what your position in life may be, a good memory cannot fail to be of inestimable value to you. It is absolutely necessary to success. The poorest memory may be developed and strengthened by proper training, just as the muscles are developed by a proper course of physical exercise.

THE PELMAN SYSTEM of Memory Training

is taught in six languages. Requires only a few minutes daily and is so simple a child can master it. Mr. Pelman's books, "**Memory Training; Its Laws and Their Application to Practical Life,**" and "**The Natural Way to Learn a Language,**" sent FREE by mail, postpaid. Write right now—before you forget it.

The Pelman School of Memory Training, 1641 Masonic Temple, Chicago

LONDON, 4 Bloomsbury St., W. C. PARIS, Avenue de Neuilly, 109
MUNICH, Mozartstrasse, 9 MELBOURNE, G. P. O. Box 402

By George! I Forgot That.

"Just Supposin'"

Just suppose **that you know** for sure that we send you a high grade range—none better at any price—for from $12 to $20 less than your dealer asks you for a range not so good. Would you keep that $12 or $20 in your pocket or would you give it to the dealer? **We do save** our customers that much money and

WE SEND THE RANGE ON 360 DAYS APPROVAL TEST

Every range blacked and polished and any man can put it up. **We prepay the freight.** Wouldn't it be wise to investigate? Our book No. **152** is free for the asking. Better write for it. **Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.**

All Kalamazoo cook stoves and ranges are equipped with patent oven thermometer.

A 50-Cent Hat by Mail

MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal-order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. We are hat manufacturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for catalogue.*

MEN'S HAT No. 2
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AN EARLY WRECK

(Continued from Page 7)

Duffy reached toward the lantern which afforded the only light.

"If you touch the light I begin to shoot," said Tyce; and someway every one knew that he meant it. In various ways the nerves of the regulators received an impression of the difference between a remonstrance and a gatling-gun ready for action.

Bob Terhune had only a vague, whirling impression of all this, and to him the light went out. When it returned it shone glimmeringly from a tin reflector behind an oil lamp fastened to the wall. Two men moved uncertainly about him. One was young Doctor Howell, the other was Tyce, and Tyce was telling the young doctor what to do.

Next morning Bob knew perfectly well that he was lying on a battered horsehair sofa in Tyce's office. The lawyer brought him some breakfast from the hotel.

"What happened?" said Bob feebly.

"Nothing at all, my boy," said Tyce cheerfully, "except that you got your head cracked."

"They—the others?" His eager eyes were fixed on the lawyer's face.

"The Cressets are all right. Their Eagle's had its tail pulled out, but they're all right."

Bob hated the man with a feeble jealousy for a moment and went to sleep. Later in the day he roused and lay speculating. Would Miss Lydia know anything about him? Would she care anything about him now?

Amid his speculation Miss Lydia herself entered. She drew a chair and sat down beside his battered horsehair sofa. "Oh, Bob," she moaned, "are you much hurt? Do you feel better?"

"I'm all right," he murmured.

She met the boy's hungry, humble, blue eyes. A deep, unused, unexpected instinct of maternity stirred in her maidenly breast. She lifted his battered head in her arms and laid her cheek beside his bandages. "Oh, dear Bob! We're all broke up and we're going back to Ohio," she said.

But what she said did not matter. She held his head in her arms and bent her cheek beside him. Bob closed his eyes, and for a moment he wished that he were about to die.

She lowered his head to the soiled pillow. "I'm sure you'll get along well, Bob," she said. "You were so brave. We'll always remember you. We're going to-night. I must say good-by."

For an instant Bob thrilled to the tips of his toes as his swooning, ecstatic thought formed the daring question, "Will she kiss me?"

"Good-by," he murmured.

"Good-by, Bob," said Miss Lydia more briskly, and stood up. "He will get along well, won't he?" she added with an entreating note.

And Bob heard James E. Tyce replying gallantly, "Certainly. I will answer for him."

Miss Lydia went out, and Bob understood that James E. Tyce had stood by, a smiling, shameless spectator of the sacred scene.

"Well, you're going to get along all right, aren't you, Bob—with me?" said Tyce cheerfully.

Lydia was gone. Tyce had seen everything. This cheerfulness was the straw too much.

"I'm going to get along all right," said Bob fiercely; "but I suppose you'll be going back to Ohio."

"Ohio?" the lawyer repeated, at a loss. He looked down at the helplessly jealous blue eyes. Then, slowly and gravely, he took the chair which she had occupied. He pushed his beard up to his mouth, and for an exquisite instant Bob's soul was pierced with the suspicion that he was hiding a grin. But when his face was disclosed it was very grave.

"No, there's no Ohio for me, Bob—or for you. We've both lost the stake. Your advantage is that you have a longer time to forget about it in, and mine is that I've lost my stake a good many times before. Probably that's why I can keep my temper."

Bob looked away and felt himself small and young.

Again Tyce pushed his beard up to his mouth; then went on: "We're a good deal in the same boat all around. I suppose there'll be some coldness toward both of us on the part of our fellow-citizens. We might strike up a sort of partnership—now that the Eagle

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has flung itself to the breeze and flown away. How would you like to stay in my office and study law with me?"

Bob merely gasped at him for an instant. "But—would you?" he asked incredulously.

"I would," said Tyce, and laughed openly.

"But—I—I don't know very much," Bob stammered.

"Well, I don't know very much, either," said Tyce genially. He bent forward. "Only you can stand pat when the time comes. I know that. I like that—even if I've mostly lost at it. We'll form the partnership."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of complete and independent short stories of Blue Ridge and of Bob Terhune.

Despotism and Democracy

(Continued from Page 11)

Scipio opened the front door, and announcing that Miss Maitland was at home, showed Julian Crane and Annette into the drawing-room. As they walked briskly to the fireplace they saw the two persons on the sofa start apart. Thorndyke rose to his feet. Having been accepted, he was once more master of himself and of the situation. Constance cowered in the corner of the sofa.

"Pray excuse us," cried Annette, laughing, blushing and hesitating.

"There is nothing to excuse," replied Thorndyke coolly. "Miss Maitland has just promised to marry me. I am sure I don't know why, but I am very much obliged to her, all the same."

Annette reached out and took Thorndyke's hand in hers.

"I know why," she said; "any woman would know why."

Crane shook Thorndyke's hand warmly.

Constance, too, rose, and without a word, but with rapture in her eyes and smile, received Annette's kiss and Crane's cordial grasp of the hand.

"I suppose," said Annette, "you are too blissfully happy to be interested in anything now, but when you come to your senses I am sure both of you will rejoice with us. We have just had a dispatch from Senator Bicknell, saying my husband was elected Senator, at four o'clock to-day, on the fifth ballot."

And then Crane spoke, with sincerity in his eye and his smile:

"We came straight to you for sympathy in our good fortune—for which we are wholly indebted to Senator Bicknell. And we find you enjoying the good fortune that befell us ten years ago. Ah, there is no such good fortune on this earth, Thorndyke, as a good wife!"

(THE END)

The Festive Filipino

THE War Department is in receipt of a communication from the Philippines which gives an amusing account of the ready musical talent of the Filipino people. Upon hearing an air for the first time some of the native performers can reproduce it, frequently with little or no flaw or variation. Marches, hymns, operatic selections and ragtime melodies are all eagerly added to their repertoire. American tunes, the communication states, are particularly catching, rag-time especially appealing to the lively imagination of the Filipino. Although quick to take up our music, they are far less ready in acquiring the English language. In consequence they have adopted and now render on solemn occasions American airs that appeal to them, utterly unconscious that the words are totally at variance with the occasion. At one town the Filipino citizens had assembled to honor Governor Taft, and when he walked to the platform the native band, to the great amusement of the Governor and his staff, struck up, "Good-Morning, Carrie."

More incongruous still was the tune Governor Taft heard in a funeral procession. A Filipino of standing had passed away and the obsequies were designed to be imposing. In the cortège behind the hearse marched a native band. Not a member of it understood English. With dirgelike movement, but with startling fidelity to the American tune, the musicians played, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night."

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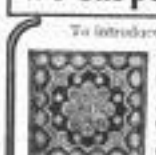

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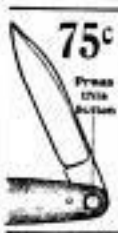

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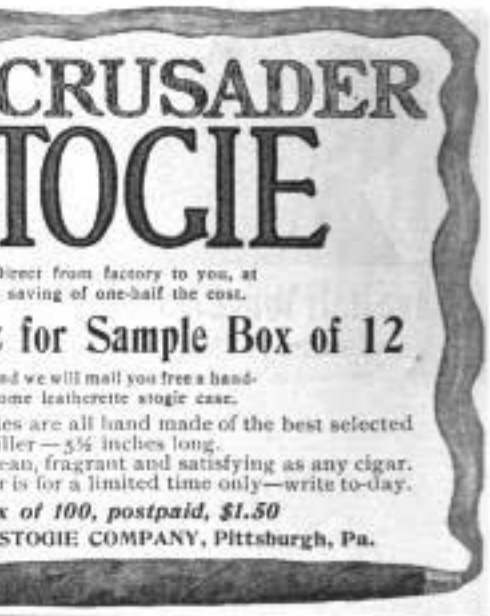

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JUNE 20, 1903

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DRAWN BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

Beginning The Call of the Wild—By Jack London

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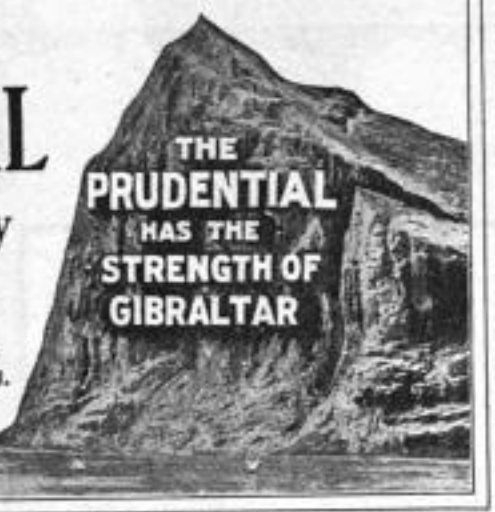

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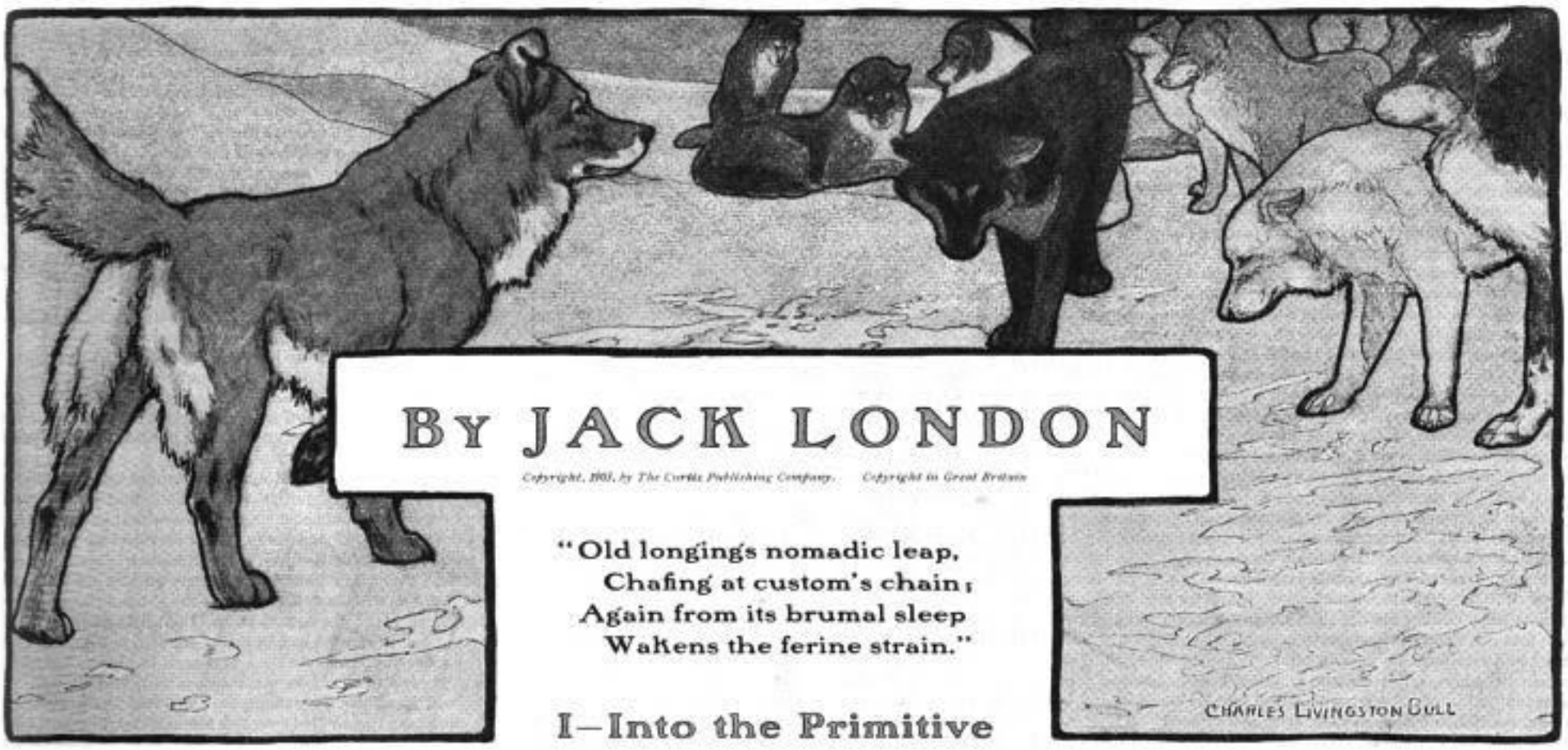
THE CALL OF THE WILD



BY JACK LONDON

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"Old longings nomadic leap,
Chafing at custom's chain;
Again from its brumal sleep
Wakens the ferine strain."

CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

I—Into the Primitive

BUCK did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing, not alone for himself but for every tidewater dog, strong of muscle and with warm, long hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Because men, groping in the Arctic darkness, had found a yellow metal, and because steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs, and the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, strong of muscle and with warm, long hair.

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley; Judge Miller's place, it was called. It stood back from the road, half-hidden among the trees, through which glimpses could be caught of the great cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by graveled driveways which wound about through wide-spreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants' cottages, an endless and orderly array of outhouses, long grape arbors, green pastures, orchards and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the artesian well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoons. And over this great demesne Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. It was true, there were other dogs. There could not but be other dogs on so vast a place, but they did not count. They came and went, resided in the populous kennels, or lived obscurely in the recesses of the house after the fashion of Toots, the Japanese pug, or Ysabel, the Mexican hairless—strange creatures that rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, a score of them at least, who yelped fearful promises at Toots and Ysabel looking out of the windows and protected by a legion of housemaids armed with brooms and mops.

But Buck was neither house-dog nor kennel-dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons; he escorted Mollie and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long twilight or early morning rambles; on wintry nights he lay at the Judge's feet before the roaring library fire; he carried the Judge's grandsons on his back or rolled them in the grass, and guarded their footsteps through wild adventures down to the fountain in the stable yard, and even beyond, where the paddocks were and the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked imperiously, and Toots and Ysabel he utterly ignored, for he was King, king over all creeping, crawling, flying things of Judge Miller's place, humans included.

His father, Elmo, a huge St. Bernard, had been the Judge's inseparable companion, and Buck bade fair to follow in the way of his father. He was not so large—he weighed only one hundred and forty pounds—for his mother, Shep, had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Nevertheless, one hundred and forty pounds, to which was added the dignity that comes of good living and universal respect, enabled him to carry himself in right royal fashion. During the four years since his puppyhood he had lived the life of a sated aristocrat; he had a fine pride in himself, was even a trifle egotistical, just as country gentlemen sometimes become because of their insular situation. But he had saved himself by not becoming a mere pampered house-dog. Hunting and kindred outdoor delights had kept down the fat and hardened his muscles; and like the cold-tubbing races, the love of water had been to him a tonic and a health-preserver.

And this was the manner of dog Buck was in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike Rush sprang up and dragged men from all the world into the frozen North. But Buck did not read the newspapers, and he did not know that Manuel, one of the gardener's helpers, was an undesirable acquaintance. Manuel had one besetting sin. He loved to play Chinese lottery. Also, in his gambling, he had one besetting weakness: faith in a system, and this made his damnation certain. For to play a system requires money, whereas the wages of a gardener's helper do not lap over the needs of a wife and numerous progeny.

The Judge was at a meeting of the Raisin Growers' Association and the boys were busy organizing an athletic club on the memorable night of Manuel's treachery. No one saw him and Buck go off through the orchard on what Buck imagined was merely a stroll. And with the exception of a solitary man, no one saw them arrive at the little flag station known as College Park. This man talked with Manuel, and money chinked between them.

"You might wrap up the goods before you deliver 'm," the stranger said gruffly, and Manuel doubled a piece of stout rope around Buck's neck under the collar.

"Twist it, an' you'll choke 'm plentee," said Manuel, and the stranger grunted a ready affirmative.

Buck had accepted the rope with quiet dignity. To be sure, it was an unwonted performance, but he had learned to trust in men he knew and to give them credit for a wisdom that outreached his own. But when the ends of the rope were placed in the stranger's hands he growled menacingly. He merely intimated his displeasure, in his pride believing that to intimate was to command. But to his surprise the rope tightened around his neck, shutting off his breath. In quick rage he sprang at the man, who met him half-way, grappled him close by the throat, and with a deft twist threw him over on his back. Then the rope tightened mercilessly, while Buck struggled in a fury, his tongue lolling out of his mouth and his great chest panting futilely. Never in all his life had he been so vilely treated, and never in all his life had he been so angry. But his strength ebbed, his eyes glazed, and he knew nothing when the train was flagged and the two men threw him into the baggage car.

The next he knew he was dimly aware that his tongue was hurting and that he was being jolted along in some kind of a conveyance. The hoarse shriek of a locomotive, whistling a crossing, told him where he was. He had traveled too often with the Judge not to know the sensation of riding in a baggage car. He opened his eyes, and into them came the unbridled anger of a kidnaped king. The man sprang for his throat, but Buck was too quick for him. His jaws closed on the hand, nor did they relax till his senses were choked out of him once more.

"Yep; has fits," the man said, hiding his mangled hand from the baggageman, who had been attracted by the sounds of struggle. "I'm takin' 'm up for the boss to 'Frisco. A crack dog-doctor there thinks he can cure 'em."

Concerning that night's ride the man spoke most eloquently for himself in a little shed back of a saloon on the San Francisco water front.

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"All I get is fifty for it," he grumbled. "An' I wouldn't do it over for a thousand, cold cash."

His hand was wrapped in a bloody handkerchief, and the right trouser-leg was ripped from knee to ankle.

"How much did the other mug get?" the saloonkeeper demanded.

"A hundred," was the reply. "Wouldn't take a sou less, so help me."

"That makes a hundred and fifty," the saloonkeeper calculated; "and he's worth it, or I'm a squarehead."

The kidnaper undid the bloody wrappings and looked at his lacerated hand. "If I don't get the hydrophoby——"

"It'll be because you was born to hang," laughed the saloonkeeper. "Here, lend me a hand before you pull your freight," he added.

Dazed, suffering intolerable pain from throat and tongue, with the life half throttled out of him, Buck attempted to face his tormentors. But he was thrown down and choked repeatedly, till they succeeded in filing the heavy brass collar from off his neck. Then the rope was removed and he was flung into a cagelike crate. There he lay for the remainder of the weary night, nursing his wrath and wounded pride. He could not understand what it all meant. What did they want with him, these strange men? Why were they keeping him pent up in this narrow crate? He did not know why, but he felt oppressed by the vague sense of impending calamity. Several times during the night he sprang to his feet when the shed-door rattled open, expecting to see the Judge, or the boys at least. But each time it was the bulging face of the saloonkeeper that peered in at him by the sickly light of a tallow candle. And each time the joyful bark that trembled in Buck's throat was twisted into a savage growl.

But the saloonkeeper let him alone, and in the morning four men entered and picked up the crate. More tormentors, Buck decided, for they were evil-looking creatures, ragged and unkempt; and he stormed and raged at them through the bars. They only laughed and poked sticks at him, which he promptly assailed with his teeth till he realized that that was what they wanted. Whereupon he lay down sullenly and allowed the crate to be lifted into a wagon. Then he, and the crate in which he was imprisoned, began a passage through many hands. Clerks in the express office took charge of him; he was carted about in another wagon; a truck carried him, with an assortment of boxes and parcels, upon a ferry steamer; he was trucked off the steamer into a great railway depot; and finally he was deposited in an express car.

For two days and nights this express car was dragged along at the tail of shrieking locomotives. And for two days and nights Buck neither ate nor drank. In his anger he had met the first advances of the express messengers with growls, and they had retaliated by teasing him. When he flung himself against the bars, quivering and frothing, they laughed at him and taunted him. They growled and barked like detestable dogs, mewed, and flapped their arms and crowed. It was all very silly, he knew, but therefore the more outrage to his dignity, and his anger waxed and waxed. He did not mind the hunger so much, but the lack of water caused him severe suffering and fanned his wrath to fever-pitch. For that matter, high-strung and finely sensitive, the ill-treatment had flung him into a fever, which was fed by the inflammation of his parched and swollen throat and tongue.

He was glad for one thing: the rope was off his neck. That had given them an unfair advantage; but now that it was off he would show them. They should never get another rope around his neck. Upon that he was resolved. For two days and nights he neither ate nor drank, and during those two days and nights of torment he accumulated a fund of wrath that boded ill for whomever first fell foul of him. His eyes turned bloodshot; he became metamorphosed into a raging fiend. So changed was he that the Judge himself would not have recognized him; while the express messengers breathed with relief when they bundled him off the train at Seattle.

FRANÇOIS

Four men gingerly carried the crate from the wagon into a small, high-walled back yard. A stout man with a red sweater that sagged generously at the neck came out and signed the book for the driver. That was the man, Buck divined, the next tormentor, and he hurled himself savagely against the bars. The man smiled grimly, and brought a hatchet and a club.

"You ain't going to take him out now?" the driver asked.

"Sure," the man replied, driving the hatchet into the crate.

There was an instantaneous scattering of the four men who had carried it in, and from safe perches on the wall they prepared to watch the performance.

Buck rushed at the splintering wood, sinking his teeth into it, surging and wrestling with it. Wherever the hatchet fell on the outside he was there on the inside, snarling and growling, as furiously anxious to get out as the man in the red sweater was calmly intent on getting him out.

"Now, you red-eyed devil," he said, when he had made an opening sufficient for the passage of Buck's body. At the same time he dropped the hatchet and shifted the club to his right hand.

And Buck was truly a red-eyed devil as he drew himself together for the spring, hair bristling, mouth foaming, and a mad glitter in his bloodshot eyes. Straight at the man he launched his one hundred and forty pounds of fury, surcharged with the pent passion of two days and nights. In midair, just as his jaws were about to close on the man, he received a shock that checked his body and brought his teeth together with an agonizing clip. He whirled over, fetching the ground on his back and side; he had never been struck by a club in his life and did not understand. With a snarl that was part bark and more scream, he was on his feet and launched into the air again. And again the shock came and he was brought crushingly to the ground. This time he knew it was the club, but his madness knew no caution. A dozen times he charged, and as often the club broke the charge and smashed him down.

Following upon a particularly fierce blow he crawled to his feet, too dazed to rush. He staggered limply about, the blood flowing from nose and mouth and ears, his beautiful coat sprayed and flecked with bloody slaver. Then the man advanced and deliberately dealt him a frightful blow on the nose. All the pain he had endured was as nothing compared with the exquisite agony of this. With a roar that was almost lionlike in its ferocity he again hurled himself at the man. But the man, shifting the club from right to left, coolly caught him by the under jaw, at the same time wrenching downward and backward. Buck described a complete circle in the air, and half of another, then crashed to the ground on his head and chest.

For the last time he rushed. The man struck the shrewd blow he had purposely withheld for so long, and Buck crumpled up and went down, knocked utterly senseless.

"He's no slouch at dog-breakin', that's wot I say," one of the men on the wall cried enthusiastically.

"'Druther break cayuses any day, and twice on Sundays," was the reply of the driver as he climbed on to the wagon and started the horses.

Buck's senses came back to him, but not his strength. He lay where he had fallen, and from there he watched the man in the red sweater.

"'Answers to the name of Buck,'" the man soliloquized, quoting from the saloonkeeper's letter, which had announced the consignment of the crate and contents. "Well, Buck, my boy," he went on in a genial voice, "we've had our little ruction, and the best thing we can do is to let it go at that. You've learned your place, and I know mine. Be a good dog and all'll go well and the goose hang high. Be a bad dog and I'll whale the stuffin' outer yer. Understand?"

As he spoke he fearlessly patted the head he had so mercilessly pounded, and though Buck's hair involuntarily bristled at the touch he endured it without protest. When the man brought him water he drank eagerly, and later bolted a generous meal of raw meat, chunk by chunk, from the man's hand.

He was beaten (he knew that); but he was not broken. He saw, once for all, that he stood no chance against a man with a club. He had learned the lesson, and in all his after life he never forgot it. That club was a revelation. It was his introduction to the reign of primitive law, and he met the introduction half-way. The facts of life took on a fiercer aspect; and though he faced that aspect uncowed, he faced it with all the latent cunning of his nature aroused. As the days went by other dogs came, in crates and at the ends of ropes, some docilely and some raging and roaring as he had come; and one and all, he watched them pass under the dominion of the man in the red sweater. Again and again, as he looked at each brutal performance, the lesson was driven home

PERRAULT

to Buck: a man with a club was a lawgiver, a master to be obeyed, though not necessarily conciliated. Of this last Buck was never guilty, though he did see beaten dogs that fawned upon the man and wagged their tails and licked his hand. Also, he saw one dog that would neither be conciliated nor obey finally killed in the struggle for mastery.

Now and again men came, strangers, who talked excitedly, wheedlingly, and in all kinds of fashions to the man in the red sweater. And at such times that money passed between them the strangers took one or more of the dogs away with them. Buck wondered where they went, for they never came back; but the fear of the future was strong upon him, and he was glad, each time, when he was not selected.

Yet his time came, in the end, in the form of a little weazened man who spat broken English and many strange and uncouth exclamations which Buck could not understand.

"Sacrédam!" he cried, when his eyes lit upon Buck, "Dat one dam bully dog! Eh? How moch?"

"Three hundred, and a present at that," was the prompt reply of the man in the red sweater. "And seein' it's government money, you ain't got no kick coming, eh, Perrault?"

Perrault grinned. Considering that the price of dogs had been boomed skyward by the unwonted demand, it was not an unfair sum for so fine an animal. The Canadian Government would be no loser, nor would its dispatches travel the slower.

Perrault knew dogs, and when he looked at Buck he knew that he was one in a thousand—— "One in ten t'ousand," he commented mentally.

Buck saw money pass between them, and was not surprised when Curly, a good-natured Newfoundland, and he were led away by the little weazened man. That was the last he saw of the man in the red sweater, and as Curly and he looked at receding Seattle from the deck of the Narwhal, it was the last he saw of the warm Southland. Curly and he were taken below by Perrault and turned over to a black-faced giant called François. Perrault was a French-Canadian, and swarthy; but François was a French-Canadian half-breed, and twice as swarthy. They were a new kind of men to Buck (of which he was destined to see many more), and though he developed no affection for them, he none the less grew honestly to respect them. He speedily learned that Perrault and François were fair men, calm and impartial in administering justice, and too wise in the way of dogs to be ever fooled by dogs.

In the 'tween decks of the Narwhal, Buck and Curly joined two other dogs. One of them was a big, snow-white fellow from Spitzbergen who had been brought away by a whaling captain, and who had later accompanied a Geological Survey into the Barrens. He was friendly, in a treacherous sort of way, smiling into one's face the while he meditated some underhand trick; as, for instance, when he stole from Buck's food at the first meal. As Buck sprang to punish him the lash of François' whip sang through the air, reaching the culprit first; and nothing remained to Buck but to recover the bone.

That was fair of François, he decided, and the half-breed began his rise in Buck's estimation.

The other dog made no advances nor received any; also, he did not attempt to steal from the newcomers. He was a gloomy, morose fellow, and he showed Curly plainly that all he desired was to be left alone, and further, that there would be trouble if he were not left alone. Dave, he was called, and he ate and slept or yawned between times, and took interest in nothing, not even when the Narwhal crossed Queen Charlotte Sound and rolled and pitched and bucked like a thing possessed. When Buck and Curly grew excited, half wild with fear, he raised his head as though annoyed, favored them with an incurious glance, yawned, and went to sleep again.

Day and night the ship throbbed to the tireless pulse of the propeller, and though one day was very like another it was apparent to Buck that the weather was steadily growing colder. At last, one morning the propeller was quiet and the Narwhal was pervaded with an atmosphere of excitement. He felt it, as did the other dogs, and knew that a change was at hand. François leashed them and brought them on deck. At the first step upon the cold surface Buck's feet sank into a white mushy something very like mud. He sprang back with a snort. More of this white stuff was falling through the air. He shook himself, but more of it fell upon him. He sniffed it curiously, then licked some up on his tongue. It bit like fire, and the next instant was gone. This puzzled him. He tried it again with the same result. The onlookers laughed uproariously, and he felt ashamed, he knew not why. It was his first snow.

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II—The Law of Club and Fang

BUCK'S first day on the Dyea beach was like a nightmare. Every hour was filled with shock and surprise. He had been suddenly jerked from the heart of civilization and flung into the heart of things primordial. No lazy, sun-kissed life was this, with nothing to do but loaf and be bored. Here was neither peace, nor rest, nor a moment's safety. All was confusion and action, and every moment life and limb were in peril. There was imperative need to be constantly alert, for these dogs and men were not town dogs and men. They were savages, all of them, who knew no law but the law of club and fang.

He had never seen dogs fight as these wolfish creatures fought, and his first experience taught him an unforgetable lesson. It is true, it was a vicarious experience, else he would not have lived to profit by it. Curly was the victim. They were camped near the log store, where she in her friendly way made advances to a husky-dog the size of a full-grown wolf, though not half so large as she. There was no warning, only a leap in like a flash, a metallic clip of teeth, a leap out equally swift, and Curly's face was ripped open from eye to jaw.

It was the wolf manner of fighting, to strike and leap away; but there was more to it than this. Thirty or forty huskies ran to the spot and surrounded the combatants in an intent and silent circle. Buck did not comprehend that silent intentness, nor the eager way with which they were licking their chops. Curly rushed her antagonist, who struck again and leaped aside. He met her next rush with his chest, in a peculiar fashion that tumbled her off her feet. She never regained them. This was for what the onlooking huskies had waited. They closed in upon her, snarling and yelping, and she was buried beneath the bristling mass of bodies.

So sudden was it and so unexpected that Buck was taken aback. He saw Spitz run out his scarlet tongue in a way he had of laughing; and he saw François, swinging an ax, spring into the mess of dogs. Three men with clubs were helping him to scatter them. It did not take long. Two minutes from the time Curly went down the last of her assailants were clubbed off. But she lay there limp and lifeless in the bloody, trampled snow, almost torn to pieces, the swarthy half-breed standing over her and cursing horribly. The scene often came back to Buck to trouble him in his sleep. So that was the way. No fair play. Once down, that was the end of you. Well, he would see to it that he never went down. Spitz ran out his tongue and laughed again, and from that moment Buck hated him with a bitter and deathless hatred.

Before he had recovered from the shock caused by the tragic passing of Curly he received another shock. François fastened on him an arrangement of straps and buckles. It was a harness, such as he had seen the grooms put on the horses at home. And as he had seen horses work, so he was set to work, hauling François on a sled to the forest that fringed the valley, and returning with a load of firewood. Though his dignity was sorely hurt by thus being made a draft animal, he was too wise to rebel. He buckled down with a will and did his best, though it was all new and strange. François was stern, demanding instant obedience, and by virtue of his whip receiving instant obedience; while Dave, who was an experienced wheeler, nipped Buck's hindquarters whenever he was in error. Spitz was the leader, likewise experienced, and though he could not always get at Buck, he growled sharp reproof now and again, or cunningly threw his weight in the traces to jerk Buck into the way he should go. Buck learned easily, and under the combined tuition of his two mates and François made remarkable progress. Ere they returned to camp he knew enough to stop at "ho!" to go ahead at "mush!" to swing wide on the bends, and to keep clear of the wheeler when the loaded sled shot down-hill at their heels.

"T'ree vair' good dogs," François told Perrault. "Dat Buck, heem pool lak h—l. I tich heem queek as anyt'ing."

By afternoon, Perrault, who was in a hurry to be on the trail with his dispatches, returned with two more dogs. "Billee" and "Jo," he called them, two brothers, and true huskies both. Sons of the one mother though they were, they were as different as day and night. Billee's one fault was his excessive good nature, whereas Jo was the very opposite, sour and introspective, with a perpetual snarl and a malignant eye. Buck received them in comradely fashion; Dave ignored them; while Spitz proceeded to thrash first one and then the other. Billee wagged his tail appeasingly, turned to run when he saw that appeasement was of no avail, and cried (still appeasingly) when Spitz's sharp teeth scored his flank. But no matter how Spitz circled, Jo whirled around on his heels to face him, mane bristling, ears laid back, lips writhing and snarling, jaws clipping together as fast as he could snap, and eyes diabolically gleaming—the incarnation of belligerent fear. So terrible was his appearance that Spitz was forced to forego disciplining him; but to cover his own discomfiture he turned upon the inoffensive and wailing Billee and drove him to the confines of the camp.

By evening Perrault secured another dog, an old husky, long and lean and gaunt, with a battle-scarred face and a single eye which flashed a warning of prowess that commanded respect. He was called Sol-leks, which means the Angry One. Like Dave, he asked nothing, gave nothing, expected nothing, and when he marched slowly and deliberately into their midst even Spitz left him alone. He had one peculiarity which Buck was unlucky enough to discover. He did not like to be approached on his blind side. Of this offense Buck was unwittingly guilty, and the first knowledge he had of his indiscretion was when Sol-leks whirled upon him and slashed his shoulder to the bone for three inches up and down. Forever after Buck avoided his blind side, and to the last of their comradeship had no more trouble. His only apparent ambition, like Dave's, was to be left alone; though, as Buck was afterward to learn, each of them possessed one other and far more vital ambition.

That night Buck faced the great problem of sleeping. The tent, illumined by a candle, glowed warmly in the midst of the white plain; and when he, as a matter of course, entered it, both Perrault and François bombarded him with curses and cooking utensils, till he recovered from his consternation and fled ignominiously into the outer cold. A chill wind was blowing that nipped him sharply and bit with especial venom into his wounded shoulder. He lay down on the snow and attempted to sleep, but the frost soon drove him shivering to his feet. Miserable and disconsolate, he wandered about among the many tents, only to find that one place was as cold as another. Here and there savage dogs rushed upon him, but he bristled his neck-hair and snarled (for he was learning fast) and they let him go his way unmolested.

Finally an idea came to him. He would return and see how his own team-mates were making out. To his astonishment they had disappeared. Again he wandered about through the great camp, looking for them, and again he returned. Were they in the tent? No, that could not be, else he would not have been driven out. Then where could they possibly be? With drooping tail and shivering body, very forlorn indeed, he aimlessly circled the tent. Suddenly the snow gave way beneath his forelegs and he sank down. Something wriggled under his feet. He sprang back, bristling and snarling, fearful of the unseen and unknown. But a friendly little yelp reassured him, and he went back to investigate. A whiff of warm air ascended to his nostrils, and there, curled up under the snow in a snug ball, lay Billee. He whined placatingly, squirmed and wriggled to show his good will and intentions, and even ventured, as a bribe for peace, to lick Buck's face with his warm, wet tongue.

Another lesson. So that was the way they did it, eh? Buck confidently selected a spot, and with much fuss and waste effort proceeded to dig a hole for himself. In a trice the heat from his body filled the confined space and he was asleep. The day had been long and arduous, and he slept soundly and comfortably, though he growled and barked and wrestled with bad dreams.

Nor did he open his eyes till roused by the noises of the waking camp. At first he did not know where he was. It had snowed during the night and he was completely buried. The snow-walls pressed him on every side, and a great surge of fear swept through him—the fear of the wild thing for the trap, a token that he was harking back through his own life to the lives of his forebears; for he was a civilized dog, an unduly civilized dog, and of his own experience knew no trap and so could not of himself fear it. The muscles of his whole body contracted spasmodically and instinctively, the hair on his neck and shoulders stood on end, and with a ferocious snarl he bounded straight up into the blinding day, the snow flying about him in a flashing cloud. Ere he landed on his feet he saw the white camp spread out before him and knew where he was, and remembered all that had passed from the time he went for a stroll with Manuel to the hole he had dug for himself the night before.

A shout from François hailed his appearance. "Wot I say?" the dog-driver cried to Perrault. "Dat Buck for sure learn queek as anyt'ing."

Perrault nodded gravely. As courier for the Canadian Government, bearing important dispatches, he was anxious to secure the best dogs, and he was particularly gladdened by the possession of Buck.

Three more huskies were added to the team inside of an hour, making a total of nine, and before another quarter of an hour had passed they were in harness and swinging up the trail toward the Dyea Cañon. Buck was glad to be gone, and though the work was hard he found he did not particularly despise it. He was surprised at the eagerness which animated the whole team and which was communicated to him; but still more surprising was the change wrought in Dave and Sol-leks. They were new dogs, utterly transformed by the harness. All passiveness and unconcern had dropped from them. They were alert and active, anxious that the work should go well, and fiercely irritable with whatever, by delay or confusion, retarded that work. The toil of the traces seemed the supreme expression of their being, and all that they lived for and the only thing in which they took delight.

Dave was wheeler or sled dog, pulling in front of him was Buck, then came Sol-leks; the rest of the team was strung out ahead, single file, to the leader, which position was filled by Spitz.

Buck had been purposely placed between Dave and Sol-leks so that he might receive instruction. Apt scholar that he was, they were equally apt teachers, never allowing him to linger long in error and enforcing their teaching with their sharp teeth. Dave was fair, and very wise. He never nipped Buck without cause, and he never failed to nip him when he stood in need of it. As François' whip backed him up, Buck found it to be cheaper to mend his ways than to retaliate. Once, during a brief halt, when he got tangled in the traces and delayed the start, both Dave and Sol-leks flew at him and administered a sound trouncing. The resulting tangle was even worse, but Buck took good care to keep the traces clear thereafter. And ere the day was done, so well had he mastered his work his mates about ceased nagging him.

(Continued on Page 30)

STRAIGHT AT THE MAN HE LAUNCHED

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The People at Atlantic City

ATLANTIC CITY has long since ceased to be a "Jersey summer place." And it is more than a mere all-the-year-round seaside resort. It has now become a sort of national institution, as Brighton is to England, visited by all sorts of people from all parts of our country and by the more thoroughgoing tourists from other countries —one of the American sights.

But the perennial popularity of this flat, commonplace strip of sandbar cannot be explained by the salubrious climate, the surf-bathing or any natural attraction. The thing which draws the crowds of people in winter and the hordes of humanity in summer to Atlantic City, and supplies most of their fun after they get there, is the great, ugly, flimsy-looking platform edging the beach for nearly four miles, with innumerable hotels, bazars and blaring side-shows on one hand and the Atlantic Ocean on the other.

The advertising and rhapsodizing "write-ups" always take pains to explain that the Gulf Stream considerately swerves in closer to shore off Atlantic City than at any other point north of South Carolina. Very likely it does, but a few degrees difference in temperature would not account for the number of hotels that turned away people during the month of March last, most of whom were not there for their health. On the other hand, as a summer resort the beach is not the best along the coast for bathing, though a good one; and the heat and the mosquitoes and the glare of the flat sandiness are about as bad as at most of the Atlantic coast resorts below New England. As for natural beauty there is none, except the same charm of the surf and sea which this spot shares with a thousand others.

Nor is it discriminating to sum the matter up, cynically, as "a mere product of advertising." You can't fool all the people all the time. You must have a good thing in order to push it along to a great success like this. A great many of the people induced to come to Atlantic must like it, because see how they come back, bringing others, an hundredfold. Presumably their motive is not to find bargains in Satsuma vases at Japanese auction bazars which have to make money enough in a few months to pay an enormous rent; nor would many people come so far away from home in order to see plays at a theatre built out upon a pier in the ocean, or to hear Italian bands, or to attend polite and impolite vaudeville.

The reason the people like Atlantic City is because, with or without the attractions of other places, it has this great central promenade, which is not merely a main route to and from everything of interest and importance, but is itself the most important source of interest. And the simple reason it proves so entertaining to so many people is because (though there are many who affect to be more charmed nowadays by the "characteristic poses of the owlet" and the manners and customs of the dear little bunny than by that diverting form of animal life called man) the good old human fact remains that to most unaffected human beings, whatever their station in life, there are few things quite so interesting as other humans—except possibly themselves. This huge platform is a stage for displaying the characteristic poses of the one and observing the manners and customs of the other. All the audience are actors, and all the actors —with an occasional self-conscious exception—are the audience. The shrewd boomers of this resort who insisted upon spending a great many dollars upon the boardwalk wanted to call it a "plaisance," an "esplanade," or at least "a marine promenade"—it had cost such a dignified amount of money. But even though it was supported by a steel frame, the American crowd had too keen a sense of the ridiculous to call a stretch of raw planking, lined with bare electric-light poles, anything but a "boardwalk." But however the managers may have lacked in a sense of humor, they did not lack in business sense. They knew human nature and they knew their job. What draws the crowd to Atlantic City is the crowd, and the boardwalk is its medium. The ocean and the ozone on the right, like the manufactured attractions on the left, are but sideshows.

The Two Kinds of Atlantic City

THE two kinds of Atlantic City are as different as Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, or as summer and winter. In the glaring summer-time, with the excursion crowds from Philadelphia and cheap rates from all parts of the country, when the best parts of the beach are so crowded that those in the surf have to stand erect and the boardwalk all day long and half the night is jammed like the entrance to a race-course, Atlantic City suggests Coney Island. The roar of the surf is drowned out by the chatter and laughter of sweltering, pushing humanity. Bands are crashing, fakirs shouting, tired babies crying, merry-go-rounds whirling, shooting-galleries plinking. There are flashy youths leering and gaudy young women giggling. Honest fathers mopping their brows and smoking hot cigars, patient mothers yanking their offspring out of danger; the smell of candy, popcorn, bad tobacco and, worse, Eastern incense in the air; and above all the August sun beating down pitilessly upon the sturdy American crowd who are having a glorious time and do not want your pity.

In the winter season the crowd is more like that of a Florida resort. They walk faster, though, and the women wear their furs, which a crisp sea breeze blows about them picturesquely. Furs mingled with the scent of violets make the characteristic odor now of a very respectable Atlantic City. There aren't nearly so many people; there is plenty of open space also to smell the sea, which makes walkers out of strollers. Compared to the summer scene the stage is very quiet and the actors are not so spontaneous in their movements nor in their stage business. A great part of the people along the boardwalk are of the sort generically classified by the hotel managers as "fashionable folk." Every year there is a growing number of those who consider themselves worthy of this classification, especially that part of the crowd which comes from the direction of Chelsea, where many new and more or less good-looking cottages are being built. But even now there is a goodly sprinkling of the ingenuous Coney Island sort, or at the least, we will say, a Brighton Beach element. For surely the commoner clay cannot be expected to escape such common ailments as influenza and nervous breakdowns.

So, naturally, if you are interested only in your own segment of society you may be bothered by the crowds along the walk, for it contains all sorts. Seated in the characteristic wheel-chair, strolling aimlessly, or marching industriously as the nerve specialists told them they should do, are lawyers who want to get away from their work in order to see it in perspective, politicians who are here to meet other politicians and arrange things, members of saloon-keepers' associations, of library associations, of athletic committees; lovers, fiancés, brides and grooms, the heroine and villain of the current divorce sensation, here to escape reporters. Contented corpulent couples of middle age are here to become more corpulent and contented; real estate speculators and promoters, sailor-suited children and nursemaids —a variegated assemblage, and they all go up and down the boardwalk.

At the edge of the walk in front of a bazar is an aged East Indian with a turban on his head and the mystery of the Orient in his calm, inscrutable countenance. He is offering embroidery for sale, but I should like to know what he thinks about all this. Perhaps he is merely thinking about his dinner—very possibly, for the walk gives one an excellent appetite, which is one of the chief reasons for Atlantic City's reputation as a health resort.

These auction shops are the most interesting sideshows along the walk, and are splendid places to stop and rest; for the hard, level planking is very fatiguing. Within there are a score of visitors seated solemnly in chairs, arranged like a Bible-class. Before them stands a big man with a double chin and the unctuous auctioneer's earnestness of manner, hiding his contempt for human gullibility. In his fat palm he holds a delicate bit of cloisonné, rich with the witchery of Japanese handicraft. He bellows about it in his huge voice, calling it the "most unique" work of art on the boardwalk.

This is a china shop and he looks like a bull, standing there beside the small, delicately-moulded Jap who owns the shop and whose thin features almost tremble at the auctioneer's blatant ignorance. The Jap, it seems, cannot stand it any longer—even their merchants have temperament—for he takes the vase from the other's rough hand and begins to explain in charming broken English how it was made and why it is precious. His voice is thin and does not carry to the open door, but he handles the vase, which is really a good one, as if it were a butterfly. He speaks with affectionate appreciation. But the people are not so much interested in this technical dissertation. Already some of them are leaving. The big auctioneer sees this. He breaks in with vehemence. "The trouble with you people is that you don't know anything about art, that's what's the matter with you!" Some of them smile. "Reminds me of an old farmer down in my part of the country. One day he said to his son Tom: 'Tom,' says he——" Ah, the crowd lingers, listens, then laughs, and the bidding begins. After all, there are other arts than the ones the Jap understands, and the auctioneer is not such a bull in this china shop as he looks.

Out along the walk again. Here come some very nice people, two girls and their mother. The distinguished-looking matron is a semi-invalid, or thinks she is, having

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What Takes Them There and Keeps Them There. A Story of Fortunes Built on Sand—By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

nothing else in particular to do, and her handsome daughters are so very good to her. They seem gently disdainful of everything else. We who think we love all mankind because they are mankind tell ourselves that this group is interesting because they are a variation from most of the people that we have been passing. They are indeed a marked variation. But perhaps, after all, we might as well acknowledge that civilization has produced nothing quite so interesting to look at as such products as these two tall girls with the elusive charm, which one does not try to catch in words, and which distracts the attention from all these ordinary persons who we had persuaded ourselves were also interesting. They have turned back to the hotel again—no, they have gone out to find a sunny nook on the steel pier where they will take turns reading to their mother, and where they can avoid the crowd—which includes us. The pier is an interesting place and has as many shaded nooks in summer as it has sunny corners in the winter season. One hot day in August two thousand persons played progressive euchre at once in the auditorium. The players did not know each other, but that did not seem to matter. The entrance fees were for some local charity and the prizes were probably vases from the boardwalk bazars. This is one way of enjoying yourself on a hot summer afternoon.

Here are two other young women. The crowd does not seem to bore them. They are shop girls from the city, off for a holiday. They are dressed in their new spring clothes and are having the time of their life. Look at their exaggerated hats, coiffures, figures and carriage. They are comely girls, and it is good to be admired as they know themselves to be to-day. There they go, their long skirts whisking in the brisk spring breeze, showing their very high French heels and an inch or two of ankle. "'Atlantic' is good enough for us," they seem to say.

Here is a young lawyer who walks with a deliberate stride and darts a keen glance out from under the big slouch hat he affects. The reason he looks so tragic is that he thinks he has had the greatest misfortune of any one along the boardwalk. Just when he was getting well started, when at last he had the political chance for which he had been working ever since he left college, along came the grip and put him out of the game. For the grip was followed by nerves, and now he is paying the piper for all the extra hours of work he used to boast about to the family at dinner. He must stay here for two months more, the physician says, and do nothing but eat and sleep and live out-of-doors. His mother visits him frequently to hold his hand and tell him what a fine fellow he is. His father writes him brief letters urging him to go abroad. And he thinks his career is blighted. However, being young, he appreciates the crowd and the color and the life about him more than he acknowledges. Sometimes he even takes notice of a pretty figure and forgets to scowl. He is not very pathetic.

The Floating Population of the Town

ATLANTIC CITY now has three or four hundred hotels and no one seems to know how many boarding-houses besides. Its summer population—"floating" population, as an English encyclopædia puts it—is said to be 200,000. What impresses one most of all on arriving, after the monotonous journey through the dreary waste of stunted pines and across the barren stretch of mosquito-breeding swamp, at this strip of island which was designed as a sand-bar, is the thought that Atlantic City might just as well have happened on almost any other sand-bar. At any rate, it might as well have landed upon some other part of this ten-mile stretch of beach. Longport, which is at the southern end of it, would seem in many ways to have been a better place; certainly it would have offered superior advantages for sailing and kindred sports, and presumably the Gulf Stream would have proved equally accessible. But it has made a great deal of difference to the men who have sold strips of this sand at $1000 a front foot unimproved. The man in the white hat with the yellow beard, who sells cream taffy from a little stand about the size of a flagman's box at a railway crossing, pays $600 a year rent for the space he occupies—$100 a front foot. He built the box himself.

Twenty-nine years ago a man came to Atlantic City and bought a small commercial hotel of the roadhouse pattern for $6200. This was in the village, not on the beach. On the day I arrived at Atlantic City, last March, he sold it for $300,000. Meanwhile he had made a fortune out of the business, and the only reason he sold the place was because he was so heavily interested in the local telephone, brewery, trolley and banking businesses that he hadn't any more time to spend on running hotels.

Across the street, by the way, from this hotel a small piece of property was sold five years ago for $37,000. The natives smiled and pronounced the purchaser weak-minded. He sold it the other day for $125,000. It cannot be stated what the natives think of this transaction, but more experienced real estate men pronounce it shrewd business.

Both of these deals were in the middle of the town near one of the railway stations. Along the boardwalk more astonishing things have been done. Not so many years ago one of the bronzed, bare-legged young men who are employed to sit on the sand and look out for people who go beyond their depth and strength in the water, announced to one of the other lifesavers that he was tired of yawning and waiting for something to happen. He said he thought he would go into business.

"What do you know about business?" asked the other.

"I am young; I can learn," he said.

He had saved a little money and borrowed some more. He set up a merry-go-round. It was of modest dimensions and the music was wheezy. The first year was not so successful. "But every summer there are more people," he argued. He invested in a larger outfit, with fiery red horses with long spreading tails, and he secured a loud, strident musical appliance which played Sousa's marches all day long without oiling. He also added a bootblacking chair and a candy stand. The crowds kept increasing annually. So did his facilities. To-day he owns a great pier with chutes that many shoot, a theatre, a music hall, a restaurant, and a deep-sea net which is hauled up twice a day and is one of the greatest attractions of all. "He makes a fortune every year," a man along the boardwalk proudly informed me, who had made a fortune or two of his own through real estate ventures at Atlantic City. The pier man's summer home may be seen out near the end of his pier, where mosquitoes cannot reach him—quite the most desirable situation in Atlantic City, I should think, though I was informed that he is the proud possessor of another house over in Chelsea where he can have room for his horses and his family's aspirations!

But much of the money made at Atlantic City has not been due to acuteness at all, but to mere luck and the shifting of the sands. The early maps show that in some places fifty years ago the shore line was twelve hundred feet farther out. If it had stayed there, property now worth ever so much would be remotely inland. This thing, however, works both ways. Some of the landed proprietors have had the peaceful pleasure of watching the sea build them a fortune by extending their domain toward Spain, while others have had the disquieting sensation of seeing their real estate taken away under their very eyes by the sea. In most cases this can be avoided by the building of jetties, for which the otherwise useless scrub pines on the mainland serve the purpose excellently.

How Atlantic was First Heard Of

ATTENTION was first called to Atlantic City as a watering-place, I believe, by the competition of two railroads. But it was not until years later that it was considered a dangerous rival to Cape May. When those interested in the booming of the place began to take the project seriously the first and the best thing they did was to invite all the prominent physicians they could get hold of to be their guests at Atlantic City for a brilliant visit which lasted several days. The same method has been applied with similar success elsewhere. All expenses were paid, they were entertained lavishly, made to see everything, to breathe the air deeply, to test the temperature, taste the water, inspect the milk, and finally to eat a banquet. Then they were asked what they thought of Atlantic City. By this time even those who were skeptical at first thought well of it.

"Then tell your patients what you honestly think," was the more or less naive reply, and most of these physicians have been sending people to Atlantic City ever since. But this was legitimate advertising and is nothing to wax cynical about. Very few of these physicians would have recommended the place if they had not believed in it. But how could they believe in it without seeing?

As a matter of fact and science, Atlantic City does prove beneficial to a great many different sorts of people from various parts of the country, suffering or recovering from divers complaints. It is not alone the climate that does it, let me add, who have no license to prescribe; the benefit received is in a large measure due to watching and walking with the crowd along the boardwalk. And the great future which is being predicted for this unusual place will not be due to new inventions for amusements. The crowd will increase because of the crowds. For people are the best tonic, the best fun and the best advertisement a resort can get.

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Personally Conducted

Being a Romance of True Love Without any Apology

By Arthur E. McFarlane

AT THE beginning everything had promised well. Mrs. Morris had always wanted to try a season with the "Steel City" people at the Fishing Club. And Portia, fresh from her year on the Continent, turned her eyes to the cool woods and waters of Quebec most gladly. And when they arrived at Pickerel Lake, and viewed the grass-green and bark-brown verandas, and the pepper-caster turrets of The Cedars—fourth cottage up the river from the club-house—they admitted at once that the Judge's enthusiasm seemed to have had the very best of foundations.

He repeated his belief that the Preserve would not disappoint them. Also, with an accompanying *ahem* which was casual, and a furtive stealthiness of eye which was not casual, he remarked that Percy Johnston happened to be staying at the club just then—Portia would remember Percy; they must frequently have mentioned him in their letters; a mighty straight, clean-cut sort, about as good a head as he knew among the juniors of the profession.

A few minutes later Mr. Johnston appeared in person and was duly presented. He was a nippy, wholesome-looking young fellow, with a close-clipped black mustache and a self-dependent blockiness of jaw which was balanced and relieved by a cheerful frivolousness about the eyes. If the spring-board of his somewhat acrobatically leaping mind appeared to have a good deal of "teeter" in it, it was safe to say that that was only because it was uncommonly well ballasted. And Portia would like him—it could not be doubted.

I say all that was well. The initial and grounded mistake—the stem-root of that prodigious banyan-tree of error which soon was to transform everything to tangled wilderness and jungle—was this: The Judge did not now betake himself up the river and join the old "stag" trio of the Little Pickerel, but announced that he would stay on for another week or two at The Cedars.

Mrs. Morris' most apprehensive suspicions were aroused immediately—and too promptly were they confirmed. Before the end of the first afternoon she heard the old gentleman telling the bronzy-cheeked Percy that he would look largely to *him* to see that his girl enjoyed herself. And Miss Portia, having slipped away with no little color, he furthermore confided to Mr. Johnston (who did not seem to be quite at his ease, himself, now) that Portia was a trifle prickly, as it were, at times—did herself harm—got herself misjudged by it, in fact; and in certain respects she had rather *got away* from him; but take her altogether, he was compelled to say she was a girl any father might be proud of.

Mrs. Morris felt the hot and cold waves of a whole year's weather records going through her. She resolved to talk to her infatuated yoke-fellow, and pointedly, at the first opportunity. And she did.

At first the Judge took very high ground. He was utterly at a loss to guess what her meaning was.

She made it unpleasantly plainer.

And then he swelled with indignation. "Really, my dear, *really!* This is rather extraordinary. You virtually ask me to change my manner toward the boy—because Portia happens to be here. After having taken to him immensely from the first hour I met him, I am to reverse myself to him, *now!*"

"You could at least be a little discreet."

"'Discreet!'" He spread his fat hands spurningly. "If there was ever a word over which was the trail of the serpent ——"

"Well, merely tactful, then."

"Which means practically the same thing! Flatly, what you ask me to do is to dissemble. And I must say you show hardly your accustomed delicacy and good taste."

"Very well, Isaac," said Mrs. Morris, snapping off her thread—"if you choose not to take good advice——"

//

PERCY dropped in almost immediately after breakfast next morning. The Judge still comported himself somewhat stiffly toward him, but the young man was most happily and flippantly unaware of the cause of it.

"DON'T SPEAK TO ME"

"Judge seems rather sore, somehow, to-day," he observed in a loud, though confidential, aside to Mrs. Morris. "He probably told you he spent all yesterday afternoon rowing up and down in the sun off Alder Point. But he can prove he wasn't trolling—because he didn't catch anything. I may say, in passing, that *I* caught four."

He glanced at the old gentleman from under a covert eyelid. In spite of himself the Judge responded with a sheepish grin.

"Oh, he may grow up into a fisherman *yet*," added Percy comfortingly. "Is—is Miss Morris down yet?"

"She's just run back to her room for a moment. Were you going out together?"

"Oh, only up to the Mouth. The Judge said I ought to have the pleasure of showing her how to hook out the foxy pickerel."

The Judge stood there for a minute. Then, with the dignity which so distinguished him at such moments, he walked back into his study.

And when, upon the departure of the young people, Mrs. Morris promptly followed him thither, it may be thought that he would show some disturbance of temper. By no means. He put the trifling pickerel-fishing incident aside and lifted the whole matter to the lofty plane of ethical principle. It was an ancient game of his.

"Let us have no more beating about the bush, Elizabeth," he said Socratically. "Womanlike, you have neither been able to bring yourself nor allow me to face this thing squarely and openly. But the question is frankly this: Do we think it would be a good thing for Portia to *have* Percy?"

"Yes, we do! I know he's good and honest, and just what I could have wished a son of mine to be. But that isn't considering Portia's side of it. I remember very well how *I* looked at such matters when I was her age, and——"

"Precisely! Precisely! And do you candidly believe that Portia or any other green girl can have the wisdom and experience to recognize the right man for *herself?* I confess that it has seemed to me, of late, that Percy himself has not been acting with his usual intelligence. But we shall confine the case wholly to Portia."

"We-ell," said her mother, with something palpably short of that impetuous blindness which should mark the true maternal character, "for all her cleverness and good heart, at times I think the girl has not the best of sense in some ways. But nevertheless"—there was a baffled exasperation in her tone—"I know I'm in the right. And I think she ought to be allowed to have her own share of romance."

"Well, bless me!" sputtered the Judge—"'Romance?' What more romance could she want, up here in the very bosom of Nature, as they say."

"Tchck! *That* romance?"

"Then, will you tell me, woman, what in the world you consider *does* make for romance?"

"Well," said Mrs. Morris with scornful crispness, "if you can't feel what it is, I can't make you! I think, before long, you'll find out, though. And I'll say this: it isn't anything which can be improved by being pawed over by fathers who ought to know a great deal better!"

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At which most unwifely and insulting language the Judge grasped his panama and fishing-rod and rushed apoplectically from the cottage. . . .

It might very well be supposed, too, that it would be some time before he again essayed the rôle of paternal strategist. And indeed he did not descend from a kind of gloomy and penumbrated Olympus until well on to the end of that week. He avoided Percy more and more, and there were even moments when he viewed his ever-doubling visits almost cankerously.

In the mean time, between the young people the "friendship of the first degree" was rapidly passing—by way of the philosophical stage—into the "friendship of the second." By the philosophical stage I mean that in those evenings they had already fallen into the discussion of the strange phenomena of the reciprocation of souls—of how, almost at the first word, certain spirits will seem to recognize each other as kindred, intimate, foreordained to union. Nor was there anything callowly personal, nor anything of the "affinity" fatuousness in that discussion. They had treated the subject in the most aloof and sublimated manner. But is any deprecation called for? Is it not well known that the greatest metaphysicians have wondered for years over this mystery—over the fact, I repeat, that two people will meet, and not only seem to have met in some other life, but have the common feeling that they comprehend each other wholly in the first half-hour? Mr. Johnston had early realized that he was a youth absolutely without sentimentality. But the recollection of that first conversation had kept him hypnotically glued to a riverside log long after the general camp, though not Miss Portia, was wrapped in heavy slumber.

For all that, neither of them could be blind to the peculiar behavior of the Judge. And indeed, even in that "philosophical stage" Miss Portia had thoughts regarding his conduct which, could he have guessed them, would have given him very sudden pause! . . .

As for Percy, he had privately believed, for some time, that there "was something the matter with the old gentleman's inside."

III

BUT gradually the Judge was once more warming to his old-time, genial effusiveness. That Friday morning Percy had dropped down from the clubhouse in time to be received over the coffee cups. The head of the table had promised to go for a loaf around the Lake with him in his "batwing"; but now he crawfished shamelessly out of it. "But, Portia there—she was pretending to have a headache—but he was sure—if he would let *her* 'trim boat' for him instead—*she* would be a good girl and take his place—he knew she would!"

At this suggestion Percy was plainly, almost impoliticly, delighted. But the young lady, while she accepted, let her eyes meet her mother's for a moment; and, although only a silence accompanied that look, it was an incident which again set the Judge's soul chafing with anger. When they were alone, too, Mrs. Morris could not—for possibly the seventeenth time that week—withhold the "words which might better have been left unsaid." . . . It was a heavy, sultry day, promising a thunderstorm.

Nor did Mr. Percy have a particularly happy morning of it. Miss Portia's manner was such that he would have been a very wayfaring young man indeed could he have erred therein. Not that it was uncivil at all; it was ladylike to the loftiest and most punctilious degree. But she seemed suddenly to have grown very "old and superior," and to be compelled, however unpleasant the duty might be, to remind him of the essential brevity of their acquaintance!

As the batwing settled somnolently to her work in the light airs, he again attempted to lead the talk back and up to the "high philosophic meads" where once more they might cull for each other the flowerets of their most transcendental meditations. But now the damsel seemed to have no mind for that whatever. She drew only the farther away from him. And when at last they had made the circuit of the Lake, she thanked him dismissingly at the boathouse, and walked swiftly home alone.

He went up to the club, played a game of fifteen-ball pool to clear his head—which did not clear it at all—listened to a lot of idiotic roasting from the other cue-holders, and finally, being an optimist and a materialist, he persuaded himself that she would probably be feeling somewhat different after luncheon. At any rate he would run over to The Cedars and see.

Now, over at The Cedars, Miss Portia had entered only to mount directly to her room. And when at luncheon the Judge had for five minutes drummed on the table and glowered at the hall stairs, Mrs. Morris rose and went up to seek the girl.

She was stretched out on her pink silk comforter, and it was ruinously watermarked by a very spring-tide of woe.

"Mother," she cried, "why does father want to make such—such a perfect fool of me? One would think I wasn't ten years old! I know he just wants—wants Mr. Johnston—to act that way toward me—treating me as he does before him! I—I thought—thought at first that I was going to like him—but *now*, I'm—just—just beginning to loathe—loathe him!"

By the time luncheon should have been over Mrs. Morris descended, and she descended alone.

"Well," rasped the Judge from a gnawingly empty stomach—when the placid Helga had retired for the fish—"what ails the girl, pray?"

Mrs. Morris thrust away her plate. "Oh, it's exactly as I anticipated. Instead of helping her affairs by your—your unteachable folly, it's a chance now if you haven't spoiled everything!"

The Judge's eyes began to bulge like a crab's.

"And can't you understand the exasperation a girl, or anybody—feels at being *managed*—at having some one else forever making her arrangements—at having her courtship '*personally conducted*,' you might call it?"

"Elizabeth——"

"To say nothing of the absolute—yes, the absolute vulgarity of being *thrown* at him! I'm just sick of the whole thing!"

"And do you think *I'm* anything but sick of it? I'm sick of *her*—yes, and of *him*, too! Two weeks ago I could take a little different view of him, but as it is *now*—if he comes around here again——"

The expression of horror on the face of his helpmeet stopped him. He jerked his chair to the right about. The young man himself was standing at the door. He was flamingly red and coughing a warning cough that would not have passed in amateur theatricals. (It had brought Miss Portia to the head of the stairs, however!)

"I—I thought I'd just drop in. There was to be a picnic—I thought I'd remind you——"

"I—I THOUGHT I'D JUST DROP IN"

There was good reason now for the Judge to effuse all warmth and cordiality. Alas! far from it. His fury at being overheard immediately blew off at the victim for overhearing him! "'Picnic?' Whose picnic? I suggested no picnic! I know nothing of any picnic, and I care infinitely less!"

"Isaac!"

"I'll have no more, now! I tell you there's been about as much of this as—as—I'll simply have no more to say to him whatever!" He flung down his napkin and started outdoors. "You may talk to him yourself, if you desire to!"

"*Father!*" cried the agonized Portia, and rushing downstairs, started after his shamelessly retreating figure.

But Mr. Johnston, with a face like an impressionist's setting sun, was already rapidly taking the other direction. She turned and flew after him.

"Oh, what *must* you think?" She caught wildly at his arm. "And after me being such a perfect little beast all morning, too! And you doing everything you could to be nice to me! Where is the picnic? *I'll* go with you! And if you'll only show me how else I can make it up to you——!"

. . . . . .

At dinner it was the Judge who was somewhat late. Portia met him wearing an expression as wholly new and as fascinatingly uncanny as if she had just been tattooed. "I—I think it right to tell you, father," she said in a voice half of martyrdom, half of burning challenge, "that I've been out with Mr. Johnston all afternoon, and—if I think it can give him any pleasure—I am going out with him again tomorrow!"

The old gentleman gasped and swallowed. And between courses he gasped and swallowed again. As he had acknowledged to Mr. Percy himself, "in some ways Portia had rather got away from him." He was now overwhelmingly convinced of that.

But could he understand the baleful character which at one leap she had ascribed to him? Or could he guess how, that night, with further fiery tears, she had laid upon herself the sacred duty of retrieving the family dignity—by him so flagrantly flung away!

IV

THROUGHOUT the preposterous days which followed the reflections and emotions of the ferocious young-man-hater of The Cedars were extraordinarily complicated. And so many of them were of varieties as yet unnamed and unclassified by even the German psychologists that the present teller-of-truth—though having the most exhaustive comprehension of the old gentleman's kaleidoscopic state of mind himself—feels the utter impossibility of interpreting it to you, dear reader of this brief and tender idyl.

Perhaps, however, if you have ever set forth to lead some blithe and innocent young animal—make it, if you will, a filly of the richest Arabian strain—and suddenly at the very hilliest and most treacherous part of the road the charming young creature has picked up her precious heels and elected to lead you, with no apparent likelihood of tiring, either—you will be in some position to grasp the essential conditions of the situation. Suffice it to say that the Judge still had occasional nicotian half-hours when he could tell himself that he regarded this new and violent adjustment of the affair with tranquillity. But for the most part he was entirely illogical; he distinctly and unmistakably did not like it!

In the mean time Miss Portia, feeling that in Mr. Johnston there was the poignant aftermath of what is legally specified as "great anguish of mind," rested not in seeking new ways of bringing him solace. She did not now cruelly refuse to return to those high Elysian meadows of the "perfect sympathy." It was she, now, who unblushingly led him up and into them. And not only did she twine with him the amaranth of the "kindred soul," but it might almost have been said that she hung wreaths of it about his afflicted neck. All of which, in the hours when he could forget the "outside situation," was ambrosially sweet to him.

He was on a very Magic Carpet, indeed. One morning he had confessed to an unmanly fondness for gingerbread. In the afternoon Miss Portia came out to him with a whole batch of it. The day following he happened to lament the loss of a Tam o'Shanter he had been wont to wear when sailing. That

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evening she produced one she had had in the Baltic, and would hear of no refusal!

Nor in the mean time had her righteous animus against her ruthless father undergone any perceptible amelioration. At almost any meal, now, she gave him conscientiously to know that she had either just come from an excursion with Mr. Johnston or had one in contemplation. And that grated on the Judge excessively.

To complete all, the camp at large, too, was now observing the progress of Portia's affair; and, although in the very kindest way, of course, was beginning to remark upon it. This did not make for happiness, and as the week went on the comments redoubled. Nor must any one suppose that Miss Portia herself was ignorant of them. But she set her lips together in a fierceness of pride, and breathed through fanning nostrils, which she held so high that the world was beneath her notice.

Indeed, the one thing which did have power to embitter her was the ingratitude of Mr. Percy himself. For, as the days passed, in spite of all she was doing to make his outcast lot delectable, she could have sworn that he had been happier, all in all, when enduring the brutalities of her outrageous parent! He kept asking her concernedly about the old gentleman's health, and repeatedly suggested that he call for her at the cottage. And when Saturday evening came, it was as if he had taken an oath to see himself completely outdone before the new week began! "I just want to try to straighten things out," he said, "for I'm ready to stack up everything I have that it was just some fool misunderstanding. I want to try to get right with him."

"Well, after the way you were insulted, if it's anybody's place to make the advances——"

"Oh, no, now, it isn't! He's twice my age—and I've never really had half enough practice in that sort of thing. I remember now the way I'd been rubbing it into him about his fishing."

"For my part, I'd made up my mind that I'd never let you come to our place again!"

"But I *want* to! It's a case of playing in your yard, don't you see? And—while I know just how generously you mean in the matter—in *me* it seems just a little low-down and underhand, you know!"

"Oh, of course, if you look at it in *that* way—if you are willing to be insulted again——" Somehow at that moment his magnanimity seemed to her only a glancing reflection upon herself. She cut short their after-dinner paddle, had him turn down the river homeward. And when she started back along the path to The Cedars it was with a heart vaguely but achingly angry at Mr. Johnston, her father, and all the world beside. . . .

The Judge had endured one week of the new order of things; but in that after-dinner hour of Saturday, as he sat smoking by Mrs. Morris on their riverward grass-plot, he was telling himself irrevocably that it had now gone on quite long enough. He would give Percy one more chance. He would go down to the club that night and tell him to come up and join them in a rubber of whist. And if—after all he had stood from him—he should refuse—yes—or even for one moment hesitate——

It was almost at this moment that Percy's canoe, with Portia in the bow of it, passed them on its way back to the boathouse!

At the sight, Mrs. Morris dropped the cushion-top she had been embroidering. "Isaac, I haven't said much this last week—I've been silent even to *her*—but I want to know how long you are going to allow this thing to go on?"

"It shall go on no longer," he replied in a voice of finality; "I've decided to end it to-night."

She turned and looked at him, and with all the apprehensive suspicion of three weeks ago. "Well, I should very much like to know how, then?"

(Continued on Page 27)

The Masquerading Cynic

The Story of a Courtship by Proxy

By Hamblen Sears

THE Naugatuck Club was unique. It was only four hours from town, its maximum membership was twenty-five, politics, business and bridge were tabooed. Anybody caught discussing politics was fined ten dollars. Talking business or putting a deal through cost a member three months' suspension. A discovered game of bridge meant expulsion for all concerned.

A well-built young man of about thirty sat by the big wood fire in the huge room of the club with that placidity which the first day with the wild ducks gives to a tired man.

The wheels of the station buckboard sounded outside, the door opened and another man, perhaps a little less vigorous, perhaps not quite so strong in face and body, walked in.

"Halloa, Dick," said he.

"Halloa, Freddie, what brings you into the wilds?"

"I'm done up, Dick! I can't reach it! I—come up to my room, will you? I've got to talk to somebody."

A moment later, one sitting on the bed, the other unpacking, Freddie said:

"Richard, I'm useless!"

"No more than usual, I hope," said the other politely.

"Well, I just pass! I'm dead to the world!"

"If you would talk the English language I might gather the context," suggested Richard.

"Look here, Dick. I say to the devil with women!"

"Ah!" mused his friend. "A woman!"

"I didn't say so! Oh, I can't talk to any one! I came here to be alone."

"Excuse me," interrupted Richard, rising and moving toward the door.

"Don't be an ass, man. I've got to be with some one or I'll commit suicide."

"So bad as that? Come after some ducks with me in the morning."

"May I go with you?"

"Will it save you from suicide?"

"It might ease my mind a bit."

"Then go it is. I'm in for it now," he added to himself, as he went to his own room. "It's a woman; and I can help a man on the woman question about as easily as I can help a camel on the needle question."

It was two o'clock in the morning when old Captain Barkus knocked at Richard's door and bade him get up.

"No, I'm darned if I will," replied that gentleman sleepily.

"It's getting on toward sunrise, Mr. Darley," said the Captain through the door.

"I don't care if it's sunset!"

"Come on, Dick. I'm up," said Freddie through the door of his adjoining room.

Darley sat up in bed.

"You haven't slept, Freddie!"

"No."

"Reached anything yet?"

"No."

"Well! Well!" muttered Darley as he got slowly out of bed. "It's coming!"

So they dressed by candle light, walked downstairs and ate an egg and drank a cup of coffee with the Captain.

"Are the birds flying this morning, think, Barkus?" asked Darley.

"Sure, sir. There ain't been no sign o' moon; like enough thick weather to seaward and the wind comin' in from the east'ard pretty smart. But you gentlemen have got to move." And so they got out into the night, and came to the stand, and set out the decoys, and watched the Captain and his son row in either direction to turn toward them whatever of wild ducks might come in.

"We'll get a crack soon, Freddie. It's an ideal morning for them."

No response from the other.

"Suicidal leanings still strong?"

"Say, look here, Dick. Do you know Ethel Talbot?"

"Well! Well!" moaned Richard to himself. "It's come!" Aloud he answered, "No; why should I?"

"Well, you know who she is?"

"Certainly. She is Albert Talbot's daughter. He's treasurer of this club."

"I suppose so. Well, she's it, Dick."

"Oh, is she? Why doesn't she tag you, then?"

"Don't be an ass! I—she—I—she——"

"It?" suggested his friend.

"Hang it, man, she says I don't do anything; she says what's the good of a man who doesn't reach out; she says she'll be d——d if she'll tie up to a slob like me."

"Nice language she uses," interrupted Richard, as he kept his eyes on the horizon.

"Well, *you* know. She won't stand for it."

"How much have you got, Freddie?"

"Five thousand a year."

"How much of it did you make?"

"Make? You know very well the governor left it to me."

"What do you do for more?"

"Why, nothing."

Darley watched the light grow in the east for a moment and then said:

"She probably is a decent girl as women go——"

"She's a dream, man!"

"——decent girl as women go, and wanted to see if you could do anything. And you killed the goose by saying you wouldn't try."

"But we could live on what I have and what she——"

"By gad, here they come!" cried Darley suddenly. "Right there to the eastward of the point. Keep down, man! Keep down! Now they turn. Wait till I tell you to fire. They'll be over the 'coys in an instant. Take the last bird, Freddie, the last bird! Easy—easy—they've turned—no, here they come! Wait, now, wait!" The little specks seemed to grow suddenly larger instead of coming nearer and then they swung in over the decoys and came on with prodigious velocity.

"Now!" And both men fired. The last bird moved swiftly on. The next to the last dropped into the water.

"Thunder! I believe I missed."

"I believe you did, Freddie," and they waited to see if the birds would turn in a second time.

"I can't hit anything. I'm too done up."

"Well?"

"Well. I told her I'd try to do something, and she said she couldn't agree to any waiting game—and what the deuce can I do?"

"What is the name of that uncle of yours?" asked Darley the next moment.

"Who? Uncle William Stevens?"

"Yes, what is he?"

"President of the Ninth National, downtown."

"Go to him and get a ten-dollar-a-week job. Then see what the lady says."

Silence for a moment.

"Dick, you are invited to the Denham's dance for Monday night——"

"And I'm not going."

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"Will you go and meet her and talk to her—and—tell her about it?"

A groan, all but audible, was followed by a start. "There they come again! Get down! Ge-e-et down, low! Easy, now, easy! And for Heaven's sake, don't miss this time!"

II

THE Denham's dance was in full force up on an upper floor of Delmonico's—some hundred people or more—and as Darley entered somewhat late he saw a whirl of dark figures mixed up with pink and blue and white gowns of a very fairylike nature. It was a pretty sight, and he stood watching it when one black-and-white affair dissolved itself into two people, and he was shaking hands with a young person with gray eyes and brown hair whom Freddie Beaumont introduced as Miss Ethel Talbot.

"I've heard a great deal about you," she said.

"Nice subject, isn't it?"

"I don't know yet."

"Where have you been, Dick, all the evening?" asked Beaumont.

"Working," replied the other, as Freddie, without waiting for a reply, took himself off.

"Working at what?" asked a quiet voice, as Darley felt a white glove take his proffered arm.

"The struggle for existence, so-called," he answered.

"What do you do, Mr. Darley?"

"Lord, Lord! Here is where it all came from," he muttered. Then he said aloud: "Oh, I write editorials that astound the universe——"

"But you are really at work and doing something?"

"Well, you see neither Freddie's governor nor mine left me five thousand a year." And his eyebrows rose slightly.

The gray eyes certainly showed the possibilities of humor.

"Freddie has just seen his uncle, and a week from to-day he goes into the bank to begin work."

"At ten dollars a week?" he asked apprehensively.

"No," laughed the young lady; "at fifty dollars a week."

"That's a splendid beginning," said Darley. "And, Miss Talbot, Freddie Beaumont is worth it, worth very much more—don't you think so?"

"Do you think so?"

"I do. Much more."

"You like shooting, don't you?"

"Yes. We all like what we cannot get."

"So do I," said she quietly.

"What do you shoot with?" and he looked straight in her eyes.

Miss Talbot returned the look for an instant.

"Are you a flirt, Mr. Darley?"

"God forbid, madam," he said hastily.

"I think He does," she answered. Then, after a pause: "Do you write only editorials?"

"No; I write great works: poems, novels, plays."

"Do you really? Where are they published?"

"They are seldom published, Miss Talbot. Only the grasping money-makers publish their works."

"You are making fun of me. Tell me the truth."

"I wouldn't dare to—shall we go in and dance?"

"No! let us go into that palm-room and sit down instead."

"You read my thoughts. You are really a very wonderful person."

"Such a trite thing to say, isn't it?" said she, leaning back on a small sofa.

"So many people tell you so, then?" with a smile.

"Not at all," said she quickly. "But it is so foolish to talk to me like that."

"Then let us talk of Freddie."

"Why of him?"

"Because I know you like him, and have known him a long time; and because I have known him a long time and like him, too. He is a good mortal and will soon be better yet."

"He has a good friend, anyway. Did he tell you to talk to me of him?"

"Not in the least," said Darley firmly.

"He *said* he did," and an innocent manner scarcely concealed a gleam of humor.

"The fool! The ass! The idiot!" muttered Richard. "I imagine this must be the case where the boy lied."

"Which boy?"

"I am a decrepit old man, Miss Talbot."

"Your exterior is beautifully preserved, then," said she, looking gravely at him.

"Would it be discourteous of me to ask if you are a flirt, Miss Talbot?"

"Would it be profanity for me to reply 'God forbid,' Mr. Darley?"

Then for some reason they both laughed. And she suddenly leaned forward and asked him:

"Do you, sir, in your literary career——"

"Newspaper career," he put in parenthetically.

"——ever read poetry?"

"Sometimes," suspiciously.

"Ever read Longfellow's Miles Standish?"

"Miss Talbot, you are incorrigible. It isn't fair."

"Then speak for yourself," she said; adding hastily, "about shooting." And for an instant a little flush stood on her cheek.

He leaned back in his chair and laughed again.

"Well,

"'I like to shoot my little gun
At any time of day.
I like to see the rabbits run—
Unless they get away.'"

"Will you try to be serious, sir?" frowning with much severity. "Do you know I shot a deer last fall in the Adirondacks?"

"No, did you really? What rifle did you use?" And he leaned forward with a new spark in his eye—a spark that was noted the moment it appeared.

"A 40-.30. And it was perfectly dear!"

"A little heavy for you, I should say. Better make it a 30-.30 half magazine. You can do a good deal better with that. I had a chance once——" He stopped suddenly, for in the face near his he caught the trace of a smile—"er—shall we dance?"

"Please, please!" she pleaded, quite serious now. "Is that fair to a helpless girl?"

And then they were off in a discussion of the technical questions of rifles, all of which, to his intense amazement and delight, she understood. And he sat more and more on the edge of his chair and she leaned forward with her white gloved elbows on her white silk knees. Looking up suddenly for some corroboration or denial, she discovered his face lit up with something that had not been there a moment before, and she said abruptly:

"Do you know you are exactly like your sister?"

"My sister!"

"Yes, your sister Ethel."

"Ethel?" he said again in the same dazed tone.

"Yes, Ethel. That's my name, too, you know."

"You don't mean to tell me you're Ethel's Ethel?"

"Oh, no! I'm Priscilla What's-her-name."

"Why, but Ethel's been telling me about you for the last four hundred years!"

"Not quite so long as that." And she laughed gayly at his embarrassment.

"But then you can't be over nineteen!"

"It was you who said I was four hundred."

Then he stood over her a moment in undisguised amazement, until she reached up her hand and said demurely:

"Won't you shake hands with an old friend?"

He took it—took it all—grasped it and held it thus until the embarrassment appeared on her face, when the hand was suddenly drawn away as a cheery voice behind them said:

"Well, children, how goes it? Pushing a good thing along?"

Without hesitation the little lady said:

"We were just shaking hands and saying good-night, for I see mamma coming with a 'go-home' look on her face."

And as Freddie and his friend walked away Darley could only mutter to himself: "Yes, Freddie, pushing a good thing along."

III

TEN days later while he was fixing his third cup of coffee, Darley glanced at two or three letters lying by his toast. The first was a bill for an expensive pair of shoes with "Please remit" written beneath it. He tore it up, muttering that the poor he had with him always. The next was a notification of a meeting of a committee. He tore that up. The third was an invitation to dine with Mrs. Talbot, and it said, "I want to have the pleasure of meeting you, too."

"*Too!*" said Richard, addressing the coffee machine. "Such a little word. I wonder if it was a pleasure. I will go and see."

And a few evenings later he walked into the Talbots' drawing-room.

"I'm so glad you could come," said Miss Talbot.

"Could I refuse when mamma said 'Too'?"

"Two? Two what?"

He handed her the invitation.

"I never said any such thing," said she.

"Ah," he said to himself. "Then she did, after all."

"We are delighted to have you here," exclaimed Mrs. Talbot, shaking him languidly by the hand. "Ethel told us so much about you that we really had to see for ourselves."

He looked at her, but she did not waver; "I only said you were a cynic."

"Aha!" he laughed. "Splendid! It's my one ambition—to be a cynic! Do you like cynics, Mrs. Talbot?"

"Why, really, Mr. Darley, not as a rule, you know. Don't they say rude things and dress badly?"

He looked down at his clothes: "They are the best I have."

"Oh, really I—I meant nothing personal," added the lady a little nervously. "There's nothing the matter with your clothes."

"I'll try not to be rude," he said plaintively.

"Oh, but you mustn't take it as—ah, dinner is ready! Will you take in Ethel, Mr. Darley?"

"Are you really a cynic?" asked Ethel as they took their places at table.

"Of course, since you say so."

"But Freddie says you are not. That you are——"

"Well, what did Freddie say?"

"Shall I give you his exact words?"

"Of course."

"That you are a dear, good fellow trying to be cynical, but failing miserably." And the young woman looked down at her oysters.

"Freddie lies in his teeth," answered Darley softly.

After a pause: "Tell me about the editorials."

"Ladyship, shall I tell you the story of my life?"

"Do try to be serious. I am really interested."

"Well," said he with a sigh, "there are three to be done to-night."

"What about?" she asked with interest.

"The first as to whether cynics really must wear bad clothes——"

"Dear, good mamma, she meant well, anyway."

"The second as to whether pink or white goes best with gray eyes."

"Which shall you decide?"

"That both being perfect, the question is laid on the table."

"So silly," said she. "And the third?" as a little smile passed over her face.

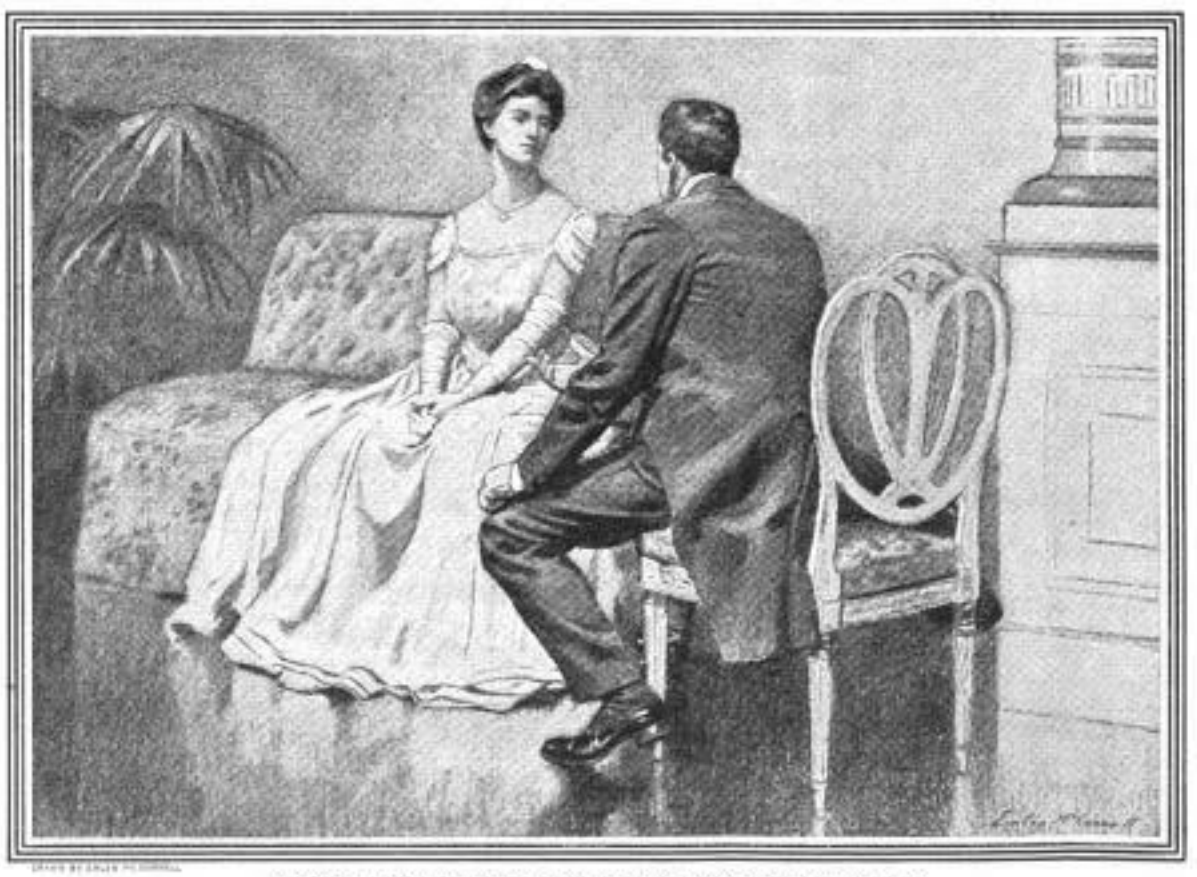
"Ah, the third!" said he; "that is very serious. I cannot tell you about the third."

"Please!"

"I don't dare to."

"I won't tell."

"Well," and of a sudden the lines about his jaw set a little, "the third will be a discussion as to whether a



AND HE LEANED FORWARD WITH A NEW SPARK IN HIS EYE

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girl has the sense and honor to marry the man she has led on to love her."

There was a pause. Then gradually a flush appeared on her face. He saw it grow, and the pause became embarrassing, when a very sweet but a very distant voice said:

"And what will you decide to be the likelihood?"

"I've changed my mind about that editorial. I shall not write it," he answered, looking down at his plate.

"Why?"

"Because it isn't fair."

"No, it isn't fair," said she. "And now I must talk to the man on the other side."

"Please don't go!"

"It is rude not to."

"Is that a lesson for me?"

"Does the shoe fit? There is a very marriageable, attractive girl on your right."

"If you do not come back soon I shall be married," said he with plaintive emphasis.

Darley turned to the marriageable heiress and became at once strangely fascinated by a tiny mole on the side of her nose which moved up and down every time she laughed. He tried not to look at it, and yet it was impossible not to say things that might draw a smile. Meantime he heard little or nothing, but felt himself growing lightheaded and more or less inclined to think that this was a great world and life worth living, after all.

In the midst of this a conciliatory voice said sweetly:

"I received a 30-.30 the other day and don't know who sent it."

"Did you really? How did it suit?"

"It is better than the heavy one. I tried it in a gallery to-day."

"Cleave unto it until death do you part. It is the best for you."

"You must come and see it some time."

"May I soon?"

"Will you?"

"And is my—my editorial forgiven?"

"There is nothing to forgive," said she, rising with the others, "only—only—no, there's nothing to forgive."

An hour and a half later Darley was standing at the window of his club gazing down on Fifth Avenue, with his hands thrust into his pockets. There was no avenue with reflecting rain mirrors on the asphalt, nor yet any bright-eyed cabs hurrying by, only two large gray eyes close to the window-pane, and Richard had the feeling that he must step through the glass and into the eyes, which were private rooms containing many jewels. He was murmuring to himself: "I wonder how long it will be before he discovers the burglar," when Beaumont's voice hailed him from behind.

"I was wondering," said Darley in reply, "where Fifth Avenue and the cabs and the rain had gone."

"What? Oh, chuck it! Let me tell you. I've got a chance to be assistant bond clerk. Uncle William's a brick.'

"I dined at Mrs. Talbot's to-night," said Darley.

Freddie sat up quickly.

"Did you?" said he. "How is she?"

"Very nice, I think; a little gray and a little nervous, but then the mother of four grown——"

"Thunder, Dick, I don't mean mamma."

"Oh, you mean Miss Talbot?"

"Did you suppose I meant the maid? How did she seem?"

"Pretty well. Nice girl."

"Oh, stuff, man. Did she—did you—er—talk about me at all?"

"Yes, sir, we considered your marked ability as a Wall Street financier."

"Did she like it?" asked Freddie eagerly.

"She did not condemn it. You'd better go and see her and tell her about it. And, by the way, tell her to change the combination on the safe."

"The combination on the what?" asked the other. "Ah, Major!"

"Good-evening, young men. I'm just in time. I know you'll try just a taste in my honor—my birthday, you know."

Beaumont stood a moment undecided and then left the other two alone. As they sat together in the corner of the room, a moment later, Darley said:

"Major, why did you never marry?"

The old gentleman took his cigar from his mouth and turned abruptly to his questioner.

"Gad, sir, marry! Why in the deuce should I?"

"Oh, family ties, you know; little tots doing the cluster act about that gouty knee of yours—duty to humanity—sweet comforts in your old age, and such other elemental notes of the unit of civilization."

"Unit be d——d, sir! I don't want any of your snivelling tots knocking around my knee. Nor any women and folderols to pay for. No, sir, nor any one woman. Look at me now! Happy as a clam. No worries. Anybody I want to wait on me, and a few friends with your elements of civilization all laid out and glad to show me any time I take it into my head to try them. Here I go on Sunday afternoons to Albert Talbot's, and I get more of the elements than I can digest all the week. No, sir," as he twisted his side-whiskers forward and replaced the cigar with a certain finality between his lips—"no, sir! God forbid that I should have been such a fool! I'm as happy as a kid with a new toy now."

"Well, Major, here's to you! I'll go to bed and dream of the joys of bachelorhood—if I can get rid of other dreams," he added to himself.

IV

"I DON'T suppose you would have come if I hadn't written you."

"I was afraid," said Richard, watching her as she sat in some soft lacy gown with the late afternoon sunlight behind her, "I said so many rude things the other night."

BUT THE FIRST BIRD HE KILLED HAD GRAY EYES

"Did you? I took them to be the proper sayings of a masquerading cynic. Here's my first child." And she held up the rifle.

"May you be blessed with many of them," said he.

"One is quite enough. I don't go into the woods often enough for more."

"Two at least are necessary to furnish companionship," and he handed the rifle back to her. She laid it across her knees and looked at him.

"You are speaking of guns?"

"You spoke of children," he answered.

A quick tinge of color came into her face and grew as she spoke on.

"Yes, I think children are dear; don't you?"

"Yes."

"Even to cynics?"

"All the more so, because they understand us better than grown people."

She leaned forward a little and said: "Why have you never married?"

"Takes two."

"And——" she asked, turning the gun over.

"Number two not in at the roll-call."

"Masquerading?"

"No, sincere for once."

"Is there—is there any one who—who ought to be in at the roll-call?"

He looked at her earnestly.

"Yes, Miss Talbot."

A shade went over her face.

"Tell me about her."

"I can't. She belongs to another."

"Oh dear! Is she married?"

"No." And again he resolved to tell Freddie to get a new combination on the safe.

Ethel's face turned to the rifle and one white hand moved back and forth over the polished barrel.

"Engaged?"

"No-o."

The white hand stopped.

"Why bound, then?"

"Because the right man has her—her affections."

"How do *you* know?"

"Don't cynics have any sense of the fitness of things?"

"Not always."

"Shouldn't they be respectable members of society and know what is true and right and try to act up to it?"

"Might not she have something to say in the matter?" said she.

He did not know. He began to lose confidence in himself and decided it was wiser to leave.

When he was gone Ethel sat down upon the floor with the gun across her knees and—cried.

V

IT WAS getting on toward spring one night when Darley sat in his rooms. Richard found it difficult to keep up this playing with fire. He sat now evolving a plan for stopping the business, when Beaumont came in.

"What's up, Freddie?" asked the host.

"Everything's down," answered the other, sinking into a chair. "Dick, you're the only one I can talk to."

"Well?"

"Something's up. I saw Ethel last night, gave out much business news—and something's got in between. I can see it with one eye closed and the other shut."

"Well?"

"I'm in a fearful funk! What's the matter, do you suppose? Have I lost a place just as I was getting up to the tape?"

"Why, you idiot, don't you see she's only surprised at your being able to 'reach up'?"

"But I mustn't lose."

"No, Freddie, you mustn't lose. Show your nerve. Go and see her—take her by masculine force."

Beaumont thought a moment and then, slapping his knees, said:

"I'll do it. I'll go right now."

"No, no, don't go now," said the other in some trepidation. "Wait till nine o'clock, when they will be through dinner."

"All right," answered the other, "but it's a long time to wait—two hours."

"Oh, that's nothing in a lifetime. And so you won't go till after nine, sure?" And Freddie disappeared with the promise given.

He had no sooner left the room than Darley went to his writing-desk and wrote her:

> "I have been playing a mean part. My only excuse is that I did not see the meanness until the last day or two. I don't know how to write it, and I am having a hard time thinking how to make it clear without seeming to you a conceited ass. Perhaps the only way is the direct way. So here goes: To-night after you receive this there comes to you a young man—a fine fellow. He is the right one! Talk to him and hear what is in his heart. There is no other man to compare with him. Don't for a moment think there is! Is that impudent—none of my business? I do not mean it so. Only I'm very sorry for it all—for my mean part in it, and—I'm very sad—in fact I should like to stretch my thirty-year-old six-foot hulk on the floor and cry.
>
> "Good-by, sweet lady—good-by!"

"Peter," said Richard to the boy who answered his ring, "take this note to that address at once and then come back here and show me a receipt."

VI

IT WAS a miserable situation for a cynic. That was quite evident. But then, he had given up other things in this world because they were not for him, and he could give this up, too. It was only necessary to use a little philosophy and get interested in something else. And thus by nightfall of the next day he was sitting in the main room of the Naugatuck Club, and in the morning he was out on the lake with Captain Barkus watching for ducks. But the first bird he killed had gray eyes, and he stroked its feathers and apologized to it and said he would marry it—and then he threw it into one corner and swore softly to himself.

"You hain't got yer eye with yer to-day, have ye?" remarked the Captain.

"Yes, but it's gray."

"Eh?" queried the Captain.

"Gray, man! Haven't you ever seen gray eyes?"

"Aye, but what's them to do with duck shooting?"

"Oh, I'm going home," said Darley. And he strode off through the woods, leaving the Captain to drive back alone

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in some wonder as to what his young friend had imbibed. As he went along, if he failed to read sermons in the stones, he had no difficulty in reading love stories here and there along the way. He wondered how the letter had been received. He wondered if she thought him an ass, if she laughed at him. And then he became aware of the fact that she was coming toward him in the narrow path. At first he thought it was his absurd imagination that had run riot, and then in an instant he knew that she must see him and that he could not escape.

She looked up and stopped short.

"What do you mean by coming here!" said the young lady.

"I *didn't* mean to," said he aimlessly.

"I came here to be alone," said she as they still stood watching one another.

"So did I," answered he. "Excuse me"—and he made as if to turn about.

"You knew I would be here," said she suspiciously.

"I did not really even suspect that you *could* come here. If I had I should not have come."

"Oh, what a thing to say!" cried she.

"That is, I wanted to avoid you—I mean, I knew you did not want to see me."

No answer.

"Excuse me." And he stepped aside. She hurried by. Then she stopped suddenly, and without turning her head she said:

"Were you going back to the clubhouse?"

"Why, no——"

"Because if you were I should like—I think I have somehow lost the path——"

"Certainly," said he, coming close to her; "I was just thinking of getting back to breakfast."

They turned toward the house and walked silently along the little path in the morning light. Not a word did either say.

Up the steps they marched and into the house. There stood Albert Talbot.

"Ah, here you are, Ethel—How-do, Darley? Where's Fred Beaumont, Ethel? I thought he'd be here by the late train last night."

"I don't think he will come, father. He went to Aiken last night." And Miss Ethel gazed innocently at the rug.

"Aiken last night! Good Heavens, what a man!" said the father. "He said yesterday that he'd follow us up here!"

At breakfast little was said. Darley sat by Miss Talbot, and when the meal was nearly over he said:

"Shall I go away?"

And she answered:

"How can I tell?"

"Did you bring your 30-.30?"

"No. What good would a rifle be here?"

"Did you ever try a shotgun?"

"No."

"Would you—would you care to try at ducks this afternoon?"

"Were you going?"

"Yes."

"I shouldn't inconvenience you?"

"No, you wouldn't inconvenience me."

"Then I'll go. What time?"

"About three o'clock."

As they sat in the shooting stand by the little lake, late that afternoon, there came Barkus' signal of warning over the water.

Darley said:

"So Freddie didn't come yesterday?"

"No," said she, looking out on the bay through one of the holes in the wall of the stand.

"Has he gone to Aiken in search of—anything?"

"Not for me."

"Are you all alone in the world?"

"Oh, no. I have father."

"Are you cold?"

"No."

Alarming signals of warning from Barkus across the bay.

"Are your hands cold?"

"No."

"Let me see."

She raised the nearer one, looked at it a moment and slowly drew off the thick glove. And her ladyship seemed intent on the bay.

"It's very cold," said he at last.

No answer.

Then he carried the hand slowly to his lips.

There came the sound of an oar outside the stand.

"What in tarnation be you doin', Mr. Darley? Hain't you seen them ducks?"

Darley got up suddenly.

"What? Where? What's that, Barkus?"

"Why, them fifteen birds what come nigh on to knocking the stand down."

"Strange I didn't see them, Barkus," said Darley. "But Miss Talbot finds it too cold here. We'll have to give it up and walk back through the woods."

And they two left the stand—left Barkus grumbling at such blindness—and started along the little woodland path, just as the red setting sun looked over the hills and trickled down through the trees upon them—these two, walking in the cold, clear evening, hand in hand, silently.

Repartees and Retorts

By William Mathews

LORD BEACONSFIELD, depicting a certain person in one of his novels, says that "he could always, when necessary, sparkle with anecdote or blaze with repartee." It is needless to say which of these is the higher social gift. Scores of men, with tenacious memories and a ready flow of words, can amuse a social circle with a perennial flow of anecdotes, who yet have no talent for repartee. The man of anecdotes, however apt or felicitous in telling them, seldom fails to bore his hearers by frequent repetition—a practice which leads another of the novelist's characters to say that "when a man falls into his anecdotage, it is time for him to retire from the world."

It is well known that for the highest success of a witticism it is necessary that it should seem to be impromptu. The finest *jeu d'esprit*, the happiest hit, which is known to have been coolly and deliberately prestudied and kept in ambush, can never have the effect of even an inferior one which is a real flash of the fancy, an inspiration of the moment, a sudden and irrepressible outburst. Brilliant and telling as was the conversational wit of Sheridan, our admiration of it is greatly lessened when we are told that it was carefully elaborated before its utterance. We now know, what his applauding hearers did not, that he would wait patiently a whole evening at a dinner-party for the exact moment when the shaft which he had ready feathered might be let fly with the greatest effect. There was no effort, either obvious or disguised, to draw you into the ambuscade of his ready-made joke; and when the lucky, longed-for moment did at last arrive, the natural and apparently unexpected manner in which he would let the treasured sentiment fall from his lips at once astonished and charmed his hearers. Such facts as these show that in many cases spoken wit, though to all appearance extemporaneous, may have been premeditated; but there is one species of it to which the most skeptical hearer cannot deny the merit of spontaneity—we mean the repartee. Especially is this true when the repartee is in reply to a sudden and unexpected attack. Nothing is more admirable, nothing more quickly wins our sympathy, than the perfect command and instantaneous concentration of the faculties, when a man is taken at a disadvantage and triumphantly repels an insinuation or an insult without a moment's previous warning. That felicity of instant rejoinder which we call readiness has saved thousands of men from mortification and contempt. The dexterous leap of thought by which the mind escapes from a seemingly hopeless dilemma is worth all the logic and learning in the world. The impromptu reply, says Molière, is precisely the touchstone of wit.

One of the readiest Englishmen at repartee was "the English Aristophanes," Samuel Foote. Doctor Johnson was long so prejudiced against him that, dining once in his company, he affected not to listen to him. "But the dog was so very comical," he afterward said, "that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork and have the laugh out." "Why are you forever humming that tune?" said Foote to an acquaintance. "Because it haunts me." "No wonder," rejoined the wit, "you are ever murdering it." When the miserly Garrick was vainly searching for a guinea at the Bedford one night, Foote asked, "Where on earth can it be gone?" "To the devil, I think," said the actor. "Let you alone, David," exclaimed Foote, "for making a guinea go farther than any one else." When a rich contractor was descanting upon the instability of the world, he turned to Foote and said: "Can you account for it, sir?" "Not unless it was built by contract," was the reply.

A Battle of the Nations

A TELLING reply was made during the Franco-German War by an English lady who held a "salon" in London, to the French Ambassador, who complained bitterly that England had not intervened in behalf of France: "We always believed that you were a nation of shopkeepers, and now we know you are." "And we," instantly replied the lady, "always believed that you were a nation of soldiers, and now we know you are not."

The late Bishop Wilberforce of England is said to have been endowed with rare powers of repartee, which he did not hesitate to exercise in the social circle or on the platform. To a hearer who tried to annoy and disconcert him, while addressing a great meeting in St. James' Hall, London, by frequently shouting, "Speak up, my lord!" he replied in the most dulcet tone, "I am already speaking up; I always speak up, and I decline to speak down to the level of the ill-mannered person in the gallery." This reminds us of a retort of Theodore Parker in a speech which we heard him make nearly sixty years ago at an Anti-Slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall. Upbraiding the North for making money out of Southern slavery, he said: "Seventy years ago the first three articles of the religious creed of Massachusetts were these: 'I believe in God the Father Almighty; I believe in Jesus Christ, His Son; I believe in the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God.' Now, the practical creed is: 'I believe in the Gold Eagle Almighty; I believe in the Silver Dollar; I believe in the Copper Cent; and these three make one Money.'"

This sarcasm was received with a loud burst of applause, mingled with an outpouring of hisses. Turning to a prominent hisser in the gallery, Parker, in nowise disconcerted, said, in a tone of mingled defiance and contempt: "I have given you your belief in my own language, and you have responded in your own vernacular."

Though Sheridan generally premeditated and husbanded his antithetical sprightliness, yet he could and did, when hard pressed, throw off retorts as readily as he hiccoughed to the watchman in London who found him "half-seas over" and demanded his name, "W-w-wilberforce!" When told that the fretful critic, Richard Cumberland, had expressed his surprise that an audience had laughed so immoderately at a performance of The School for Scandal, which did not extort from him even a smile, Sheridan said: "Cumberland is truly ungrateful for not smiling at my comedy, for I saw a tragedy of his, a fortnight before, at Covent Garden, and laughed incessantly from the beginning to the end." A tersely felicitous reply to a strenuous but shallow advocate of modern studies was that of Lord Sherbrooke. "I have the greatest contempt for Aristotle," said the "advanced thinker." "But not that contempt which familiarity breeds, I should imagine," mildly rejoined his lordship. Not less mild and equally significant was the reply of the Rev. James Marriott, "the great Saint of the Tractarian Movement at Oxford," to a brother-Fellow of Oriel College, who had behaved outrageously at dinner overnight. Coming out of chapel the next morning he sought to apologize, saying: "My friend, I'm afraid I made rather a fool of myself last night." "My dear fellow, I assure you I observed nothing unusual."

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THE CHRONICLES OF REM

THE FIRE IN THE PINES

By H. S. CANFIELD

WE HAD been to the lick and noted the fresh tracks of the night before.

The shooting platform was built twenty feet up, nailed to a great hemlock thirty yards distant. Rem was used to curl up on it and go to sleep, waking to shoot methodically, come down, take up the carcass and go home. It seemed strange that a deer could come within fifty yards of it, day or night, without seeing it, for it was not concealed in any way, but Rem explained this by saying that a "deer has less sense than a cheap landlooker." Rem has not read Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton, and has small opinion of the wit of wild animals. Most of them, he says, are "honing to get killed."

We sat on a white birch which had crashed to its fall five years before and Rem dug his one-bladed knife deep into the punk, bringing it out in big brown chunks. It was like tinder, this stuff, and when a match was touched to it glowed instantly into coals.

"This kind o' log is good meat for fire," Rem said. "They catch at nothing, like a gal fishing for compliments, and, like the gal again, they blaze for days. There's thousands of 'em in the woods—tens of thousands. Sometimes you see 'em lying twisted where one of them narrow storms has been along and then they're piled and bent and locked like a log-jam. When lightning hits a place like that you've got something as big as a town burning for a week. Fire is the worst thing in the world; next to it is a fool; when the two get together they're just ter'ble.

"Fires in the North Woods has cost a thousand lives and twenty-six million dollars in money. Some of 'em started from the clouds, but not many. Most of 'em happened because a fool out walking had a match. If the people that was left ever caught the fool they fixed him so's he quit thinking about his troubles, but gen'ully the fire fixed him fust.

"If you never see one of them forest fires you don't never want to see one. Your dreams'll be better without it. Hell won't be any news to me. I had oughter be able to find my way around in it; I've saw it three times in the woods.

"A forest fire just spells Death—D-e-t-h! It's worse'n drouth or flood or storm. A man can chew green leaves and walk out of a drouth; he can swim out of a flood, or go with it till he finds a limb handy; he can lay down under a fallen tree crosswise of the track of a storm and the big trees will tumble over him without hurting; but he can't do anything with a fire 'cept run with his tongue hanging out and his knees bending under him—run till he drops, with red cinders all around him and smoke in his nose, and a scairt deer will plant his hoofs on his back before the flames get him. He will have time to think about it.

"Now, the burning is awful, but the worst thing about it is the fear. It starts among the birds and it spreads to the brutes, and from the brutes it spreads to the men, and they're all wild together. You're running, you know, putting in your best licks, and you say to yourself: 'I'm doing a good ten mile an hour; I'm holding my wind fine; I'll beat that fire out;' and the next minute the fear grips you and you don't know nothing. When you come to you're in the water, or you don't come to. Maybe you get it from a buck that goes by you like an arrer from a Chip'way's blowgun; maybe you get it from a fall, or a limb that knocks your hat into your eyes; you get it. The beasts are all crazy, and they can give a man fear like a mangy mink can give him the hand-itch or a crazy wolf can give him the dog-madness. A man that's got the fire-fear is lower than the brutes and crazier, because he thinks more of himself and has got more to lose."

Rem was remembering hard. His face was white and sweat came from under his hatband. He sent his knife to the hilt into the rotten birch.

"One fall," he said, "we was hunting and trapping up in the big pine lands about the Brulé. We camped on Dog Crick that runs into the Brulé from the north. The timber's out of that country now—nothing there but hemlock and blamed little of that—but then it was a wonder. The trees went up two hundred feet and so close that their branches touched. There was hazel brush in the hollows and sumach on the hillsides, with just enough maple and birch among the pines and hemlocks to make it good. In the swamps the tamaracks was thick as poor kin round a rich man's kitchen stove, and when the frost fell you could stand on a hill and see the leaves yellow like gold for miles; the maples was red in half-acre bunches and over 'em the black-green of the pines.

"It was dry. August went and not a drop of rain; September went and not a drop; we was at the middle of October, and not a drop. Dog Crick dried until you could jump across it backward. The holes was half water and half trout. The trees looked thirsty. If you brushed again a pine the bark come off in dust. The needles and leaves under foot cracked, and sitting on a runway you could hear a deer coming fifty yards away. That'll give you an idee of how dry it was, for a deer steps like a woman on velvet. The moss on roots turned brown; there was mighty little sap in the limbs, and they creaked like rusty hinges when they swung in the wind. There was water in Mallard Lake five miles to the east; there was water in the Brulé ten miles to the south; there was water in Sailor Lake six miles to the west; and that was all. Every little woods pond was as bare as your hand and the dead perch in 'em stunk.

"Hunting was bad. We moved on moccasins, but it wouldn't have been any different if we had gone barefooted. We could kill only by squatting on the runways that led down to the water, and in a week the deer got to know about us and went to water only at night. We took our traps out of the Dog and moved 'em to the lakes, but we didn't pay much heed to 'em. It took too much walking.

"There was a lot of crows about that camp and in the middle of October they took to cawing steady; the devils cawed all day long. The tree-frogs was busy peeping for rain from sunup to sundown. Heaps of birds moved in on us to be near the crick. You could see 'em down by the edge with their bills open any time. There was something in the air that made us jerky. We couldn't sleep well, and when a man in the woods can't sleep his temper gets saw-teeth on it. We had a couple of turn-overs and went down to the crick and washed the blood off without speaking. Most times in camp when a fight's over all the mad's over, but it weren't that way with us. After a while it got so nobody had a word to say. We went to the traps alone and come back alone and eat supper like dumb men and crawled in. We hung together and kept on working because we had the pelts to sell and divide; that was all held us.

"A man in that camp was named Jack Mace. He was fifty years old and his hair and whiskers was yellow and white. We called him Gray Jack. This Gray Jack was a arguefier. He'd argue 'bout the weight of a fish, 'bout the age of a mink, 'bout how many feet a pine would cut, 'bout what time the sun rose and what day of the month it was, and how old George Wash'n'ton was when he come to this country. He was a man that never was wrong in his life; he was a man that knowed more'n the whole town of Chicaggy; he was obst'nit as a Merino ram; he was savage as a littered sow; he smoked all of the time 'cept at his meals and when he was asleep, he went to bed with a pipe in his mouth, and he had matches in every pocket. We was afraid of Gray Jack, but you couldn't tell him nothing. He said he knowed it was dry and he'd saw it dryer.

"He started in the morning to look at a bear trap over on Mallard Lake. He went down the trail and blew a whiff of tobacco-smoke and it drifted over his shoulder. He had on a Mackinaw jacket, red and black, and carried a rifle, because you can't do nothing with a trapped bear but shoot it. He was a big man with wide shoulders, and his Mackinaw, red and black, blocked up the trail for fifty yards or so. Then he went around a bend, smoking hard.

"About ten o'clock Little Pete Mason's hound that was tied to a tree put up his head and howled. It was a long howl and he did it again. There ain't no lonesomer sound. Pete threw a chunk of wood at him. The dog jerked at the rope and howled, then laid down whining and shivered in the hot sun. A flock of jaybirds, maybe twenty of 'em, come flying and screaming. They lit in the trees around the camp, screamed and flew across the crick. A red-tailed hawk was sailing over the pines, rising and dropping, and he seemed to be looking for a chance to dive and nail a jaybird. I'd never seen 'em hunt that way in thick woods and said so. Leggy Taylor said: 'Hawks hunt any way; they ain't ch'ice; what they want is meat.'

"I said: 'The trouble with you is you're a fool.'

"Leggy says: 'You'll eat that!'

"Little Pete jumped between us and said: 'Sit down! For God's sake, sit down!'

"We sit down. I don't know what made him say 'For God's sake!' It didn't seem strange. Red squirrels was running, hopping twenty feet from tree to tree. They was going west; we saw a dozen of 'em at onst; they jumped the crick flying. A big bobcat went by at a lope ten rod away and Leggy said squirrel hunting would be good later. He meant the cat would get his bellyful. I was fixing a little spring trap for mink. The grip flew up and hurt my hand, and I stuck my fingers in my mouth and cussed. They both laughed loud and that made us all feel better.

"From down the trail that led to the east a covey of partridges jumped and sailed over our heads, their wings going like ripsaws. I could have knocked one down with a fishing-pole. The first moose-birds that had come from the north quit the camp and flew away. Two porcupines went by in a awful hurry; they was making as much as a mile an

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hour. A fox sneaked across the south edge of the clearing; three bucks and a doe went by like racehorses right behind the fox; we could hear 'em hit the far bank of the crick; three hundred yards to the south a wolf pack passed, but they wasn't on the trail of the deer and wasn't in cry; we knew they was passing by a short howl or two that sounded more like a hurt dog than anything else. Everything was headed west that day.

"Leggy had a nose like a p'nter pup. He threw up his head and sniffed. Then he wetted his finger in his mouth and held it up to test the breeze.

"'I must be smelling that camp-fire again' the wind,' he said. The smoke of it was blowing away from him. He walked to the east edge of the clearing, sniffed and said: 'Fire! Pine fire!'

"We jumped up and looked to the eastward over the tops of the trees. A thin, dun haze was drifting over the sky. We could just see the upper edge of it where it was thin, but as we looked it thickened and turned darker and climbed. We could see a hundred yards of it, and it was getting higher fast when the wind freshed on a sudden and come in a strong gust. It stopped and another gust come, bending the tree-tops away down. It died away short and a feather would have dropped straight to the ground, the air was so still. Them two gusts seemed to been throwed off the rest of the air like they was shot from a gun and we could hear 'em far away, roaring through the woods. Then the pines bent again and a big blow come on. It scattered the ashes of our fire and I kicked it out.

"We looked at one another and we knew what it meant. We thought of Gray Jack, but we didn't take time to cuss him. We knowed what had happened just as well as if we'd saw it. He'd been to his bear trap and found nothing. On his way back he lit his pipe and threw the match on some needles and come on. Half a mile behind him the fire got good headway. It burned maybe within a quarter of him afore he noticed it and then it was too late to do any good. It was only five miles to Mallard Lake, and that meant the fire had started not more'n four miles from us. It weren't more'n two miles when we noticed it and it was coming in jumps a hundred yards long, spreading lengthwise as it come. A big fire in dry woods looks to travel pretty near as swift as a freight train. We could hear the beasts crashing by on each side of us. We didn't have ch'ice of which way to go; Sailor Lake was the only place for us and that was six miles off.

"We didn't stop to pick up a gun or a blanket. We turned and run.

"We forgot the hound and he howled dismal when we hopped the crick. We stopped and looked at one another. He was jumping again' the rope fit to break his neck. Little Pete said: 'I don't give a d—n! He sha'n't burn!' and hurried back. He cut the rope with one slash of his knife, but the dog didn't stay with him. He passed us before we had covered a hundred yards, going with his belly within two inches of the ground, and Pete was nearly fifty yards behind us.

"You hear a lot about dogs' gratitood and noble feelings, and maybe they have 'em, but they ain't hounds.

"We had six miles to make and half a hour to make it in. We had two miles start of the fire and we knowed that it would likely travel the eight miles while we was doing six. There weren't no trail to Sailor Lake. It was straight through the timber, jumping logs every fifty yards, jumping 'em like bucks with a pack behind 'em and a river in front. Now, you know lumberjacks are fast and long on their feet; they've got to be. I can walk six miles an hour for five hours at a stretch, but there weren't no walking in that. We run with our elbows again' our sides, our eyes open and our mouths shet, and when we took a log we took it from the right foot, going over like birds, and lit running. That Leggy was a wonder! I heerd him say onst that he run for two mile with his arm straight out and his hand flat on a deer's tail, and he couldn't gain enough to crook his fingers. He was a liar, o' course, but he could go. He led me ten yards in the first hundred; I never see a man with as straight a back; his chin was tilted a leetle and he looked like he put down one foot before he picked up t'other; but I wouldn't yell to him to slow up; and Little Pete was fifty yard behind.

"I was running free and I didn't feel tired. At the end of the fust mile I got a wad of cotton behind my teeth and my nose felt stopped up, but I spit the cotton out and my second wind come. Then I see Leggy through the trees throw his head forward and lose the cotton and Pete coughed clost behind me, and their second wind come.

"The next thing I noticed I had run into a bunch of deer. There was four to the right and three to the left. Then I see they had run into me, for they went on like I was standing still. After that animals went by steady—all sorts of 'em. The deer and foxes and cats passed us, every one of 'em running for life, and it showed how trifling a man is on his legs because the porkies was the only things we could catch. A big black bear scrambled across between Leggy and me and didn't know we was alive. Three mile from the camp two gray wolves threw their heads back over their shoulders and snarled at me, but they went on. Maybe they thought I made the fire. Leggy was out of sight then. There was no birds any more; they had gone on safe. The woods was still as they are to-day. I could hear my feet pounding the leaves. My legs was made of iron and it looked like I run without trouble. I says to myself that I didn't know I could eat up the ground that way. Then I knowed there was some sort of animal close to me, so close I could touch it; I knowed it was on my left hand, though I didn't see it. I weren't afraid of it; a man ain't afraid of nothing them times 'cept fire. I slung my head round and it was Little Pete within a yard of me; he was lighter'n me and had run up even. He slung his head same time and saw me and we went on, breasts even and 'bout a yard atween us. It sorter comforted me to have him there.

"I heerd a humming sound like a swarm of wild bees and it was cur'ous. I didn't try to place it; it was just in my ears. Then it swelled louder, like more swarms of bees. Then it got deeper with a roar to it like a strong wind tearing through the tops of the pines, and then I knowed what it was. My breath come in so quick it like to choke me and I let out a link or two. It was the fire and it was clost enough to be heard. Soon it was so loud the air trembled and it come to me that it was gaining fast. I s'pose I were a mile from Sailor Lake then. I was running all right; I was good for twelve miles 'stead of six; the fire weren't near enough to throw its heat; but I guess it was then the fear gripped me. I dunno whether I got it from the animals; I dunno where I got it from; it gripped me. Pete's foot caught in a root as he rose to a log and he turned half a somerset. I didn't stop to help him, or see him get up. I dodged the trees somehow and I made my jumps somehow, but I b'leve I was more'n half blind. I can just remember seeing him fall. You can ask me what I wanted to yell for and I can't tell you; I needed all the wind I had; but I was yelling like a Indian; just straining and yelling.

"Now I could hear the trees fall as the wind and the flame mowed 'em down, and it seemed to me they would fall on me sure and burn me up, though they was two hundred yards behind; maybe more.

"A piece of hemlock bark, ten feet long and three feet wide and all aflame, sailed over me and fell in front. The leaves and needles where it fell blazed like oil and I jumped 'em, going away up. In a second the heat come. I felt it first on my back and it was just warm. Then the skin of my back begin to crawl under my shirt—I dropped my Mackinaw in the first mile—and then it seemed like a redhot iron was run up and down it. My hands got hot on the backs. I looked right and left and the fire was on each side of me not fifty yards away. It was trying to head me and cut me off. The roar around me was like thunder. I guess I was yelling, because my mouth was wide open, but you couldn't have heerd cannon in that place. My head was burning and I threw up my hand and felt my cap on fire. I tore it off and it started another blaze.

"Then I went down the side of a hill, going ten feet at a jump, and a big pine, blown down by the wind from the fire, fell alongside of me as I went. It missed me by a yard or so. The sky was just a blazing mass of bark and limbs, flying over like a wide, flat river made up of a million broken stars.

"Then I went head on into the ice-cold water.

"I swum hard under the lake and when I come up and got a breath I struck out. Limbs and bark was falling into the water all around me but none hit me. A quarter of a mile out was a chain of little rocky islands with nothing on 'em but grass and stunted bushes, a dozen islands or so, running for a mile. The cold water got the smoke and cinders out of my eyes, and, when I could see, there was Leggy on one of the islands, waving and shouting to me to come on. I could see he was shouting, but sure I couldn't hear. When I got to shallow water he run in and grabbed me and half hauled me to dry land. The island he was on weren't more'n ten feet square and he was the only living thing there, but right and left along the chain was all sorts of forest brutes, herded together and quiet as sheep. We saw as many as a hundred deer. Some bodies floated in the lake, a cat or two, porcupines and such things. All of the living ones—bears, wolves, deer—was safe from us and we was safe from them. My clothes was half burned off me and I was blistered in twenty places.

"'Where's Little Pete?' Leggy wanted to know fust off.

"I looked at him not more'n half understanding, and then I says: 'Where's Gray Jack?' and I waved my hand behind me.

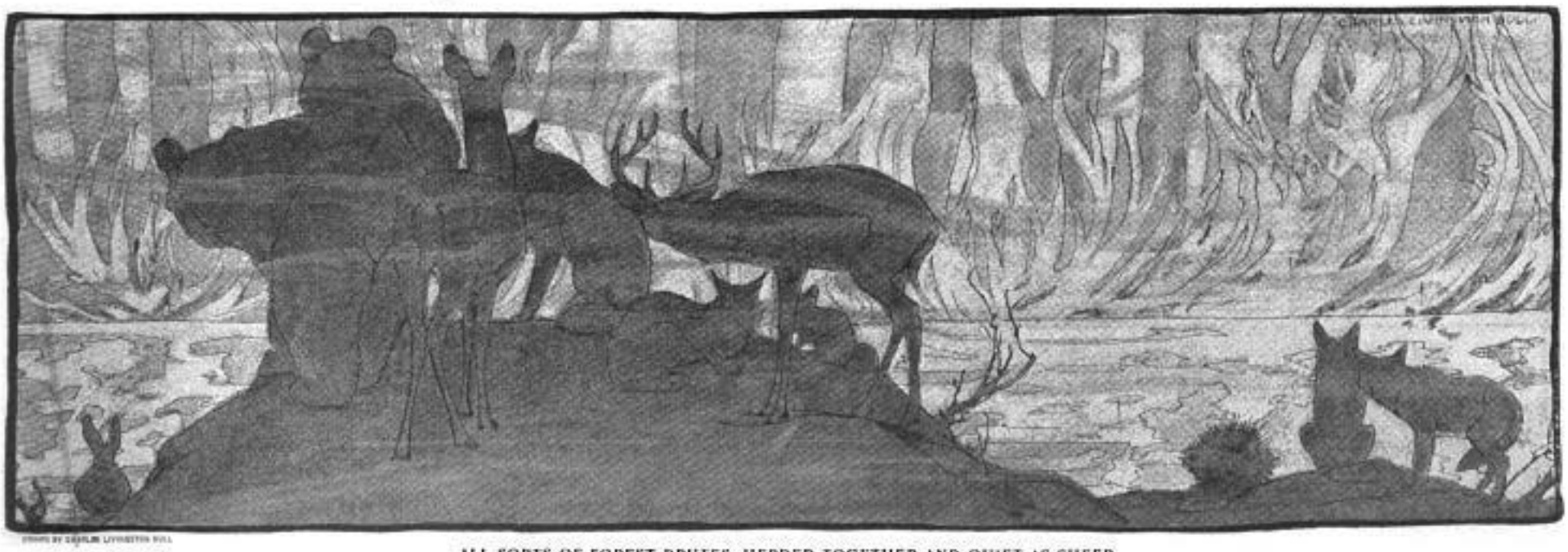
"Along the shore far as we could see was just one roaring, jumping wall of flame; the trees fell into the lake, sending up clouds of steam; the torches and burning bark flew over us even where we were; the smoke made the sky as black as a coal and settled so we could not breathe away from the water.

"We stayed on the island that day and that night and swum to land next morning after daybreak. All of the animals was still on the islands, looking toward the land, but not moving. They was like a long Zoo. We took a big drink from the lake and walked thirty miles over hot ashes without a drop of water. Then we struck the settlement and I was in bed for two weeks. I had fever and waked up in the night nearly dead with the fear.

. . . . . .

"Nobody ever heard a word of Little Pete; the hound, if he lived, went wild, I guess. Some landlookers next summer, though, were in between our old camp and Mallard Lake and they come on the bones of a man. Near by was the barrel of a rifle. There was a round hole in the skull, so he went crazy from the fear."

Editor's Note—This is the second of The Chronicles of Rem. The next will appear in an early number.



ALL SORTS OF FOREST BRUTES, HERDED TOGETHER AND QUIET AS SHEEP

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Money talks but it doesn't gossip.

¶ A jack of all trades is a jack, all right.

¶ Happiness seldom comes over the stock ticker.

¶ There are more wife-made men than self-made men.

¶ The summer girl does not plead previous engagements.

¶ There will always be boodling in cities so long as boodlers are elected to office.

¶ Great men had good mothers, but if all good mothers had great sons there would be a surplus.

¶ Man is the delightful logician who places woman on a pedestal and then affects to look down on her.

Red Names for Red Men

SOME of the Indian chiefs and headmen whose boys and girls have been sent to Carlisle and other schools to be educated have just made a strong protest against any change in the names of their children. They say that it is the Indian custom to give to a child at birth a name with some family or spiritual significance, but that those forced on them on entering the schools have to an Indian no meaning whatever.

The protest is popularly regarded as absurd and fantastic; the average American usually takes the red man's ideas as a huge joke. But isn't there a basis of sound common-sense in this one idea?

The name which is given a boy when he comes into the world, by the time that he has carried it for a dozen or fifteen years, has become as much a part of him as his head or his hand; it is his property; it is he. What right have we to take it from him?

We don't stop the thousands of Podavitches and Maritskas who are crowding into Castle Garden every day to dub them Jim and Nancy. Why should not the red-skinned American boy keep his name as well as the foreign Hun or Pole?

Or, for that matter, why is one name preferable to another? Is there any more civilization or righteousness dormant in "Bill" and "Bob" than in the sonorous titles of the Omaha and Navajo?

A great Indian chief, the last of the Mohicans, was known as Uncas. The whites dubbed him Job Smith, and he sleeps now under a stone with that name upon it in the old Moravian graveyard at Bethlehem. What was gained by that christening?

The whole difficulty grows out of a curious belief cherished by every English-speaking man. It is that to be a civilized human being or a Christian you must not only believe but dress, speak and eat your dinner as he does.

The White Brothers going out to convert a heathen meet him as near to his own standing ground in life as they can. They adopt his language, his clothes, his customs. These, they hold, are only outside, unimportant matters. They seek to influence his soul and his principles of action.

We may not believe in their church nor its doctrines, but there is no doubt that they are the most successful missionaries in the world.

Bishop Coleridge Pattison, one of the foremost of modern Christian apostles, adopted these methods. He did not even urge civilized clothes upon his convert, provided his soul kept near to God.

"The South Sea Islander," he once said, "may sometimes be a cannibal, but he is always a gentleman; though, when he puts on English clothes," he slyly added, "he looks like a gent!"

Our ordinary method with the savage is to make him learn English whether he learns Christ or not.

What to Do With Your Vacation

BEFORE starting on vacation it will do no harm to ask yourself, How long did the good that last year's vacation did me outlive the brown of the tan on my skin?

A man goes off to recuperate. He returns looking well and feeling as well as he looks. The next thing you hear of him he's ailing or bedfast. And when you say, "Too much vacation?" he replies: "Oh, no—not at all. If I could live that life the year round I'd never be sick. It was the return to unhealthful conditions that knocked me out."

It may be so. But—the country sun is a great deceiver and the country air is a sly stimulant. Together they may have conspired to stave off the consequences of the fried food you loaded yourself down with three times a day and the water you drank from an impure well or spring. If you had stayed in the country two months instead of two weeks, you might have found the unscrupulous pair out, and they wouldn't have been able to stuff the blame to the "unhealthful conditions" of your working-place.

One way to defeat this precious pair is by being careful what you eat and drink on vacation. But that's a hard way, and the person who advised taking it would be thanked mighty surlily for his officiousness.

Prosperity that Kills

IN THE front rank of diseases that prey upon the human animal is a disease which we beg to "indicate," as the doctors say, under the name of Premature Prosperity.

Its ravening germs lurk in the gold or silver spoon wherewith some children's mouths are adorned when they are born. It fastens upon the precocious infant and often has him beyond all medicine before he has graduated from the high school. It sends its germs by the million to our colleges and to other places where our myriad promising youth are serving apprenticeship, and it has the promise eaten full of holes and curling at the edges before the first vote is cast. Such as escape it then it by no means despairs of. It swarms in early business and professional successes; it is malignant in large offers of salary or preferment in the twenties and early thirties. It has had some of the greatest triumphs in the forties when the arrogance of youth is battling with the cooler judgment of maturity. It seized upon Napoleon at Friedland and ten years later laid him low. It attached itself to Cæsar at Pharsalia and did for him in four years.

Let the youth who are unsheathing at this season in such numbers think on this dread disease, note its ravages, and beware.

The Talent in the Napkin

"AMERICA," said a visiting foreigner, "is a land where the men are sacrificed to the women and the men and the women to the children."

There is truth in this criticism, if criticism it was. No doubt "papa" manages to have a pretty good time withal; and as for "mamma," she is not miserable every moment that she is escorting the children about to places where they can enjoy themselves. But the fierce days of our pioneer ancestors have put their stamp upon us. Then everything was of necessity for the future—what was then in the present beside hardship but hope? And so we have the hereditary habit of sacrificing the present to the future.

Like every other habit, this in excess is a vice. And is there not, with many of us, too little recognition of the rights of the present? Do we not forget that each individual is here as the custodian of certain talents, certain potentialities, and that he or she can best serve others not by wrapping them in a napkin and burying them and permitting himself or herself to wink out as an individuality, but by bringing them to their full development?

This does not mean that papa ought to have a larger part of his earnings for drinks and cigars. Nor does it mean that mamma ought to spend more money in finery and more time in gadding and gossiping. It means that each owes it to future generations as well as to himself to develop his own intelligence and character. The best possible gift parents can give their children is the example and the memory of them as intelligent, independent, life-enjoying persons skilled in that high and rare art, the art of living. What could be worse for children than to see and to remember a father who was a mere breadwinner, a mother who was a mere household drudge?

Cleveland and the Fire-Eaters

WHAT is the cause of this extraordinary outburst of enthusiasm for Mr. Cleveland after a long period in which he was, to put it mildly, neglected?

It is deeper than party, deeper than politics. It is an indication of a reawakening of the people to admiration for the old-fashioned American characteristics which even most of his enemies concede that he embodies to an unusual degree. These United States are not inhabited, as so many of our public men have latterly shown themselves to believe, by a flamboyant, fire-eating, ostentatious, show-crazy and extravagant people. On the contrary, the mass of Americans are sober and sturdy, strong but peaceful and quiet, and they love peace and quiet and plainness. And they admire those qualities in a public man, and they find them in the retired statesman of Princeton and Buzzard's Bay.

Whether or no the "resurrection of Grover" has any political significance, its moral significance cannot be underestimated, especially by candidates for the Presidency.

The Geese and the Guinea-Pigs

A LONG list of the companies in which he is a director is a never-missing part of the biographical sketch of any man conspicuous in commerce and finance. It is not strange that a man of millions should have to scatter his investments and should insist upon having a directing say in the management of a property he is interested in. Nor is it strange that a company, wishing to appeal to that ever-widening body, the investing public, should seek the support his name is sure to give. But is it not strange that a man of hard-earned and high commercial reputation should be willing to lend his name to so many enterprises of which he knows nothing but what others tell him?

No man could possibly be a true director in twenty, thirty, forty large corporations. He believes that each is sound and well managed, and he invests his money on that belief. But if his investment were his whole fortune or any considerable part of it, would he be willing to put it into any one of those on his list of companies which he never really investigates from year's end to year's end? Yet, by giving his name to the directory he tempts scores of people to invest their all; they think that he is an actual director. Furthermore, in many of these companies he has, to him, but a trifling sum invested.

Among the many words which modern conditions have made it necessary to re-define, the word director stands not far from the head of the list. The old definition makes no mention either of the directors who don't direct at all or of the directors who plot to direct everything into their own pockets.

Every Man His Own Doctor

AT A CONVENTION of doctors in Washington, recently, the chairman said that there were too many doctors, too many schools for doctors, too much doctoring.

Just the reverse is the truth, if the matter be looked at a little more broadly. Every man should be a doctor; every school should be first of all a school of medicine; every one should be doctoring all the time.

But—Doctor should not mean a person engaged in putting unsightly patches upon the human machine; a school of medicine should not mean a place where common-sense is smothered in useless and even dangerous accumulations of more or less inaccurate observations on the surface symptoms of disease and on the methods of making those surface symptoms disappear; doctoring should not mean dosing with drugs that leave weakness and woe behind them in a dismal trail on their way to give disease a battle that, with its violence, shakes the very foundations of health.

If from earliest childhood we were taught and were got into the habit of practicing the only certain truths of medicine—that disease cannot fasten upon the body that is well aired, well carried, well fed with real food taken slowly and in moderation, well treated in the matter of regularity—if this millennium should arrive, such of the doctors as did not turn surgeons would seek employment as experts upon sanitation.

Disease is not a cause. It is an effect. Its best, its only true, doctor is Doctor Prevention.

The more savage the penalties of ignorance, the faster the spread of intelligence. The multiplication of bad professional doctors, shaking as it does blind public confidence in cures and professional curers, is not a cloud without traces of silver lining.

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BUCKING THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY

Told by Captain John J. Healy
Written by Forrest Crissey

NO BOAT CAME

THE term "Free Trader" has an easy, go-as-you-please swing; but in the old pioneer days of the sixties and earlier it carried a meaning that can hardly be understood in these peaceful times. It meant war—and war to the knife! The man who started out to buck any of the big trading companies went against the stiffest kind of warfare that was to be found in the whole wilderness.

The stories of the men who went down would furnish the darkest page in all the pioneer history of the Northwest. Of course, all this has changed; but there are some experiences in the fights waged by "free" trappers and traders that stick in the memory of the men who went through them. I confess that, for one, I haven't forgotten the struggles of this sort, and I believe they should be given a place in the history of the old trading days. One of the toughest trips I ever made was in bucking the Hudson Bay Company, for it amounted to that before I wound up the experience.

That was in 1863, and I was then only twenty-three years old and had plenty to learn. Like all the traders and trappers in the Northwest States I listened to the tales of gold brought down by the Indians from the Dominion, and they tickled my ears. However, I was not the only white man whose head was turned by these rumors of how the Indians traded a gun barrel full of gold dust for a gun barrel full of powder. So I determined to cross the line and look for gold in the Fort Edmonton country.

Luck seemed to be on my side at the outset of the undertaking. There was no excitement on the trip north, and when I struck the district where I intended to prospect I stumbled on Brazos and Flet, two good men I had known on the Missouri. They were from Carondelet, the French settlement just below St. Louis. Brazos had been with the American Fur Company, but the Hudson Bay folks had induced him to bring his trade over to them about thirteen years before. Brazos gave me the best he had, and also told me the things I wished to know about the country.

"If you send any of your men up here," said he, "have them bring what they'll need in the way of food." That was as straight a hint as any one would need from the trader of a Hudson Bay post! But I thought I could make a rich strike in gold, and so I made my plans to go back and send up some of the men who were sure to be with me in any venture I should tackle.

"I'll not cross that hostile Blackfoot country," I told Brazos, "without rigging up to stand off the stiffest kind of an attack, and I'll come in condition to stick it out."

Then I started back to Fort Benton with a young half-breed Blackfoot as my only companion. He couldn't speak a word of English and I was about as helpless when it came to talking French. But he was keen as a knife, and we were both well up in the sign language. It was hard work to understand each other the first day or two out, but we were forced, by sheer necessity, to make rapid progress in that particular.

We each took two horses, so that we could always have a fresh animal and could push ahead at a lively swing, taking good care to keep away from the mountains. We couldn't dodge the rivers, however, and they were the coldest streams, it seemed to me, that I ever swam.

The first morning out, Piscan, or Buffalo Pound—as the half-breed was called—gave me evidence of his shrewdness. We had slept under the cover of some brush, and I started to crawl out to where the horses were without putting on my hat. Instantly, however, he picked it up and clapped it on my head. Then, by signs and words together, he explained that there were many Indians who would not kill a white man, but would shoot at sight an Indian of any tribe with which they were at war. To be seen bareheaded was to stand as an Indian, while a hat was always supposed to cover a white man. While Piscan was careful that I should not be caught with my hat off, he also took good care to have his own always on his head!

By screwing our vigilance up to the highest pitch and resorting to every precaution known to a mountaineer, we managed to slip through the fingers of the Blackfeet and reach St. Mary's River without mishap. After a hard ride of fifty miles we crossed St. Mary's River, near the lake. We changed horses frequently, and when they began to get fagged I would run behind, holding to the tail of the last one. Suddenly, after we had struck camp, the half-breed gave a grunt of surprise, pointed away across the river and exclaimed:

"We are going to be rubbed out!" Sure enough! There were six warriors, mounted in fine shape and coming for us at a clip that fairly tore up the ground.

"They are Kootenays," explained Piscan, "and I am a Blackfoot half-breed. They are at war with the Blackfeet and will surely kill me. You may get away with your hair."

"Don't get scared," I answered; "they'll not kill you while I'm alive, and we can make away with six of them all right." While saying this I figured out just what I would do if they showed fight. The half-breed had a double-barreled shotgun which would take care of two Kootenays, my rifle was good for another, and I was willing to take chances on wiping out the other three with my six-shooter. Before the band reached the river I heard a voice right behind us and a big buck leaped from his horse and shook hands with us. Then the others rode through the water with a rush. As they came up the bank I dropped to the ground, my hip on the stock of my rifle, and my right hand hold of my six-shooter, concealed under my coat. Piscan gave up at the start and made no preparation whatever for a fight.

Indeed we were providentially saved from coming to a fight. The chief of the band seemed more anxious to take the measure of the white man's cunning than of his scalp. Particularly did he show himself covetous of my favorite mare, and, after first trying to prove his ownership, commanded us to his teepee, in the hope, no doubt, of frightening or jockeying me out of my goods in some sharp deal. An Indian's teepee is as sacred to the rights of hospitality as an Arab's tent, and once in the shelter of the chief's protection we knew ourselves safe for the moment. It became a matter of some courage, however, at the end of our negotiations—throughout which I firmly insisted on every inch of my rights—to make the first step toward departure. I confidently expected that the long-deferred trouble would break the instant we attempted to saddle our horses.

Not a warrior stirred, however, and we were allowed to take our departure in peace. The outcome of the affair was certainly far different from what it promised to be when the Kootenay warriors were first sighted and came down upon us like a whirlwind; and I couldn't help thinking of this feature as we took the trail with our hair still safe on our heads. Shortly before sundown we suddenly stumbled upon another camp of four or five lodges. A glance showed me these were also Kootenays. The instant we were sighted the whole band came rushing out to meet us. They were apparently delighted to see us and made our welcome as friendly as they could by means of a mixture of broken English and French and a good command of the sign language. By words and gestures they said:

"Stay with us; the sun is low and you cannot travel far. We have just come from the mountains to hunt the buffalo." Somehow, I had an immediate confidence in this band, so we took off the elk meat and carried it into the lodge. When all our things were brought within the teepee a lot of bucks, several squaws and a horde of half-naked children gathered about us. Among the latter was the handsomest little Indian girl I have ever seen. In her hands was a small duck, uncooked and only partially skinned. Hiding behind her mother she set her white teeth into the raw flesh of the bird and began to eat it ravenously.

"What does this mean?" I asked Piscan. "These people must be almost starving. I never before saw a sight like that—never!"

"Yes, they are very hungry," answered the half-breed, "but this is Sunday and they will not hunt on the Sabbath, as they are good Catholics. They will starve before they will get out and hunt on Sunday."

Just then I heard a small bell sounding vespers. In one second all the Indians in the camp dropped to their knees and began praying and blessing each other.

I can never tell how that sight impressed me. I hung my head, and hung it low, too. Here were a lot of savages, out in the country of their enemies, hungry

THE OTHERS RODE THROUGH THE WATER WITH A RUSH

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Agencies in all principal cities

almost to starvation, but voluntarily denying themselves food because of their religious scruples! They were going through the holy ceremony, while I, who had been raised in the faith and brought up in civilization, did not even know that the day was the Sabbath. It was the most cutting rebuke I ever received.

As soon as prayers were concluded I called the people to the lodge and gave them the elk meat and told them we should have a grand feast. The rejoicing with which this news was received was the best kind of thanks.

In the morning, when I sent Piscan for the horses, the head man of the band came to me and said: "I am the white man's friend. You have a long journey and the country is bad. I will not let you go alone. I will go with you." This show of genuine friendship touched me, as the warrior had nothing to gain by it, and would have to make the return trip alone, at the peril of his life every rod of the way.

While swinging along down the valley of the Teton the Kootenay suddenly pulled his horse to a halt, leaped to the ground, dropped to his knees, gave one glance at the earth before him, and then began to count his beads and mutter his prayers as if he were going to be killed the next minute. The sweat actually stood out on his forehead in great drops.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Oh, we are gone! A big party of Blackfeet is on us and we will be rubbed out."

"But I don't see any Indians," I replied.

"Here is their trail!" he exclaimed. "Our horses are tired and we cannot get away from them. They will rub us out and I shall not see my people again."

The half-breed was as badly scared as the Kootenay, and I tried to cheer them up by saying: "I've never been caught yet, and I'm not going to be now. Keep cool and we'll make the fort all right yet."

Leaping on their animals they plied the whips and started straight across the prairie, yelling to me to keep up. I knew their jaded horses could not stand such a pace, and so I took my time at an even, swinging gait. They were soon out of sight, but at nightfall I overtook them. The half-breed's horse was completely run out. Knowing that the Blackfeet would make short work of him if they overtook him—for he was considered as a sort of renegade from the tribe—I let him take my horse. For a little while we kept together and then I lost them. It was a wild, rough ride, and I couldn't help feeling that the chances were slim that we should all reach the fort.

After separating from them I stuck to the river and made my way as fast as I could under the circumstances. But I had to keep my eyes and ears on the strain to catch the slightest sign of danger. My food had given out and my pack animals were a constant drag. Although, just after dawn, I came across an antelope, I did not dare shoot for fear of attracting some prowling Blackfoot, but had to content myself with thinking what I should eat when I reached the fort.

Just after nightfall, as I was approaching Fort Benton, I heard the voice of Piscan. He and the Kootenay came out of their hiding and told me that they believed the fort was full of Blackfeet. Here was a fine mess! It looked as if our hot ride had gone for nothing. Still, there was a bare chance left to smuggle my friends inside and secrete them until the Blackfeet were gone.

A few thumps on the gate brought the guard who called out: "Who's there?"

"White man—Healy," I answered.

"Any one else?"

"Yes; a half-breed and a Kootenay. You sneak them into a room by the back way and I'll make it good. They're my friends, and those Blackfeet must not see them."

"Wait a minute," came the answer.

Inside there was a terrific pow-wow—singing, dancing, hooting and howling. And every yell made my friends shake and tremble with fear. Finally the guard spoke again:

"Come in quietly and follow me."

Then the gates of the fort swung open, our horses were taken in charge, and we crept softly to one of the rooms set aside for travelers. We closed the shutters and made them fast after ordering the best layout of food that the fort could afford. I thought I had seen Indians eat before, but Piscan and the Kootenay certainly broke the record that night and gorged themselves as if they never expected to get another mouthful. About noon the next day the Blackfeet cleared out and we were released from our prison. I never learned whether my Kootenay friend got back to his people in safety, but I suppose he did.

My father-in-law came to the fort and we determined to make up a party to go into the gold country I had left. Several good men joined us, and we built one of the strongest and biggest carts I have ever seen. Our harness had chains for tugs, and was made to stand the heaviest possible usage. We loaded it heavily with flour and other provisions, and the boys started out, with Piscan for guide. We were preparing for a long campaign, and had plenty of money to push the venture through. It was decided that I was to go back to civilization and get a lot of copper sheets rolled to save gold on, and was to join the boys the next season. When I finally returned to St. Paul with 2000 pounds of copper plate I found a letter which had been brought down from the Fort Edmonton country by Father Lacomb, a priest. It said: "Don't come back here. They are starving us out." Later, the men themselves came out and told me their story.

Just as soon as the boys struck the Hudson Bay post they slipped some gold out of their belts and went into the trading room to buy some things they needed. Their money was pushed back to them and they were told that they couldn't buy anything from the company. That meant they were suspected of being in the country for the purpose of trading instead of prospecting, and that war had been declared on them. A consultation was held and it was decided that the best course was to submit quietly to the hardships imposed by the company and try to convince the factor in charge that he was mistaken and that they had no intention to trade. They had seen too many men crushed out by the power of this great organization to act rashly in stirring up its animosity.

All their arguments and friendly talk were sneered at, and they were told that if they cared to chop wood for the company they would be given two pounds of pemmican for each cord cut. In other words, they might starve or accept this condition. It took mighty good self-control for high-spirited men to hold themselves in and swallow such an insult. However, they went at it with a determination to make the best of their situation until spring. But the work was hard, the weather terribly severe, and their food wholly insufficient. One after another of the party fell ill, and finally most of them became so weak they could hardly stand.

Time and again they appealed to the factor and begged him, in the name of common humanity, to sell them meat, coffee, tobacco and other necessaries for their sick. But these appeals were turned down in the most high-handed way. One day, however, when things looked their worst, the Scotch blood of Harley McEwen, who had been a partner of mine at Florence, Idaho, took fire. He looked the situation squarely in the face. There they were, sick and starving, when they had thousands of dollars in gold and were willing to pay any price for provisions. The company had plenty of food and everything else to sell to dirty Indians, but not a mouthful of anything for these good, honest white men! And they were obliged to work as slaves for a meagre amount of pemmican.

The outlook didn't please McEwen, and the more he thought it over the madder he became. When he could stand it no longer he snatched up his rifle, walked out to the company's field or yard, and shot down a big fat ox; then he cut its throat, dressed it, and took some of the choicest cuts in to the boys who were sick and starving. Before he had finished his job about fifty men who were quartered at the fort gathered about and took in the sight. They were in the employ of the company, and, of course, some of them carried the news to the factor in charge. The factor was king and his word was law—until he was in the company of a superior. Then he became a courtier!

In a few minutes word came that McEwen was to be brought into the presence of the factor.

"McEwen," said he, "I'm told you have been killing our cattle. What have you got to say for yourself?"

That struck Scotch fire in a second. His eyes blazed as he answered:

"You're right, sir; I did kill one of your cattle, and I meant to kill it, too. We have plenty of money but you will not sell us food; we have worked like slaves and tried to get along with you on your own terms, but you have still refused to treat us like men."

"You have come here under false pretenses," interrupted the factor. "Trade, and not prospecting, is what you are after. We don't want you here!"

"Oh, we know you don't!" answered McEwen; "but I tell you we are not trying

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to set up any competition to your company. Gold is all we're looking for, and we have nothing to do with any scheme to start competition against you."

"We don't want you around in this country," repeated the factor.

"Look here!" exclaimed the young Scotchman, raising the rifle he held in his hands. "Our boys are starving. I killed your ox for them, and by Heavens, I'll kill you, too!"

"Don't!" yelled the factor. "You can have anything—anything!" That old coward was white as the snow outside the fort, and I guess if he hadn't come to terms McEwen would have sent him after his ox. But of course there were enough company men at the fort to have cleaned the boys out entirely if the order had been given. But it wasn't, however. Instead, the traders were told to sell the men from the States anything they asked for and on the regular terms. Of course when things broke up in the spring the boys pulled out for Montana.

This affair put me on fire and I vowed that the minute I got $10,000 ahead I would go up into that country and make them abandon their fort if it was the last act of my life. From that time I lived and worked with that one object in view. Four years later I had made my pile and started in to put my plans through. There had been plenty of time for thought in the years I had been trading and prospecting and fighting for this end, and I had every move figured out to the letter. I had learned considerable more about Indians, too, and had gained their confidence and knew how to handle them.

In a quiet way I went among them, and before the company folks at the fort woke up to what was on foot I had every pound of meat in that whole country bought up. What we couldn't use ourselves we put to good purpose, and made great feasts for the Indians. When I knew that certain bands would either eat the meat or carry it out of the country, I loaded them down with it. But even this couldn't dispose of all that was bought, and the remainder was put down in the river to destroy it. As a result, the old "King" at the company fort had plenty of chance to remember how he had starved our boys. He stood the siege for a while and then the whole outfit sneaked back to another post and completely abandoned a fort that had cost them $30,000 (Mountain House). Well, it was war from that time forward! However, I had gained the entire trade of that whole region, and I held it until I was doing a good business and had a post that cost me $15,000.

Suddenly, one day, a cavalry force swooped down upon me. I welcomed the major and introduced myself. He was a tall fellow, and stood head and shoulders above me.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Are you the terrible man they have been telling me about? I thought you were bigger than a grizzly, carried more guns than a pirate, and had six hundred men and two or three batteries of cannon. That's what you have been pictured to the authorities!" Then he laughed until he was sore. The company had reported that I had captured two batteries from the United States and kept a regiment of five hundred men with which to intimidate the whole region. He had been sent out with a force large enough to do battle against a good big military fort. Well, instead of driving us out of the country the major became my best friend, and was annoyed at the absurd reports which had been circulated by the enemy I had routed. The next move of my enemies was to inform the Canadian Government that I had taken a steamboat load of rifles up into that country and was arming the Blackfeet. This complaint had been reported to our Government at Washington and General Lewis was sent to investigate. In short order I showed him that I bought a dozen rifles a year from "Tom" Powers, and that that was all. Well, that game didn't work. I stayed in the country from which I had driven the company until I was ready to leave of my own accord!

It isn't to be supposed that the Hudson Bay Company was the only offender. The same spirit of crushing and killing was in every one of them. When a man offended the company in power, his best course was to get out of the country and stay out. A favorite method followed by the big trading companies of the old days was that of sending a marked man, one who had given them offense, to some remote post and then cutting off his supplies. There were scores of these terrible tragedies. Take the case of Alexander C. de Bompard. He was one of the best traders his company had in California. He risked his life hundreds of times to swell the profits of the shareholders and served them as loyally and devotedly as if he owned the whole corporation.

One day some starving men came into his post. They had been lost in the mountains and were on their last legs. He asked them no questions, although he suspected they belonged to an opposition company or were free traders. All the supplies needed to save their lives were sold to them; they were given shelter and nursed back to life. Well, there was some spy at his post who furnished the company with information that Bompard had given food and shelter to men of the opposition and had saved their lives instead of allowing them to perish. When the dispatches came from headquarters at the opening of the next season he received orders to go to the most extreme and remote post in the whole service—a place where only tobacco, powder, shot, cotton shirts and things of that kind were traded for fox and marten skins. No meats were received for barter and the men at the post were supposed to live off the country for the main part—principally from fish and fowl. But, of course, life could not be sustained wholly from this source, and some amount of provisions, together with guns, ammunition and other supplies, were essential to keep the poor fellows alive. It took two years for an expedition, starting from the main depot of supplies, to reach this post. One expedition was dispatched each year and spent the winter at a post midway on the long journey.

Imagine what the annual arrival of the boats means to these miserable exiles! It brings them assurance that there is really a world beyond the awful prison of snows—a world where white men live! Then, greatest of all possibilities, there is the hope that the voyagers may bring orders calling them back to life. How poor Bompard did long for release from the living death to which he had been banished! He waited the arrival of the men with this one thing in mind.

At last the boats came, but they were light and without supplies for the post—only enough for the men themselves. The man in command of the expedition explained that the company wished to get the furs from that region into the market that year and had therefore sent the light boats ahead to get the furs. Those loaded with provisions were behind and would arrive before the season was over, in time to put the post in shape for the next winter. Week after week and month after month those men waited, but no boat came. None had been sent. The post had been struck off the supply list. This was Bompard's punishment for having given aid and shelter to an enemy. The winter came on early and in terrible severity. All the horrors of starvation were endured. One after another went down under the siege.

Finally Bompard, half crazed, and preferring to face death in the open, with a remote possibility of escape, rather than give up where he was, started out across that country. Of course he realized that he must keep clear of the company's posts, for there he would receive the fate of a deserter. He cast his whole hope on the friendship of the Indians. That trip of a starving man across eight hundred miles of barren wilderness, in the dead of an Arctic winter, was a miracle of endurance. He lived by his rifle, shooting the heads off ptarmigan or grouse. When he reached a place of safety he was more dead than alive.

That awful experience simply broke his heart. He could not speak of it—and would not! But his daughter was a neighbor of mine in Montana and told me of his terrible sufferings. He never got out from under the cloud that his starvation trip had put upon him. It haunted him the rest of his life. Bompard was a good man and a splendid mountaineer.

Then there was Harvey. He knew too much to suit the American company and left it. One night he tied up to the bank of the river, and his men went to sleep on the shore, leaving him in the boat. Next morning they found him with a big hole knocked in his skull with a tomahawk. He had been left for dead—but it took something more than that to snuff out Harvey! That man was a wonder. The men who supported him sent him to New York and had him operated upon. When he came back the men of the opposition—the old company he had been with—kept mighty clear of him.

In these days we hear much talk about "grinding" and "oppression" in business, but we must go back to the old trading days to know the meaning of that expression. And for one I am thankful that all that kind of thing is long past and gone, although the new way claims more victims, as the actors are protected by law.

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Insect Friends and Foes—By Harold Bolce

EFFORTS will be made to induce Congress at its next session to appropriate a suitable sum for the employ of additional entomologists. Current discoveries are showing that a knowledge of insect life is of the utmost value to mankind.

To develop a new phase of the mosquito and yellow fever problem tests have just been completed that give assurance that the scourge of that malady can never again decimate population in any country, if the method of prevention disclosed by these experiments be adopted.

Scientists in South America advertised a few months ago for a number of young men, some of them to submit to inoculation by mosquitoes that had fed on yellow fever bacilli, the others to live for a season in unfumigated rooms in which yellow fever patients had died. Several applicants presented themselves for the ordeal in the interests of science. Those that submitted to the mosquito tests were bitten by certain varieties of this insect, the purpose being not to determine that these creatures carry the disease (for that had already been established), but to see if under proper conditions a mild form of yellow fever could not be conveyed, which would not be dangerous, and the influence of which would convert the convalescent into an immune. The experiments absolutely established the theory. A type of fever, which compares with yellow fever just as varioloid compares with smallpox, was developed in the patients, all of whom speedily recovered and were found to be immune, subsequent submission to fever-fed mosquitoes failing to produce even the slightest symptom of the malady.

The other applicants who lived in rooms replete with fever bacilli, and who even slept on infected beds, were thoroughly protected from mosquitoes of any sort. These men developed no indication of the disease. The scientists, therefore, are convinced that the disease is communicable only through the method of insect inoculation. Thus to protect soldiers or other men in tropical countries from the yellow fever, it will be necessary, physicians and entomologists say, simply to have the men bitten by mosquitoes under laboratory conditions. It is necessary that this be done scientifically, just as it is essential in vaccination that the proper vaccine be employed.

To rob the work of constructing the Panama Canal of much of the terrors of yellow fever, it is expected that the new system of prevention will be generally introduced there.

Eleven Million Species

A conservative estimate of the number of species of insects places them at no less than eleven million. Vast as the field is already, current explorations are almost daily adding bewildering numbers of new varieties to the classified lists. Entomologists find it necessary to confine their studies to one branch of the science.

In the National Museum, Dr. William H. Ashmead, Assistant Curator and one of the foremost entomologists of modern times, has been for more than twenty-eight years engaged in a special study of chalcid flies, an insect whose value to man cannot be overestimated. When introduced into regions dominated by insect pests, these chalcid flies devour by the million the eggs of caterpillars and similar destructive creatures. Many of these beneficent chalcids are microscopic in size, some of them being no bigger than the point of a pin. No match for noxious insects when once developed, they perform their economic service to the world by concentrating on insect eggs, and with benign instinct single out only those of harmful varieties.

To enable scientific workers to take advantage of the splendid part played by these almost invisible chalcids, Doctor Ashmead has been studying them for nearly thirty years. Watchmen in the Smithsonian Institution say that it is no uncommon thing to see the light in the laboratory, where he is at work, burning until two o'clock in the morning. As the result of his long years of study, Doctor Ashmead is about to publish, under the imprint of the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburg, an exhaustive work, the first complete treatise on the subject the world has known, although this insect is the first one mentioned in secular history, Herodotus referring to its having been found on fig trees in Smyrna. Doctor Ashmead and Doctor Howard are pioneers in the discovery of the importance of this insignificant-looking creature. These scientists find that the chalcids are immensely valuable, saving thousands of dollars annually to cotton growers by devouring eggs of insect enemies of that crop. Recently, when the cotton caterpillar threatened crops in several States, the introduction of the chalcid parasite, *Trichogramma pretiosa*, resulted in the destruction of ninety-five per cent. of the eggs of its prey. An interesting thing about this group of insects is that they pass through an entire generation in eight days, spending only two days in the egg stage, three days in the larval stage and three days in the pupal. This rapidity of growth to maturity and effectiveness is unparalleled in natural history, and will make it possible on short notice for entomologists to propagate them for service in districts where crops are threatened.

The value of historical knowledge even in special pursuits is exemplified by the secret in the discovery of the use of the chalcid flies in fig culture. It was accepted that Smyrna figs were the best in the world, but the secret of this superiority remained a mystery. The same variety tried in California failed to produce fruit of similar lusciousness. Doctors Howard and Ashmead began to investigate jointly. Knowing that Herodotus ages ago noticed this insect on Smyrna fig trees, the American scientists concluded that there was some relation between the presence of these diminutive flies and the superiority of the figs. Microscopic study showed that the chalcids are provided with a sawlike member. Introduced into California orchards it was discovered that with this infinitesimally small saw the chalcid cuts into the blossoming fig calyx and invigorates the budding fruit with pollen, the figs thus grown having a size and flavor far superior to the variety dependent upon ordinary conditions. Thus, with the coöperation of flies, which the farmer cannot see as they perform their labors, the fig raisers of California are now being enabled to compete with the figs grown in ancient Smyrna.

Doctor Ashmead has labored incessantly to secure adequate appropriation for the carrying on of insect study at the National Museum. Recently he sought to induce Congress to purchase the Hermann Strecker collection. "What good are they?" was the objection of an influential statesman. "You can't eat insects, and you can't plant them."

From many quarters, however, comes recognition of the far-reaching economic value of the patient entomologists serving the United States Government. Eminent students from all parts of the world are now consulting the Washington authorities. Japan, particularly, is obtaining valuable information from this source, and applying it.

Thirty-five years ago Dr. C. G. De Dalla Torre, a learned German professor, began a work entitled Catalogus Hymenopterorum, on which until a few months ago he has ever since been steadily laboring. It has just been published in ten enormous volumes, every one of which is as big as a gazetteer of the world, and all deal with a single order of insects, the *Hymenoptera*. This great work, representing the lifetime of a famous naturalist, bears on the title page a dedication to Dr. Leland O. Howard and Dr. William Harris Ashmead, of Washington.

A Scientist Who Gets No Salary

Over $3,000,000 was appropriated during the recent session of Congress to put up a great new building for the National Museum, but in that governmental institution is a scientist, an eminent authority on several orders of insects, who works wholly without pay, there being no appropriation out of which he can receive a salary. He reports for duty every morning at eight o'clock and works until late in the evening. Holidays also find him at his desk or at work in his laboratory. In addition to general work as an entomologist he enjoys special recognition as an authority on *Lepidoptera*. The study

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Some Things Worth Knowing About Typewriters

IT IS about twenty-five years since the first writing machine made its appearance. A rather crude affair compared with the machine of to-day, and yet demonstrating a principle that has never been improved upon; this principle provided for a type basket, around which "basket" were assembled the type bars, in the ends of which were the type. By depressing a key the type bar swung towards the printing point and gravitation returned it to its normal position. This principle insures greater durability than can be secured in any other manner. This principle has to be sacrificed in all so-called sight writing machines and by any that do not have the "type basket." The other basket type machines with the exception of the Fox Typewriter use this same construction to-day. It remained for "THE FOX" to bring out the improvements named below.

Type Bar and Hanger

In the Fox Typewriter the basket was enlarged, allowing the use of a wider hanger, with a pivot having perfectly ground cone bearings, and the hanger by means of a simple screw adjustment was made adjustable, so as to admit of taking up the wear on the bearing even after years of service, always insuring perfect alignment, and uniting the durability secured in the "type basket" construction with perfect alignment at all times. This was really the first noteworthy advance in typewriter building.

Speed in typewriting is a great consideration, and yet an operator cannot be any faster than their machine. It used to be, and is yet, on all typewriters except "THE FOX," that if a machine was sent out with a regular escapement and was too slow for a fast operator, the escapement had to be changed by either a repairman or be sent to the factory. On the Fox Typewriter, by a very simple arrangement of the escapement dogs and by one motion of a small lever, the operator can instantly change the speed on the machine, from regular to reverse, and when set for "speed" the operator has not yet appeared who is fast enough to pile the letters. The Fox Typewriter will thus accommodate itself to any operator — an arrangement that is practically invaluable to an ambitious stenographer.

Showing Escapement

We have mentioned two valuable improvements — there are many others equally as important to the user of typewriters, which are found on the Fox Typewriter and not on any other. This is the reason "THE FOX" is displacing other makes of typewriters so rapidly. A comparative test of different machines, point for point and side by side, can lead to but one conclusion; for example, compare the ½ in. key dip of the Fox with that of other makes, all ⅘ to ⅞; the 2 oz. key tension on the Fox with that as high as 6 to 8 oz. on others, the rolling motion of the platen, the convenient arrangement of the keyboard, the margin stops, the line lock — all stand out on "THE FOX" in sharp contrast to the crude and antiquated methods employed in other machines.

We have a special book describing just where the Fox Typewriter excels other typewriters, which we will be glad to mail you on request. At the same time we will acquaint you with our FREE TRIAL PLAN, whereby any responsible firm or person can try "THE FOX" for ten days without incurring the slightest obligation.

FOX TYPEWRITER COMPANY LTD.

468-488 Front St., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Branch Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities.

of insects is of great economic importance, inasmuch as nearly all of them are either of positive benefit to human interests or working industriously against the health or prosperity of mankind.

The work, therefore, of this scientist, Dr. H. C. Dyar, who has studied the habits of millions of insects and classified them for the benefit of students, is of much value to the Government. Fortunately, he is a man of independent means. He is now getting ready to carry on field work for the United States Government in British Columbia. A part of that country abounds in mosquitoes of a peculiarly malignant type which Doctor Ashmead says have not been so thoroughly investigated as the current importance of mosquito study warrants. On this expedition Doctor Dyar will, as usual, defray his own expenses.

An Example of Scientific Enthusiasm

An interesting example of scientific enthusiasm is presented in the case of Dr. C. L. Marlatt, Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Entomology, who recently traced to its original habitat in Northern China the destructive San José scale and discovered its natural enemy. Congress allowed him only $1000 for the trip. The investigations, requiring long journeys through Asiatic countries, involved a financial outlay of $5000. The difference Doctor Marlatt paid out of his own pocket. Yet he was engaged on a work that means a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to the American horticultural interests, through the importation of the insect that wages successful warfare on the scale. "Doctor Marlatt had an idea, based upon scientific reasoning, that he could hunt down this alien and undesirable member of the family of *Coccidæ* to its native lair and there likewise discover its sworn foe," said an official interested in the subject. "The plan was proposed to Congress, and finally partial indorsement came in the form of an insufficient appropriation. But Doctor Marlatt was too much in earnest to put the trip aside, and so he spent his own money in carrying out his work. Such is the spirit of our Government scientists."

Current investigation of the habits of the white ant in the Philippines and elsewhere, with a view to checking the widespread ravages of that insect, calls attention to the great service rendered by one of the assistants in Doctor Howard's department in discovering the queen ant of this species, a marvelous creature that lays 80,000 eggs a day. This discovery was made by the late Dr. Henry G. Hubbard, a Yale man, and is one of the most striking facts in recent entomological research. For ages scientists had searched for the female of the white ant (*Termes flavipes*), or termites as they are generally called, the insect that builds immense clay citadels in many lands, from which colonies issue to work extensive damage upon buildings, libraries, the contents of warehouses and other valuables. The female or queen ant is now known to live in inaccessible chambers at great depth. Year after year ant hills were demolished and the contiguous region excavated, but no one succeeded in discovering a queen. Crafty instinct had prompted her to search out a hiding-place inaccessible to enemies. Entomologists throughout the world eagerly continued search for this exclusive and prolific queen. The discovery was to be Doctor Hubbard's.

The Discovery of the Hidden Queen

In the midst of his fine scientific achievements he was unhappily stricken with consumption, and in search of health went to the arid regions of Arizona. He was accompanied by Professor E. A. Schwarz, his lifelong friend and fellow-entomologist. The journey was in vain. As Doctor Hubbard lay dying he saw near the door of his tent a cavalcade of soldier and worker ants making hurried trips to a certain point. As the workers and soldiers of this family (which though called ants are not really ants at all, but of the order of *Neuroptera* and allied to dragon and May flies) are totally blind, Doctor Hubbard knew that their straight and swift trips were controlled by some dominating exigency. Suspecting that the queen ant was in the vicinity, Doctor Hubbard made a desperate effort to locate her. Dragging himself from his couch, the expiring scientist dug feverishly at the point where the blind soldiers were entering the ground. His labors were rewarded. In a few moments Doctor Schwarz, who had gone to fetch

For the Office

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ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD

167 Strand, W. C., London, England

The Flat-Iron, New York City, U. S. A.

water, returned, and the dying naturalist, feebly holding a queen many hundred times the normal size of the white ant, gasped:

"See, Schwarz, at last, the queen of the *Termes flavipes*."

It was his final message to the world. "Enthusiasm like that, which not even the approach of death could subdue, is simply an illustration of the kind of service scientists are giving the Government," said the head of one of the departments at Washington.

Doctor Howard says that if some accident had set Doctor Hubbard down in the midst of the Sahara, his whole thought would have been not how he might escape, but rather what exceptional fortune had thus placed him in a region whose fauna had not been fully studied.

To the Army of Amateurs

Government entomologists are seeking to interest students in their science. Though nearly 1500 people in the United States and Canada are interested in insect study, the United States Government is singularly short of experts in all the various fields of research.

The rapidly growing interest in insect study, however, reassures the entomologists in charge that recruits in this scientific work will be forthcoming. Doctor Howard states that in addition to professional entomologists, he knows an insurance agent, a commercial traveler, a hotel clerk, a minister of the gospel, a keeper of a beer saloon, a portrait painter, a hardware merchant, a stonecutter, an iron founder, a carpenter and builder, a wholesale wine merchant, a lawyer, a chemist, an undertaker, a librarian, an army officer, a navy officer, and any number of physicians and teachers, who are vitally interested in the collection and study of insects.

The Government entomologists give much encouragement to students. Any one may send samples of insects to either the Agricultural Department or the National Museum and have them identified. Specimens are also loaned to students for microscopic study. In this way collectors throughout the world have been converted into enthusiastic correspondents of the Government bureaus, sending in thousands of rare specimens annually.

Dr. Leland O. Howard, Chief Entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, was asked if it were possible for any one to become proficient in entomology without beginning in early life. He replied that though it would seem to be necessary to begin in youth to cover so vast a field, it was nevertheless a fact that one of the best entomologists the world has known did not take up the science until he was nearly sixty. This was Dr. Benjamin D. Walsh, whose scientific career was meteoric. In his early manhood he was interested in classical literature, and even published works on the Greek texts. That was at Oxford. Then he suddenly abandoned letters, came to America and settled down in Illinois as a farmer. He developed exceptional ability both as a farmer and as a business man. In his fifty-ninth year he said to his wife that he believed they had all the money they needed, and that he had determined to retire from business. So he sold his farms and stock, and when he had wound up his affairs he had $100,000 in the bank.

A Novel Use for a Cork Leg

"What are you going to do now?" asked his wife.

"I intend to spend the remainder of my life studying insects," he replied.

His wife smiled and wondered if the conversion of his property into gold had not possibly affected her husband's mind.

"I am serious," he added. "I am thoroughly interested. You may think it foolish to undertake the study of science at my age, but Cato was eighty when he began the study of Greek."

Vast as is the field of entomology, this aged student so mastered its infinite details that he became an international authority on the subject and his writings are treasured and consulted to-day as classical contributions to that domain of science.

So absorbed was he in finding rare specimens that he got in the way of a train in Illinois, where he was State Entomologist, and was run over. While his leg was being amputated, from the shock of which he died, Doctor Walsh, replying to friends who sought to comfort him, said: "It's nothing; a cork leg will be of great convenience to me, for on it I can readily impale my specimens in the field."

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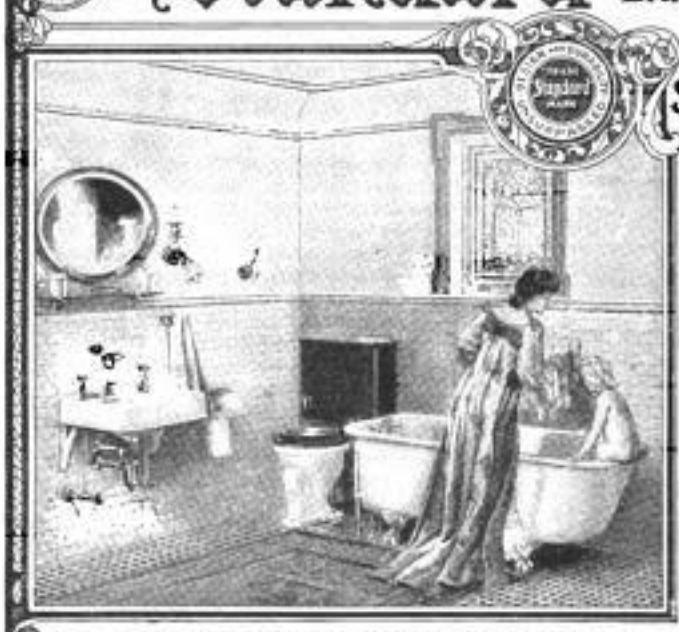

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The Wild Flower Society

SPECIAL efforts are being made this spring by The Wild Flower Preservation Society to convince the public, particularly that portion of it that enjoys country and suburban outings on Saturdays and Sundays, that unless immediate action be taken to protect the most interesting forms of plant life in America many of them are doomed to extermination.

Inasmuch as only a few people, even though willing to refrain from gathering threatened species, are able to identify species of wild flowers, the new movement includes a project to post in certain localities, and under glass, colored drawings and dried specimens of plants that are vanishing. With these guides will be displayed notices that the species thus exhibited are growing very scarce in that neighborhood and requesting that the public exercise moderation or even refrain altogether from gathering them. Teachers in public schools are being urged to exhibit to their classes specimens of threatened flowers.

In addition to this campaign of education, Dr. Frederick V. Coville, United States Government botanist; Dr. Charles Louis Pollard, in charge of the plant exhibit at the United States National Museum; Dr. D. T. MacDougal, of the New York Botanical Garden, and other eminent botanists, including those connected with leading universities, are interested in a lecture bureau course throughout the country for the purpose of freely extending knowledge on the subject. Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes and Miss Olivia Phelps Stokes, of New York City, are among the enthusiastic patrons of the movement.

There is little, if any, economic significance in the undertaking. The preservation of wild flowers is purely æsthetic. The promoters of the project say that if they could convince the public that any particular plant had commercial value, that species would be irretrievably doomed. The crusade, which is gathering great momentum, is thus wholly sentimental.

Nevertheless, widespread interest is being aroused this spring. Through the newspapers of Boston an appeal has been made to the public to refrain from purchasing the mayflower, which in former years has been sold in such abundance on the streets that it is threatened with extinction. To supply the Boston market the flowers of this species have been garnered from many neighboring States. Even the South has been invaded. At one time this flower bloomed abundantly in the suburbs of New York City, where it is now practically unknown.

Demand for ferns in Buffalo has almost exterminated two evergreen species in the vicinity of that city. At one time maidenhair fern was abundant on the Palisades between Fort Lee and Pleasant Valley. From several other counties of New York State this fern has been exterminated by men who dig it for the market. The Legislature of Connecticut has found it necessary to protect the Hartford fern by law.

On rocky hillsides in Bronx Park, New York, wild pinks manage still to bloom from Monday to Friday. On Saturday come the children who gather the tempting flowers wholesale, and the Sunday crowds complete the wide harvest. Every year these flowers are growing fewer and weaker. The rose-colored wild azalea is also doomed, and the great bird's-foot violet, which a generation ago grew resplendently on many Connecticut hillsides, has become extremely rare in some localities in that State.

The wild columbine, the sumach and holly, the fringed gentian, bluets, harebells and lobelias are among numerous other plants that are seriously menaced. From the vicinity of many cities the trailing arbutus has entirely disappeared.

One of the plants which has suffered the most is the laurel, levied upon in summer for its gay blossoms and at the Christmas season for its tempting greenery. In the vicinity of many cities it has been all but exterminated. As a singular contrast to the ruthless methods in America the promoters of this plant protection movement cite the case of children in an English village who, when they dig a Christmas tree, carefully plant it in a tub. After serving its holiday purpose the tree is carefully carried back to the woods and replanted.

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Literary Folk
Their Ways and Their Work

JOHN BURROUGHS' FIRST JOB — How he secured it, with no recommendation but the Muses'.

¶ Early in the sixties, when Hugh McCulloch had just been appointed Comptroller of the Currency to organize the new department under the provisions of the National Bank act, there walked into his office, unannounced, one day, a stranger dressed in "store clothes" and wearing long hair.

"My name is Burroughs—John Burroughs," said the visitor. "I should like to have a position in your department."

"What do you know about banking?" asked the Comptroller, thinking that perhaps in the unique stranger might be discovered some genius of an actuary or accountant.

"Unhappily, nothing," replied the applicant.

"Who sent you here?"

"No one."

"Well, who's your Congressman; to whom can you refer me?"

"I know no Congressman."

"And you expected to get a Government position without qualification for the position and without indorsement or backing of any character?"

"I think I could learn office work here, and the salary would be a great help to me in my literary career."

"Oh, you're a writer, are you? What's your line? Poetry, perhaps?"

"I try to write poetry," confessed the visitor.

"Got any of it with you?" asked the Comptroller, now considerably amused. "If so, let's see it."

The poet-naturalist produced a song redolent of early spring. It treated of the chewink, the oven bird and the Carolina wren, with a dainty reference to forest violets and hepatica.

"This is great," commented the Comptroller; "it's right out of the woods."

"Which is more than can be said of the author," observed Mr. Burroughs, thinking of the world of finance which he was seeking to invade.

The Comptroller laughed. "And is this all you have in the way of credentials?"

"I have some more poems at home," was the bland and sincere reply.

In much merriment the Comptroller summoned an assistant. "Here's the most astonishing instance of ingenuousness I have ever encountered in public life," said he. "That man over there applies for a Government position and the only backers that he can name are the Muses. Yet this department is not political, and somehow I'm inclined to put the fellow to work. I am captivated by the man's honest simplicity."

So John Burroughs was set to work as a Treasury clerk. No appointment ever before had been secured on such a basis and no one since has had the temerity, in asking for a Government job, to cite song birds and wild flowers as his only references.

Some of Mr. Burroughs' old colleagues are still in the Treasury service. In telling this story of his appointment, they dwell with emphasis upon the excellent work he did in the department, earning rapid promotions, and finally securing the responsible position of receiver for a failed national bank in New York, the affairs of which he settled satisfactorily both to the creditors and the Government.

Before starting West with the President recently, the naturalist called to see his old-time fellow-clerks who cherish memories of association with him.

"The circumstances of Mr. Burroughs' appointment," said one of his former colleagues, "furnish, I think, the most remarkable incident in the clerical annals of the United States. His personality won for him a position which, ordinarily, is obtained only by the persistent demands of influential backers."

A NOBLE FORTUNE-HUNTER — Mr. Phillips writes a satiric epic of this new Quest of the Golden Fleece.

¶ Good satire—and indeed much indifferent satire—always finds a ready audience. With irony the popular taste has another way. Irony is too doubtful, too difficult to puzzle out; and, if one did puzzle it out, after all, might not the letters horrify one by forming

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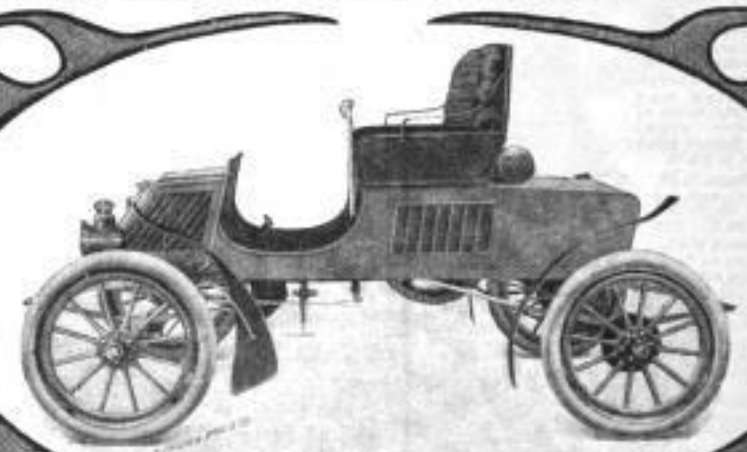

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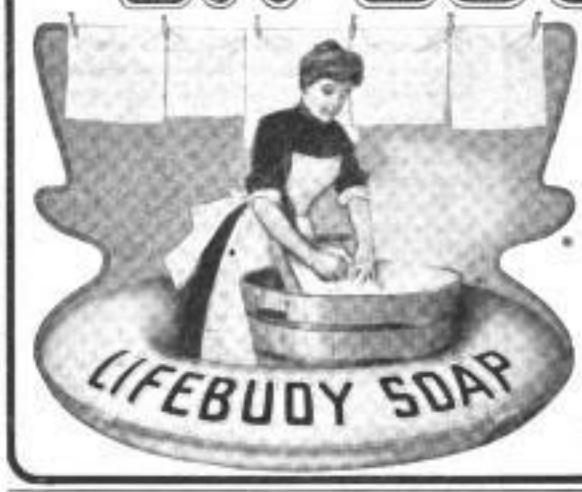

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tablespoon lemon juice and grated yellow rind half lemon. Beat well, add alternately flour and white of eggs. Pour into two pans, cut top with cocoanut, bake ½ hour.—Mrs. S. T. Boone. DUNHAM'S COCOANUT is always in packages—a beautiful snow-white preparation of selected cocoanuts of delicious flavor. Fresh and nutritious. Protected from every impurity. "Dainty Desserts"—54 beautifully illustrated recipes—sent for a postal card with your name and address. Dunham Mfg. Co., 405 N. Main St., St. Louis

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into one's own name! Not so satire—satire is always the other fellow. It is safe to satirize the surgeon, the clubman, the janitor or the cook—any well-defined class—because every member of that class is always open-minded and perfectly willing to admit that the trade, of course, has its tricks and that clever dog What's-his-Name has hit 'em off uncommon well. Old Graveairs, round the corner there, for instance, he's got to the very life. How the old hypocrite must squirm! Himself? It never so much as enters his mind.

So that by one and the same turn of the key the door is opened and the company spirited away. Everybody welcomes the reformer, everybody listens to him gladly—and nobody applies the lesson. The admission of an intellectual truth and the acceptance by the heart of a principle of conduct are two very different things. Men continue to think with their heads and act by their hearts to-day very much as they did yesterday—and will to-morrow.

However, one might pervert such reasoning to the abandonment of all thought. Whereas, although thought and reason exercise very much less influence on conduct than one could desire, nevertheless they do beyond doubt exercise some influence, indirect though it may be, and in that proportion are valuable.

We of all people, who are the most self-conscious, the most sensitive to criticism, should be the most readily affected by the genial morality of satire. Our latest critic (native-born), Mr. David Graham Phillips, is particularly fortunate in his choice of a title. A noble English fortune-hunter is his hero, and what could be a happier description of his quest than Golden Fleece—however one looks at it? And Frothingham isn't half a bad fellow. An air of distinction he has, a way of compelling reluctant admiration—one fancies at times that even his creator shared in the compulsion—despite his cynicism, his debts and his well-bred ineffectiveness. He has shrewdness, too, and a touch of caustic wit that well becomes him in his inspection of American manners and morals. What he has to say is said after a good long look. He is, and should be, the foremost figure of interest in the book, though, selfishly speaking, he concerns the reader as he holds the mirror up to truth, not as he does it gracefully. New York, Boston, Washington and Chicago—the great cities, the centres of wealth—are naturally his hunting-ground. His ambiguous success is better told in the pages of the book than it can be here.

For yourself you may never have to consider seriously an "international" marriage, but whether you do or not you will find it very worth while reading about the preliminaries.

TWO ASTONISHED AUTHORS—Their publisher paid them twice what they expected.

¶ Apropos of the tendency to condensations of biographies, memoirs and histories, which doubtless may be construed as a sign of the times, a pleasant story is told. But first, in passing, it may be said that some of the examples chosen for this summary treatment have been singularly unfortunate. Parkman, the romantic and picturesque, has been taken in hand by Doctor Pelham and his twelve volumes condensed into one. If Parkman were of the mousing order of historians and a tabulator of detailed facts and statistics the task would bear a different aspect. But the vividness and zest of Parkman's narrative would seem to cry aloud against compression. Another example of "condensation," presented by the abridged edition of Nicolay and Hay's Life of Lincoln, explained itself more readily. The array of ponderous volumes in which this biography and history of Lincoln's times was first presented marked it as better adapted to consulting libraries than to the imperfect leisure of the average man of affairs. Even the portions published in The Century Magazine seemed almost painfully reluctant to come to a full stop. No one questioned the value of the work, but for most of us the value of time has a meaning which is not to be disregarded. There is a story that the authors of the Lincoln were wholly in the dark as to terms for serialization. They had an interview with the late Roswell Smith. He asked their terms and they expressed their uncertainty. Taking up an envelope he wrote five figures on the back and handed it to them, saying, "Is that satisfactory?" Inasmuch as the generous total was twice the amount which they had had vaguely in mind there was no difficulty in closing the arrangement, after their demur at the publisher's generosity was met by his assurance that he believed his offer justified.

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The Reading Table

A Royal Accomplice

A LITTLE episode that did not get into the press, *et pour cause*, occurred during a recent visit of the King to Blenheim.

A crook who was well acquainted with the castle made up his mind to steal a valuable clock that he knew was in the King's bedroom.

He slipped in unperceived, at an hour when he knew the sovereign to be away, and coolly proceeded to take down the clock, which sat on a high mantel. He had scarcely mounted a chair that would enable him to reach it, however, when suddenly the door opened and who should appear but Edward himself.

For a second the thief gave himself up for lost, but soon his audacious nature took the upper hand and he turned to the King.

"A thousand pardons for my audacity, Your Majesty," he said with apparent dismay, "but this clock is very heavy; would Your Majesty deign to hold the chair lest I slip in getting it down?"

The King, persuaded that this must be a member of the household taking the clock for repairs, good-naturedly held the chair, and with profuse thanks and humble apologies the man disappeared.

Some hours later the King was notified that a clock was missing from his apartment and, as no trace of it could be found, it must have been stolen.

"Never mind," said he, smiling; "I was an accomplice to the theft; in fact, I held the chair for the thief, so better say nothing about it." And they didn't.

An Elastic Ambition

EVER since Lyman J. Gage, when Secretary of the Treasury, announced in a speech that a number of requests had been made him to recommend young men to fill positions paying $25,000 annually, the Treasury Department has been besieged by applications. The changes in personnel in that Department that are taking place under Secretary Shaw have stimulated many young men to apply for all grades of service, from the Collectorship of Ports to plain Treasury messenger. The fact that two assistant secretaries have risen from the position of messenger has made that office desired by many who believe they might do likewise.

All these instances of ambition are, of course, quite creditable, but there is an amusing side to some of the cases. Some of the young men, whose spelling and grammar betray a woeful lack of preparation, are not at all diffident in their eagerness to assume positions requiring great capacity and experience.

Some time ago a candidate who was manifestly unfitted for the portfolio sought to secure through the influence of the Secretary of the Treasury the post of United States Ambassador to one of the leading European Powers. Denied that, the applicant was "willing to accept" a consulship or a special Treasury commissionship abroad, but finally compromised on a modest clerkship in Washington. It is interesting, as a study in perseverance, to note that he actually got the latter position.

This attitude of seeking an exalted office, but with a willingness to accept anything that may be offered, is frequently met with among applicants.

"It reminds me," said the Secretary of the Treasury, "of a man I saw many years ago on the outskirts of a circus. He was selling suspenders. They were very short, doubtless designed for boys.

"'Here you are for suspenders. The latest and the best. Suspenders for boys,' he would say, exhibiting them at the normal size, and then, stretching them to the full capacity of the elastic, he would add, 'and just the thing for men.'"

Ammunition Wasted

SENATOR COCKRELL, of Missouri, is of the old school of politicians, especially as regards the idea of making a personal canvass of his State when the exigencies of the situation appear to demand it.

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children. Such an assemblage of little folk he had seldom seen before. Coming to one doorway about which were clustered some dozen or more of children, the Senator stopped for a moment to chat with the comely woman leaning upon the gate. She was presumed by Mr. Cockrell to be the mother of all the tots gathered about her. So, politely doffing his hat, the Senator inquired:

"Madam, I may kiss these beautiful children, may I not?"

"Certainly," replied the lady.

When he had finished his wholesale contract the Senator turned to the attractive woman at the gate and said:

"Seldom have I seen lovelier children. Yours, madam?"

The woman blushed deeply.

"Ah, of course they are," gallantly suggested Mr. Cockrell. "The little treasures, from whom else could they have inherited those limpid eyes, those rosy cheeks, those profuse curls, those comely figures and those musical voices?"

But still the lady blushed.

"By the way, madam," concluded the Senator, "may I impose upon your good nature to the extent of asking that you tell your estimable husband that Senator Cockrell called upon him this afternoon?"

"Excuse me, sir," said the woman, "I have no husband."

"But these children, madam—surely you are not a widow?"

"I fear there's some mistake, sir. This is an orphan asylum."

Greatness Thrust Upon Him

AN INTERESTING story is told in regard to Dr. Samuel McCune Lindsay, Commissioner of Education for Porto Rico, who has just introduced in the Executive Council of that island a bill establishing a Porto Rican University.

It seems that notwithstanding his pronounced success there Doctor Lindsay accepted his appointment to Porto Rico under protest and regarded the post as a place of exile. During his connection with the University of Pennsylvania Professor Lindsay was favorably known personally and as a publicist by both President McKinley and President Roosevelt. The Professor had interested himself in creating sentiment in favor of a Department of Commerce, and made it known to President Roosevelt that he should like to become Assistant Secretary of that Department. It was with great elation, therefore, that he hastened from Philadelphia to the White House one day in response to an invitation by telegraph.

"Glad to meet you again, Doctor Lindsay," said the President warmly. "I've decided to give you the appointment."

The Professor began to return thanks.

"Not at all, not at all," said the President. "I realize it will be somewhat of a sacrifice for you."

The Professor, who looked upon the Assistant Secretaryship which he had in mind as an advancement, was amazed at the President's point of view.

"It will be new work and hard work, but you're just the man to make a big success of it. When can you start?"

"Whenever you're ready for me to go ahead with the work," responded Doctor Lindsay, unaware that he was pledging himself to go to the West Indies.

"Good," said the President; "we'll consider that settled."

Before he reached the street Doctor Lindsay discovered that he had been appointed Commissioner of Education for Porto Rico. He tried to see the President again to enter emphatic protest. He felt as if he were being summarily deported. But Mr. Roosevelt was extremely busy, and the long wait gave the Professor a chance to cool down and consult his friends. Though they agreed with him that to go to Porto Rico seemed to be to abandon all his plans for success, they pointed out that he had accepted the appointment and even thanked the President for it, and that it would never do to refuse the position.

Thus, rebelling against his fate, the Professor sailed for the island. Once there he set to work with great enthusiasm, and the project for the University of Porto Rico is one of the results of his endeavors.

The Marrow of Conviction

ALTON B. PARKER, Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeals, who has been prominently mentioned for the next Democratic Presidential nomination, addressed a large assemblage of law students at

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Columbia University during the past month. After speaking briefly of the general nature of the litigation brought before the august body at the head of which he presides, he recalled several of his early experiences as a practicing lawyer. There was one point in his remarks that seemed to make a uniformly strong impression on all that large audience of men, for continued applause followed the narration of the incident.

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By R. H. B.

I. Discretion

A Maiden who lived in N. Y.
Was asked by her Beau out T. W.
"I think," she replied,
"We'd best stay inside,
For you know how the Neighbors D. T."

II. Vexatious Texas

A Bride on a visit to Tex.
Wrote home, "There's one thing to perplex us;
We're accustomed now quite
To the Scorpion's bite,
But Tarantulas certainly Vex.!"

III. The Cheerful Friend

A Chap who resided in Fla.
Said "For heat there is no place that's Ha."
But a Friend promptly said,
"Perhaps when you're dead
Your state will be many times Ta.!"

IV. A Frigid Lover

A Maiden who lived up in Mich.
Said, "Of ice cream I'd like half a Dich."
But her Beau coldly said,
While negating his head,
"I fear you will just have to Wich.!"

V. Painfully Economical

A Dentist who practiced in Me.
In his tooth had a terrible Pe.
"Pull it out," Someone cried;
"Who's to pay me?" he sighed,
"I don't work when there's nothing to Ge.!"

VI. An Optimist

A Lady who lived down in Md.
Said, "I'll grant that it isn't a Fd.
But nevertheless
You'll have to confess
That it's very much better than Nd.!"

VII. A Matter of Accent

A Tourist who reached Texn.
For brandy at once made a plea:
Quoth the bartender, "Pray, sir,
Use language *au fait*, sir;
In Memphis it's called Henn."

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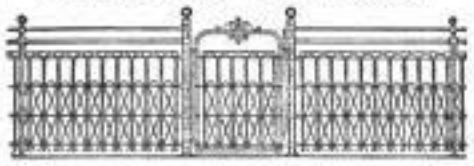

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Personally Conducted

(*Continued from Page 8*)

"I think you may safely leave that to me, Elizabeth."

Really he was too much when he was smoking! She gathered up her work things and walked into the cottage.

He finished his pipe, rose, and then began to move slowly clubward.

In the first twenty steps he met Miss Portia. Now this was opportune. He could have a few preliminary words with *her!*

He turned. "Hem — Portia!"

"Yes, father."

"I think you've been acting — ah — a trifle unwarrantedly — a trifle injudiciously of late — about Percy — Mr. Johnston, you know ——"

She shook her head. "I'm sorry, father, but that is something it can be of no use for us to talk about. If you could possibly understand ——"

"Well? Well? I wish you to know that I am now going down to the club — and I intend asking him to come back to the cottage with me!"

"I'm afraid that he would hardly feel himself *welcome* — after ——"

"Well?"

"I think — I think you should have apologized to him. It's his right! And he — he must know that, too!"

"*Really*, my girl, *really!* I think you give yourself a great deal of liberty of speech — of license, indeed! And as for your conduct during this present week ——"

"Well, if — if I have ——" She was already groping hysterically at her bosom for her handkerchief. "Who was it *forced* me — me to do it — to — to make up to him for — for ——"

"Portia, girl ——"

"Well, you *did!* After pretending — pretending you liked him so much — almost from the first day he met me — you've been just as unkind — and cruel — like a death's-head to all of us — refusing to see him half the time and — and ——"

"Daughter!"

"I will speak out now, I *will!* I — I'd have gone to you if — if you'd shown any feeling for me! But now I'll just have to act — act toward Mr. Johnston as seems best to — to myself."

"Very well!" roared the Judge — "very well! But I feel compelled to tell you, my girl — that everybody — and I merely take the phrase from your mother's lips — will say that you are simply throwing yourself at him!"

It was enough — a thousand times more than enough! "Mother — said — *that!*" Her sobs rose up in one choking gulp. "But I *knew* it! I *knew* it! You're *all* against me!"

"Now — now — now! She did not say ——"

"Oh, don't talk to me," she wailed, and pushed her way toward the cottage.

The Judge charged on through the cedars in a blind fury. It will be remembered that he intended going over to look up Percy at the club. Now, automatically, he continued on his way. He had got no farther than his own boathouse when he came glaring upon the young man face to face.

Now Mr. Percy, be it also remembered, had come to the Judge desiring to have things flung at him. And he stopped squarely in his path. "Look here, sir," he said, "I'd like to know if you have anything you want to say to me?"

"Say to you? Anything I want to say to you?" So he *did* expect an apology! Nay, the young sprig was *demanding* it — was coolly *holding him up* for it! "Say to you? Say to you? I've just this to say to you, that I'll stand no more from you! That I consider your behavior is — is — you'll come to the cottage — or — I tell you that you've been acting in a way that's scandalous, sir, scandalous — nothing short of scoundrelly!"

They were standing in front of the boathouse which, at the foot of the bank, exactly faced the left wing of The Cedars; and it was a sounding-board which sent the Judge's words directly into Miss Portia's fair upper chamber.

At the last of them she rose straight up from the pink silk comforter, now alas! more grief-marked than ever. "*Oh! Oh! Oh!* I'll walk right out of the house! How *could* he? I'll not stay here a day longer! And when Mr. Johnston had just spoken so *nobly* — so *forgivingly* about him, too!"

It was the ominous loudness of the Judge's language — and the imp of the untimely —

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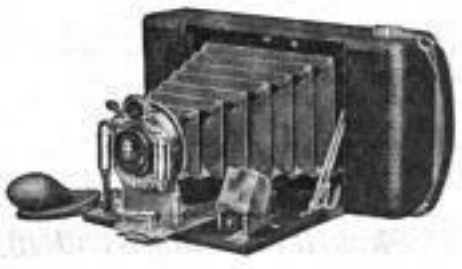

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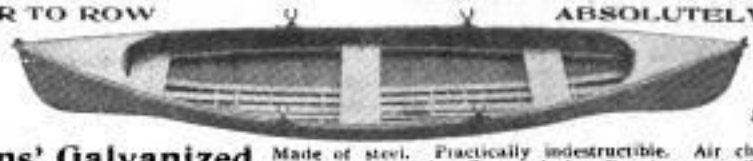

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which led Mrs. Morris to choose this particular moment to seek her tortured offspring for an understanding!

Not that the girl was now showing any violence of emotion. As she stood before her mirror swiftly putting up her hair, her attitude was the frozen calm of final tragedy.

"Don't speak to me, mother," she said, waving a hand wearily.

"Portia, I want you to feel in this matter that I am your dearest friend."

"Oh, it's too late to say that, *now!* Yesterday I could have believed it—or even half an hour ago!"

"*Portia!* What do you mean?" Mrs. Morris wished that the girl had been ten years younger so that she might have grasped and shaken her. "But I shall have no more talk with you! Either you will give me your word to see Mr. Johnston hereafter only about the cottage, or we pack up for the city, Monday! I've been patient and taken your part for altogether too long!"

"Yes!"—with a laugh from a hundred fifth acts—"after telling father that I was simply throwing myself at him!"

Mrs. Morris let herself down on the pink silk comforter. "Do you tell me—that—the—Judge—said—*that?*"

"Yes, and I know it's true, too, by the way he—he let it out!"

"All right, Portia, I'll say nothing more just now—to *you!*" But as she left the room, with skirts swirling after her, it was not hard to guess whom she would have something more to say to. Five minutes later Portia was breathlessly crossing the "plaza" through the dusk.

Her hurrying figure was recognized by a sorely wounded young man at a window of the clubhouse reading-room. He hastened to join her. She poured the balm of her tearful loveliness upon him, and half unconsciously they took the way to Lovers' Walk.

"Mr. Johnston," she cried, when once they were within its moonlit shadows, "I heard all that father said, and I just want to say that the more he hates you and is cruel, and—so unjust to you—the more it makes me respect and feel for you—and—and"—she swallowed a sob—"and both he and mother said all they could to *me*, too, to-night. But I don't care if you—if you——"

He rose to it with husky rapture. "Oh, Miss Morris—*Portia!* You know how I feel—how much I—how much I care for you——" He foundered, but labored on again. "You're the only person in the world——"

"I—I know," she said, and with more assuaging sobs, dropped to his shoulder. . . .

"I think," she murmured, after a time, "I think as long as you have one *true* friend, even if one's father—and mother—are against you, it doesn't seem to matter!"

"Yes, it only seems to—to draw people more together." And most decidedly, something had!

That part of the proceedings having been very satisfyingly settled, Miss Portia straightened herself up, dried her eyes and donned the mantle of the businesslike in a way that considerably astonished the bliss-engulfed young man.

"Now, we mustn't lose any time," she said intensely; "we'd better take a boat and go out on the lake, so we can decide what to do!"

He fetched around his skiff. They pushed off, both very silent and deep in thought.

"I'm afraid," he anxiously suggested, after a time, "that it is going to be awfully hard pulling to get the Judge's consent."

"Oh—*that!*" She put it altogether aside. "*That's* something we'll never get until—until——" She began to weep again, but it was less with regret than wrath. "They're going to take me away Monday, and they'll keep you from ever seeing me again—if they can. . . . Don't you—don't you see that we'll just have to go ahead—*before they do?*"

Mr. Johnston was staggered. "But, my *aunt!* you know——"

She looked at him. "Why, if you don't want me enough——"

"Oh, I *do!*" he cried. "Only I thought, maybe—it's pretty sudden, you know, so to speak. You think we'd better *run away*—*elope?*"

"Why, what else *can* we do? And there's the Tourist Express going through at ten-thirty. We could paddle across the lake and take it at the junction. It's too late to-night, but we've got to-morrow, Sunday, yet!"

Percy put down the oars and rubbed a perspiring forehead. "Well, but don't you think, first, that it'd be only wise for me to make *some* attempt to talk to the Judge again?"

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he's just twice as bad as he was the day before? And now that mother's—that mother's ——" She sobbed again. "Well, they've only themselves to blame! They've just driven us to it!"

The "us" decided him.

V

SUNDAY opened very warm. Miss Portia did not appear for breakfast. But her jaded elders saw Helga carry a tray upstairs without any word of comment. Enough that between them was the understanding that they would be leaving The Cedars on the morrow.

They heard the girl moving about above them, but she did not come down for luncheon, nor even for the five-o'clock supper.

While they were still glooming over the dessert some of the people from the Lake End called in to remind them they had promised to attend the evening service at Luna Cove.

They gazed at each other questioningly. Both wanted only to be left alone. But Portia knew they had promised to go; and now, if she had heard the Lake Enders reminding them, and heard *them* refuse, she might think they were staying to spy upon her. They weakly went.

And indeed, that sign of trust did strike a new pang into the harassed heart of the insurgent damsel. But nevertheless, she went on with the packing of her suitcase. And at half-past eight—the house being now completely deserted—she fastened in her painted china hatpins for the last time. She grasped the suitcase, made her way downstairs and through the side-door riverward. Her eyes were upon a big cluster of alders.

Behind it, Mr. Percy Johnston had been sitting in his Peterboro for the last half-hour, mopping at the back of his neck and struggling with emotions "in bunches"—as he would have expressed it. Possibly predominating in those bunches—though quite anomalously so—was anger against this general desertion of the camp which had made their project so contemptibly easy. He wanted a little more of the Lochinvar in his. He wanted opposition—and regiments of it. And also, from the depths of his imperishable youth there kept coming up a feeling that there would be a hoodoo on the business *somehow*, because they were pulling it off on a Sunday! But once more he put all weakling reconsiderations behind him. If it could not safely be left to Portia—if that girl's instincts were not divine——! . . . In another half minute he had handed her into the bow, and they had started.

About nine o'clock there smote all the woods and waters of the "Steel City Preserve" a storm which came little short of being a cloud-burst. Five minutes later a "tenter" over at Alder Point suddenly rushed out into the lashing rain and across to Commodore Hickson's veranda. "There's *something* bottom up away out in the middle—and some one clinging to it, too!"

The Commodore was already heading the race for his launch. "Where are the eyes of the *Club* people? Are they all asleep—or struck by lightning?"

However, the Alder Pointers arrived in time. . . .

Some half an hour afterward a final scene was taking place at The Cedars. The original four had parts in it—the two white and staggered elders, who had just got back from evening service, and a brace of young people—the wettest that ever soaked the Japanese matting of a cottage drawing-room.

"And you can't refuse *now*, father!" Miss Portia was crying—she was still somewhat hysterical, as her locks still hung weedily about her temples—"after my losing everything I ever cared for in that suitcase—and—and Mr. Johnston saving my life, too!"

No, of a truth there was no longer any place for the ferocious rôle of "*tyrannwater!*" And a blessing, no less binding if most inarticulate, allowed the tortured lovers to part in joy and seek dry clothes.

Percy, however, was accompanied to the clubhouse by flippancies from the other Steel City youth, which, at such a juncture, he felt were in the worst possible taste.

"Oh, no doubt it's funny," he said. "No doubt it's mighty funny! But for my part I don't think you showed up particularly well in this business. While you were all four-flushing over at church, *we* might very well have been drowned!"

And, sitting on a soap-box in his boathouse, the Judge had taken a solid grip on his jaws and chin and was rapidly emulsifying his gray matter in an attempt to figure out just where *he* was at in the affair now so happily concluded.

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The Call of the Wild

(Continued from Page 5)

François' whip snapped less frequently, and Perrault even honored Buck by lifting up his feet and carefully examining them.

It was a hard day's run, up the Cañon, through Sheep Camp, past the Scales and the timber-line, across glaciers and snowdrifts hundreds of feet deep, and over the great Chilcoot Divide which stands between the salt water and the fresh and guards forbiddingly the sad and lonely North. They made good time down the chain of lakes which fill the craters of extinct volcanoes, and late that night pulled into the huge camp at the head of Lake Bennett, where thousands of gold-seekers were building boats against the break-up of the ice in the spring. Buck made his hole in the snow and slept the sleep of the exhausted just, but all too early was routed out in the cold darkness and harnessed with his mates to the sled.

That day the trail was packed and they made forty miles; but the next day, and for many days to follow, they broke their own trail, worked harder, and made poorer time. As a rule, Perrault traveled ahead of the team, packing the snow with webbed shoes to make it easier for them. François, guiding the sled at the gee-pole, sometimes exchanged places with him, but not often. Perrault was in a hurry, and he prided himself on his knowledge of ice, a knowledge indispensable, for the fall ice was very thin, and where there was swift water there was no ice at all.

Day after day, for days unending, Buck toiled in the traces. Always they broke camp in the dark, and the first gray of dawn found them hitting the trail with fresh miles reeled off behind them. And always they pitched camp after dark, eating their bit of fish and crawling to sleep into the snow. Buck was ravenous. The pound and a half of sun-dried salmon, which was his ration for each day, seemed to go nowhere. He never had enough, and suffered from perpetual hunger yearnings. Yet the other dogs, because they weighed less and were born to the life, received a pound only of the fish, and managed to keep in good condition.

He swiftly lost the fastidiousness which had characterized his old life. A dainty eater, he found that his mates, finishing first, robbed him of his unfinished ration. There was no defending it. While he was fighting off two or three it was disappearing down the throats of the others. To remedy this he ate as fast as they; and, so greatly did hunger compel him, he was not above taking what did not belong to him. He watched and learned. When he saw Pike, one of the new dogs, a clever malingerer and thief, slyly steal a slice of bacon when Perrault's back was turned, he duplicated the performance the following day, getting away with the whole chunk. A great uproar was raised, but he was unsuspected, while Dub, an awkward blunderer who was always getting caught, was punished for Buck's misdeed.

This first theft marked Buck as fit to survive in the hostile Northland environment. It marked his adaptability, his capacity to adjust himself to changing conditions, the lack of which would have meant swift and terrible death. It marked, further, the decay or going to pieces of his moral nature, a vain thing and a handicap in the ruthless struggle for existence. It was all well enough in the Southland, under the law of love and fellowship, to respect private property and personal feelings; but in the Northland, under the law of club and fang, whoso took such things into account was a fool, and in so far as he observed them he would fail to prosper.

Not that Buck reasoned it out. He was fit, that was all, and unconsciously he accommodated himself to the new mode of life. All his days, no matter what the odds, he had never run from a fight. But the club of the man in the red sweater had beaten into him a more fundamental and primitive code. Civilized, he could have died for a moral consideration, say the defense of Judge Miller's riding-whip; but the completeness of his decivilization was now evidenced by his ability to flee from the defense of a moral consideration and so save his hide. He did not steal for joy of it, but because of the clamor of his stomach. He did not rob openly, but stole secretly and cunningly, out of respect for club and fang. In short, the things he did were done because it was easier to do them than not to do them.

His development (or retrogression) was rapid. His muscles became hard as iron,

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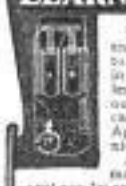

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and he grew callous to all ordinary pain. He achieved an internal as well as external economy. He could eat anything, no matter how loathsome or indigestible; and, once eaten, the juices of his stomach extracted the last least particle of nutriment, and his blood carried it to the farthest reaches of his body, building it into the toughest and stoutest of tissues. Sight and scent became remarkably keen, while his hearing developed such acuteness that in his sleep he heard the faintest sound and knew whether it heralded peace or peril. He learned to bite the ice out with his teeth when it collected between his toes; and when he was thirsty and there was a thick scum of ice over the water-hole, he would break it by rearing and striking it with stiff forelegs. His most conspicuous trait was an ability to scent the wind and forecast it a night in advance. No matter how breathless the air when he dug his nest by tree or bank, the wind that later blew inevitably found him to leeward, sheltered and snug.

And not only did he learn by experience, but instincts long dead became alive again. The domesticated generations fell from him. In vague ways he remembered back to the youth of the breed, to the time the wild-dogs ranged in packs through the primeval forest and killed their meat as they ran it down. It was no task for him to learn to fight with cut and slash and the quick wolf-snap. In this manner had fought forgotten ancestors. They quickened the old life within him, and the old tricks which they had stamped into the heredity of the breed were his tricks. They came to him without effort or discovery, as though they had been his always. And when, on the still, cold nights, he pointed his nose at a star and howled long and wolflike, it was his ancestors, dead and dust, pointing nose at star and howling down through the centuries and through him. And his cadences were their cadences, the cadences which voiced their woe and what to them was the meaning of the stillness, and the cold, and dark.

Thus, as token of what a puppet thing life is, the ancient song surged through him and he came into his own again, and he came because men had found a yellow metal in the North, and because Manuel was a gardener's helper whose wages did not lap over the needs of his wife and the divers small copies of Jim-self which he had managed to accumulate.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The "Drummer" vs. the "Bagman"

By James L. Ford

IN NO respect is the contrast between English leisure and conservatism and the restless energy of our own country more sharply emphasized than in the methods and customs of the commercial travelers of both countries. This difference is indicated to a certain extent by the colloquial term employed in each country to characterize the calling of the traveling salesman. In England he is a bagman and in America a drummer. The one goes about with a bag full of samples of goods which he offers to the regular customers of his house, while the drummer is essentially a man who talks up the merits of his goods to new customers. To a certain extent, therefore, the bagman is a passive agent of trade and the drummer an active one.

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hotel in any provincial city in America that does not boast a dining-room large enough to seat twice as many people as the hostelry can accommodate. The colored head waiter who escorts him with stately tread from the door to his table is always provided with a pair of long legs, for he walks fully forty miles a day. This major domo has a memory for faces that enables him to recall at once where the drummer sat at the last meal and place him on the opposite side of the room. It is contrary to the rules of the hotel for a transient guest to occupy the same seat twice in succession, and the head waiter is always anxious to keep his job. At table the drummer may find himself in company with other drummers or in juxtaposition to a small family party, with a circus advance agent, an Indian doctor, and a soubrette thrown in by the head waiter for good measure. A bill-of-fare arranged in eight courses is placed before him, and after a hasty inspection he says to the waiter: "Gimme some of that consommé, and mind you have it hot. Then I'll have some shad if there's any roe with it, and if not, some salmon. You can fetch along some sweetbread, too, and be quick with it all, for I've got to catch the two o'clock train."

After finishing the sweetbread he orders roast chicken and what the waiter calls an "assortment of vegetables," meaning half a dozen dabs of squash, stewed tomatoes, turnips and mashed potatoes, in separate saucers. These are followed by snow pudding, lemon pie, a banana, a piece of cheese and a small cup of coffee, and within twenty minutes from the moment of sitting down the entire meal is finished.

Very different, indeed, is the meal of the English bagman, which is consumed in the "commercial" room of the inn, a place set apart exclusively for himself and his kind and into which no person not actually engaged in the business of selling goods by sample would presume to intrude. As the hour for the meal draws near the bagmen assemble to exchange greetings with one another and enjoy a few social moments before sitting down at the table. There is no hurry, no looking at watches, no fear of losing a customer and, above all, no anxiety to be off, for though time and tide may wait for no man, the entire commerce of England must wait on the digestion of her bagmen.

"Of course you'll take the chair to-day, Mr. Hotspur," says young Mr. Grigsby, who is making his first trip in paints and oils, to the white-haired and ruddy-cheeked veteran who has been selling woolen cloths for the past forty years and is known and respected in every commercial room in the three kingdoms.

"My dear boy," says the old traveler, who is none the less flattered by the suggestion, "I couldn't think of it for a moment while Brother Billings is in the room."

"But you must!" exclaims Brother Billings, who sells woolens for a rival house and is punctilious in his courtesy to the oldest traveler in his line. "I assure you that none other but yourself can be even considered to-day."

"As you will, then, Mr. Billings, but I insist upon it that you shall be my vice."

"If you say so," rejoins the younger man.

And a moment later, when dinner is announced, they seat themselves at either end of the long table, Mr. Hotspur at the head and Mr. Billings at the foot. The dinner, which is the regular "ordinary" of the inn, is consumed slowly and to the accompaniment of general conversation, for Englishmen are talkative when herded together with others of precisely their own kind. Unlike the drummer who drinks only water, or occasionally tea or coffee, with his dinner, no matter how much he may consume at the bar, the bagman moistens his repast with either malt or alcohol, succeeded by a glass of port which is poured out for him when the dessert is placed on the table.

It is at this moment that the chairman—at whose glance the waiters silently retire—rises to his feet and proposes the health of the British sovereign, which is drunk with all due ceremony and solemnity, and is followed by other toasts and, on occasion, by a speech or two. On Sundays the dinner is more elaborate, the wine—which is openly charged in the salesman's expense account as his right—of a better quality and the ceremonies a trifle more ornate than usual; and when we consider the fact that all this is gone through with every day in the year in almost every inn of any importance in Great Britain, we gain some idea of the difference between the drummer and the bagman and of the respect that every Englishman pays to his sovereign and his digestion.

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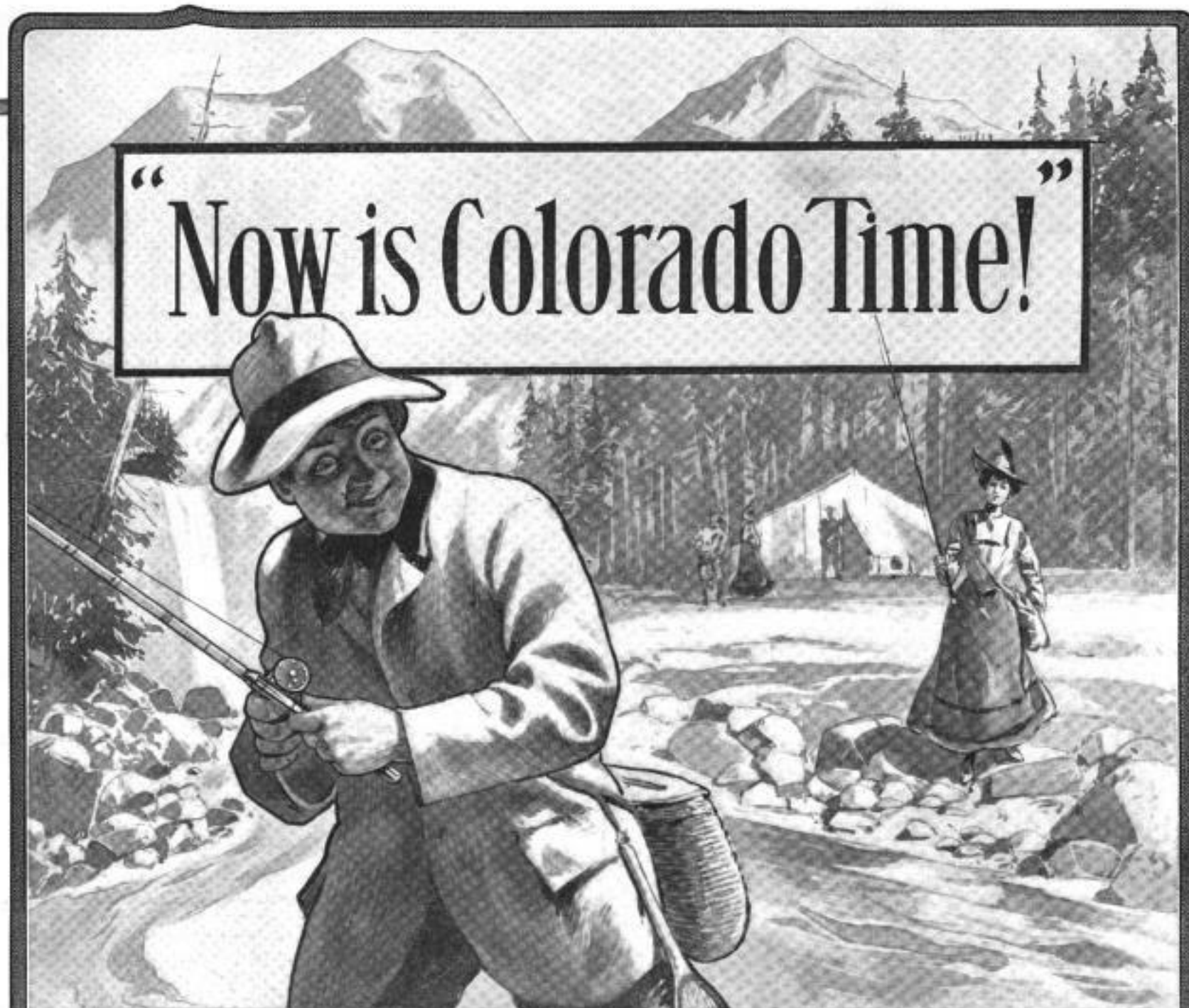

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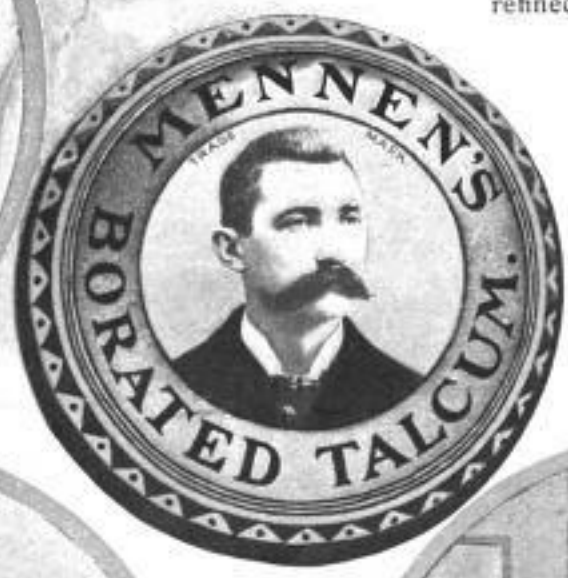

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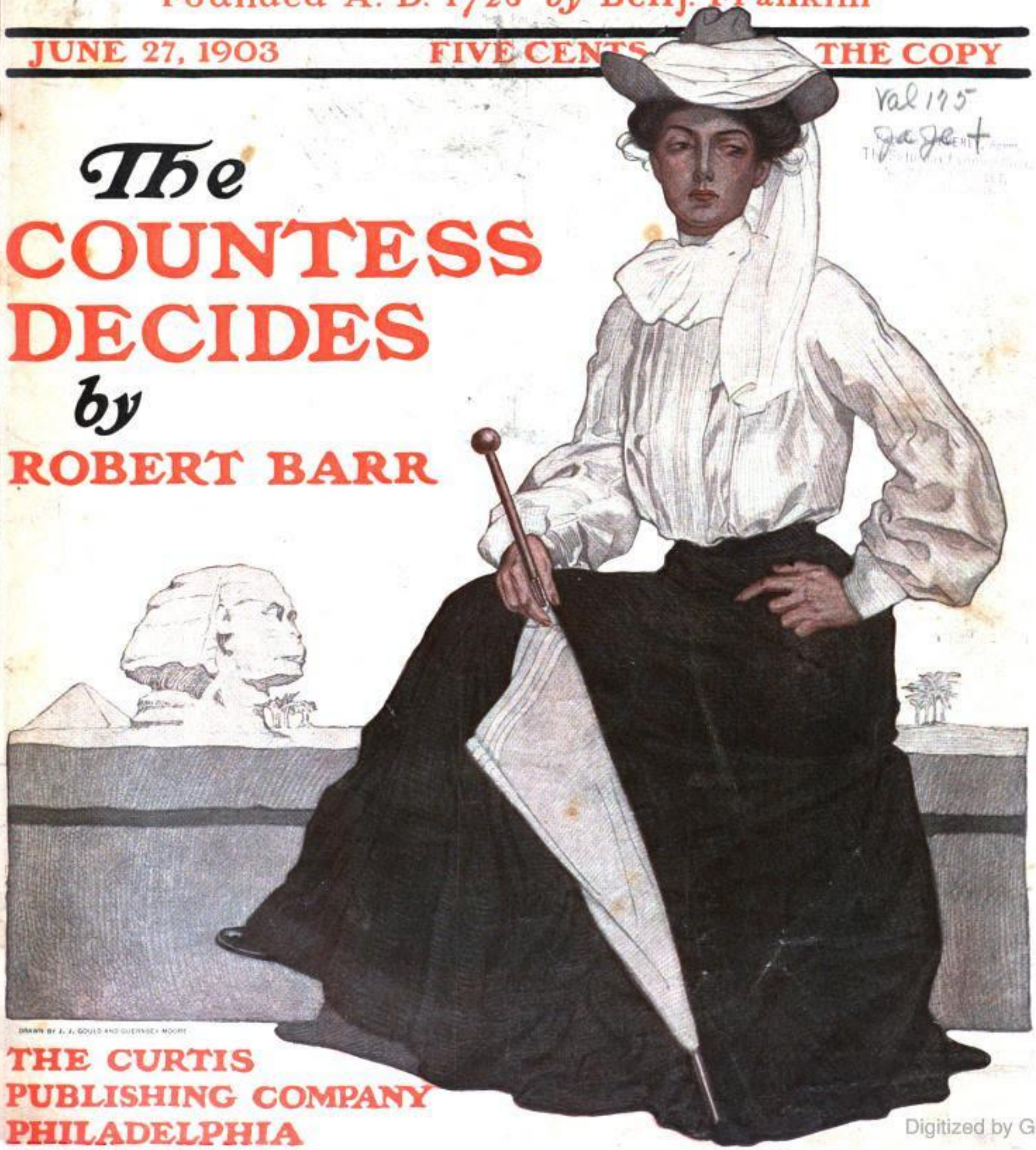
The COUNTESS DECIDES

by

ROBERT BARR



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Swinging Round the Circle With Roosevelt

By William Allen White

FOR half a century it has been usual—one might say fashionable—for American Presidents to "swing around the circle." Naturally, one would expect Americans to become proficient in the conduct of fêtes, with fifty years of experience. But the visit of a President to the average American community lacks something between ninety-four and ninety-seven per cent. of the pomp and splendor and magnificence of the scene on the field of the cloth of gold. Generally speaking, the community visited by a President is a small town, probably under fifty thousand. And usually the conquering hero comes something like this: An hour before train time the crowd begins to gather at the depot—a long, low, rakish-looking craft, red painted and sand coated, with wide eaves and a high platform at the east end on which men may sit swinging their feet. When the crowd gets packed too closely to get its handkerchiefs in comfort, the young man with calico sleeve-guards worms out of the depot, chalks up on the blackboard "Special fifteen minutes late," and retires amid a cataclysm of merry imprecation.

For a while the crowd rests one foot and then the other, and snaps its watches, and climbs on freight cars, and fills coal cars, and covers the depot roof, and looks wearily down the tracks at the horizon. There are twenty false alarms; and at the final "Here she comes!" no one is convinced till the little puff of white smoke rises and later the whistle sounds. As the smokestack emerges from the skyline and the sheen of the headlight flashes, the snare drum of the silver cornet band begins to br-r-r-r-rdum-dum, and as the face of the engineer comes out of the blur of distance the band begins to play Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, with every man jack in the band looking at the train and every soul in the crowd yelling his lungs out. The train roars into the station and does not stop. On goes the train down the track and down the track, with the crowd flowing with marvelous rapidity through the hole the train has made. Finally the engine pulls up at the water-tank a hundred yards from the depot, and while the freight cars and coal cars and the depot roof are moulting their human feathers, a very ordinary-looking man comes out on the rear end of the train and begins talking to the thirty or forty fleet-footed citizens—generally boys—who have kept up with the car. Before the man has got two sentences out of his mouth the crowd has increased to two hundred, and by the time he has spoken a minute he is addressing cheering thousands who stand open-mouthed and breathless listening to his commonplace remarks with gravity, if not awe. If the President talks five minutes the multitude has grown so vast that only the high places of his voice reach the murmuring edge of the crowd, which begins to fringe itself with buggies and country wagons. A young man or two, notebook in hand, stands beside the President, and, by the time the crowd has found its consciousness enough to identify the other notables on the car platform, the engine bell begins to ring, and the President is cutting his remarks off as abruptly as he can and has begun to wave his hand. The train moves slowly, an old chap mounts the guard-rail to tell the President that he knew his father or that he fought with him in the tenth Ohio, or that he wants to shake his hand. There is a proud instant for the veteran, who tumbles awkwardly off the moving car among the small boys following the train; the straggling members of the band have huddled together and are playing America; the crowd is waving hats and hands and parasols; you can hear the buggies cramping and screeching at the rim of the mob; the details of the rear platform are beginning to disappear; the President may still be seen waving his hat at the crowd. The dignitaries who don't care for the crowd have gone in. The President's face has become a white dot on a black spot. The crowd turns away; the fête is over and the workaday world has begun for the little town.

This is repeated a dozen times a day, and for forty days and forty nights. It seems to have no effect on things. It seems a perfectly humdrum and meaningless occurrence, stupid and insignificant. Yet in this way policies are determined and events of real importance inspired. For there is no rhetorical force so potent in American politics as a President at the rear end of a train. From the birth of this generation of voters a President, talking to the people, whether he has talked crops or geography or political economy or the weather or ethics, or demonstrated a geometrical theorem, has brought them to his way of thinking on the tariff or the currency or our foreign policy, and this spring President Roosevelt has converted the nation to his way of thinking on the trust problem, though he has scarcely mentioned it in his speeches. He has given the question what might be called "absent treatment."

The Disappointed Mourners

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S Western tour this spring has not differed from the Western tours of other Presidents. There has probably been no more enthusiasm for him than there was for his predecessors, and no less. And yet, though he has not surprised his friends he has grievously disappointed his enemies. They expected this trip to be the rope with which he would hang himself. It is curious, when one doesn't like another, how often one predicts the disagreeable fellow's downfall, and it is astonishing how few predictions come true. The men who dislike Roosevelt naturally assume, because they don't like him, that he is a fool—a human error, by the way—and, assuming him to be a fool, they saw with complacence the opportunity for him to show it. For there is no place where folly crops out in a man as it does when he gets on his feet to say something when he has nothing in particular to say. After a man has made three or four speeches on any subject he is talked out. He can repeat himself or he may drivel. Roosevelt has chosen to say over again the thing he said before. Since the first week of his trip the newspapers have not printed his speeches, except the local papers, and no one has been particularly wiser for the President's repetition. His enemies have not witnessed his downfall; there have been no "untoward symptoms," and he has returned to Washington as much stronger than he was when he went out as any American President ever was, and as any American President ever may expect to be.

But for all this the Western trip of President Roosevelt had its distinguishing features. It differed from other tours of other Presidents "as one star differeth from another in glory." And the distinctive features of this trip are noteworthy. It has happened that practically every President who has toured the country since the Civil War has been an advocate of some theory of prosperity; has promulgated some doctrine that concerned the accumulation of national wealth. Cleveland stood for tariff reform. Harrison and McKinley were the exponents of protection. McKinley also stood for sound money as a means of national grace, and later he preached expansion as a sort of vicarious atonement by which the nation might retain its commercial salvation. But always the post-bellum Presidents have been concerned with the accumulation of riches for the people. Now the good times are here; the prosperity is unquestioned, and the problem that confronts President Roosevelt is one not of the accumulation but of the distribution of wealth. Strikes, trusts, labor unions, mergers and the like are manifestations of the problem of distribution. This problem is rather a new one to Americans—that is, as a practical problem, though, before there was much to distribute, the labor agitators and the socialists, and those academic gentlemen with a statistical turn of mind commonly called cranks, gave the problem a certain irritating speculative interest. But they were crossing the bridge before they got to it and their reflections have not been of much real use, now that the country is face to face with the real situation. And President Roosevelt, starting on his tour this spring, was the first President to set forth pioneering in a social and economic wilderness, with no guide nor compass but his conscience and his common-sense. Not comprehending a conscience and not appreciating his common-sense, it is no wonder that the President's enemies thought he would fall irretrievably.

The economic situation in the country is something like this: The thing called money is plentiful. Capital is seeking investment everywhere. Prices run high and profits are reasonably easy to make in any legitimate venture. Taking advantage of the prosperity, the men who have access to large sums of money have manipulated the stocks of industrial companies and, by throttling competition in some instances and arbitrarily advancing prices of commodities to consumers in other instances, have heaped up profits so lavishly that they have seemed more like unearned increment or bald robbery of the community than legitimate earnings of regular business operations. These combinations are called trusts. Their chiefest evil is that they demand interest of society on stock values that are dishonestly enlarged. The men who form trusts and

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batten on them are not industrial creators—as were the rich men of the last generation—but they form a class almost by themselves of shrewd, arrogant, greedy, conscienceless stock-brokers, who seem to have lost much of the wholesome earth-flavor of the "self-made men" who built the railroads, opened the mines, patented the machines, developed the industries and damned the people in the sixties, seventies and eighties. The millionaires of other days were human chaps, of the people and by the people, if not for the people. But the trust magnate is of a different sort. He is exclusive to a degree. He has his private agreement; he receives his private information from private sources about private matters. He rides in his private car over his private railroad, through his private States and Territories, and goes up into his private mountains or upon his private ocean, where he seems to worship his private god, who lets him do things barred from other men and pay the penance of a private contribution to a private charity for a public wrong. Naturally it would be possible for a President, or for any clever man who didn't care much for his country and did care a great deal for himself, to array the people against the trust manipulator, and thereby arouse class hatred and sow jealousy and envy and covetousness and the devil's own seed of sedition and riot. Doubtless the President's enemies expected him to do something of this sort. Because he had been just and because his justice hurt them, they believed him unfair and expected him to be unwise—which is the way of the world.

It was not because of his cunning that President Roosevelt fooled his enemies. He is not particularly shrewd in the foxy sense of the word. He is honest. It was because of his honesty that he disappointed those who looked with pleasure on his tour as the close of his career. There is a curious blindness in the eyes of that part of society which we call, for want of a better term, organized wealth. It cannot see the difference between the man who stands for simple justice, if he touches the purse of wealth, and the man who stands for plunder and threatens to take the whole purse and guillotine him who holds it. So when the President went forth preaching tolerance and temperance and brotherhood, and declaiming against class lines and advocating charity and patience and the fundamental virtues, these men who thought him a Danton were greatly impressed at his shrewdness—which is absurd.

The President's Cleansing Oratory

THESE speeches of the President are not models of diction; they may lack much of being rhetorically perfect. They are not particularly original in thought nor "deep" in philosophy. Yet, considering "the man, the subject and the occasion," these speeches are unique, and if they are not eloquent they are wonderfully material, astonishingly relevant and most competent, as the lawyers put it. Despite the fact that in his whole journey President Roosevelt has scarcely spoken of the trust problem and has offered no solution whatever for its evils, and has not connected his own personality nor his own ambition with any scheme or program to help things in the Government, his very self-effacement, his very lofty appeal for sheer decency, apart from any promise or above any hope of reward, has given him a place not merely in the hearts of the people but in their confidence which no combination of money and politicians can destroy. It will be worth while to look at some of his speeches a moment to see what the President has done.

Before he left Washington he had five or six speeches prepared, which were sent in advance to the members of the various press associations. It is a violation of no confidence to say that these were not epoch-making addresses, and after he left Dakota he got through with them and began talking rather than speechmaking. In this Roosevelt is strong, for he reveals all that is powerful and brave and fine in his own character. He is not an orator. Before an audience spoken language comes from him only after he has squirmed and twisted and screwed up his features. Then short, homely Saxon words and sudsy metaphors drip from him like water from a clothes-wringer. But his words have a cleansing and searching effect on his hearers. Roosevelt binds men to him by his unaffected sanity rather than by his surprising wisdom. He does not dazzle with logarithms, but convinces with the multiplication table. Here is a typical bit of Rooseveltism from his address at Dunsmuir, California:

> "I pity no man because he has to work. If he is worth his salt, he will work. I envy the man who has a work worth doing and does it well. It is the fact of doing the work well that counts, not the kind of work, as long as that work is honorable. To the true American nothing can be more alien than the spirit either of envy or of contempt for another who is leading a life as a decent citizen should lead it. In this country we have room for every honest man to spend his life in honest efforts; we have no room either for the man of means who in a spirit of arrogant baseness looks down upon the man less well off or for the man who envies his neighbor because that neighbor happens to be better off. Either feeling is a base feeling, unworthy of a self-respecting man. I used the word envy myself just now, but I did not use it in a bad sense. If you use envy in the ordinary sense of the word its existence implies a feeling of inferiority in the man who feels it, a feeling that a self-respecting man will be ashamed to have. If the man is a good American and is doing his work squarely, he need not envy anybody, because he occupies a position such as no one else in any other country, in any other age, has occupied; and because we hold our citizenship so high, because we feel and have the right to feel satisfaction with what our people have done, we should also feel that the only spirit in which to regard any other man who does well is a spirit of kindly regard and good will if he acts squarely; if he does not, then you regard him as a man to feel public scorn and public contempt. . . . From the days of Washington to the days of Lincoln we went onward and upward because the average American was of the stuff that made the nation go onward and upward. We cannot be dragged up; we have got to push ourselves up. All you have to do is to compare what other nations have done with governments founded as ours, the same type of constitution, the same type of laws, which, nevertheless, have failed, have produced chaos because they did not have the right type of citizen back of the law, the right type of citizen to work out the destiny of the nation under and through the law.
>
> "Of course we need the law; we need even more, the honest and fearless enforcement of the law, enforcement in a spirit of absolute fair play to all men, showing favoritism to none, doing justice to each. We need such laws, such administration of laws, but most of all we need to keep up that for the lack of which nothing else can atone in any people: the average standard of citizenship. In our life what we need is not so much genius, not so much brilliancy, as the ordinary, commonplace, every-day qualities which a man needs in private life, and which he needs just as much in public life."

Again at Portland he said:

> "Once more, not only must there be no line of demarcation among our people on grounds of creed or grounds of sect, but there must be no line of demarcation drawn among them on grounds of class or occupation. There is but one safe rule to follow in public life as in private life, and that is the old, old rule of treating your neighbor as you would like your neighbor to treat you; the old rule of decency, of honesty, of square dealing as between man and man. Just so long as our people keep character, so long as they have the fundamental virtues of decency, of courage, of common-sense, just so long may we rest assured that this country will go onward and upward until it occupies a place among the nations of mankind such as has never before been known since the days when history was first written."

From one end of the country to the other President Roosevelt went preaching the doctrine of individual self-respect and self-restraint and self-help. He used no claptrap. He did not talk about our glorious country, nor ask people to rally around the flag or vote the straight ticket, nor did he hint at the benefits of protection, nor did he insist on the wisdom of maintaining the parity between gold and silver. The patter of the political orator was absent, and the strong note of appeal to all citizens to be unselfish and fair and charitable was found in every utterance. The President might well be called a revivalist, turning men from the avarice and wanton thoughtlessness and meannesses of this day and generation to those things which put men and nations in harmony with "reason and the will of God."

The Consecration Before the Battle

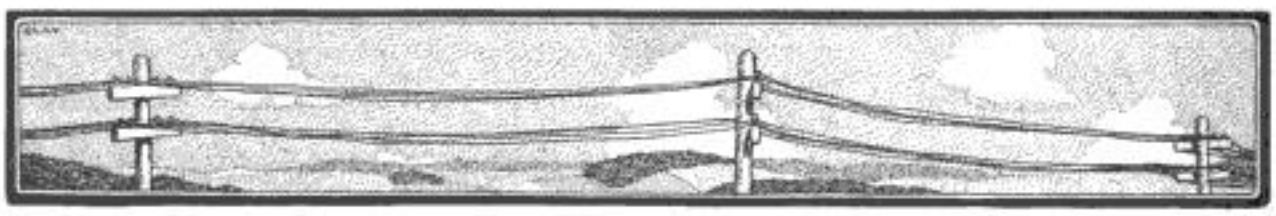
AND thus, despite himself, he has made real and sound public sentiment, to handle the problems of distribution which confront the country in the so-called labor question and the trust question. Problems of prosperity, of accumulation of wealth, must of necessity be handled by sentiment that is fundamentally selfish. Acquisition is selfishness, and men who vote for prosperity do so from self-interest—and properly so. But to handle a problem concerned with the distribution of wealth, men must approach their work in the spirit of abnegation. If greed and selfishness inspire men who are about to grapple with a problem which first of all concerns the rights of others, the result will be a riot call followed by a general looting. And if the country is to solve intelligently and equitably the problems that now confront it, the people of this country must use all the virtues of generosity, of mutual giving and taking, of Christian charity that the American character can call into action. Whether the President knew this, or whether his preaching was one of those unconscious manifestations that truly representative men always disclose, it would be idle to discuss. But this fact no one may question: That just before the battle there has been a moment of consecration, and that, though the fight will be none the less bitter, it will be fair and manly and brave to the end.

It is because of his earnestness and his apparent unselfishness and his lofty purpose that the people, irrespective of party and place, cleave to Roosevelt. It is just because he dares to preach—as he did before the International Young Men's Christian Convention of railroad men at Topeka, Kansas—and to preach Christian love and Christian work, that there are more people who have the feeling of affection, more people who are saying "God bless the President" to-day than have been saying it for a living President since Lincoln's time. The President and what may be called the masses—and by that one doesn't mean the rabble—are in perfect accord. And it is not because he is President, and as President is canny, that the people take Roosevelt to their hearts; there is nothing of either sycophancy or awe for his smartness in the feeling that the people have for him. They like him because he is a man and not ashamed to show it by his words and deeds, by his affections and his aversions; they like him because he is frank and often brusque, because he reveals an appreciable human character which is good and strong. Public men of recent years have kept behind their masks too much, have displayed too much public character and not enough private character; have been the public man—buttoned up, encrusted, statesmanlike, talking like a legal document and acting as circumspectly as a manikin. Such public men inspire admiration; indeed they arouse a kind of worship. But they don't inspire fighting affection.

President Roosevelt is not only a popular man, the ideal American, but he is ex-officio the head of the Government, and can turn the energy of his popularity into a force for good in the Government. There is no more doubt that he will do this, if he can, than that he will breathe when he needs air. The trip through the West was not entirely for the President's health. He went to the people to establish personal relations with the people; not because he was lonely in the White House, but because, in the contest that is coming, he desired the power of the people's trust and faith. The struggle that is coming is going to repeat a world-old struggle, in which there is but one outcome possible with human nature constituted as it is. A glance at the situation will reveal the exact status of things.

The People Against the Barons

HERE is a class of persons controlling vast combinations of capital, ruling the industrial affairs of the country; the people verily believe that these capitalists, who form a kind of aristocracy, are extorting more money from the people in increased prices for commodities than the law of supply and demand, unhampered by manipulation, would justify. By resolutions of commercial clubs and by political platforms innumerable and by newspaper editorials the people are protesting against the injustices of this money aristocracy—let us call it the barons. The people have appealed to the head of the Government—to the ruler of the country, so far as it has one. It is the old fight of the people and the ruler against the barons. And when the ruler has been a clean man, reasonable, wise, fighting in a just cause, he and the people have invariably whipped the barons, and they will do it this time. If the gentlemen who represent the greed and arrogance of high finance and not its sane intelligence dominate its action, and control its course and force a fight, they have the history of such fights through all civilization to warn them of the end. It is written that they cannot win. Money will avail them nothing. Political organization will not give them strength. And the farther they force the fight the farther they will have to walk back and the more they will have to surrender. They can get more in a compromise now than at any other time in the contest. Fair dealing with the President and with the people in matters political will bring more returns to the combinations of capital in violation of law called the trusts, will yield larger and more continued returns, than any other possible investment. All these things the people and the President settled while they were talking together this spring. There is an exact understanding between them. There was no collusion in the matter. No consideration was named by either side. The people did not in terms agree to make Theodore Roosevelt President in return for his loyalty to them. Nothing was said on that question on either side. And yet there is no doubt that in their many conferences on the plain and in the mountain, by the ocean and in gulch and cañon, as they traveled together, the people and their President reached something that might be called "a gentlemen's agreement!"



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THE COUNTESS DECIDES

By ROBERT BARR

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THE arrival of the Countess caused a subdued flutter in the society which frequented the edge of the desert. The Ptolemy Park Hotel, as every one knows, occupies a depression in the sand, a short distance from the Great Pyramid. It is rather a fashionable resort, and you may live somewhat better at the Park than on the sand-which-is there, as the ancient humorist remarked. It became known that the Countess of Croydon had taken a suite of rooms at the hotel, and the inhabitants thereof wondered whether they would be permitted a sight of this great lady, for she was said to be extremely eccentric, fairly young, admittedly beautiful and undoubtedly rich. Although she owned a desirable town house she had never occupied it, and London society knew nothing of her personality. At last this mysterious young lady was about to issue from her seclusion and brave the publicity of a popular hotel. Naturally, the guests of the Ptolemy Park were anxious to see a person so much talked of, and bets stood at ten to one that she would not come. The knowing ones, predicting disappointment, said that on several previous occasions the Countess had been announced to appear at certain social functions in London, but invariably had failed at the last moment. Her apartment had unquestionably been taken and rooms were at a premium, because the season had just begun with more than ordinary promise. Cairo was buzzing with excitement over the opening of the great dam at Assouan, and was crowded with distinguished visitors on their way to the ceremony. If Cairo could be likened to a social dam, the Ptolemy Park Hotel might be said to receive the irrigating result of the overflow, and those who had not secured accommodation in advance now applied in vain at the cashier's desk.

The arrival of the Countess was much less imposing than had been generally expected, but then Lord Warlingham himself had come by tram car a few days before, so it was universally agreed that members of the nobility could not always be counted upon to indulge in the display popularly supposed to pertain to their rank. The Countess drove up to the main entrance in an ordinary hotel carriage hired for the trip at Cairo. Her sole attendant was one exceedingly plain maid who inquired tartly of the gold-laced individual who came to open the carriage door if the rooms of the Countess of Croydon were ready, and was obsequiously assured that they were. Gold lace led the way and the Countess, looking neither to the right nor the left, followed. The guests had an excellent view of her, and even the women admitted that she was more than handsome, carrying herself with an air of distinction. They agreed, however, that she was not so young as she appeared to be, and hinted that the plain maid must understand the art of making up in a manner that would do credit to an actress. The next problem was: Would she appear at dinner or would the meals be served in her own sitting-room? The puzzle was solved long before dinner was announced. Every afternoon the denizens of the hotel gathered in the ample hall, in the reading-room, and elsewhere for tea; in fact, for all the difference of living each one might have been at the Metropole in Brighton, rather than at the base of the pyramids. Tea was a joyous festival, with much laughter, gossip and cigarettes in the hall. If you objected to tobacco you enjoyed your cup in the drawing-room.

THE COUNTESS CAME DOWN THE BROAD STAIRWAY WITH SOME SLIGHT DEGREE OF HESITATION

The Countess came down the broad stairway with some slight degree of hesitation, as if she feared the multitude of inquiring eyes about to be turned upon her. A tall gentleman who happened to be passing looked up at her, then paused and actually appeared to be waiting for her. He spoke with a half-laughing diffidence that almost amounted to a stutter, as he fumbled with his eye-glasses.

"Although I have never had the pleasure of meeting you I believe we are by way of being related to each other. My name is Warlingham."

The lady stopped on the lower step and a look of startled annoyance came for a moment into her eyes. There was a note of indifference, but nevertheless of inquiry, in her voice when at last she said: "Lord Warlingham?"

"Yes. I think I was not mistaken when I ventured to suggest that our families are connected."

"Very remotely, I fear."

"I am told that the kinship of cousin extends to the forty-second degree," replied his lordship with that depreciatory audible smile of his which gave him the air of a bashful boy, although he must have been well past his fortieth year.

The lady laughed nervously. "I think that when the kinship reaches the forties the adjective remote becomes justified," she said.

"Possibly. Still, as like clings to like, remoteness has affinity for remoteness, and we are so remote from England that I venture to claim our distant relationship as warrant for my escorting you to a tea-table."

The lady descended the remaining step. Her awkwardness at the unexpected encounter vanished, and they walked together down the hall, at that moment thronged with tea drinkers. Every one of the small tables was occupied, but Lord Warlingham guided his fair cousin toward a couple of wicker chairs that were empty, although a lone man sat at the table beside them. Lord Warlingham seemed the most popular person in the assembly; women smiled at him as he passed, and men nodded in cheerful comradeship.

In a low voice his lordship said to his companion, quite with the confidential manner of an old acquaintance:

"Do you care to be introduced to people, or would you rather not?"

"Oh, I don't mind in the least if they are nice people."

"Is the recluse to become the woman of fashion?"

"For the time being, at least," replied the Countess with a slight laugh.

The lone man, when the two approached, rose hastily as if to leave the table to them, but the genial Warlingham begged him to resume his place. Turning to his cousin he said:

"May I introduce to you Mr. Sanderstead, C. E., F. R. G. S. and so forth, with more letters after his name than there are in it. Lady Croydon."

Sanderstead murmured something as he bowed, his dark face flushing as if he resented the flippancy of the introducer. The lady, noticing his gaunt appearance and tanned cheeks, thought that he was likely one of those newly returned from the finished war, but as they all sat down at the wicker table Warlingham rattled on and explained:

"Sanderstead and I represent the two opposite poles of human existence. He has just completed the great Nile dam and is down here to learn what the ancient and honorable pyramids have to say about it. I represent the useless but ornamental pyramid, while he represents the useful but unbeautiful dam. He is the ant, I am the grasshopper. He is the bee and I am——"

"The honeysuckle," broke in the engineer.

"Thanks. I was going to say the butterfly, but I accept the amendment as adding a modern and musical touch."

The Countess seemed to understand intuitively that Sanderstead did not quite relish his lordship's frivolous badinage, so she turned the direction of the conversation, saying to the latter:

"I supposed from an item in the newspaper that you were in Cairo this season."

"Yes, but I left there to get out of the rush that has taken place because of the ceremonies at Assouan. Still, this spot is actually Cairo. The pyramids occupy the relative position with regard to the chief city of Egypt that the Crystal Palace holds with respect to London."

"Really? I hope you haven't fireworks every Thursday night."

"Dear lady, we have fireworks every day from a blazing sun."

"And have you come here to avoid the rush?" she asked of Sanderstead.

"Practically; yes. But not the social rush dreaded by Warlingham. The rush of Nile water has been in my ears this long time past, and I am resting in the eternal silence of the pyramids."

"How romantic!" exclaimed the Countess.

"Indeed, madam, it is nothing of the sort," put forth his lordship. "Sanderstead is troubled with the affliction that haunts the criminal. He flees from the scene of his crime. He has throttled Father Nile and has extinguished the roar that for centuries broke the stillness of the desert. He found a joyous, ambulating, laughing cataract—life embodied in a dancing torrent; he has left in its place a graveyard of motionless waters. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Sanderstead is a murderer."

The engineer smiled grimly, but made no comment on the other's rhapsody.

"Aren't you going up for the opening ceremony?" asked the girl, turning to Sanderstead.

"No. The work is done and that leaves me free for a short time. Now is the opportunity for the ornamental personages, as our friend called them, to take a hand and make speeches. I have been urging Warlingham to go and almost persuaded him, for he cannot work; so he should not be ashamed to do the ornamental."

"Ah, persuasion was possible yesterday; it is out of the question to-day," said Warlingham in a low voice, with a speaking glance at his handsome companion. She, however, asked with candor apparently innocent:

"Why not to-day? Isn't there plenty of time?"

"It is not a question of time," sighed his lordship.

"If it is a question of money, Warlingham, I can help you out. I was paid off, you know," said the engineer.

This was an unkind remark, because his lordship was well known to be in constant lack of the necessity named, so Warlingham flushed slightly and replied with some asperity:

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"Thanks, dear boy, but why should I wish to see that curse of so-called modern progress you have placed on a noble river?"

"I didn't curse it; I merely dammed it," replied Sanderstead.

The Countess rose.

"The pyramids have been waiting a long time for me," she said. "I am going out to view them in the afternoon light."

"It will be a case of age before beauty," said his lordship, also rising; "may I accompany the beauty to the age?"

Sanderstead, also standing, took his share of the smile with which the lady favored both, but apparently remembering the adage about three being too many so far as company is concerned, he sat down again when they had taken their departure, muttering to himself:

"A case of beauty and the beast, *I* should say," which showed he was already envious of the good fortune of the nobleman.

Lord Warlingham made the most of his opportunity. When we reach forty we know what we want and lose no time in schoolboy dalliance. He was charmingly urbane, qualified by a slight tinge of sentimentality, and was wide enough awake to see that he made a favorable impression. He regretted that he had not looked up this delightful if very distant relative long since, and he resolved to visit Cairo next day and learn something definite regarding her income even if he had to cable for the information to his legal advisers in London. *They* would know the importance of the facts and the need of their client. Meanwhile, with the deftness of much experience he laid the foundation upon which might be builded either a frivolous flirtation or a serious courtship. It was quite evident that the girl knew as little of fashionable life as if she had just emerged from a convent, and this gave him hope that she had heard nothing of his adventures in quest of an heiress, if she happened to be of a romantic turn of mind, which his slight acquaintance with her caused him to think highly probable.

He regretted that in a heedless moment he had introduced her to Sanderstead, for if his own stay in Cairo was prolonged, or if he went there day after day until his message came from London, he left the field open. If the lady were merely the daughter of a rich nobody he might rely on the glamor of his title to keep her safe during his absences, but the girl had a title in her own right, so one of his chief assets was discounted. He had seen the young lady's eyes sparkle when the great work up the river was mentioned and he noticed the look of interest with which she had regarded this newspaper-famed miracle-worker. It was quite possible that she had some silly notions about men who could do things. Many women had. Besides, he could not conceal from himself the fact that the worn engineer had a certain gaunt, bronzed handsomeness which the women of the hotel admired, and besides, he was ten years younger than Warlingham, although, perhaps, that might not count.

As the days passed the Countess became the acknowledged leader of society at the Ptolemy Park, and the young lady quite palpably enjoyed her reign hugely, which she had every right to do, because her Paris gowns were numerous and resplendent. It was unaccountable that one so well qualified to shine in polite society should have been a recluse for so long, and predictions were freely made that she would never return to her hermit life.

The man who had helped to conquer the Nile allowed no grass to grow under his feet in his attempt to conquer the lady, even if grass grew in the desert, which it did not. The frequent absences of Lord Warlingham, who quite correctly stated that annoying matters of business called him to Cairo, and even to Alexandria, gave Richard Sanderstead opportunities of which he was quick to take advantage. These opportunities vanished when the submarine cable at last fulfilled its destiny. The news was well worth the money it cost, for the lady's income proved to be between £14,000 and £15,000 a year. Even a man with the expensive tastes of Warlingham could do with that, as he remarked to himself. Nevertheless, two words at the end of the cablegram disquieted him. They were, "Wait letter." He wondered what the letter could contain that it needed this courier of caution. Perhaps there was insanity in the Croydon family which might account for the lady's avoidance of publicity. Still she showed no sign of it, and anyhow that would not matter if the money were right. Hard cash has no delusions, whatever may be the mental attributes of its owner. Perhaps, however, the money might be tied up in some annoying manner, which would be a more serious but probably not an insurmountable difficulty. He would chance it and wait no letter. That confounded engineer was making the running and his advances were far from being discouraged by their object. Hang it all, when the letter arrived it might be too late, whereas when he secured her he could always find a way of retreat if the contents of the letter made retreat necessary. The nobility often sued for divorce but never for breach of promise. The latter was a form of litigation monopolized by the lower classes, so he was safe in any case.

The moon was growing older and the nights were becoming like chastened silvery day. The Countess declared that she never before knew what moonlight really was, and Lord Warlingham urged her to view the pyramids as Melrose

"I DIDN'T CURSE IT; I MERELY DAMMED IT"

should be viewed. As the night was chilly he advised wraps, and his attitude was one of fond protection which is not without its influence upon the feminine heart. The moon shone upon the right-hand cheek of the Sphinx, bestowing additional mystery upon that inscrutable face. It lit the eastern side of the Great Pyramid and thither the two bent their steps. Their conference was disturbed now and then by unexpected Arabs who seemed to rise out of the sand to demand contributions, but one glance at his lordship's countenance sent them to earth again. They knew him these many days and had made no money out of him, so even their insistent clamor was stilled when they recognized the Englishman whose imperturbability had always baffled them. Their unlooked-for advent somewhat startled the lady, but Warlingham made some jocular allusion to those classical Johnnies, don't you know, who sprang full armed from the earth like, "I forget the beggars' names," he added, "but you know the chaps I mean," and so the pair came unmolested to the eastern base of the Great Pyramid, and he helped her over broken stone up a step or two, where they sat together facing the distant Nile and the still more distant moon. He sat very near to her, and tried to capture her hand, but at that moment came the necessity of gathering her wraps more closely about her and he gave up the quest for the moment. Even so blasé a man as Lord Warlingham never had a better setting for a proposal than was his fortune in this case. The glamor of the moon filled the lustrous eyes of the lady beside him. Behind them rose this great monument of Egypt's power; Egypt, whose queen was a very goddess of love; Egypt, at one time the treasury of the world, and before his lordship's mind, even at that moment, floated the golden glow of fifteen thousand sovereigns per annum. In front of them stretched the languorous East. Every requirement of situation was satisfied, and, after all, she was deucedly pretty, as his lordship admitted when he glanced sideways at her as she sat near him on the elevated fifth step of the Great Pyramid. The influence of past ages was upon her. She gazed to the east as the Sphinx gazed to the north, and as silently. Hitherto she had spoken almost pertly, one might say, were not such a saying inexcusable when she held the rank she did. A *real* countess cannot speak pertly; a king can do no wrong. Lord Warlingham drew a deep breath as he recognized the perfection of his stage management: a deep breath which he modified into a tender sigh. He wished he knew the girl's Christian name so that he might begin tenderly, but as he was ignorant on that point he was compelled to use her title, which he recognized was bad form, as if a friend had addressed him as "your lordship."

"Countess," he began solemnly, "on our first meeting you held that our relationship was a very distant one."

She almost gasped and the enchantment of the Orient faded from her face as she turned it upon him. A humorous twinkle came into her eyes and somewhat chilled the sentimentality so well modulated in his deep, tremulous voice.

"Well, if we *are* relatives we are certainly very close ones at this moment." Whereat she shifted a little farther along the fifth step toward the south. "To tell the truth, I had forgotten you were here." She laughed lightly.

This might have discouraged a less adept lover, but it merely proclaimed to Lord Warlingham that he must put his best foot forward. It also banished from his mind those two words on the cablegram in his pocket, "Wait letter," which had been rather haunting him during the evening.

"Countess, I was never more serious in my life. We have known each other but a short time, yet this brief period has been to me a—a——"

"An interval of bliss hitherto undreamed in my—in my intercourse with your siren sex. Is that what you wish to say? My dear Cousin Warlingham, is this—*is* this a proposal that is on the way?"

The lady clasped her hands and leaned toward him, the witchery of mischief in her dancing eyes. Lord Warlingham was aghast. He had never met anything like this before. Yet to his credit be it said that he held himself well in hand and did not take quite justifiable offense at the flippant reception of what he knew was a great honor on his part.

"Cousin," he said with a solemnity equal to that of the pyramid behind him, "you are pleased to laugh at me. To me, however, it is the most fateful moment of my existence. I freely admit that I have led a somewhat aimless life. This has doubtless been my own fault. Yet not entirely. If a man has a guiding star, his course through——"

"Oh, I read somewhere that one corner of this pyramid points to the North Star. Do you know if that is true?"

"I must confess I have not the slightest idea."

"Let us find out. It must be one of the southern corners, of course."

She was about to spring from the fifth step but he laid a restraining hand upon hers, which in this instance had not the opportunity to seek refuge in adjusting the wraps.

"Never mind the North Star," he said.

"But it is a fixed star; just the one to be a reliable guide for an erratic man. Are you sure it isn't the star you are longing for?"

"I am quite sure. The star I am longing for shines from your eyes. As I said in the beginning, you spoke of our distant relationship. I wish to make our relationship the closest bond that can bind two human beings together."

"You speak a great deal about our mythical relationship, Lord Warlingham. I have lived all my life in Devonshire; you have lived much of your life in London. Well, the Great Western Railway has a speedy and excellent service. Why did you never look up your lone cousin before?"

"How could I know?"

"How could you know *what?* Did you think we had nothing to eat in the house? Or do you mean that I am so transcendently beautiful and charming—you ought to know that people say I am decidedly eccentric. Some give it a harsher term. What is it you could not know?"

"I could not know that you were the one of all this world for me until I had met you."

"I see." The lady nodded several times while he gazed at her with ill-concealed apprehension. "This, then, *is* a proposal, as I suspected. Well, I have never before had a proposal, and naturally I am somewhat at a loss how to act. I am, nevertheless, delighted to think that the first time I have appeared, as it were, in public I have been honored by so distinguished a person as Lord Warlingham."

"I ask you to be my wife. What is your answer?" His lordship was piqued by her nonchalant reception of what she had described as an honor, and not being a schoolboy, as has been remarked, he thought it best to bring the question to a definite issue.

"Should a person answer immediately? It is so important, you know. In penny novelettes they always ask for time. Do you ever read penny novelettes?"

"No," he replied gruffly.

"They are *very* interesting."

"I suppose they are." For the first time during this unsatisfactory conversation the fear penetrated through his lordship's armor of self-conceit that this accursed dam builder had won the fortune while he was waiting for information regarding its extent. He leaned over toward her and said in a low voice:

"Am I too late?"

"I don't think so," she replied brightly, glancing up at the moon which had risen perceptibly since they had taken their seats. "It cannot be more than half-past ten or perhaps eleven. But don't you think it is getting more and more chilly?"

"Yes," said his lordship with a sigh that was genuine. "It has been chilly from the first."

The Countess laughed merrily.

"Does that refer to me or to the thermometer? You are rather bright—at times. You remind me of the moon—the glorious moon. There is a compliment for you. Do you remember that song in Pinafore—

> Fair Moon, to thee I sing,
> Bright regent of the heavens?"

"Yes, I remember it," he replied gloomily, "and in the words of the last two lines of your verse, I wonder why everything is at sixes and at sevens."

"How long ago Pinafore seems," she said with a sigh, folding her hands on her lap. "I suppose it is the pyramids that call it to mind."

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"Madam, you have not answered my question."

"Neither I have. I shall make up for the delay by giving you choice of two answers. The first is 'no'; the second is 'wait.'"

"Why should I wait?"

"No reason at all. Then 'no' is your answer."

"That is a very good reason, so I shall wait."

"Just as you please. Let us get to the hotel, or even my chaperonage will not protect you from gossiping tongues. Come."

Before he could move to her assistance she had run lightly over the rocky declivity and was standing on the sand awaiting his more cautious descent. Then they walked back to the hotel together.

The result of this conference was exceedingly unsatisfactory to Lord Warlingham, and the more he thought of it the less he liked it. On several following nights he tried to induce the Countess to accompany him again to their former trysting place, but the lady seemed to have lost interest in the moonlight. One evening she had dinner served in her own room, and although he waited for her in the hall she did not put in an appearance. He went to table d'hôte alone and afterward searched in vain for the lady. He thought, at first, that she had not come down, but as he wandered about the place he noticed that Sanderstead also was missing, and he muttered maledictions under his breath. At this moment a waiter approached and handed him a letter, which he tore open and read with some eagerness; then he stared out of the window upon the moonlight road.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he said.

His impatience fell away from him like a discarded cloak and he sat down in one of the armchairs, lighting a cigar.

"Just in the nick of time," he muttered with a sigh of great relief.

. . . . . .

The Countess, after an early dinner, slipped down the stair, through the hall and out of the hotel. All the guests were at table d'hôte and she hoped thus to depart unseen. But on this occasion she had to do with a man of mathematical mind who left nothing to chance, as did the easy-going Warlingham. As the waiter placed a plate of chicken before Richard Sanderstead he whispered unheard by even the next neighbor. "Just gone out, sir." Sanderstead rose at once and very quietly left the chattering table. Half a dinner is better than no meal.

The Countess walked straight south across the desert, looking neither to the right nor the left, deep in thought with head down. It was a rough road, yet she walked fast. Once or twice she half thought she heard other footsteps than her own, and at last a distinct crunch on the gravel brought her suddenly out of her reverie. She turned quickly and stood still, startled. The moonlight fell full on the spare figure and swart, determined face of the man at that moment in her mind.

"Why are you following me?"

"Because your excursion, unwise in daylight, is doubly dangerous at night," replied Sanderstead.

"Who made you my guardian?"

"I am self-appointed."

"I ask you to return."

"Willingly, if you come with me."

"I refuse."

"Then so do I."

"Do you mean to say that you will force your company on me when I forbid it?"

"I shall not force my company on you, but I'll follow you to Khartum if you go that far."

"A gentleman would not do so."

"Some would and some wouldn't. All depends."

"I wish to be alone with my thoughts."

"I shall not disturb them. I didn't begin this conversation."

"Oh, very well," she replied with offended dignity, turning from him and walking rapidly to the south again, as if she hoped to outdistance him, but he kept the space undiminished between them with no show of effort. They had gone thus perhaps a mile when Sanderstead sprang forward and past her. Before she could protest she was somewhat taken aback by seeing a horseman emerge at a gallop from behind a sand dune and draw up before them, the beautiful horse, at a word, bracing its slender forelegs and standing like a bronze statue. The Arab had his rifle ready, but catching the gleam of Sanderstead's revolver he placed his own weapon peacefully athwart the saddle. Sanderstead spoke quietly in Arabic, and the horseman answered with something more of deference in his tone than his attitude had at first betokened. Sanderstead strode forward and patted the lovely arched neck of the horse, complimenting its owner on its possession. With a touch of the heel and a sweeping salutation the Arab disappeared as speedily as he had come.

"What did he say?" she asked breathlessly.

"Oh, he just asked the way to Piccadilly Circus."

The Countess drew herself up, and as the moonlight now flooded her he saw the deep frown that marred her fair face.

"Sir, you are insulting. If you think because we are alone you can treat me like a child you are mistaken."

"Alone!" he laughed, then checked himself. "By Jove, you *do* look like a countess, after all!" he cried with unfeigned admiration, as he gazed upon the girl. Her defiant manner changed instantly.

"What do you mean by *that*?" she gasped.

"It was merely an expression of my esteem for you. I think it is time to turn, you know. We will leave Khartum for another night."

"You expected me to lose myself, but you forget we are in a land that has pyramids for finger-posts."

"Where are they?"

She swept a glance around the northern horizon. Although the moon shone with undiminished brightness, the air in the distance seemed thickened, or else she had traveled farther than she thought. There were no pyramids in sight.

"I'll soon lead you to them," cried the Countess undaunted.

And she did. When their dim outline appeared she pointed in triumph, crying, "There!"

"You followed your shadow," he said; "an excellent guide until the moon gets low. I've been following a shadow, too, which I wish to change into substance. Countess, I love you. Will you marry me?"

"How abrupt you are, and what a stand-and-deliver tone! Is that because you carry a pistol?"

"I am not nearly so abrupt as you imagine. I have been meditating this appeal for a long time, and as the pyramids begin to appear my opportunity begins to vanish."

"You know nothing of me."

"I know enough."

"That does not sound in the least complimentary. I will give you an answer as abrupt as your question. Yes, I will marry you—if you are rich."

"WELL, IF WE ARE RELATIVES WE ARE CERTAINLY VERY CLOSE ONES AT THIS MOMENT"

"If I am rich? Are you so fond of money as all that?"

"Ah, I said you knew nothing of me."

"Let us sit down here and discuss the question."

In the desert are numerous hollows, some deep and some shallow. On the edge of one of these they sat down in the sand, like a pair of children at the seaside.

"Rich!" he reiterated. "What do you call rich?"

"I don't know," she answered dreamily, her chin resting on her hand.

"Are *you* rich?" he asked.

"Don't you know I am?"

"I have heard it so stated."

"Then why did you ask?"

"I wished to learn your idea of riches. How much have you got?"

"I don't know," she repeated in the same nonchalant tone.

"You have some idea. Make a guess."

"One hundred thousand pounds," she hazarded.

"Oh, is that all. I have a hundred and twenty thousand."

"Have you really?"

"That is to say, for the past five years or so I have earned an average of £3000 per annum. That equals the income of £120,000 or thereabouts in consols."

"Oh, that's not quite the same thing. If a bridge you were building collapsed upon you there was an end of your hundred and twenty thousand."

"The bridges I build don't collapse."

"I am *so* glad."

"But banks containing money do. I think we're about equal on the money question."

"I don't really care about riches, yet they have been the bugbear of my life. I distrust every one. I refuse to be married for my money, therefore I demand equality of wealth. I thought this little dip into society, such as it is, might dissolve my difficulties. It has not done so."

"Why don't you give your money away?"

"I know something of the comfort of wealth, and I don't know the value of what I might get in exchange. It would be a case of flying to others that I know not of."

"Look at me and see if you think it would be worth while."

"How conceited you are! I have been doing nothing else but look at you."

"And the distrust continues?"

"Not while I look. If I gave my money away, what could I do until the undoubted man came along?"

"You would make an admirable actress."

The chin raised from her hand, and the dreamy expression gave place to one of alert alarm.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you are so beautiful the whole theatre would fall in love with you."

"I don't believe that is what you mean."

"I assure you it is. Don't let money stand between us. Tie it up in a hard knot so that I can't touch it, and marry me."

"Excellent plan! As if the man I married could not get every penny he wanted from me. However, I'll think over it and let you know. Come; we must be journeying."

"Better take the plunge now, Countess."

"No. I distrust—myself. Here we are building on a foundation of sand; surely an engineer knows how unstable *that* is; and we are constructing a house of moonbeams, also unsubstantial. I must think in the clear light of day and in a modern room furnished by Maple. Come along."

In the hall of the hotel she met Lord Warlingham pacing up and down. She had asked Sanderstead to allow her to enter the hotel alone, which, somehow, the young man regarded as an encouraging omen. Warlingham stopped in his perambulations and faced her. The usual welcoming smile on his lips was absent.

"Madam," he said, "I wish a few words with you in private."

"Not to-night," she almost whispered, shrinking from him.

"It must be to-night and now," he said harshly. "If you imagine that it is to be a repetition of my proposal you may calm your fears. It is a matter of business."

"Very well. Come to my sitting-room."

They went upstairs together, her waiting-maid following her with the wraps, and glancing sourly at her escort.

"I wish to speak with you alone. Please ask your maid to leave the room."

"You may speak quite freely before Parker. Won't you sit down?"

But his lordship remained standing. The Countess sank into an armchair with a sigh of weariness.

"It shall be as you please, but I advise you to hear me alone. Servants gossip."

"Parker never does," said the girl, with her eyes closed.

And, indeed, Parker looked forbidding enough as she stood behind the chair of her mistress, seeming the last one on earth to indulge in confidences.

"I have received a letter from London and with your permission will read an extract:

> It is well known that the Countess intended to winter in Egypt, but we are credibly informed that she changed her mind at the last moment, as she has so often done before, and we believe she is still at her place in Devonshire. If there is any one in Cairo calling herself the Countess of Croydon her claim to that title should be subjected to critical scrutiny.

(*Continued on Page 18*)

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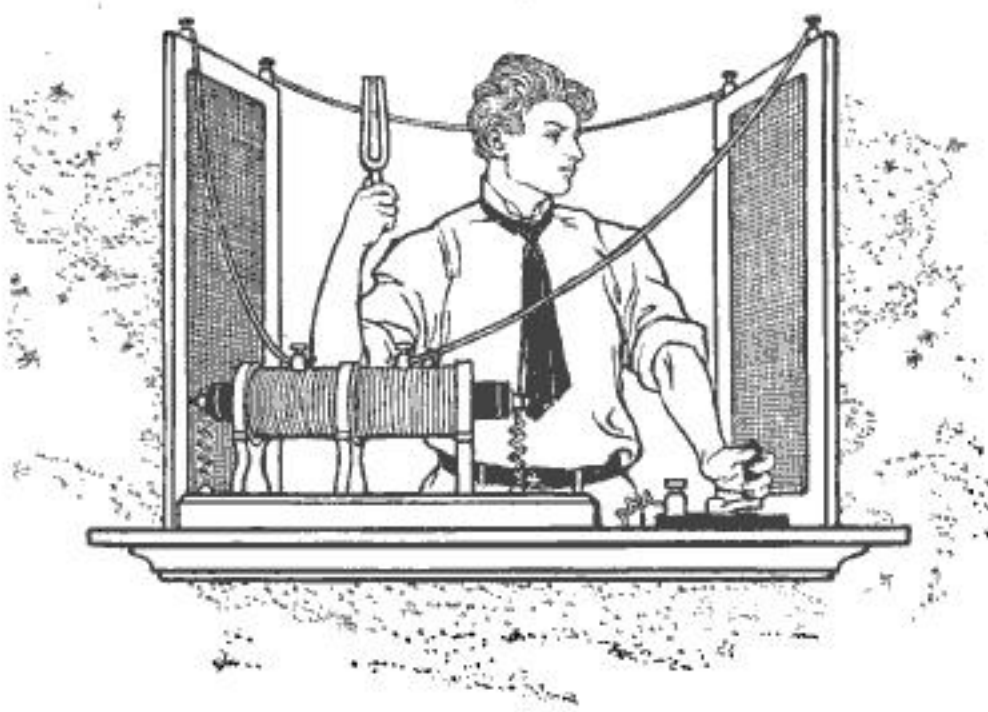

MOSQUITO MUSIC

A New Method of Extermination Which Takes Him Singing to His Death

By HAROLD BOLCE

IN MAKING experiments for the purpose of developing new and effective methods of fighting mosquitoes, practical application has been made of the remarkable discovery that a certain musical note raised to a great number of vibrations per second will cause these insects to experience sudden and complete paralysis. Not only does this intensified note arrest the mosquito in flight or hurl it from ceiling or wall, but also, because of a strange construction of the insect's auditory system, it causes the mosquito to plunge undeviatingly toward the spot whence the music issues.

Hence, by sounding this note and arranging a paper screen or any receptacle in the immediate vicinity of the musical instrument, all the mosquitoes in a room or house, and, in fact, all of these insects within the radius of the undiminished sound-wave, may be caught and destroyed. A scientific electrician has invented a screen charged with sufficient voltage to electrocute the insects as they are thus precipitated.

In the series of investigations leading up to this phenomenal discovery of the potency of certain sound-waves, scientists have learned that in ability to detect the direction whence sound issues the mosquito is unequaled in the entire animal kingdom, the insect's auditory acuteness in this regard surpassing by far that of the human ear.

From each of the twelve joints of a mosquito's antennæ radiates a whorl of fibrils whose length is three hundred times their diameters. These fibrils, which are remarkably elastic, are attuned to catch sounds ranging from middle C to high C. These facts have been disclosed by experiments which also develop the phenomenon that the sensitive auditory system of mosquitoes serves the purpose of enabling them to locate their mates in the darkness of night.

By cementing live mosquitoes with shellac to a plate of glass held horizontally, it was possible to test the effect of certain sounds upon the external portion of the insects' auditory system. By sounding a Ut_3 tuning-fork producing two hundred and fifty-six vibrations a second an amazing response was produced in certain fibrils of the mosquitoes. Higher and lower harmonics of this note also affected the auditory fibrils, but intermediate notes made little impression. In other words, a Ut_2 tuning-fork, producing one hundred and twenty-eight vibrations a second (one-half as many as are caused by the first fork), would exert a far greater influence upon the fibrils than a Mi_4 fork, producing six hundred and forty vibrations a second, which sum is not a multiple or harmonic of the other two. In some instances fibrils were found to be so delicately attuned to notes produced by the Ut_3 fork that they vibrated through eighteen divisions of the micrometer, whereas sounds which were not harmonics of that note, although giving forth more than double the number of vibrations to the second, scarcely made a visible impression.

The Mosquito's Delicate Attunement

THE practical application of these ingenious experiments has been effected by raising to a far greater number of vibrations the second the particular note to which the mosquito is most sensitively attuned. This intensified note was produced by sudden electrical impulse upon a musical instrument, whereupon the astonishing discovery was made that every mosquito in the room had plunged headlong to the instrument. Windows were then opened and the room was soon filled. Again the amplified note was sounded, and instantly in a cloud the mosquitoes, apparently lifeless, were precipitated against the apparatus. It is not alone the sensitiveness of the whorls of fibrils in receiving certain sounds that makes the mosquito so susceptible, but also the tiny creature's special network of nerves for the transmission of the shock. Through the medium of the nerve of the antennæ, beginning at the cerebral ganglion and connecting with branch nerves sending out ramifications in company with the large trachea, sound-vibrations of the character employed in the experiments are instantly communicated to every portion of the mosquito's system. The mosquito is, in other words, thoroughly alert to catch its companion's notes, and so, at the sudden sounding of the note, which, in reality, was an intensified reproduction of some special call in the mosquito song, there resulted the instantaneous plunge of the insects against the musical device.

It was found, moreover, that it was not mere concussion nor volume of sound per se that prostrated the mosquitoes, for the clanging of a bell, much louder in tone, but of a different note, or the discharge of a gun, had no effect. The condition of temporary complete paralysis was manifestly produced by a spasmodic effort of the mosquito's auditory system to respond to the note to which it is by nature attuned, but the sound came with so sudden an intensity that absolute prostration ensued for the time being.

The fact that the mosquitoes were involuntarily and spasmodically attempting to respond to the magnified note of the call peculiar to this family of *Diptera* is believed to explain, also, why they were hurled with far greater force than gravity alone could exercise upon the body of an inert insect.

How to Give Mosquitoes Nervous Prostration

DISCOVERING that mosquitoes lured and prostrated by certain notes of high vibration were not killed, but simply stunned, and that after the cessation of the tone they would gradually revive and be ready anew to attack victims, arrangements were made to catch them with adhesive fly-paper as they fell. This proved to be very simple and effective. Pursuing the experiments further for the purpose of devising a method of mosquito slaughter that should prove more pleasing to the eye, it has been found practicable to electrocute the mosquitoes as they hurl themselves toward the musical instrument.

This part of the unique method of mosquito extermination consists of a wire screen, similar to a window-screen with the frame removed and mounted on a board. Numbers of wire nails driven between the meshes are connected by electric wires, by which arrangement one electrode of an induction coil is provided, the opposite electrode being formed by the wire screen itself.

Ready now to proceed to the electrocution, the operator presses a button which sounds the note whose vibrations have such potent effect upon mosquitoes and simultaneously turns on a current to the screen spread across the musical instrument. Instantly every mosquito in the room is dashed upon the screen and electrocuted.

As long as these notes were repeated and the windows of the room kept open, mosquitoes continued to be lured to their death from the outside, until the electric screen became a veritable insect abattoir. It was found that the mosquitoes would lunge, rather than fly, as they neared the source of the sound impelling them.

That this novel method of mosquito warfare could be conducted successfully in the open on a large scale, especially at night when mosquitoes are aflight, there seems to be little doubt in the minds of experimenting scientists.

"Science has made wonderful progress since the French failed in their efforts to construct the Panama Canal," said Major J. R. Kean, of the office of the Surgeon-General of the United States Army. "One of the chief causes of the discouragement which finally contributed to the failure of that gigantic enterprise was the impossibility of successfully combating the plague of yellow fever. In spite of the popular apprehension to-day the scientific branches of the United States Government look forward to the construction of the Isthmian Canal as an opportunity to demonstrate to the world that the scourge of yellow fever and malarial fever may be absolutely conquered.

"I am making no chimerical statement when I say that yellow fever can never more gain a foothold in any part of the world over which American authority can be exercised or invoked. The last case of yellow fever in Cuba was cured in April, 1901. Since then that pestilence, which for ages has terrorized the islands of West India, has not recurred. In my opinion this triumph over that hitherto fatal epidemic is one of the greatest achievements in history.

"To-day medical men, entomologists and progressive scientists the world over accept the truth that yellow fever is transmitted by a genus of mosquito. If the sanitary work incident to the construction of the Panama Canal is placed under the charge of the United States Army, we shall organize our system upon the latest scientific plan. The French sought to limit the ravages of yellow fever by isolating victims and carefully destroying supposedly infected clothing and household articles, and fumigating houses from which victims of the plague had been removed. From time immemorial this had been the approved method of fighting fever, and up to two years ago these precautions were recommended by American scientists in their investigations. Notwithstanding all endeavors upon the part of French surgeons and physicians, the mortality of workmen engaged in canal construction was appalling. Thousands of laborers were shipped in to fill up the ranks thinned by yellow fever. But as the system of fighting it was based on a total ignorance of its etiology, the greater the number of recruits the greater was the list of victims.

"Our program will be not to fight the disease by disinfection, for that is unnecessary and of no avail. Yellow fever is not contagious. If a case of yellow fever develops we shall send members of our corps at once to the house or tent where the patient is, and destroy all the possibly infected mosquitoes of the place by burning pyrethrum powder.

"The next step will be to convey the patient to the hospital. No isolation, further than to place him in a bed fixed inside a big wire cage with a five-millimeter mesh, is necessary. By preventing the mosquitoes from attacking the patient, all danger of spreading the malady will be avoided."

All the prophylactic measures which the medical men of the Government will introduce in connection with the construction of the Panama Canal will be based not on theory but successful practice in the West Indies. Other scientists agree with Major Kean in regarding the Isthmian problem as a simple one, and even predict freely that the entire world will very soon be freed from the scourge of yellow fever.

The Kerosene Warfare Against Wrigglers

WHAT will greatly assist in extending belief in the efficacy of the kerosene warfare on mosquitoes is a discovery made in experiments conducted at Washington by the Government entomologist, Dr. L. O. Howard, in regard to the breathing habits of mosquito larvæ. Opponents of the kerosene campaign have pointed out, erroneously it seems, that the oil would not necessarily kill the larvæ, inasmuch as it remained on the surface, while the mosquito-wrigglers could and would develop under water.

Experiments show that though the various species of *Culex*, such as *Culex pungens*, *Culex pertubans*, *Culex sollicitans* and others of this genus, get their food under water, they are very dependent on constant supplies of oxygen, coming to the surface about once every minute to breathe.

In coming to the surface of water subjected to applications of petroleum the mosquito encounters a film of oil. Unable usually to pierce this, the strange spectacle is presented of an aquatic insect drowning in its own habitat. Science is now, with kerosene treatment of waters, meting out death by drowning to countless billions of these free-swimming larvæ.

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In the event of the wriggler worming its way through the film of petroleum, it either is overcome and killed by the aroma of the oil which thus acts as an ordinary insecticide, or the actively breathing larva draws a drop of oil into its trachea, which produces inevitable suffocation.

It is by these latter processes, and not by drowning, that the larvæ of *Anopheles maculipennis* and other species of this malaria-transmitting genus perish. The young of this variety of mosquito, so dangerous to the health of human beings, feed exclusively on the surface, taking no chances at being shut off from the large supply of oxygen indispensable to their development.

This pestilent genus is, therefore, the first to succumb to kerosene applications.

Reports coming into Washington show that the campaign against the mosquito is becoming national in its scope. Many municipalities have either passed or are about to enact mosquito ordinances to compel inhabitants to make scientific warfare upon the insects. In the District of Columbia a person who permits a pool to remain on his premises is subject to a fine of from five to fifty dollars. In some localities in the United States certain days in the month, usually the first and fifteenth, have been set apart as oil days, when ponds and sluggish streams are to be treated with kerosene. Mayors of cities in attempting to introduce mosquito regulations have, in some places, met with public ridicule, but they are persisting in their efforts, and by conducting experiments are demonstrating that the mosquito army of any neighborhood may be subjugated. Public opinion is, therefore, gradually coming around to the practicability of the undertaking. Some cities have appointed inspectors whose duties are to locate mosquito-breeding waters and see that the owners thereof apply the insect-destroying petroleum oils.

Society, also, has voluntarily taken up the work of mosquito extermination, and "mosquito luncheons" and "mosquito teas," at which crusades are organized and methods of attack discussed, have been given. Mr. William C. Whitney, at the Sheepshead Bay Club, very recently gave a mosquito luncheon at which the necessity of organizing to fight mosquitoes at American watering-places was discussed.

Science Formerly Extolled Mosquitoes

ONE of the most interesting things in modern scientific progress is that up to a few years ago it was believed that the mosquito, instead of spreading malaria, helped to check it. Therefore the insects, though acknowledged to be irritating, were classed among beneficial species.

As late as 1888, in a work on natural history written by a corps of learned men, it was announced that the larvæ of mosquitoes, in devouring decaying vegetation, were checking the spread of the miasma which otherwise would arise from these decomposing particles, and as miasma then was believed to be the source of malaria, voracious larvæ were extolled as beneficial scavengers.

To understand the scientific story of mosquitoes and malaria, one should keep in mind that malaria is caused by a little parasite of the order of protozoans, which inhabits the blood and devours its corpuscles. It is, therefore, a microörganism, or animal, and not a plant, as are the bacteria of many diseases.

The great significance of the mosquito discovery in regard to malaria is, as explained by the medical men of the army who have led the scientific world in these practical methods of controlling fevers, that if all the mosquitoes in the world, of the disease-transmitting genus, were destroyed, malaria would speedily become extinct. Experiments prove that the minute malarial protozoan cannot, unaided, develop into full maturity in the human system.

When a mosquito of the genus *Anopheles* bites a person whose blood is surcharged with these minute creatures, some of the protozoans are swallowed by the insect. Now a strange event takes place. In that mosquito's system the malarial microörganisms, which in the body of a human being would not attain full development, begin to grow amazingly until, in the course of a few days, they become five times their former size. At one point in their career of development they are known as zygotes, and next as blasts. Arriving at a state of maturity, still in the mosquito's body, they select their mates.

In other words, the body of the mosquito of the genus *Anopheles* is the fireside where the malarial protozoan grows to maturity and where he rears his pestilent brood. After this, the next person that mosquito bites becomes inoculated not with the forms of the original malarial parasite, but with the fully developed protozoa, virulent and voracious, and prepared fully to levy on the vitality of the victim.

How Mosquitoes Travel

FOR years a number of summer resorts have been able to boast of the absence of mosquitoes, but the construction of railways to carry thither pleasure-seekers lured by promise of immunity from these troublesome pests has afforded the insects facilities for invading the hitherto favored regions. Shortly after the railroad reached a seaside watering-place which had been extolled as a favored region unafflicted by mosquitoes, the workmen engaged in the parks, whose signs bore the legend "No Mosquitoes," had to go about with their heads enveloped in netting to protect them from the voracious attacks of the newly-arrived insects. The spectacle had "a very discouraging influence upon visitors," says Doctor Howard. To redeem the reputation of the resort, a few barrels of crude petroleum were scattered on the beach marshes. Mosquitoes disappeared for a time, but the place changed hands and the new owner, regarding the kerosene program as an absurdity, neglected to continue it, and mosquitoes have now returned en masse. One city in West Virginia was accidentally purged of mosquitoes. An oil pipe-line was constructed across the river a mile above the town, and enough petroleum dropped from the pipe into the water to slaughter the mosquitoes which formerly bred in numbers in the stream. Now the people of that city rarely encounter one of the insects.

Mosquitoes are not migrants. Their invasion of new countries is made possible by their taking passage in cars or vessels. In the Hawaiian Islands, where this insect is now a serious pest, it was unknown up to 1826. Before that time, it is claimed, there was no word in the Hawaiian language for mosquito. In that year a vessel landed at Lahaina, on the island of Maui, from San Blas, Mexico. On the night of its arrival, a native informed the late Dr. D. Baldwin, the missionary in charge of the Lahaina station, that a new fly, a singing fly, had bitten him. Not long after the missionary heard a strain which he recognized as that of the mosquito. It was the first time its sinister song had ever been heard in those islands.

Later it was introduced into other parts by ships hailing from the Pacific Coast, but it is interesting to learn that, although the insect multiplied and made life intolerable at times in the immediate vicinity of these ports, it did not travel afield until the developing means of communication enabled it to migrate.

Since the American occupation transportation facilities are offering the mosquito ready opportunity to extend its dominion. As a result of growing inter-island communication, every region in the Hawaiian group has either been invaded or is in danger of invasion, and as the imported insects include the species that transmits yellow fever, the question of how to combat mosquitoes has suddenly become one of serious importance in these new insular possessions of the United States.

Since the public has been informed that mosquitoes transmit malaria and yellow fever, numerous requests have been made upon Doctor Howard, the Government entomologist, the officers of the Marine Hospital Service, and medical men of the Army and Navy, for information as to the best and latest methods of fighting adult mosquitoes. These requests come not only from permanent residents of mosquito-ridden localities, but also from city people contemplating summer trips to seaside or mountain.

There has lately been recommended in this country a method of attack which, it is said, the Chinese have used with success for many centuries. They make little bags, fill them with pine or juniper sawdust mixed with brimstone and arsenic, and coil them into the form of snakes. These are then set afire, creating, it is claimed, widespread mortality among the mosquito genera. These fiery mosquito-slaying dragons may be purchased at the rate of six cents a hundred.

After trying many remedies, the Surgeon-General of the United States Army has adopted as the most effective weapon the ground-up flowers of the pyrethrum plant. The powder should be rolled into a cone, placed on a plate or piece of tiling and set afire. The fumes, which are not harmful to man or the higher animals, and which, in fact, are not even offensive, smelling not unlike incense at a Chinese altar, will kill all the mosquitoes in a room or tent.

Italian scientists experimenting in mosquito-haunted swamps near Rome announce the discovery of a larvicide which has the additional value of affording a sure death to aërial mosquitoes. Subjected in Washington to chemical analysis, this has turned out to be dinitrocresol, a yellow aniline color, the burning of a small quantity of which will kill all the mosquitoes in a room. Like pyrethrum, it is not injurious to people. Chlorine gas, sulphuric oxide and the vapor of chloral are effective, but the last is exceedingly unsafe to use.

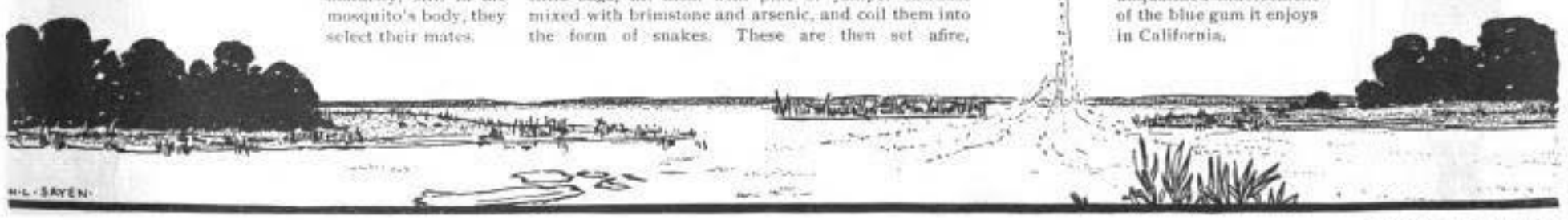
A London firm which advertised not long ago for mosquito remedies received an amazing variety of prescriptions. One experimenter reported that he had found that anointing the skin with three parts of refined paraffin mixed with one part of crushed camphor would afford protection. Cotton soaked in oil of cloves and hung on the bed curtains was also recommended. One correspondent who ventured to furnish only his initials advocated as an efficient remedy the placing of a juicy uncooked beefsteak near the bed on retiring. Scientists have not indorsed this program.

The oils of peppermint, lemon juice and vinegar have been recommended, and camphor, if rubbed on the face and hands, discourages the mosquitoes, but only for a limited time, for when its fumes lose their potency the insects return to the attack. Oil of tar, citronella and lavender are also used by some with success, and one experimenter is convinced that the best possible preventive is a mixture of castor oil, alcohol and oil of lavender, to be rubbed on the skin. Experiments show that among the odors camphor, garlic, nutmeg, menthol, turpentine and iodoform all have their virtues; and that the fumes of quassia wood and chrysanthemum powder are efficacious in some localities.

A traveler who has encountered mosquitoes in South Africa, where eucalyptus trees have been transplanted from Australia, writes that he found eucalyptus oil a sovereign remedy for the insects. He claims that if the skin be rubbed with the oil of this remarkable tree and the pillow saturated at night, mosquitoes will not approach the sleeper. From California, where this tree is grown in many sections, reports come that mosquitoes are never found in eucalyptus groves. In some Southwestern localities these immune eucalyptus woodlands are in the midst of regions all other areas of which are grievously afflicted. Travelers overtaken at night in mosquito-haunted willow patches hurry to eucalyptus groves, arriving there not infrequently bitten and blotched almost beyond recognition. Once in the shelter of the gum trees the travelers enjoy absolute security from mosquito attack. These havens of refuge are extolled by scientists and laymen alike in many countries, and where eucalyptus branches are available they are being used as room decorations and bed canopies to keep mosquitoes away.

It is claimed that eucalyptus oil is equally efficient, but its cost, which is usually about one dollar an ounce, is against it. An official in Washington was informed a few days ago that this oil would prove effective in repulsing mosquito assaults. Having in mind the rates paid for kerosene, the gentleman armed himself with a quart bottle and asked the druggist for ten cents' worth of eucalyptus oil. The pharmacist managed to suppress his amusement. When the purchaser got his bottle it did not contain enough oil to cover the bottom.

The testimony from all countries in regard to the efficacy of the eucalyptus remedy is not, however, unanimous. Mexican naturalists complain of a species of mosquito that is actually attracted by eucalyptus leaves, and the experience of Italian investigators has not led them to give the unqualified indorsement of the blue gum it enjoys in California.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Happy lovers keep no diary.

¶ The art of pleasing is to seem pleased.

¶ The Monroe doctrine needs no doctorin'.

¶ It is easier to be a hero than to look like one.

¶ Faith in the fealty of others is often founded on vanity.

¶ It is the kind of toys that differentiates old age from infancy.

¶ A machine is doing its best work when it makes the least noise.

¶ They say it is hard to be poor; yet most people find it easy enough.

¶ In spite of strikes and lockouts the wages of sin keep about the same.

¶ The impatient heir generally discovers that where there's a will there's a wait.

¶ A woman without curiosity may be dull company, but she makes a good neighbor.

¶ "A good reputation," remarked the nail-keg philosopher, "would be invaluable to a thief."

¶ The story of how you did will have auditors, while the tale of how you didn't must be told to empty chairs.

¶ One letter is often important. It makes lots of difference whether it is an office or an officer that is seeking the man.

If England Put Up the Bars

SOME apprehension was expressed in England lest the adoption of the Chamberlain scheme of imperial protection should lead to retaliation by the United States. Of course the idea of "retaliation" in its literal sense was absurd. We could have had no cause of complaint against Great Britain for paying us the compliment of imitation by adopting our own policy.

But it may be well for our British friends to realize that the effects inherent in the very nature of the Chamberlain scheme, and indeed deliberately sought by it, would be practically equivalent to American retaliation. For instance, Great Britain now buys from us something over a hundred million bushels of wheat a year, divided between grain and flour. It would not, as many think, be impossible, or even very difficult, to secure the production of this whole amount in Canada. It could all be raised without trouble on twelve thousand square miles of land — about one-sixth of the area of Manitoba. But suppose it were, what then?

Seven or eight million acres of American land now devoted to raising wheat for British consumption would be devoted to something else — perhaps to grazing, or to corn and fodder, whereby provisions would be made cheaper in the United States. From fifty to a hundred thousand farmers, farm laborers and mill workers would be forced into other occupations. Many of them no doubt would be employed in manufactures and their products would compete with British goods in all neutral markets. Or perhaps they might stick to wheat-growing, and make up for the loss of their British customers by offering inducements in the way of lower prices to stimulate a larger consumption elsewhere. In any case the result would be that England's industrial rivals, with this country at their head, would have a new and powerful weapon in international competition. Their workers would have cheaper food while the food of the British workman became dearer. If the British manufacturer is barely able to hold his own in South America, Asia and Africa now, what would be his position then?

Yet, unless the Chamberlain plan could produce these results, it would be a failure. Its very purpose is to transfer the business of furnishing Great Britain's food supply from the United States to Canada, and to do it at higher prices, without which the plan would have no attractions for the Canadians. Dearer food for the British workman and the diversion of a considerable amount of American energy from wheat-growing to other forms of productive activity are, therefore, of the essence of the scheme. Whether this prospect would be attractive to the British taxpayer is a question he himself would have to answer.

The Class and Mass Delusion

WE ARE hearing a great deal about "growing distinctions between class and mass" nowadays. Many are "viewing with alarm" and "deeply deploring" such evidences of it as, to use the most often cited instance, the increasing tendency of well-to-do parents to send their children to private school instead of, as formerly, to public school.

There may be, there probably is, something in this. But the viewers with alarm seem to miss the point. It is not the "mass" that is going to suffer by this imported passion for exclusiveness; it is the "class."

Democracy is as much to-day the law of our social order as gravitation is of our physical order. Any plan to defy democracy in the interest of certain people has about the same chances of success that a plan to suspend the law of gravitation in certain circumstances would have. Those who don't like democracy will, if they are wise, either leave the country or adjust themselves *and their children* to its conditions. For, if they stay and put themselves out of harmony with the existing and unalterable order, their children will be punished for it, though they themselves, through obedience in their earlier lives, may escape the worst consequences of their folly.

The part of the oncoming generation that is trained in democracy is the part that will survive and prosper and progress. The part that is bred in exclusiveness and caste-feeling is going to be bitterly discontented and deplorably unprogressive certainly, and in all probability, except in a few rare cases, downright unprosperous.

The Other Side of Boodling

IT HAS been a bad year for the boodlers and grafters in every part of the country. The mayor of a large city, certain members of a legislature, a few aldermen, officials connected with an important department of the Government and others are either in jail serving their sentences, or are out on bail waiting for new trials, or are under indictment with the probability of conviction. No six months in the country's history has seen such a legal round-up of political malefactors. The result is bound to be useful, for the penitentiary is an object-lesson that forces its impressiveness upon even the crudest understanding.

But there is another side of boodling that does not come out quite so conspicuously, but which is, after all, the most important part of the problem. The foolish little rascals who are getting caught are the effect; the cause is to be found in the proclivity of corporations of large capital and small conscience to buy legislatures and contracts without regard to the law or to the right. If they did not exist, if they did not pay the money, if they did not work their schemes, boodling would not live for a single minute. It is the argument of the corporations that they must use these means to gain their ends. They shift the responsibility by declaring that the only way to get their bills and favors through is to buy them through. They express the deepest regret over the alleged necessity, but they fall back on the consolation that they are practical men dealing with conditions and not with ethics.

It is passing sad that the boodling corporations cannot be hauled into court and made to suffer for their sins. But after all, we need not be hopeless in the matter. Justice has a way of reaching results outside of the law even when it is balked in the law. We have several instances of recent occurrence. Those who manage corporations have confessed that the price of boodling has risen to such figures that they can no longer afford it. The man who accepted ten dollars at first soon raised his price to a hundred and on upward to thousands. The price of an election, which was cheap, grew like Jonah's gourd overnight. The expense of the whole business has multiplied in every direction. In one city a corporation has published a statement that it will no longer put up money for party managers or legislatures, and that it will take its chances without spending a dollar for corrupt purposes.

These eleventh-hour confessions are entitled to no praise. They come because they have been forced by the cost of their own wickedness. But they show the other side of boodling with a clearness that is as significant as it is conclusive. And the satisfaction of it is in the proclamation that the corrupt dollar has its limitations and that the buying of weak men may become too expensive even for the plutocrats.

It was Balzac, was it not, who wrote the story showing the terrible revenge of the coward? It is the corrupt corporation that tells the story of the enormous cost of its own creature — the plundering politician.

Our Duty at Panama

AS WE push forward to the building of an Isthmian Canal in the tropics we should not forget certain historic truths:

First — In all time, ancient and modern, no work of any size has ever been done in or near the tropics *except by slaves under the lash.*

Second — The Isthmus of Panama is near the heart of the tropics and has one of the very worst climates in the world, both as to heat and as to disease.

Third — The Suez Canal lies far to the north of the Panama latitude, has a far better climate, was a comparatively easy work. Yet in building it the lash swung all day long and the wretched slaves died like flies. Had Egypt not then been furious despotism, the canal probably could not have been built.

Fourth — All the labor for Panama must be imported, will therefore be unacclimated. In digging the part which we have now bought the French imported their labor, practically enslaved it, with difficulty resisted the scandal and outcry caused in France by the pestilence-like mortality — the slavery was winked at, as in the case of Suez.

If we can keep laborers alive at Panama, can keep them at work without enslaving them and driving them to their tasks under the lash, we shall achieve a wonderful triumph.

Our contracts with the sub-contractors must have very carefully-drawn labor clauses, not as to hours or wages, but as to slavery and the lash.

Some Deceptive Figures

IN THE reaction from the panic over the "American invasion" English writers are taking much comfort from a recent article in one of the reviews showing that on a per capita basis England is still at the head of the list of trading nations and the United States at the foot. They think that this shows that the commercial prosperity of America has been greatly overrated.

It would be cruel to deprive a friend of such a consolation as this, but possibly a little further reflection may show the optimistic Britons one or two points which they have overlooked. It is true that the foreign trade of the United States is less in proportion to the population than that of England. But carry the idea a little further. Suppose the United States included all of North and South America, would not its foreign trade be smaller than it is now? Suppose it included Europe? Suppose it included the whole world — then it would not have any foreign trade at all, and, presumably, would be sunk in the depths of commercial stagnation.

It is a simple fact, although one that apparently is not as obvious to some minds as it should be, that the larger and the more self-sufficing a given commercial area is, the less need its people will have to trade outside their borders. Undoubtedly the volume of products passing in and out of the State of New York is larger than that passing in and out of the whole United States. In other words, the State of New York, if its trade were computed separately, would rank as one of the greatest commercial powers of the world. It may be doubted whether its commerce would not match that of England herself, not only per capita but absolutely. The fact that the greater part of this commerce is domestic does not alter its character as an evidence of business power and energy.

The real test of a nation's commercial activity is not its foreign exchanges, nor even the trade from district to district, or from city to city. It is the trade from man to man — the imports and exports of the individual. It is the trade itself, not the question whether it crosses this or that political boundary. And of this primary, fundamental trade, the true measure is the rate of wages. The men who sell their labor at the highest prices can make the largest purchases.

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several hundred thousands a year, each of whom has his or her *circle* of "worthy poor," or gives regularly to those myriad petty enterprises of misdirected or barefacedly fraudulent charity which enlist the activities of so many "workers."

The women are the most persistent and unreasonable offenders in this respect. Partly through idleness, partly through a craving to have occupation and a sense of usefulness, partly through profound pity for their apparently less fortunate sisters, they pour out capital for pauper-plants and search diligently for "worthy poor" to pauperize.

Those who have money, a great deal of money, have a feeling of the horror of being without it which those who have little or no money never have. They who dream of the Wolf have a shaking, shivering, nightmarish terror of him which they who have felt his teeth would laugh at. The second and after generations of the rich, never having learned how to earn a living, feel fundamentally helpless; the familiar companions of the Wolf hate and fear him, but through long acquaintance they have learned from him courage and resource.

The Poverty-Stricken Millionaires

THERE is no notable tendency to increased benevolence in the second and after generations of the very rich, under the stimulus of the huge givings by increasing numbers of self-made multi-millionaires. Two other tendencies, however, are marked. Many of the long-very-rich New Yorkers are steadily more shy of any and all kinds of giving. No doubt at bottom this is due to increasing selfishness, increasing absorption in amusements of the wholly selfish kinds. It costs more and more every year to play the rich man's part; more and more imagination is brought to bear in developing it both by rich men eager to find new ways of showing off and by ingenious poor men inventing new ways of making a living out of the rich upon whose extravagances they thrive. The rich man, even where his income is huge, is often pinched. He hates to give—he may find that his giving has compelled him to forego a most attractive investment or has compelled him to abstain from some new expensive luxury or pleasure. He hoards to be ready for such emergencies. Then, if he has several children, he wants to leave each of them as rich as possible so that they can all live in the style to which they have been accustomed, the style in which their friends and associates live.

For reverence for wealth you must look among the long-very-rich. Those who pass Mammon's statue with a nod or a half-ashamed crook of a reluctant knee will have the pleasure of seeing very, very many of them flat in the dust, noses plowing it, and not a bit ashamed.

The Reverse of the Shield

INCREASING reverence for money, the increasing size of the fortune one must have to be honored for wealth, the increasing possibilities of extravagance, all these unite to create this tendency to less giving of every kind.

The other tendency in the second and after generations of the very rich is, in sharp contrast, distinctly attractive. It is a tendency to study out ways of being genuinely helpful in the only possible way of helpfulness—the general elevation of the taste and tone and capacity and aspiration of their fellow-beings. Mr. Morgan and Mr. George Vanderbilt—to single out two from many, at the risk of being too personal in the effort to illustrate a point—are types of this class. Mr. Morgan is collecting, for what cannot but be public purposes, works of art of various kinds, and also rare books and manuscripts—a work which, to be done on the scale to produce quick and appreciable effects, must be done by a single rich man working, intelligently and carelessly of money-cost, through the best obtainable agents. Mr. Vanderbilt, by practicing forestry and farming on a scale possible only to a rich man with leisure, and by striving to make his results both practical and public, is doing a valuable work for the most important as well as the most ancient and most backward industry in the world. The county fairs everywhere throughout the country are being attended by Farmer Vanderbilt, and the local farmers whom his prize products beat are learning, are being waked up. These men are using their surplus and their brains to give their fellow-men ideas—and ideas never pauperize.

If the very rich don't give, the shout is "Stingy! Miser!" If they do give, the shout is "Self-advertiser! Pauperizer!" And often in both cases there is much justice in criticism. But any one who has a little imagination and is not ruled by prejudices or by sentimentalities will soon see how difficult it is for a generous man of wealth, with an honest desire to help his fellow-beings, to know just what to do. Beyond question, many of the very rich New Yorkers who have ceased from all kinds of giving have done so simply because they feared they would do more harm than good. "I've come to the conclusion," said one of them not long ago, "that the only thoroughly safe way to help others is by investing my money as intelligently as I can in enterprises that offer opportunities for the willing to help themselves." And there's no disputing the fact that business is benevolence of the highest kind. It is a case of give and take, value for value.

But the very rich men and women of the type of Collector Morgan and Farmer Vanderbilt probably are the advance guard of the philanthropists of the future. There are many of them now, many in New York, many in other parts of the country, especially in the Middle West. And they do not make paupers, nor do they lay themselves open to the reproach of spending their incomes in the vulgar, selfish life of "gentlemen."

But—it is doubly unfortunate that the rank and file of the very rich should be learning the slow and painful lessons of how, when and where to give, in a city crowded with unassimilated foreigners whose heads are full of caste notions.

And the great problem of New York to-day is not "the slums" but the pauper-makers.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

By JACK LONDON

III—The Death Struggle

THE dominant primordial beast was strong in Buck, and under the fierce conditions of trail life it grew and grew. Yet it was a secret growth. His new-born cunning gave him poise and control. He was too busy adjusting himself to the new life to feel at ease, and not only did he not pick fights, but he avoided them whenever possible. A certain deliberateness characterized his attitude. He was not prone to rashness and precipitate action; and in the bitter hatred between him and Spitz he betrayed no impatience, shunned all offensive acts.

On the other hand, possibly because he divined in Buck a dangerous rival, Spitz never lost an opportunity of showing his teeth. He even went out of his way to bully Buck, striving constantly to start the fight which could end only in the death of one or the other. Early in the trip this might have taken place had it not been for an unwonted accident. At the end of this day they made a bleak and miserable camp on the shore of Lake Le Barge. Driving snow, a wind that cut like a white-hot knife, and darkness had forced them to grope for a camping-place. They could hardly have fared worse. At their backs rose a perpendicular wall of rock, and Perrault and François were compelled to make their fire and spread their sleeping-robes on the ice of the lake itself. The tent they had discarded at Dyea in order to travel light. A few sticks of driftwood furnished them with a fire that thawed down through the ice and left them to eat supper in the dark.

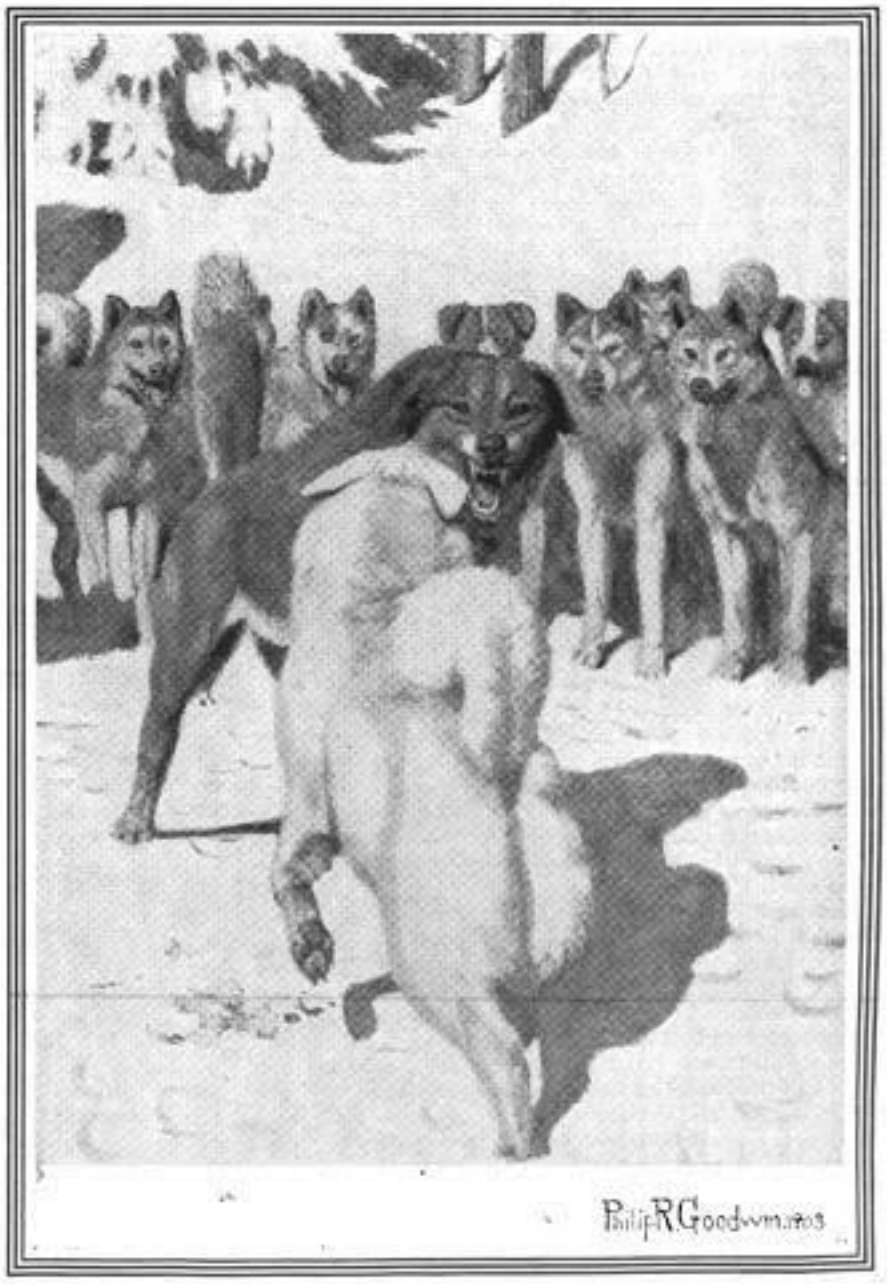
Close in under the sheltering rock Buck made his nest. So snug and warm was it that he was loth to leave it when François distributed the fish which he had first thawed over the fire. But when Buck finished his ration and returned he found his nest occupied. A warning snarl told him that the trespasser was Spitz. Till now Buck had avoided trouble with his enemy, but this was too much. The beast in him roared. He sprang upon Spitz with a fury which surprised them both, and Spitz particularly, for his whole experience with Buck had gone to teach him that his rival was an unusually timid dog who managed to hold his own only because of his great weight and size.

François was surprised, too, when they shot out in a tangle from the disrupted nest and he divined the cause of the trouble. "A-a-ah!" he cried to Buck. "Gif it to heem, by Gar! Gif it to heem, the dirty t'ief!"

Buck was nothing loth. He was crying with sheer rage and eagerness as he circled back and forth for a chance to spring in. Spitz was no less eager and no less cautious, as he likewise circled back and forth for the advantage. But it was then that the unexpected happened, the thing which projected their struggle for supremacy far into the future, past many a weary mile of trail and toil.

An oath from Perrault, the resounding impact of a club upon a bony frame, and a shrill yelp of pain heralded the breaking forth of pandemonium. The camp was suddenly discovered to be alive with skulking furry forms—starving huskies, four or five score of them, who had scented the camp from some Indian village. They had crept in while Buck and Spitz were fighting, and when the two men sprang among them with stout clubs they showed their teeth and fought back. They were crazed by the smell of the food. Perrault found one with head buried in the grub-box. His club landed mightily on the gaunt ribs, and the grub-box was capsized on the ground. On the instant a score of the famished brutes were scrambling for the bread and bacon. The clubs fell upon them unheeded. They yelped and howled under the rain of blows, but struggled none the less madly till the last crumb had been devoured.

In the mean time the astonished team-dogs had burst out of their nests only to be set upon by the fierce invaders. Never had Buck seen such dogs. It



THE TIME HAD COME. IT WAS TO THE DEATH

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Some Startling Facts

About That Twentieth Century Profession—Advertising. Big Salaries Paid—Bright Prospects for Beginners

A billion a year! That sum, The New York Times tells us, is spent in this country for advertising. The business has had a most remarkable growth during the past ten years. One hundred thousand men and women are now engaged in directing the expenditure of that vast sum. There's a fast growing need for people qualified to do this work well. Many are now

I invite my pupils to ask questions with the assurance that they will be clearly answered.

Waking up to the Fact

that it's a very remunerative and uncrowded profession.

Next fall and winter there will surely be any number of good positions seeking competent ad-writers. Begin *now* and I'll have you ready for one of them.

Now, remember the demand is not for those who can string together a few high-sounding words, and who have but a smattering of types. The market is full of that kind. But storekeepers and manufacturers everywhere are seeking really well-informed men and women to prepare and place their business-bringing publicity—well-trained men and women who know how the subject can be most profitably handled. In short, for the kind of advertising people I am graduating.

Just a moment! Is that only idle brag—talk of the same character as that you've read perhaps many times before? Then let the records prove the truth of that statement by the successes my graduates have uniformly made. And this interesting and important fact: This school

Never Lost a Student

because of dissatisfaction with its system of instruction. *It has enrolled many who have experimented with other courses.*

That's not because as an advertising man I am better than all others—there are doubtless many men that are abler than I. But my *system* is superior—superior, because by it pupils are guaranteed personal instruction; because I am conscientiously and constantly studying the requirements of each pupil; because that pupil is taught as if he, or she, were the only one I had.

Of course, by my methods I can't teach as *many* people as some institutions. Nor do I intend to try. I am seeking by this announcement to enroll just enough to keep me busy this summer. Do you wish to become a pupil? Write to me and we'll talk about the terms.

ELMER HELMS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York

deficient moral sense in John—or as Hegel would put it——"

They led him away. He was right about John, as it proved.

"And yet, you know," he said to the head attendant when they took him to the insane asylum, where he is to-day, "I believe I fooled my sense of oughtness worst of all!" and laughed heartily over his discovery.

Now, you see, if he had only mingled more with other fellows and had taken a little exercise now and then—but you see what comes of too much study. Why are you wriggling around now? A great mistake if I think you are poling too much? But can't I see with my own eyes the dark rings under yours? Polers so often pretend not to be polers. There was Poler Perkins, and Poler Stevenson, and Poler Stacy. Poler Stacy's case was quite different.

What's that? Oh, you want to tell me something? Not very polite for a kid brother, seems to me; you'll have to wait till I finish. Poler Stacy got sick of the monotony of poling and the ignominy of being called a poler. One evening he was invited to dine at one of the upper-class clubs and tried to give the illusion of being a good fellow, as he conceived it; told a lot of futile little stories and performed sorry antics, which certainly made the fellows laugh, and he thought they were laughing at his humor, not his absurdity—until on leaving the club he heard a bit of conversation through an open window which opened his eyes and kept them open all that night; with the result that along about noon of the next day, having cut all his lectures meanwhile, he was desperate. "They smile at you, do they?" he said to himself in the glass; "well, we'll show 'em, we'll show 'em once for all!" and he stalked out of the room, slammed the door and, scowling devilishly, strode over to a place called "Scuds," where certain of his classmates were wont to gather of an afternoon in spring term for a glass of bock beer.

They were amazed when they saw Stacy march in, and they looked it.

"I'll show you," thought Stacy, and hammered on a table for a waiter, scowling terribly.

"Beer, sir?" said the waiter, mopping the table.

"Beer! No. I want some whisky."

Then he buried his face in a newspaper to hide the blush upon it. Also, he thought that this would look like the real thing, especially as he had put his feet on a neighboring chair.

"Here! why do you bring me a little glass like that?" he growled at the waiter. "I want a big glass." Suddenly the others seemed to see something funny out of the window.

"A high ball, sir?"

"A what?" The thing outside was still funnier.

"A high ball?"

Stacy did not know whether or not the waiter was impudently trying to guy him, but he was sure the others were listening. He would show himself the match of any waiter. "Bring me a hot Scotch," he said calmly, and tried to look abstracted. He had read about "hot Scotches" in novels.

"That ought to impress them," he thought; and so it did, for it was a warm, sunny day.

They were still more impressed when he ordered a second and a third and a fourth. But each time it was a different impression. At first it seemed ludicrous, then pathetic, and finally quite disgusting.

What's the matter, Dick? Don't you want to hear about this? It is queer, I admit. So I'll cut it short. There could not have been any fun in it even for him, for he immediately—what do you call it?—"drew a blank," fell into a stupor. As soon as it was dusk they walked him over to his room. They opened the door for him and he staggered across the threshold and fell into the arms of his mother. She had been waiting to see him for over an hour.

Under the circumstances you might think she would blame it upon his "evil companions" who brought him home, and who stayed to help her. But she did not. She just stood there stunned and broken-hearted and kept saying, as she fanned him, "Why, he's the pride and ambition of the family—the pride and ambition of the family," and all that, and told them how she had always trusted her boy—and all that. It was a ghastly scene and they only perspired worse than the drunken man, and made no reply. Perhaps they were thinking——

Why, what's the matter, Dick? Am I taking too much of your time? You want to speak to me about something? Well, fire away; it's your turn now. Won a prize—and you want me to break it gently? No? What is it, then? Anything to do with that cigarette you're tearing to bits?

What? . . . So that's it! . . . Go on . . . Out with it . . . And you took too much . . . Summoned before the faculty this afternoon, eh? . . . And they are to give you their decision to-morrow . . . um . . . No, I don't think they will dismiss you from college entirely—if this is really the first time . . . They have a right to suspend you, though . . .

If you don't mind, I don't care to hear how it happened—won't interest me a bit. Maybe it was because you wanted to show the gang, like Poler Stacy. I'd hate to think so, especially since it would be worse in your case, because you are popular and prominent already, and, moreover, know that that sort of thing does not endear you to anybody. Maybe it was because you were temporarily insane, like that young lawyer, and wanted to show yourself what it was like; only there would be less excuse for you to act like an idiot because you are a thoroughly healthy, normal person. Or maybe you just plain forgot and abused conviviality, which is too fine a thing to be intrusted to weaklings or brutes. Or maybe you don't know just how you happened to make a d——d fool of yourself. At any rate, it's none of my business and I don't want to know. No excuse would cut any ice with me, and what's more, they are all too old to have any effect upon the Discipline Committee. I'm mighty glad you did not offer any of them. I'm glad you just said it was so and that you had no explanation for it. They rather liked that.

You needn't look surprised. I knew all about it when I came here this evening. That's why I came. But you were too much up in the air at first. To tell the truth, you weren't very anxious to speak of it to me. So I tried to take your mind off the subject for a while to get you calmed down by telling you of a man in a much worse hole than yours. Then I told you about Poler Stacy's hard luck to bring you back to business.

What? No, I haven't any influence with the faculty; nothing I could do or say would affect their decision one way or the other. If they make up their minds to ship you, you go.

Rather steep price, you say, to pay for your fun? Huh, I haven't been thinking of you. I was thinking that you might not be the one to pay dearest for it. What do I mean? 'Tisn't the sort of thing one likes to speak of out loud; I was merely thinking—oh, well, to be sure, it can't be as bad as Poler Stacy. She won't actually *see* you that way. But, all the same, if an official notice comes home from the dean: "I regret to be obliged to inform you that your son is hereby suspended for a term of three weeks for——" Pretty tough in that way, isn't it? All out of a clear sky, too. Yep, pretty tough. You've got such a good rep. at home, you know.

Fool? Well, I should say so. Yes, all that too—yes, go on, it's good, sound, healthy remorse. But if you know it already why do you ask me? I'll say yes to everything you say about yourself, but, seems to me, that doesn't do much good. What's up to you now is to see that it does not happen again as long as you are a boy at college whose beer as well as his books are paid for by his daddy. How about that business aspect of it, Dick? 'Tisn't quite square, is it?

No, I wouldn't quite say that your life is ruined. There have been worse things in history. You have a chance. "All is not lost." Those two men I told you about—one of them of course is done for, but the other has become a useful and respected citizen. So there's a chance even for you. I still believe in you.

Yes, the notice from the dean will surely go home—if you do. It will get there ahead of you, if it goes at all. But mabye it's not going. No, I did not say they were going to suspend you. I merely pointed out what might happen. Now, as a matter of fact, I understand that they are going to let you off because this is your first offense. Yes, that's straight. No, I had nothing to do with it. They liked the way you talked—and mean to give you a chance. Yes, I should think you *would* feel relieved. But remember what it means if you ever make a fool of yourself again. Remember who will be made to suffer for it. That is the reason I ask you not to let it happen again. And that is the reason, and the only reason, I believe you won't let it happen again. Your "sense of oughtness" wouldn't keep you straight any more than the fear of filling a drunkard's grave or ruining your health, or even the fear of being ridiculous like Poler Stacy. But this other thing will, I think. Now I'll trouble you for a pipe.

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On a hot summer day, to quench your thirst, and thoroughly refresh you,

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

A Fable for Reviewers

THE other day I dreamed a dream. Before me sat a reviewer of books. And he was reviewing three novels. And methought that the authors of the three novels stood outside his window and writhed because of his reviews; for they were venomous.

And I said to the reviewer: "Why do you say these things of these books? that this one is unworthy to be read and that is too dry and that the other is pernicious, and that all are utter rot? Do you not see the authors writhing outside of your window?"

And he made answer: "I had not seen them, but let them writhe. I have read two hundred books in twenty days and have written reviews of them all, and if I can cause an author to writhe by what I say of his book it is no more than simple justice."

Then in my dream I spoke further to the reviewer while the authors were still writhing outside his window, and I said: "Suppose that you had written a book and these authors were called upon to review it. What would you that they should do: cause you to writhe at their maledictions or to beam at their appreciations?"

And the reviewer said: "I had not thought on that side of it, but of a truth I would like better to beam than to writhe."

"Now for your sins," said I, "I will change you to a writer of advertisements and I will change these authors to merchants who are striving to make an honest living."

Then in my dream I waved my finger at him and he became a writer of advertisements and wrote:

"Mr. Brown's new automobile marks the climax of his lack of inventive faculty. It is badly constructed, its motive power is poor, and it is absolutely unworthy of public patronage."

Of the next merchant he wrote:

"White's new cracker, I Want One, is on the market, and it is the dryest, most insipid thing that was ever crumbled up for chickens. It would mar the lunch of any picnic, and no man having tasted one will ever buy another unless he wants to choke to death."

Of the third merchant's product he wrote:

"Mr. Green has introduced a new tonic which he calls Bray-supp. I have no hesitation in saying that it is a noxious dose and that its influence cannot fail to be harmful to all those taking it. One bottle may be bought by a wise man; if he buys a second he is a fool."

When he had made an end of writing I looked to see if the former authors, now merchants, were writhing and they were not. They were all empowering lawyers to begin suits for libel against the writer of advertisements, and he was writhing rhythmically.

Then in mercy I changed him back to a reviewer and I turned the merchants into authors busy with new books.

And the reviewer said: "Of a surety you have opened my eyes. I now see that I have no business to be injuring the chances of success of other men of like fashion with myself. Hereafter I will review only those books that I like."

And days passed by in my dream and the reviewer read and read and read.

But his pen was idle.

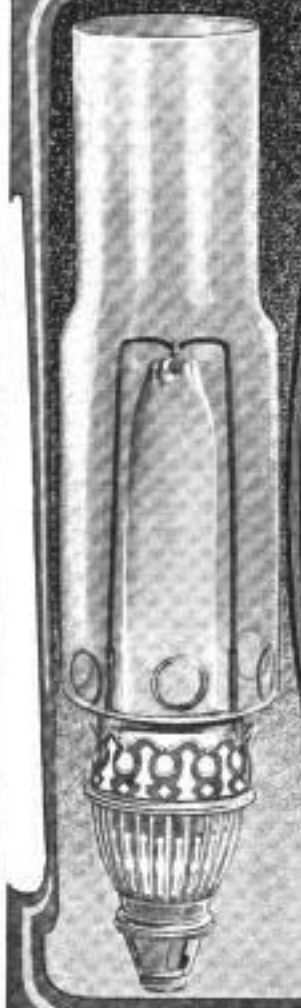
—*Charles Battell Loomis.*

MOTHER

By Zona Gale

I wish I had said more. So long, so long
About your simple tasks I watched you, dear;
I knew you craved the words you did not hear;
I knew your spirit, brave and chaste and strong,
Was wistful that it might not do the wrong;
And all its wistfulness and all its fear
Were in your eyes whenever I was near.
And yet you always went your way with song.

O prodigal of smiles for other eyes
I led my life. At last there came a day
When with some careless praise I turned away
From what you fashioned for a sweet surprise.
Ah, now it is too late for me to pour
My vase of myrrh — would God I had said more!



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When ordering please state the character of gas you are using.

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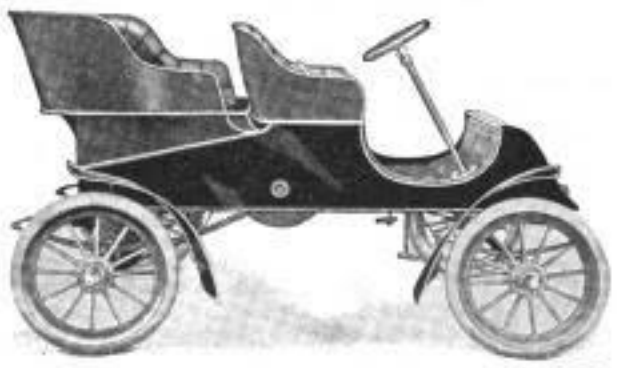

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"Our family physician examined Postum and decided to use it altogether in place of coffee. We all think it has no equal as a nourishment for the sick, for beside being pleasant to the taste it is so strengthening. My father and mother have always been coffee drinkers and suffered all kinds of troubles from the coffee until about a year ago a neighbor was praising Postum and mother decided to try it.

"They improved at once and have drank Postum ever since and mother, who used to be bothered with nervousness and sleeplessness particularly, is in splendid health now. She says the change came entirely from drinking Postum and leaving off coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

FOREST FIRES

THE forests are burning. The air is spicy with the smell of burning wood and leaves. At night long lines of fire blaze tremulously against the black background of sky.

Safe in the retreat of a country house, the early summer visitor regards these sights and smells as one of the attractions of the landscape; the villager as the inevitable accompaniment of the season. Every spring the same spicy vapors, the same glimmering lights on the hills. All up and down the Atlantic Coast, over thousands and thousands of square miles of forest, the same sort of fires are burning, and people are saying that spring is well advanced, because spring and forest fires go together.

What a change of sentiment there would be if people should climb the hills, penetrate the burned forest and find out what has actually taken place there! The charred boles of the trees, with the leaves on the lower limbs wilted and drooping; the underbrush and shrubs all gone; the earth black, reeking with smoke, with naked stones projecting — such sights would give them only a faint idea of the great harm done. The forest is not dead, but serious harm has been done it. The growth of the trees has been checked, their vitality lowered; they are less able to resist the next fire and more liable to be overturned by the wind. Holes have been burned in the bark: disease will enter; wood and bark beetles will get in; and sooner or later the injured tree will succumb, to make more litter and furnish breeding-places for more disease. Moreover, many small and tender seedlings that were coming up to form the next crop are entirely dead. The leaves, the moss and the humus (decomposed vegetable matter) have been burned away. The naked soil, dry and unprotected, is no longer able to retain much moisture; and when rain falls, the ground washes.

And this destruction is going on all over the East, the South, the West and the North, at one season or other, while little attention is paid it until it begins to threaten improved property. This year the East has suffered most. The reports show an unusually heavy destruction of property. The woods were dry and the small fires, neglected as they always are, quickly became conflagrations. In the Adirondacks, fires, besides burning over thousands of acres of forest lands, have destroyed summer hotels, cottages, lodges, farmhouses and cattle; have driven out the game from game preserves, and have even claimed human victims. Long Island for weeks was ablaze with forest fires from one end to the other, and only the efforts of the farmers and owners of private estates, roused by the threatened danger of their improved property, prevented the burning over of all the timberlands. In Pennsylvania, especially in the oil regions, the fires were very bad; millions in property have been destroyed and hundreds of refugees have been driven into the larger towns. Several sawmills and coal plants have been destroyed. A recent dispatch from Montreal read that "terrible forest fires are raging" about fifty miles north of that place and that a village had been destroyed. "The inhabitants are leaving their animals and possessions a prey to the flames and are fleeing farther north for safety."

A few months ago an agent for the Bureau of Forestry, happening by chance to be in Southern Washington and Northern Oregon at a time when an extensive forest fire was burning there, was ordered to make a careful study of the damage done. After several weeks of investigation he returned a report, based on a field survey of the burned districts, declaring that the damage amounted to twelve million dollars. This fire occurred in a single limited district and lasted about a week. If it had not been accompanied by a considerable loss of life it would have passed with little notice except by the lumbermen.

The Bureau of Forestry, calculating from the very meagre and imperfect data at hand, has declared that the annual damage from forest fires amounts to at least fifty million dollars. Staggering as the sum appears, it is undoubtedly far too small. The damage to improved property, live stock, and to timber which at present has a merchantable value, does not nearly cover the case against forest fires. There remain to be considered the incalculable destruction to the young growth

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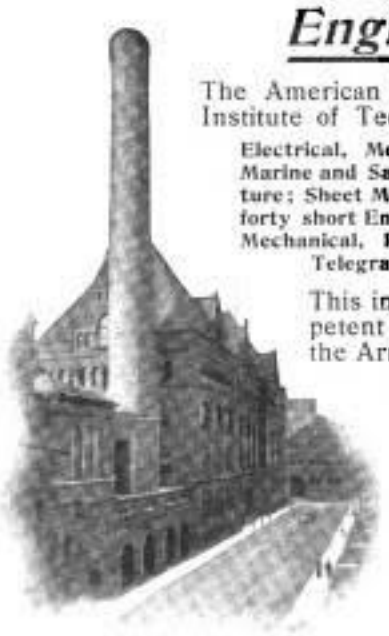

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which at present has no market value but would ultimately become valuable, the timber diseases that follow fire, the drying up of springs and the ruin of watercourses, to the irreparable harm of the irrigation lands.

The comparative immunity of European forests from fire furnishes an instructive contrast to our own conditions. Doctor Fernow states that within the last twenty-five years the acreage destroyed by fire in Prussia and Bavaria rarely exceeds .005 per cent. each year of the total forest area under State control. So small is the fire damage in the German forests that there are several insurance companies which do a business in insuring forests from fire at a rate of from .45 to .4 on the thousand. The rates vary with the age, species (conifers are more likely to burn than hardwoods), and with local danger. In the United States forest-fire insurance is comparatively unknown. The risk is so great as to make necessary rates that would be prohibitive.

The difficulties of thorough protection of forests from fire in the United States can be appreciated only by those who have had to deal with the problem. Such protection is, in many cases, not to be recommended. It would be costly out of all proportion to the returns it would secure. But wherever the conditions are such that fire protection is an absolute necessity for the perservation of timber that is valuable either for its own sake or for its influence on the waterflow, some scheme of fire prevention should be put into operation. In well-settled communities at least ninety per cent. of the forest fires that occur could be either prevented altogether or put out before they had done considerable harm. The best plan, either in State lands or on private estates, is always to make some one directly responsible for fire damage who shall put out the flames before they have gained great headway. Every great forest fire was a little fire until it was neglected, and might easily have been suppressed if some one had seen it and been responsible for it. A little back-firing, or a fire line, cleared and well guarded, would have stopped the mischief.

In India the English foresters found conditions for the prevention of forest fires far more unfavorable than they are in this country, yet the forest fires there have been greatly reduced. The annual expense of protecting from fire 30,000 square miles in India is never more than ten dollars a mile; yet in 1895 only eight per cent. of the forest was damaged. Forest protection on private and State lands in this country must come by State legislation, of which there has been very little, and that little has, for the most part, failed of success. Pennsylvania furnishes a notable exception. There forest-fire laws are based on the principle that it is better to prevent fires first than to attempt to put them out afterward. An efficient system of employing firewardens who are responsible for all forest fires occurring within their districts is supplemented by the law requiring county commissioners to appoint men to ferret out and punish persons who cause forest fires.

Fire is the great problem with which forestry has to deal. In every working plan for the management of a tract of timberland the forester has to reckon with the fire peril. Unless he can assure an adequate system of protection at a cost low enough to justify his employing it, he cannot recommend any system of forest management. The matter of fire protection limits every scheme of conservative management.

Such management is based on the idea of taking less now for the forest in order that more may be secured later; and if there is great danger that later fire may destroy the forest, it would be better to lumber the whole tract immediately than to take chances of losing the producing capital.

Induced by the great need of a thorough and systematic study of the fire problem, the Bureau of Forestry sent out last spring several parties into the South and West to make accurate studies on the ground of forest fires, to learn how they are caused, how much damage they do, and how they may be prevented or put out. When the study has been completed the Bureau will be in a position to recommend forest-fire legislation to each of the States studied that desires such information.

—*Edward A. Bramhall.*

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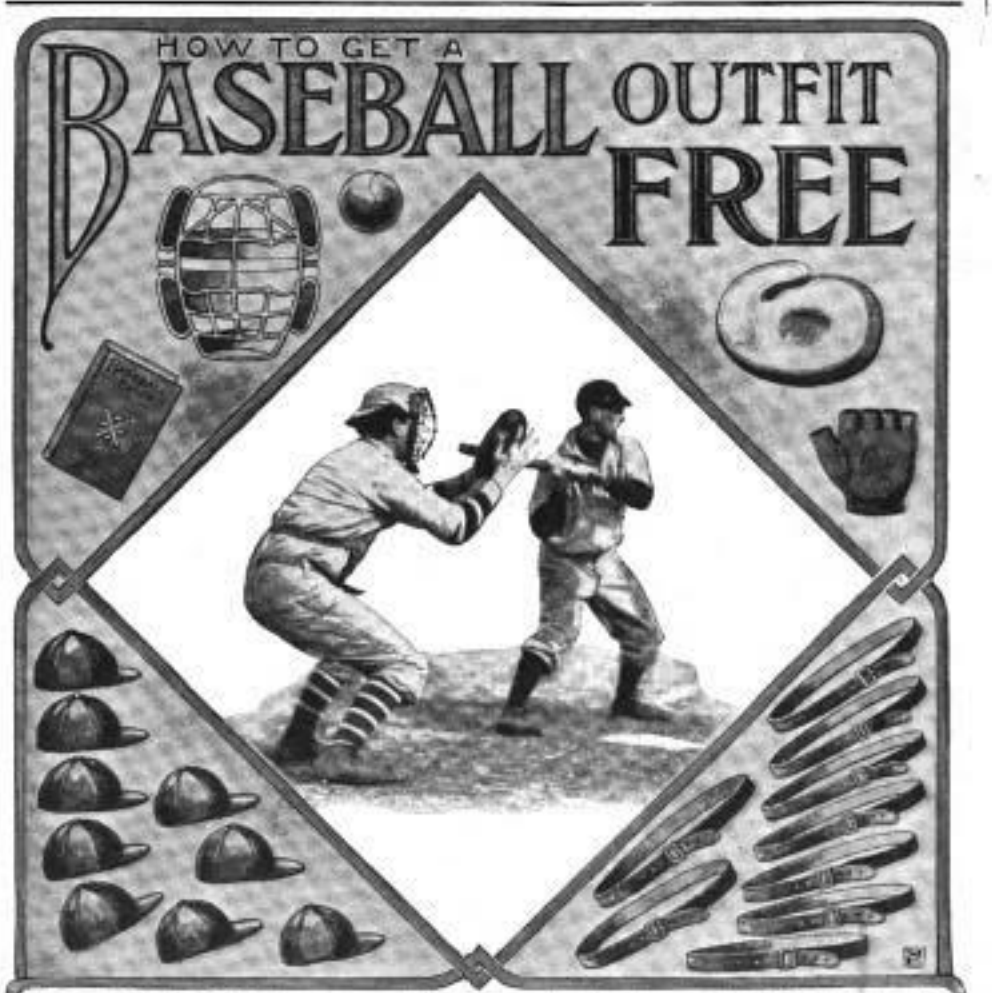

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The Countess Decides

(*Continued from Page 3*)

"Now, madam, what have you to say? *Are* you the Countess of Croydon?"

The young lady's eyes had opened as he read. Parker's countenance remained unmoved, as if she were a feminine sphinx.

"What is the rest of the letter?" asked the girl.

"That is neither here nor there."

"It is quite evidently there. May I suggest that it is an inventory of the Countess' possessions? Are you chagrined to learn that your proposal was wasted on the undeserving?"

"I asked you if you are the Countess of Croydon?"

"I reply that I never said I was."

"That reply will not do, madam. The honor of my family is at stake."

"Your family has nothing to do with me."

"I begin to suspect that my family has indeed nothing to do with one who pretended to be a member of it."

"Your memory fails you. I disclaimed all relationship when you asserted it."

"I asserted it under the supposition that you were the Countess."

"Very well. No harm is done. I did not take advantage of your offer. I never said I was the Countess, and so long as I pay my hotel bill no one has a right to interfere."

"You are very much mistaken. Such masquerading is not to be tolerated."

"I am leaving here the day after to-morrow and I sail from Suez a week from to-day. I ask you to say nothing of this until I am gone."

"I refuse."

"I have injured no one. I ask you not to spoil my holiday."

"I refuse."

"Then this confession must be made in my own way and I must choose the person who is to set the gossips a-prattling."

"I agree, so long as it is done at once."

"Parker, go down and ask Mr. Sanderstead to come here."

The maid departed, and the alleged Countess leaned back in her chair, closing her eyes again.

"Who *are* you?" asked his lordship, but the girl made no reply. A moment later Sanderstead came in, his imperturbable face giving no indication of the surprise he felt.

"Will you read to Mr. Sanderstead the extract from your London letter that you read to me?"

"Mr. Sanderstead has nothing to do with my correspondence. You were to make your confession, as I understood your proposal."

"Lord Warlingham has discovered that I am not the Countess of Croydon."

"Oh, is that all," said Sanderstead; "I knew it almost from the beginning."

The lady sat up now, very wide awake.

"How did you know it?" she asked in surprise.

"Well, you had none of those middle-class deficiencies of manner which I have often deplored in the titled persons I have met. I recognized at once that you were a lady."

"Then that is what you hinted at twice this evening. I wish to say before you both that I meant no harm and did not see at the first what complications might ensue. I may say at once that I had the Countess' permission to do what I have done; indeed it was owing to her urging that I did it. I can prove that to you, Lord Warlingham, in her own handwriting. I may plead in my own defense that I have devoted my life to the welfare of the Countess, and she would be the first to acknowledge that. It has been a somewhat dreary and retired life. Often I have persuaded her to emerge into the world and as often she has refused, at the last moment, much to my disappointment. On this occasion I confess I wept when I found her determined not to go to Egypt. With great generosity she insisted that I should take her place. I admit that I have done wrong technically, perhaps, but I deny that I have done any real harm, and I have asked Lord Warlingham to say nothing until I sail from Suez a week from to-day."

"Of course nothing will be said either then or after," proclaimed Sanderstead stoutly.

Lord Warlingham stood silent for a moment, then, his anger being somewhat cleared away, he echoed:

"Of course."

The lady sprang to her feet with radiant face.

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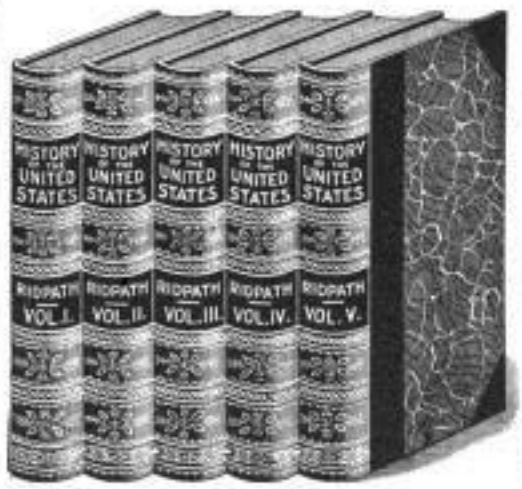

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"You are both very good to me. Lord Warlingham, I ask your forgiveness, and I deeply appreciate your promise of silence. Won't you shake hands with the adventuress and say you are sorry I sail so soon."

"Indeed, madam," said Warlingham cordially taking her hand, "I do say so with all my heart, and I wish you well."

"And are you sorry, Mr. Sanderstead?" she cried with a touch of fear and pathos in the eyes she turned upon him.

"No, I am not."

The lady caught her breath and the color left her cheeks.

"Oh, I say, Sanderstead," protested his lordship.

"Why should I be sorry when I sail on the same steamer, if the lady permits me." He took her hand and raised it to his lips. Lord Warlingham adjusted his eye-glass and beamed upon them with a smile half tender, half comical. He was an experienced man and knew the signs.

"Is this a case of 'Bless you, my children'?" he asked.

"Again, if the lady permits."

The color came back redoubled and brought with it a smile to the lady's lips.

Yet she *was* the Countess, after all.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

IV—Who Has Won to Mastership

(Continued from Page 11)

"EH? Wot I say? I spik true w'en I say dat Buck two devils."

This was François' speech next morning when he discovered Spitz missing and Buck covered with wounds. He drew him to the fire and by its light pointed them out.

"Dat Spitz fight lak hell," said Perrault as he surveyed the gaping rips and cuts.

"An' dat Buck fight lak two hells," was François' answer. "An' now we make good time. No more Spitz, no more trouble, sure."

While Perrault packed the camp outfit and loaded the sled, the dog-driver proceeded to harness the dogs. Buck trotted up to the place Spitz would have occupied as leader; but François, not noticing him, brought Sol-leks to the coveted position. In his judgment, Sol-leks was the best lead-dog left. Buck sprang upon Sol-leks in a fury, driving him back and standing in his place.

"Eh? Eh?" François cried, slapping his thighs gleefully. "Look at dat Buck. Heem keel dat Spitz; heem t'ink to take de job."

"Go 'way! Chook!" he cried; but Buck refused to budge.

He took Buck by the scruff of the neck, and though he growled threateningly dragged him to one side and replaced Sol-leks. The old dog did not like it, and showed plainly that he was afraid of Buck. François was obdurate, but when he turned his back Buck again displaced Sol-leks, who was not at all unwilling to go.

François was angry. "Now, by Gar! I feex you!" he cried, coming back with a heavy club in his hand.

Buck remembered the man in the red sweater and retreated slowly; nor did he attempt to charge in when Sol-leks was once more brought forward. But he circled just beyond the range of the club, snarling with bitterness and rage; and while he circled he watched the club so as to dodge it if thrown by François.

The driver went about his work, and he called to Buck when he was ready to put him in his old place in front of Dave. Buck retreated two or three steps. François followed him up, whereupon he again retreated. After some time of this François threw down the club, thinking that Buck feared a thrashing. But Buck was in open revolt. He wanted, not to escape a clubbing, but to have the leadership. It was his by right. He had earned it, and he would not be content with less.

Perrault took a hand. Between them they ran him about for the better part of an hour. They threw clubs at him. He dodged. They cursed him, and his fathers and mothers before him, and all his seed to come after him down to the remotest generation, and every hair on his body and drop of blood in his veins; and he answered curse with snarl and kept out of their reach. He did not try to run away,

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but retreated around and around the camp, advertising plainly that when his desire was met he would come in and be good.

François sat down and scratched his head. Perrault looked at his watch and swore. Time was flying and they should have been on the trail an hour gone. François scratched his head again. He shook it and grinned sheepishly at the courier, who shrugged his shoulders in sign that they were beaten. Then François went up to where Sol-leks stood and called to Buck. Buck laughed, as dogs laugh, yet kept his distance. François unfastened Sol-leks' traces and put him back in his old place. The team stood harnessed to the sled in an unbroken line, ready for the trail. There was no place for Buck save at the front. Once more François called and once more Buck laughed and kept away.

"T'row down de club," Perrault commanded.

François complied; whereupon Buck trotted in, laughing triumphantly, and swung around into position at the head of the team, his traces were fastened, the sled broken out, and with both men running they dashed out on to the river trail. Highly as the dog-driver had forevalued Buck, with his two devils, he found, while the day was yet young, that he had undervalued. At a bound, Buck took up the duties of leadership; and where judgment was required, and quick thinking and quick acting, he showed himself the superior even of Spitz, of whom François had never seen an equal.

But it was in giving the law and making his mates live up to it that Buck excelled. Dave and Sol-leks did not mind the change in leadership. It was none of their business. Their business was to toil, and toil mightily, in the traces. So long as that was not interfered with they did not care what happened. Billee, the good-natured, could lead for all they cared, so long as he kept order. The rest of the team, however, had grown unruly during the last days of Spitz, and their surprise was great now that Buck proceeded to lick them into shape.

Pike, who pulled at Buck's heels, and who never put an ounce more of his weight against the breastband than what he was compelled, was swiftly and repeatedly shaken for loafing; and ere the first day was done he was pulling more than ever before in his life. The first night in camp, Jo, the sour one, was punished roundly—a thing that Spitz had never succeeded in doing. Buck simply smothered him by virtue of superior weight, and cut him up till he began to whine for mercy.

The general tone of the team picked up immediately. The team recovered its old-time solidarity, and once more the dogs leaped as one dog in the traces. At the Rink Rapids two native huskies, Teek and Koona, were added; and the celerity with which Buck broke them in took away François' breath.

"Nevaire such a dog as dat Buck!" he cried. "Nevaire! Heem worth one t'ousan' dollair. Eh? Wot you say, Perrault?"

And Perrault nodded. He was ahead of the record then, and gaining day by day. The trail was in excellent condition, well-packed and hard, and there was no new-fallen snow with which to contend. It was not too cold. The temperature dropped to fifty below zero and remained there the whole trip. The men rode and ran by turn, and the dogs were kept on the jump.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

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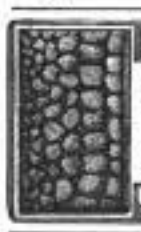

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Our line of advertising thermometer and calendar novelties for the season of 1903 and 1904 is now ready. Send us 10c. in stamps for sample catalogue and terms. TAYLOR BROS. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

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Largest Nursery
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Book free, telling how to invest in the Ginseng Industry and double your money.
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A 50-Cent Hat by Mail

MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal-order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. We are hat manufacturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for our Perfect Encyclopedia.*

MEN'S HAT No. 2
In smooth finish. *Colors:* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY, 66 Mill Street, Middletown, N. Y.

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Another "Rough Rider" Wins Out

WILLIE FUGATE is a twelve-year-old boy living in a town of 200 inhabitants in the Pecos River Valley, New Mexico, on the line of the Santa Fe Railroad. He had a bronco, but had grown tired of riding "bareback" and wanted a saddle. He read of a boy in an Eastern town having made money by selling

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

and wrote for information. His neighbors did not know much about THE POST and he sold only two copies out of the ten received. Most of the trains stop at Willie's town for water and he wandered down to the station "to see the train come in." When he saw a number of passengers step out of the train a thought struck him. Mounting a pile of ties, he announced in a loud voice: "You won't have a chance to get any more reading matter for 250 miles—you'd better get a copy of this week's SATURDAY EVENING POST." In about two minutes he had sold the other eight copies and could have sold a dozen more. That night he wrote for 50 copies for next week and sold every one.

During the next month he sold over 400 copies and bought "not only a dandy saddle but a blanket." Since then he has sold an average of about 125 copies a week and each month won one of the cash prizes offered to the boys who do good work. He writes: "We have more coyotes than people here, but I think I can jump that order to 200 copies a week when the travel gets a little heavier."

Any Boy Out of School During Vacation Can Earn Money

selling THE POST. We send the first week's supply free. This provides capital for the following week. Write for the TEN FREE COPIES to-day. DON'T BE AFRAID TO TRY IT. If 6000 other boys are making money by this plan you can do the same.

NEXT MONTH $250 in Extra Cash Prizes will be Given to Boys Who Do Good Work

Address Boy Department, The Curtis Publishing Company, 445 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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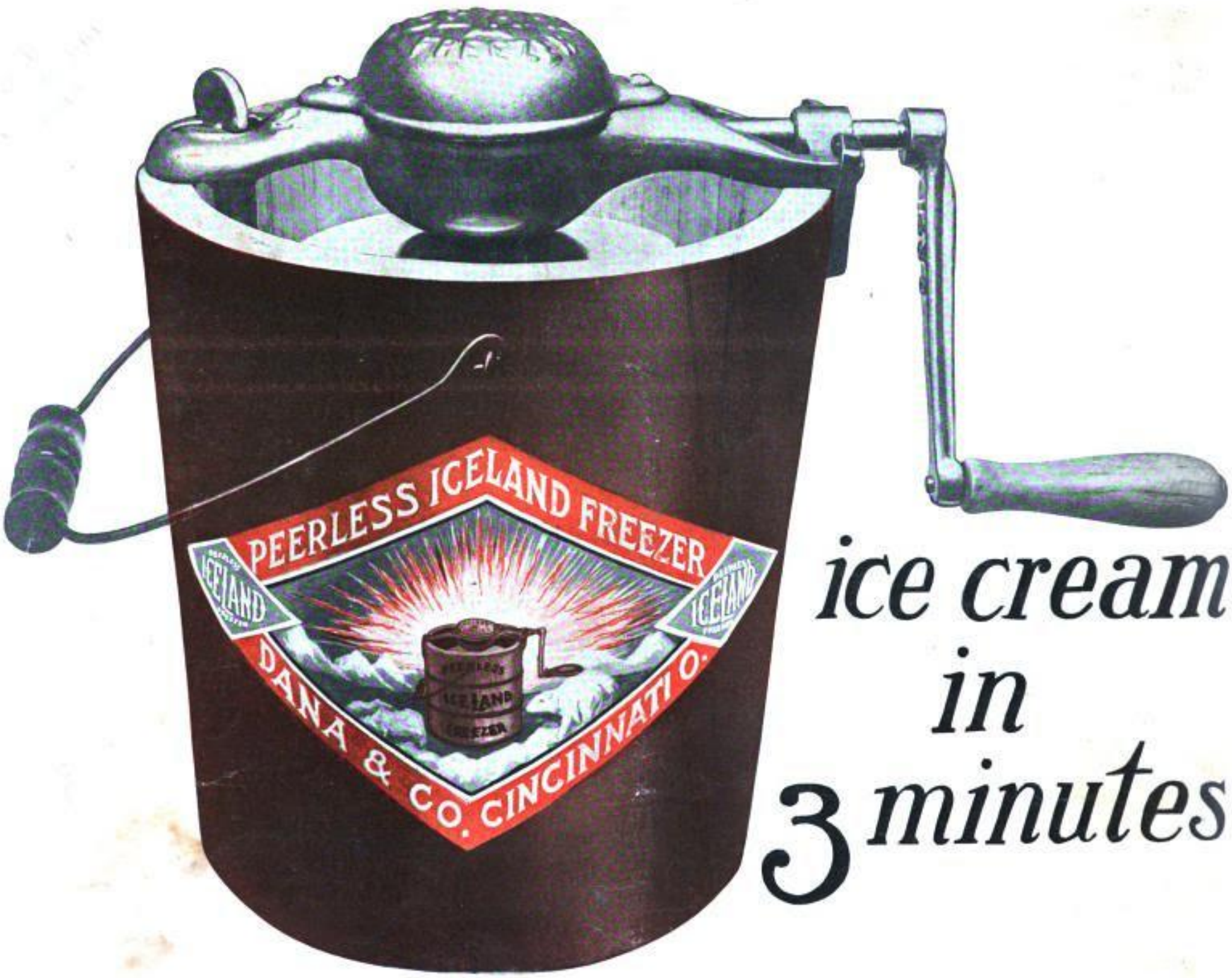

ice cream in 3 minutes

At every dinner of consequence, private or public, ice cream or an ice is invariably served. What better assurance is needed that a frozen dessert is the most appreciated? The

Peerless Iceland Freezer (one motion)

makes it easy to prepare delicious, pure ice cream and ices in endless variety at home. Only three minutes for freezing smooth and firm. Ease of operation due to extreme simplicity of construction. Scrapers on patented stationary dasher hug sides of revolving can, do away with usual effort in turning, and make *one motion* do the work. Notice the clean cut top—all gears enclosed where they can't get out of order. The Peerless Iceland makes better cream in less time with less ice than any other freezer.

Ask Your Dealer

If you are not perfectly satisfied with the Peerless Iceland after trying it, dealer will refund your money.

Write for our new booklet (free) "SIX COOKS AND A FREEZER." Contains many new thoroughly practical recipes prepared exclusively for the Peerless Iceland Freezer by Mrs. Rorer, Mrs. Lincoln, Madame Blay, Miss Janet M. Hill, Miss Fannie M. Farmer, Mrs. Christine T. Herrick.

DANA & CO., Cincinnati
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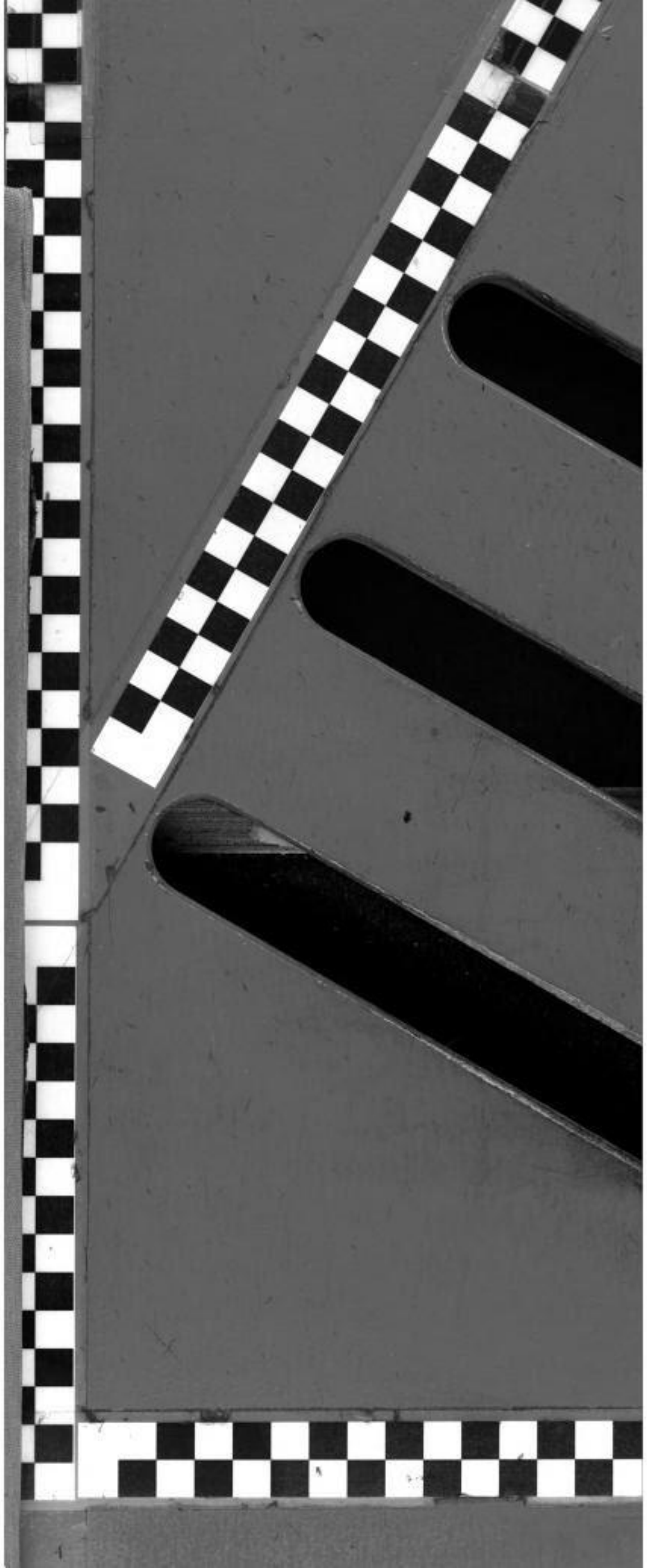

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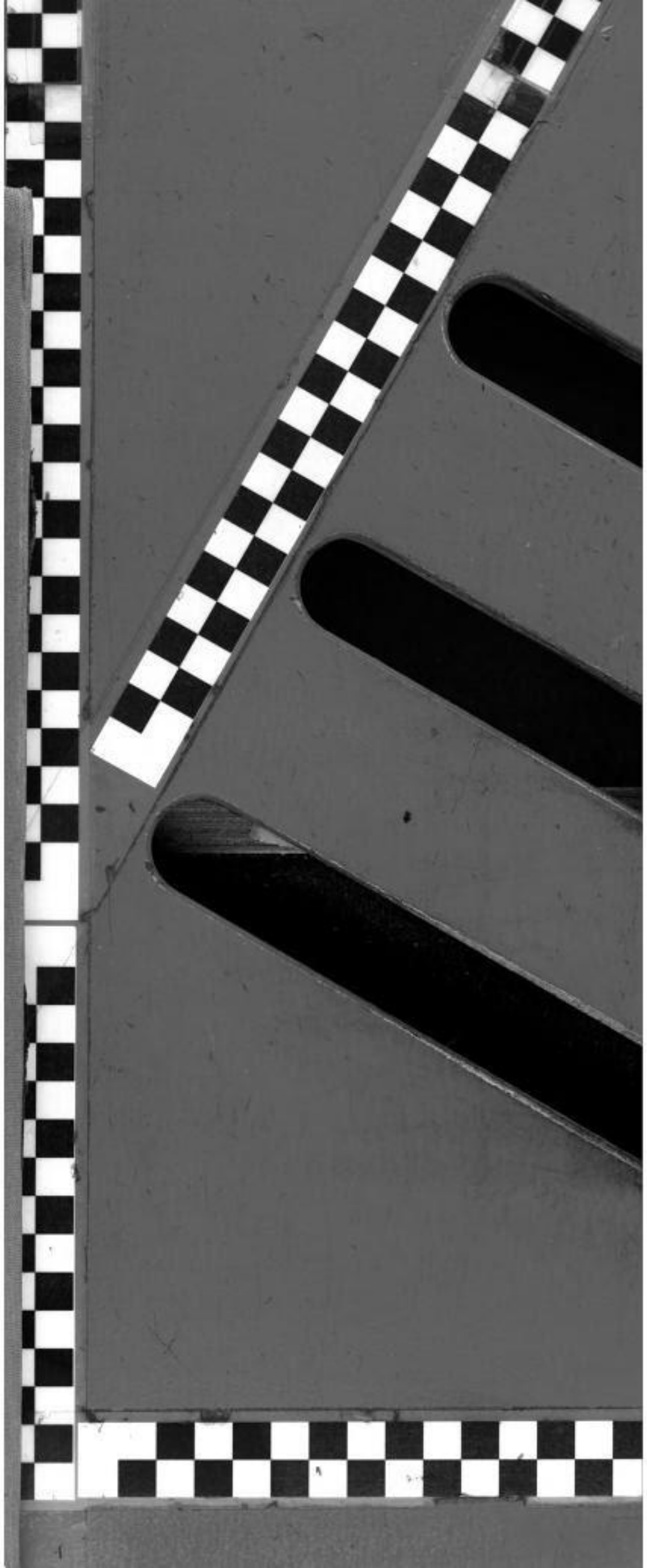

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